Mrs O Clarks Book.

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The Treasury of Song

HOME! HOME! SWEET, SWEET HOME, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

Adaline Clarks Book

THE

TREASURY OF SONG

FOR

THE HOME CIRCLE:

THE RICHEST, BEST-LOVED GEMS:

SACRED AND SECULAR.

CAREFULLY SELECTED FROM THE BEST WORKS OF THE AMERICAN, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, WELSH, SWISS, FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, AFRICAN AND RUSSIAN AUTHORS, AND CONTAINING MANY OF

THE CHOICEST AND GRANDEST HARMONIES

OF HANDEL, HAYDN, MENDELSSOHN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, ABT, SULLIVAN, GOUNOD, BLISS, PINSUTI, SWEENEY, O'KANE, GILCHRIST, MARSHALL, LOWRY, ROOT, AND LIKE CELEBRITIES.

COMPRISING THEIR FAVORITE

SONGS, HYMNS, GLEES, MADRIGALS, BALLADS, SENTENCES, RESPONSES, ANTHEMS CHANTS, AND SELECTIONS FROM OPERA AND ORATORIO IN DELIGHTFUL VARIETY, CHOSEN EXPRESSLY FOR THEIR EMINENT FITNESS TO PROMOTE

THE HAPPINESS OF EVERY HOME.

PROFESSOR D. H. MORRISON, MUSICAL EDITOR.

HUBBARD BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY. A. L. BANCROFT & CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

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INTRODUCTION.

MUSICAL knowledge is rapidly extending; musical instruments are finding their way into every home; and the musical tastes of the community are undergoing a rapid elevation. This general advancement demands a corresponding advance in the books of song. The old style of book, with its burden of uninteresting matter, is discarded. A newer and better style, embodying the very Gems of Song, is now in demand.

The Treasury of Song has two distinctive characteristics. In the first place, it is a collection of Gems and of Gems only.

Such a collection is not possible, except as the result of immense research and of large expenditure for copyright privileges. These elements have been freely bestowed upon this book. The entire range of vocal music has been studiously examined, and from all its departments that which the people really love and which they love to sing, has been selected. Its cost in many cases has been immense, but it has been freely met, and as the result, a casket of gems "of purest ray serene," is now offered to the song-loving public.

A second distinctive feature of this book is its special adaptation to the wants of the home. This shrine of all that is holy and good will be made the happier and the brighter by the incoming of Treasury of Song as its familiar guest. So suitable is it for use at all times and by all persons, the old folks and the young alike, that it will make the fireside more than ever a delight, and the home-gathering a genuine festal time.

Confident that the music-loving homes of our land need this very book, and that they will greet it with a generous welcome and a heartfelt appreciation, Treasury of Song is sent forth on its mission of harmony.

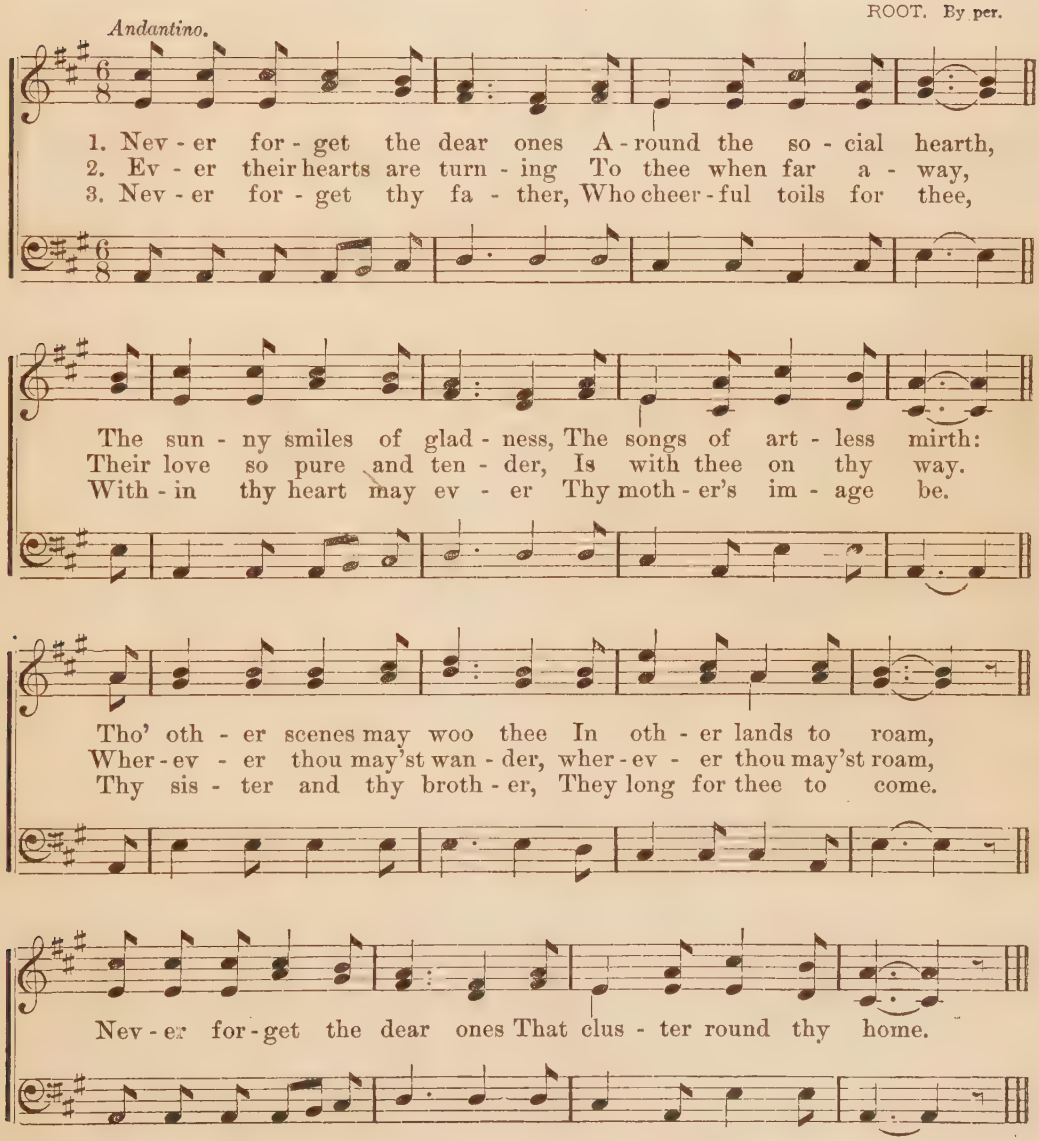
THE EDITOR.

"Sing when the birds are waking,
Sing with the morning light,
Sing in the noontide's golden beam,
Sing in the hush of night.
Sing when the heart is troubled,
Sing when the hours are long,
Sing when the storm-cloud gathers:
Sweet is the voice of song."

TREASURY OF SONG.

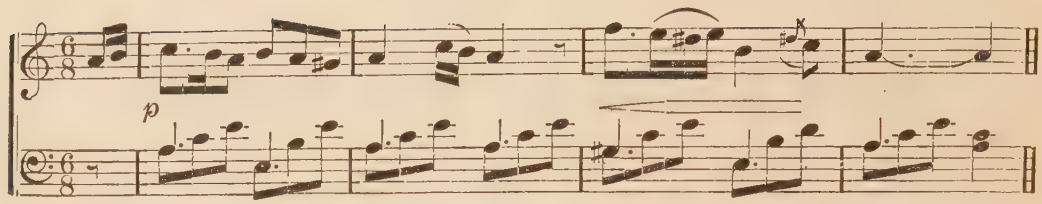
NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.

ROOT. By per.



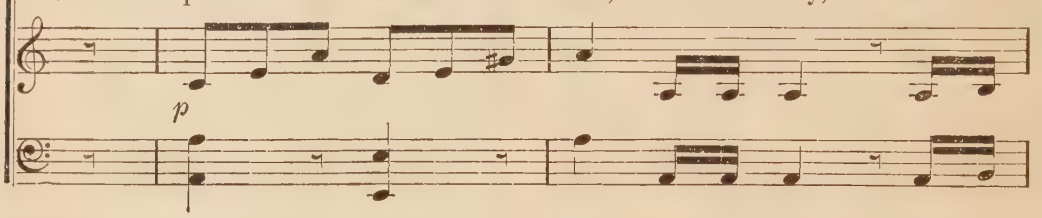
GAFFER GRAY.

MARSHALL. By per.



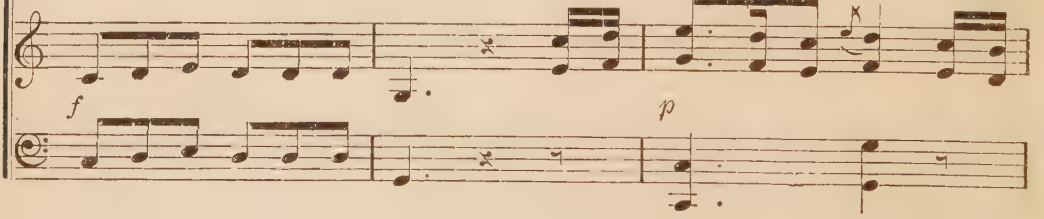
FRIEND.

1. "Oh! why dost thou shiv - er and shake, Gaf - fer Gray, And
2. "Then line thy worn doub - let with ale, Gaf - fer Gray, And
3. "The squire has fat bees and brown beer, Gaf - fer Gray, And the

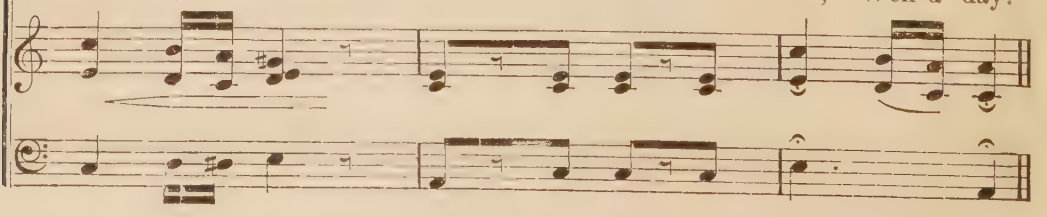


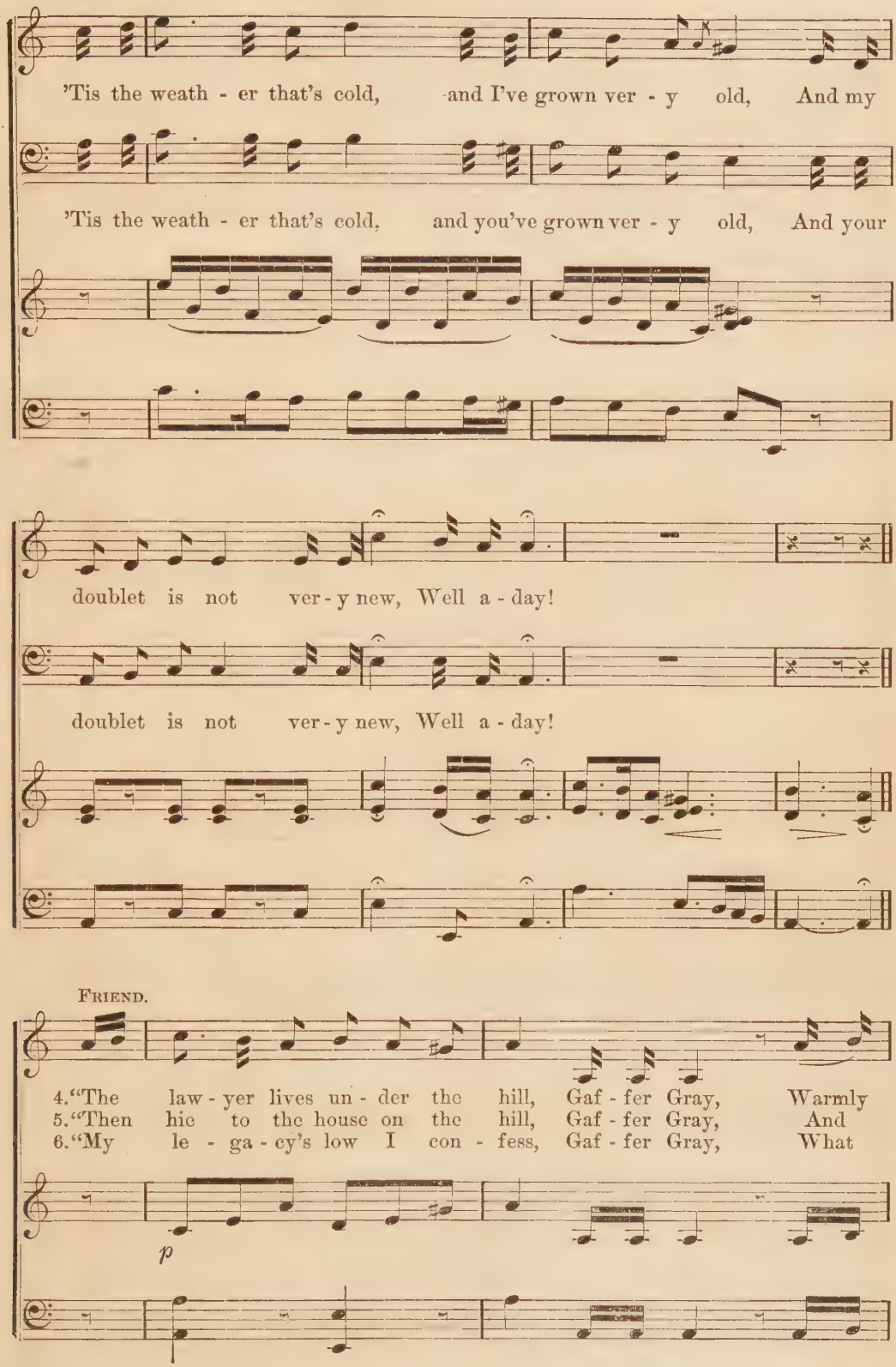
GAFFER GRAY.

why does thy nose look so blue?" "'Tis the weath - er that's cold, and I'm
cheer thy old heart with a glass;" "Nay, for cred - it I've none, and my
sea - son will welcome you there;" "His fat bees and brown beer, and his

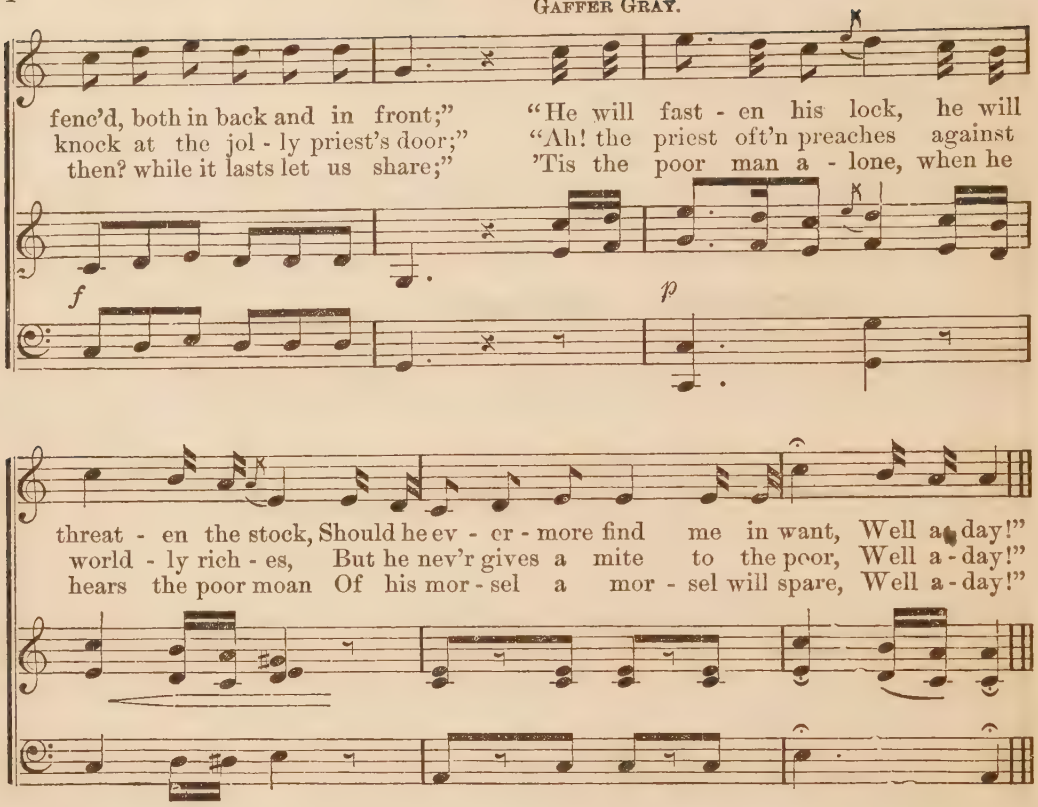


grown ver - y old, And my doublet is not ver - y new, Well a - day!"
mon - ey's all gone, Then say how can that come to pass, Well a - day!"
mer - ry new year, Are all for the flush and the fair, Well a - day!"

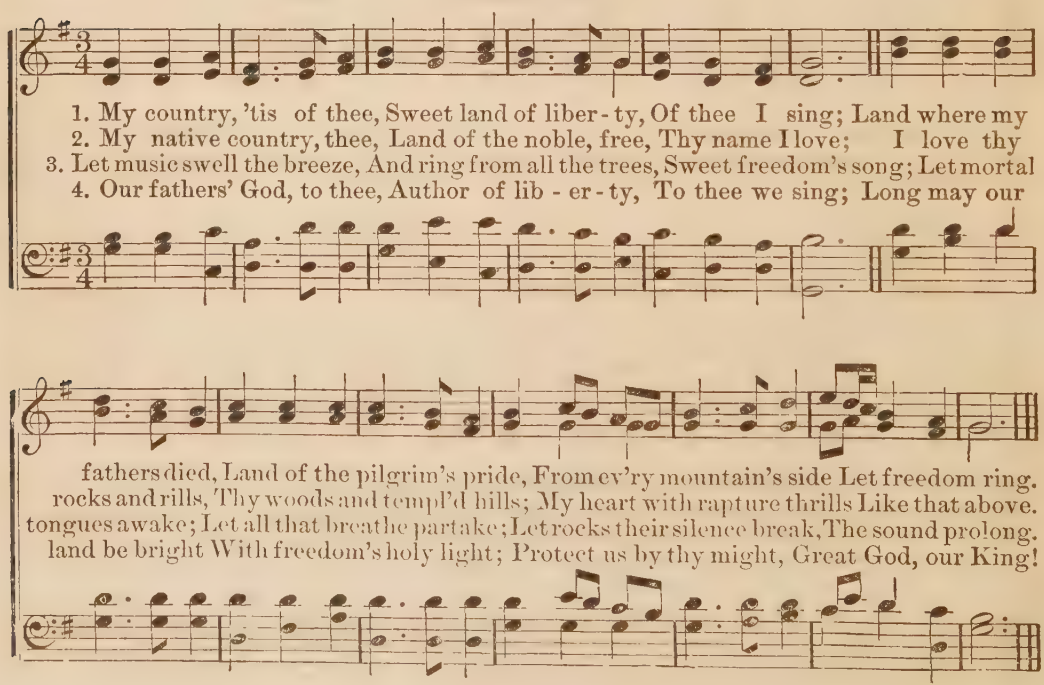



'Tis the weath - er that's cold, and I've grown ver - y old, And my
'Tis the weath - er that's cold, and you've grown ver - y old, And your
doublet is not ver - y new, Well a - day!
doublet is not ver - y new, Well a - day!
Friend.
4. "The law - yer lives un - der the hill, Gaf - fer Gray, Warmly
5. "Then hie to the house on the hill, Gaf - fer Gray, And
6. "My le - ga - cy's low I con - fess, Gaf - fer Gray, What
p

Gaffer Gray.

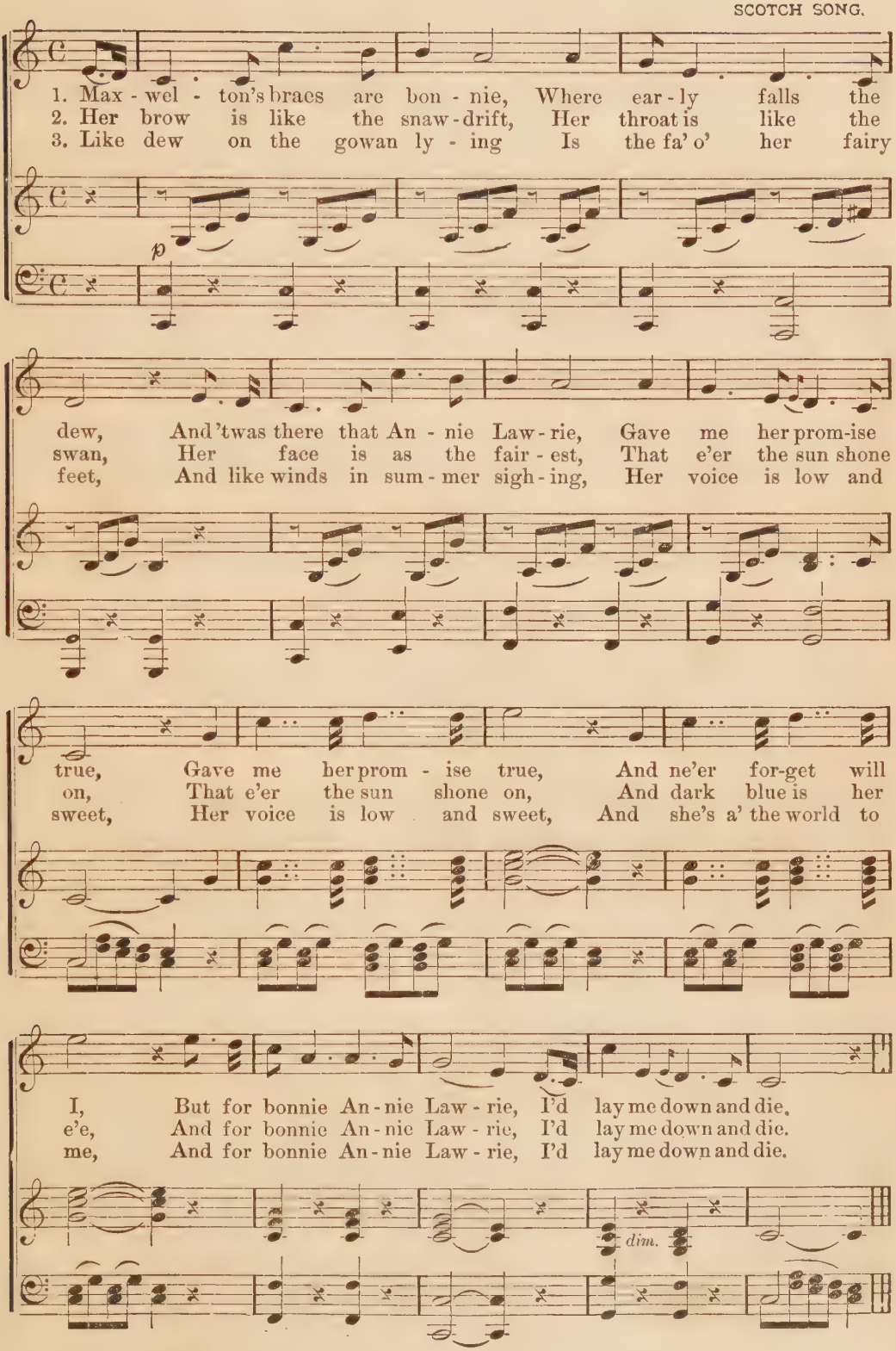


AMERICA.



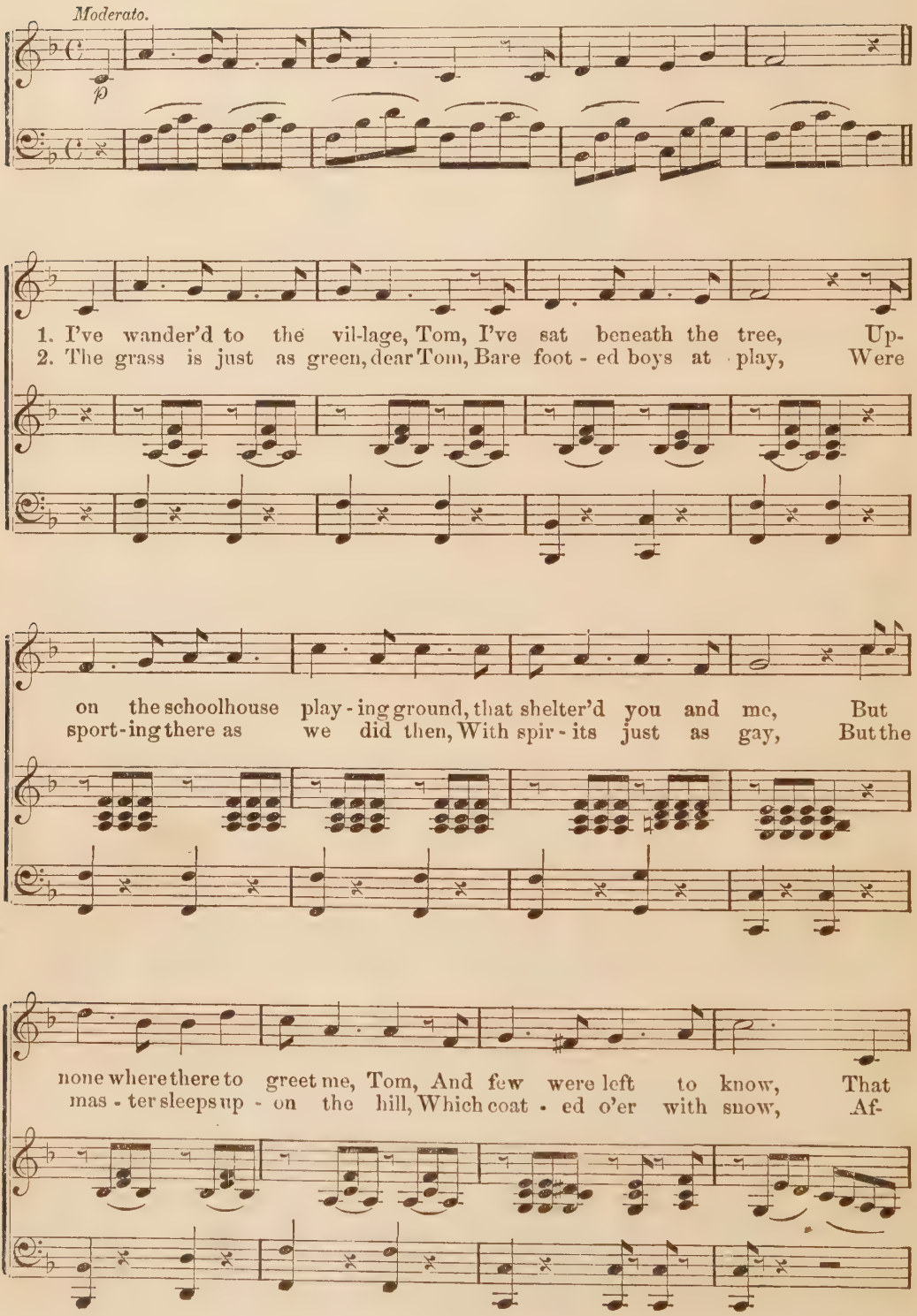
ANNIE LAWRIE.

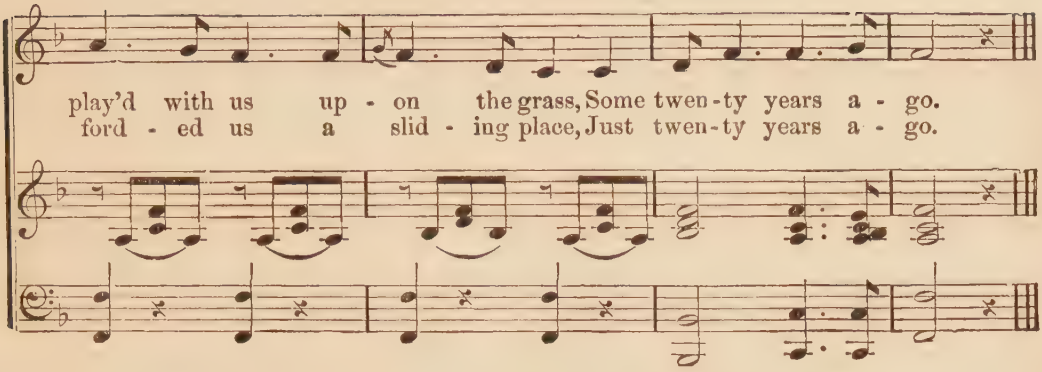
SCOTCH SONG.



TWENTY YEARS AGO.

HAYES.





3. The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beach,
Is very low, 'twas once so high, that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so!
To find that I had changed so much, since twenty years ago.

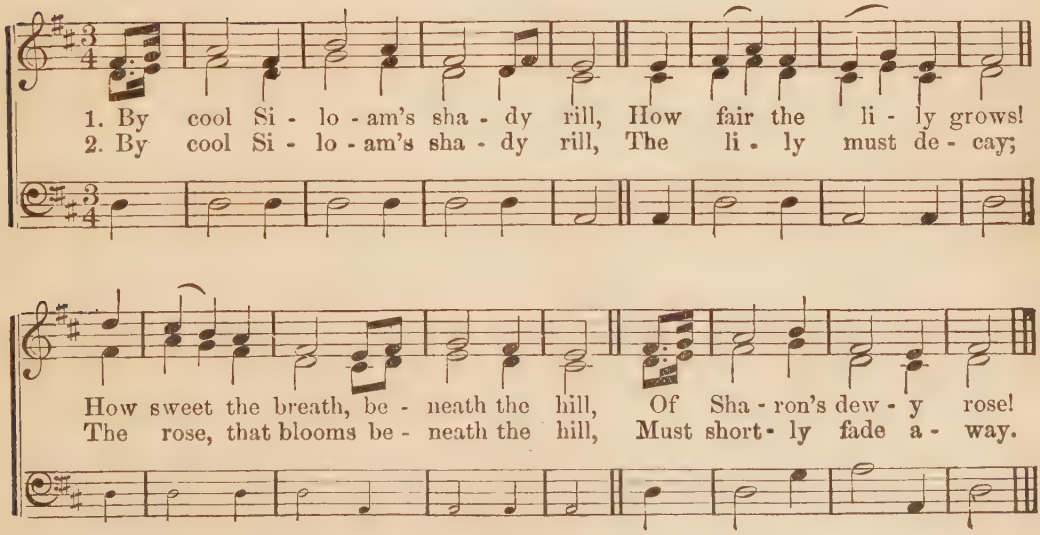
4. Down by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same,
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as the one whose name was cut, died twenty years ago.

5. My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears came to my eyes,
I thought of those we loved so well, those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

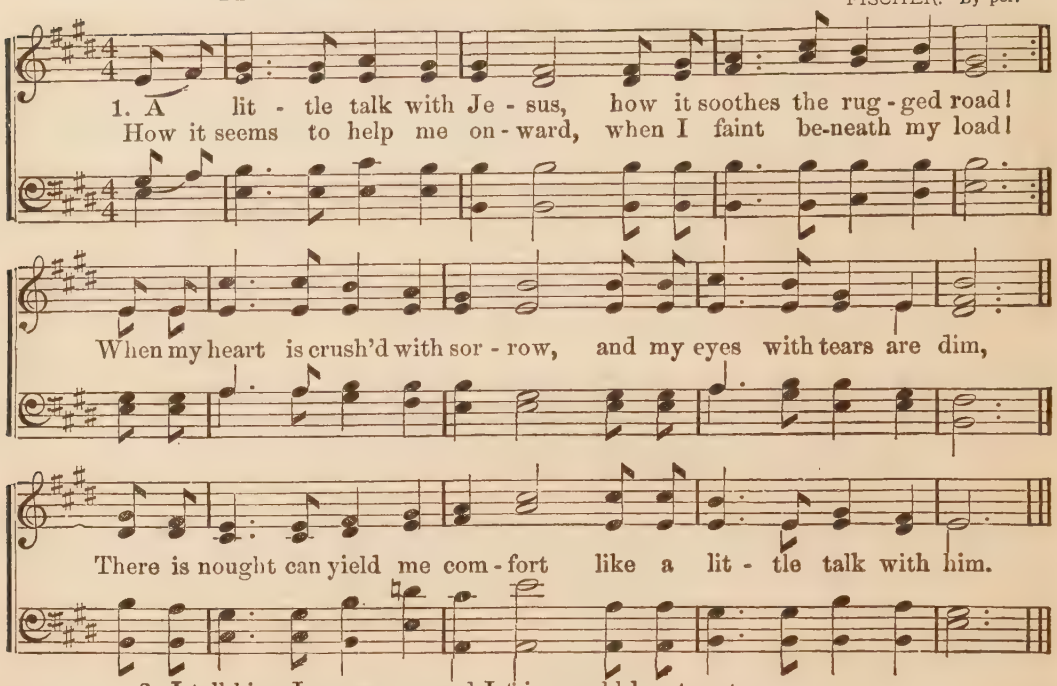
6. Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

SILOAM.

WOODBURY. By per.



A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS. FISCHER. By per.

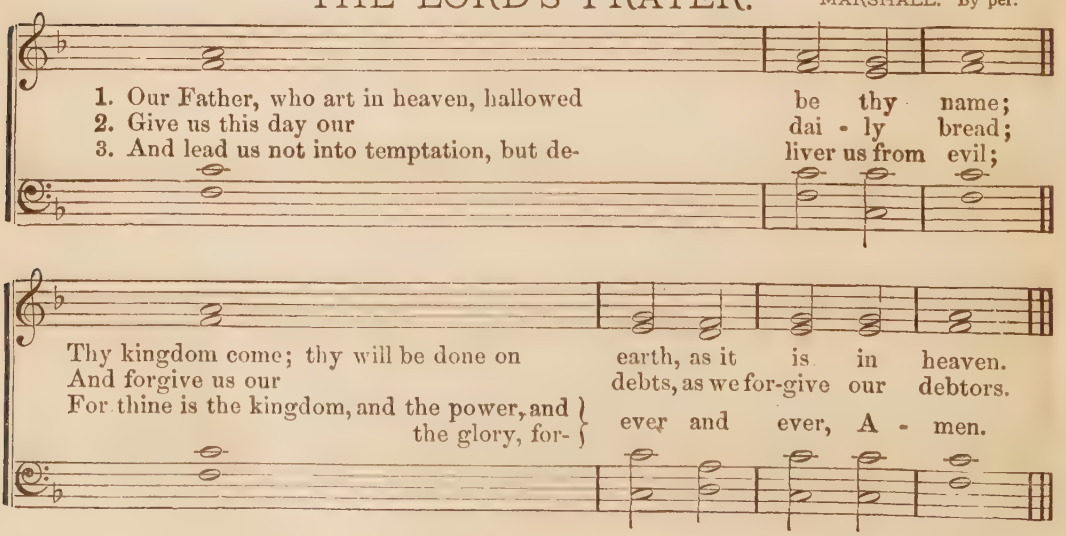


2. I tell him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest;
That I am daily, hourly longing to repose upon his breast;
And he answers me so sweetly, in the tenderest tones of love,
"I am coming soon to take thee to my happy home above.

3. The way is long and weary to yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus doth while away the time.
The more I come to know him, and all his grace explore,
It sets me ever longing to know him more and more.

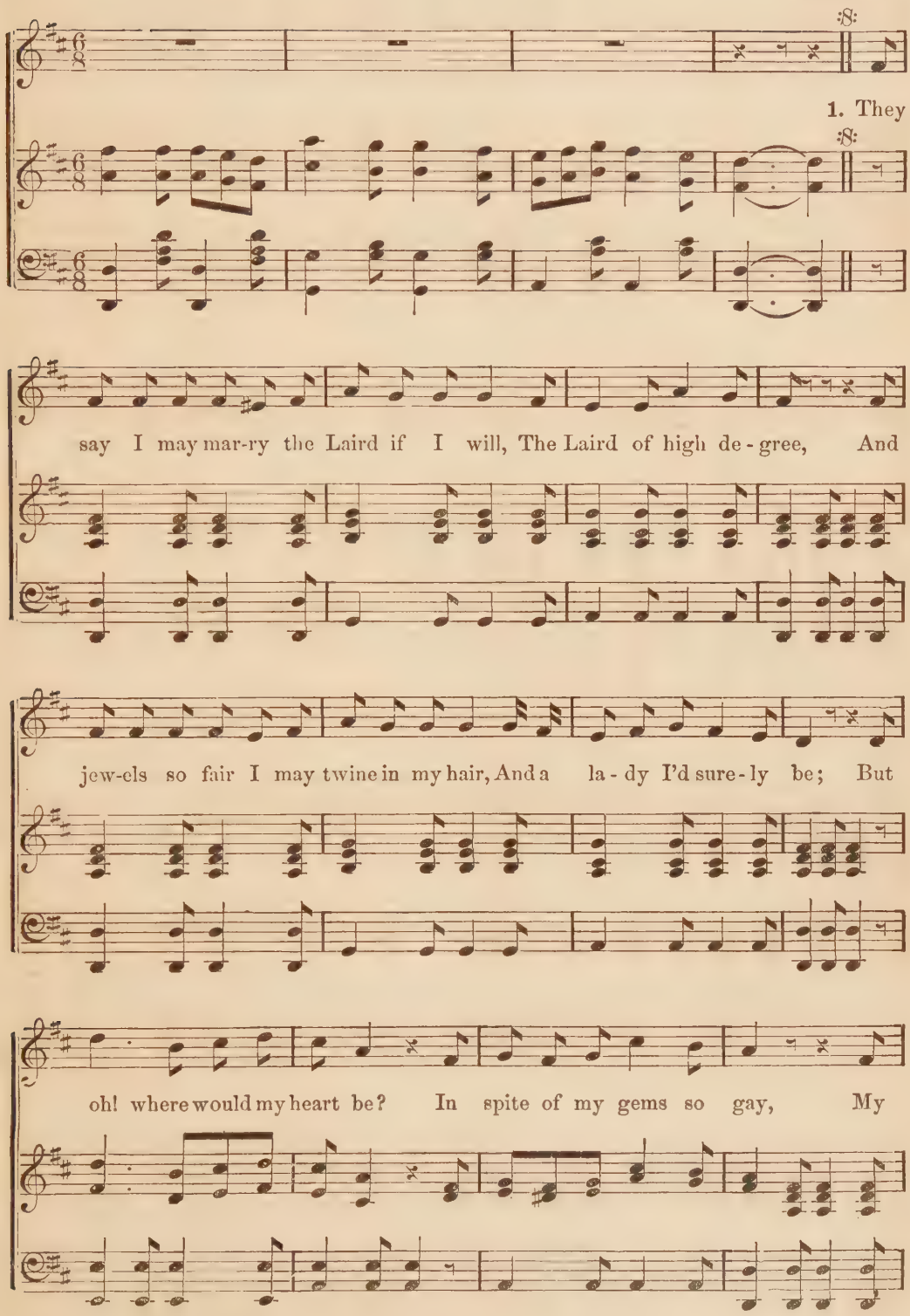
4. So I'll wait a little longer, 'till his appointed time,
And along the upward pathway my pilgrim feet shall climb.
There, in my Father's dwelling, where many mansions be,
I shall sweetly talk with Jesus, and he will talk with me.

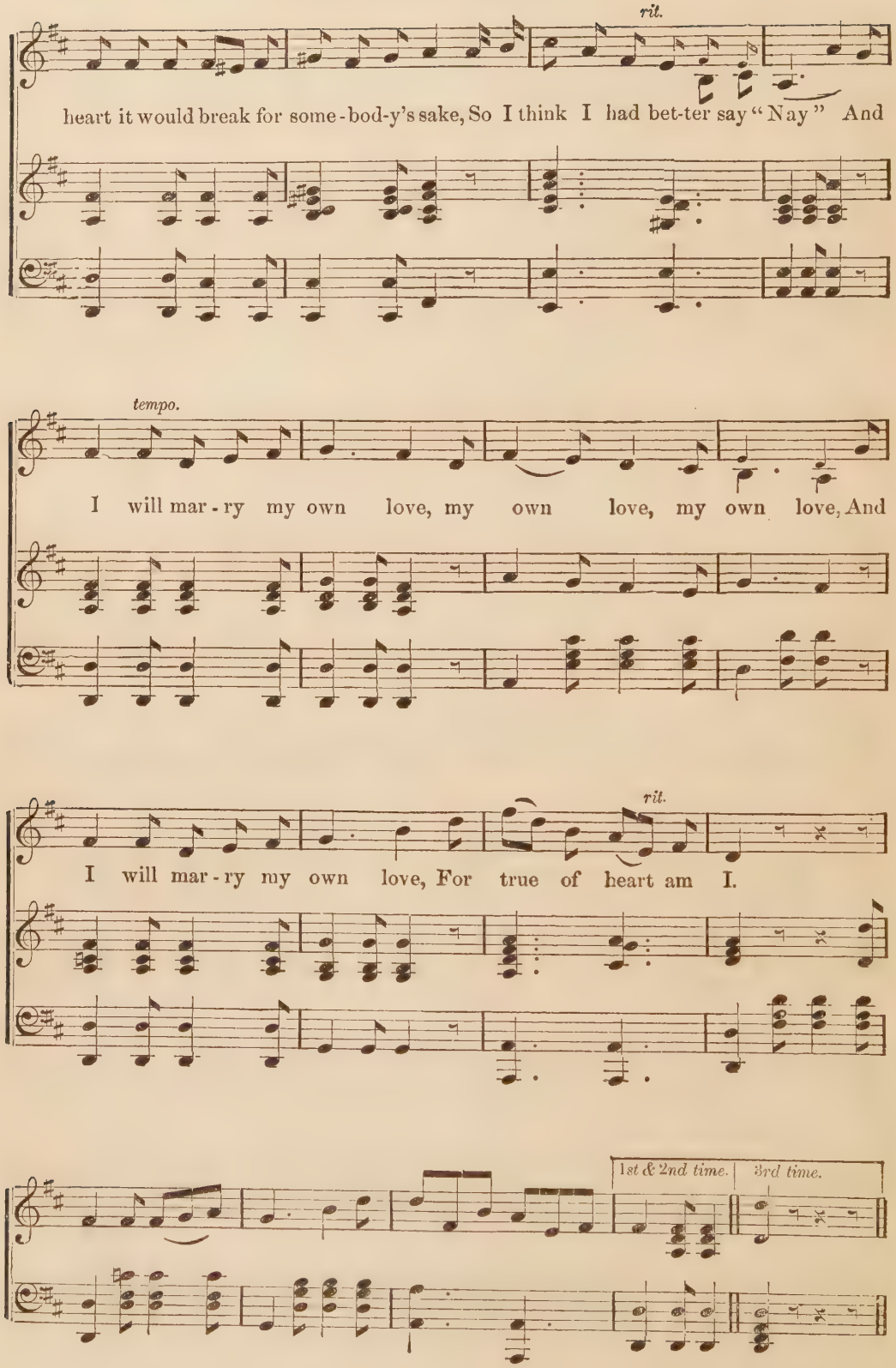
THE LORD'S PRAYER. MARSHALL. By per.

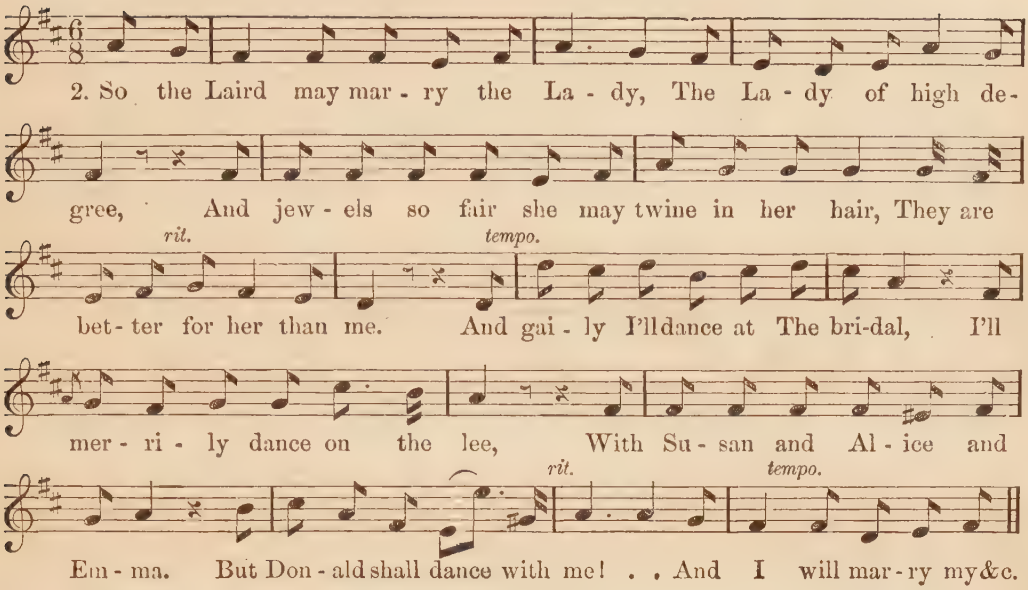


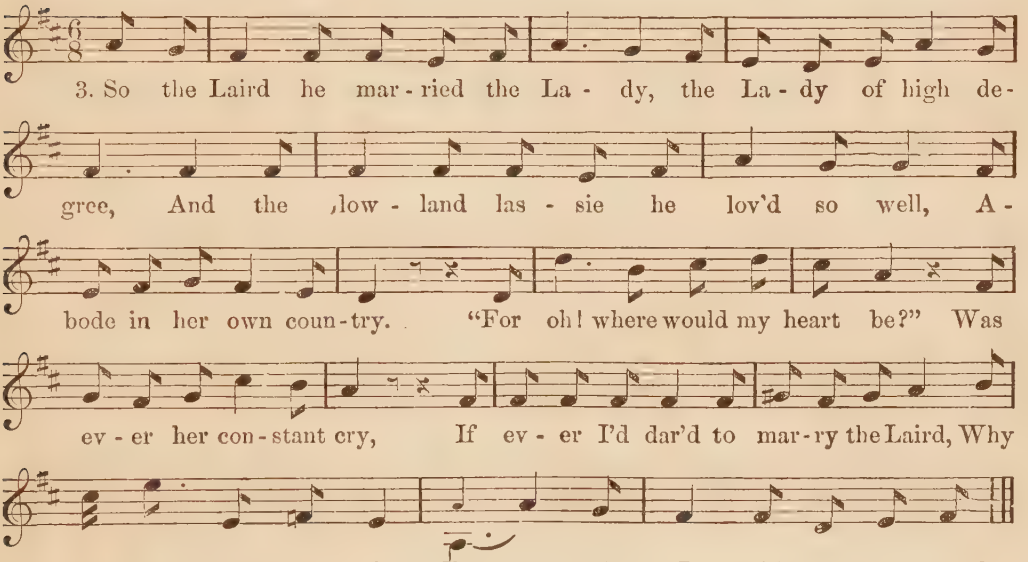
JANET'S CHOICE.

CLARIBEL.



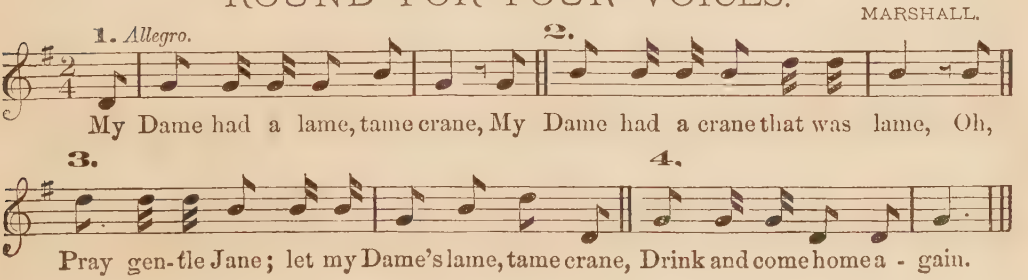

rit.
heart it would break for some-bod-y's sake, So I think I had bet-ter say "Nay" And
tempo.
I will mar-ry my own love, my own love, my own love, And
rit.
I will mar-ry my own love, For true of heart am I.
1st & 2nd time.
3rd time.





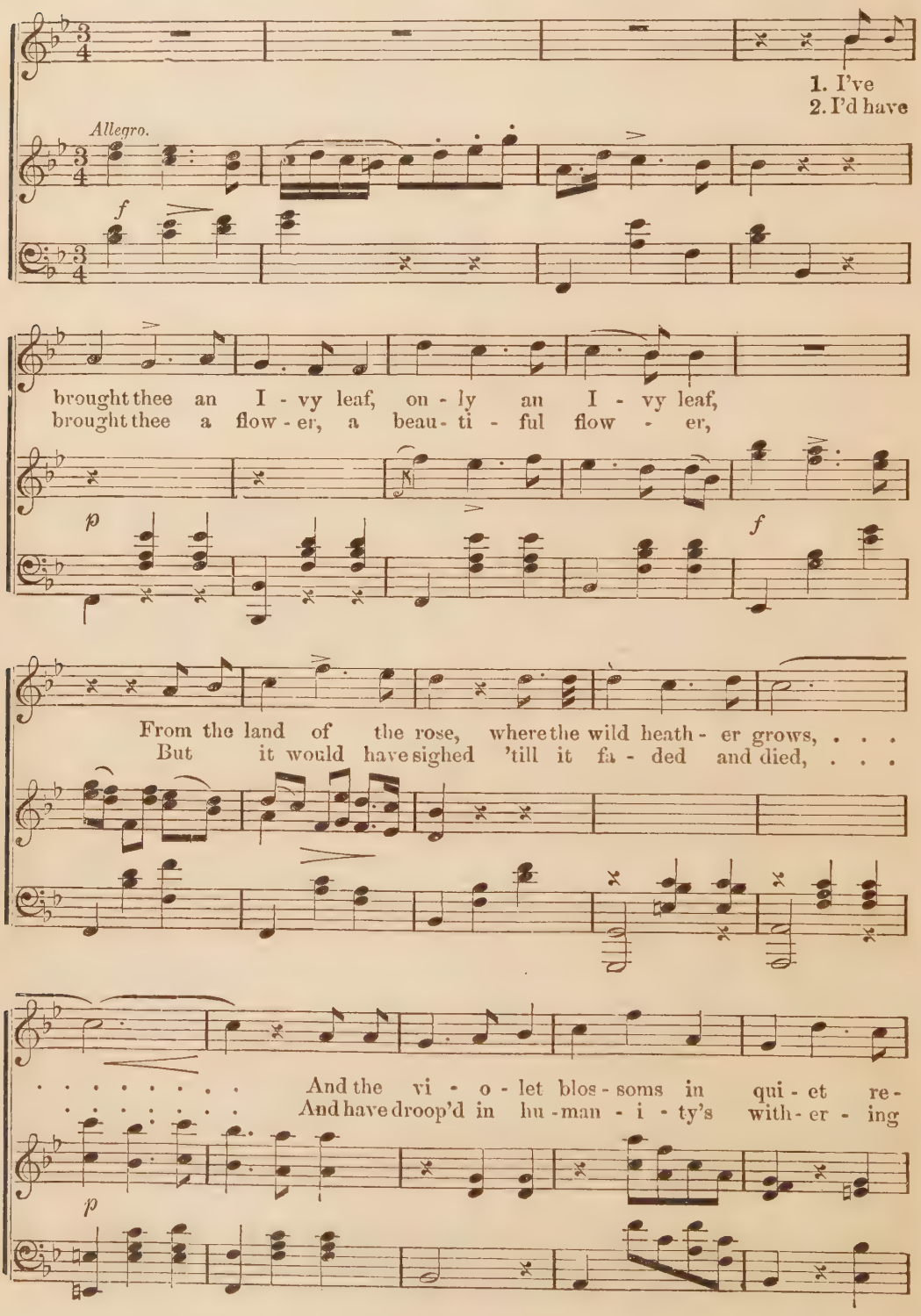
ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

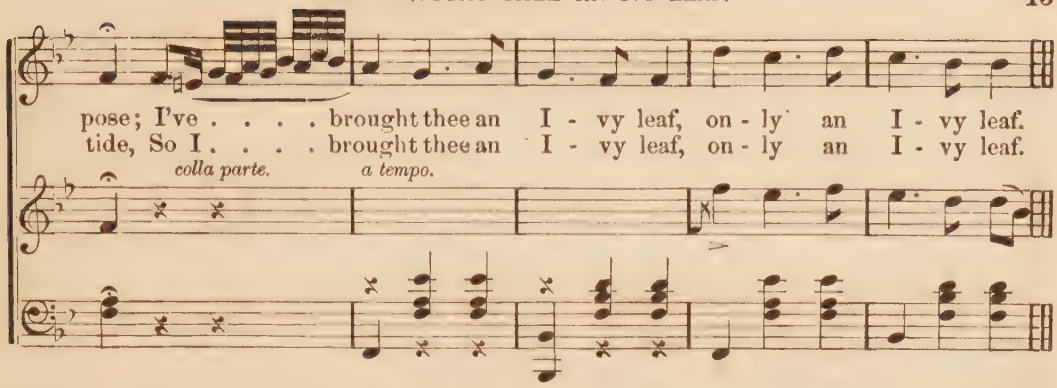
MARSHALL.



I'VE BROUGHT THEE AN IVY LEAF.

MARTIN. WOOD.



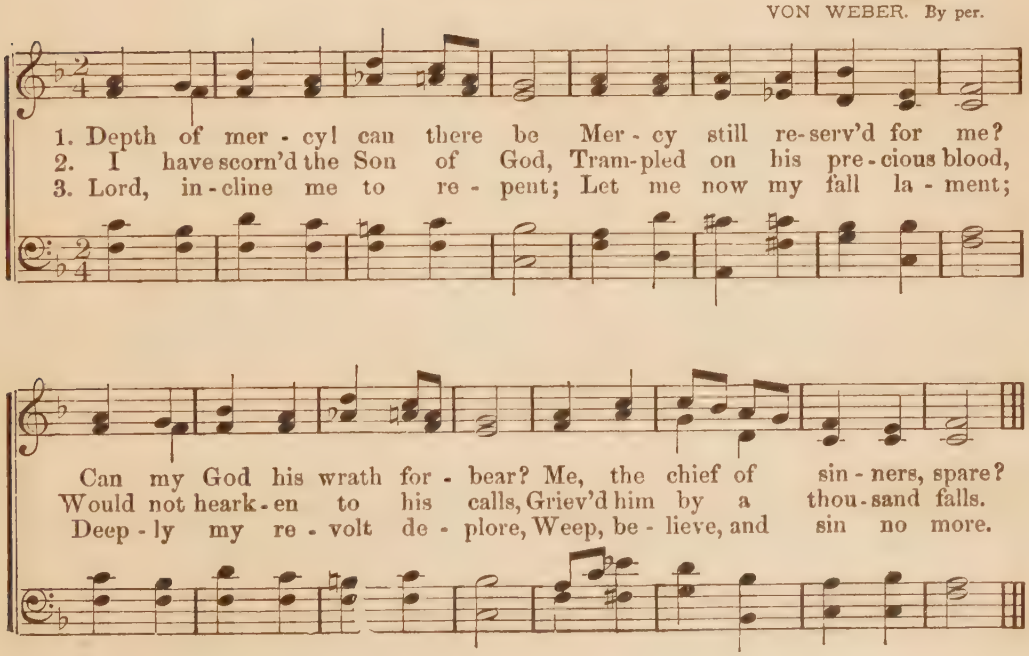


3.
I have brought thee a rose-bud, a fairy-like rose-bud,
To place in thy hair,
And to perfume the air,
But it like the flower would fade in despair,
So I brought thee an Ivy leaf, only an Ivy leaf.

4.
An Ivy leaf green, a beautiful Ivy leaf,
Bright type of true heart,
Of true friendship a part,
Oh, wear it for-ever, love, nearest thy heart,
I've brought thee a Ivy leaf, only an Ivy leaf.

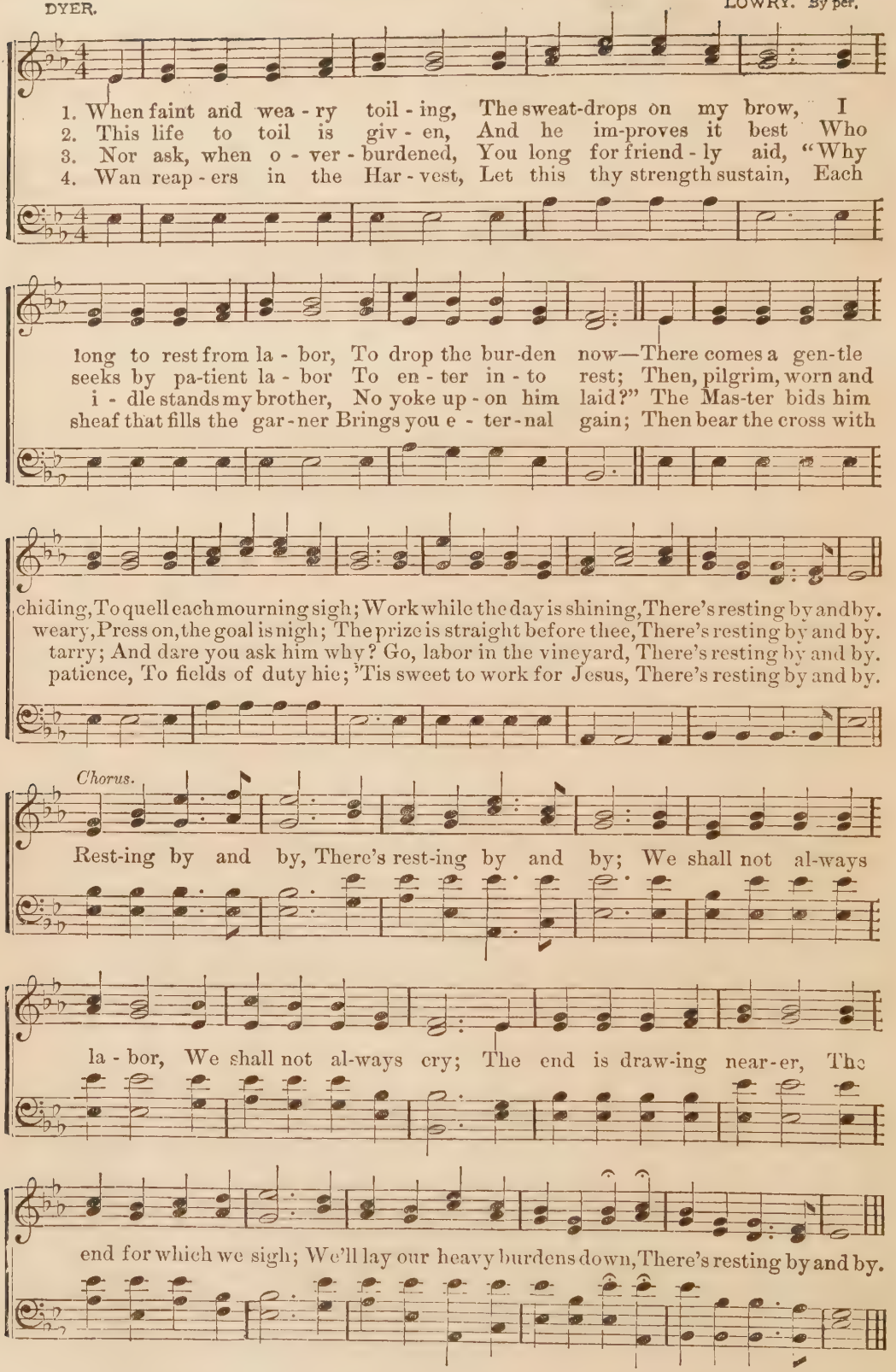
SEYMOUR.

VON WEBER. By per.



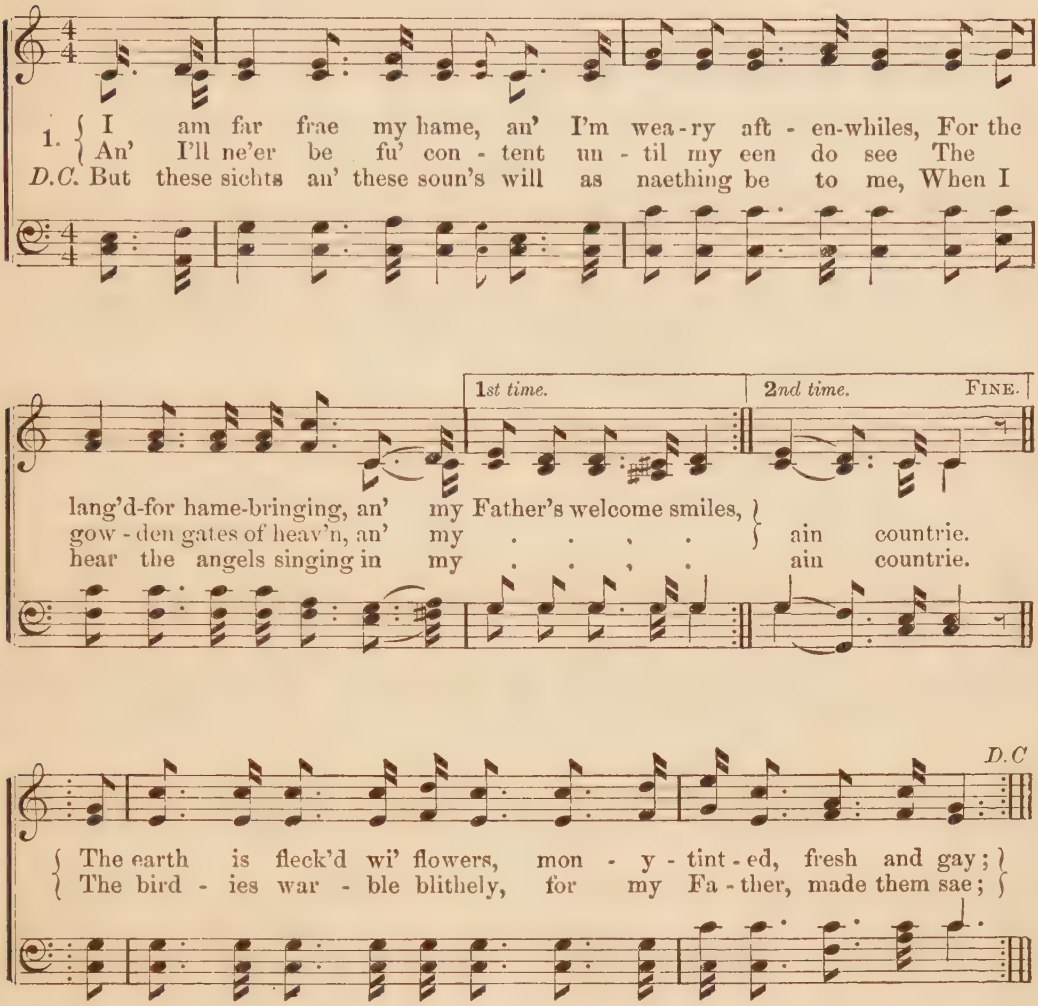
RESTING BY AND BY.

DYER. LOWRY. By per.



MY AIN COUNTRIE.

LEE. SCOTCH SONG. Arr.

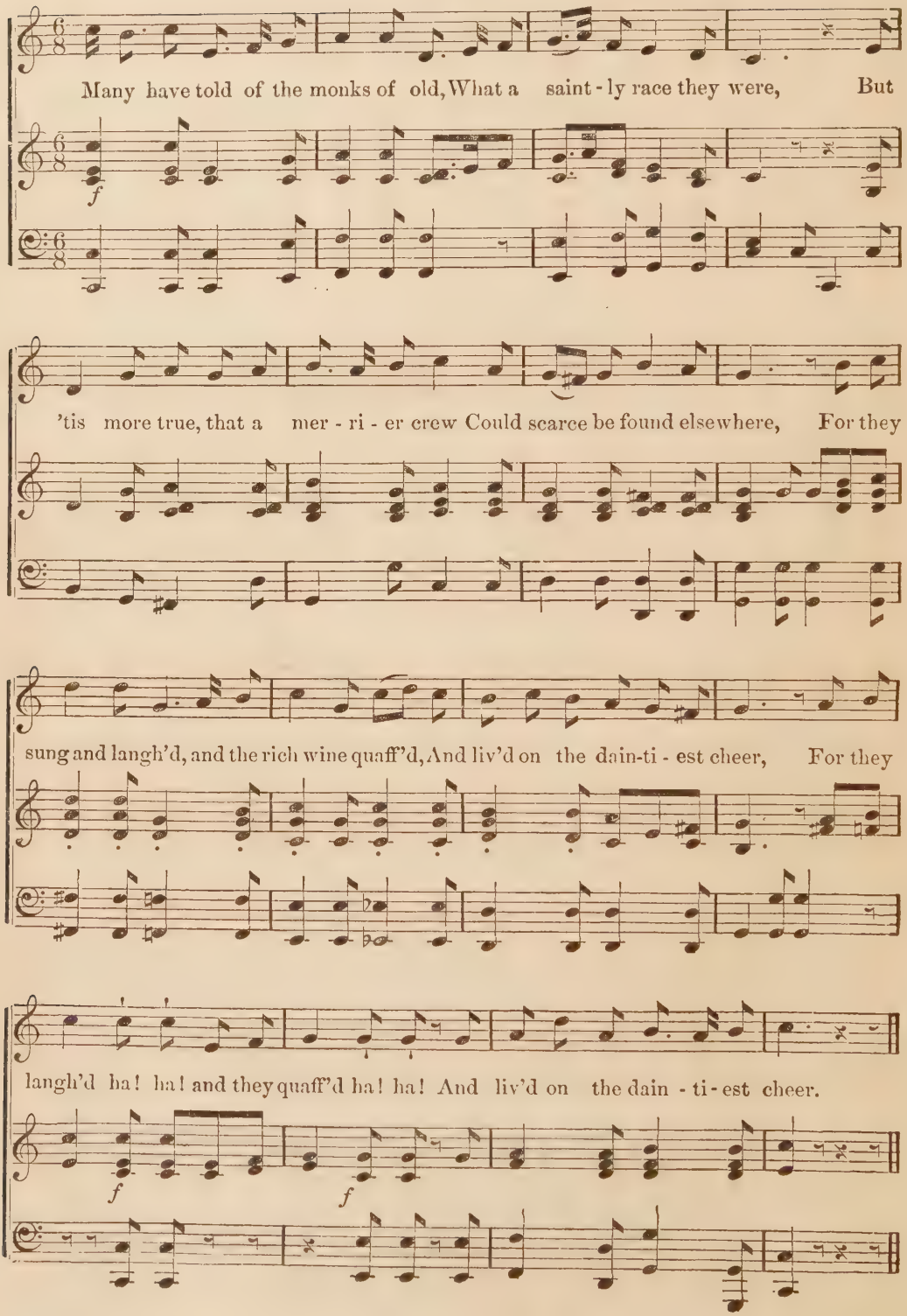


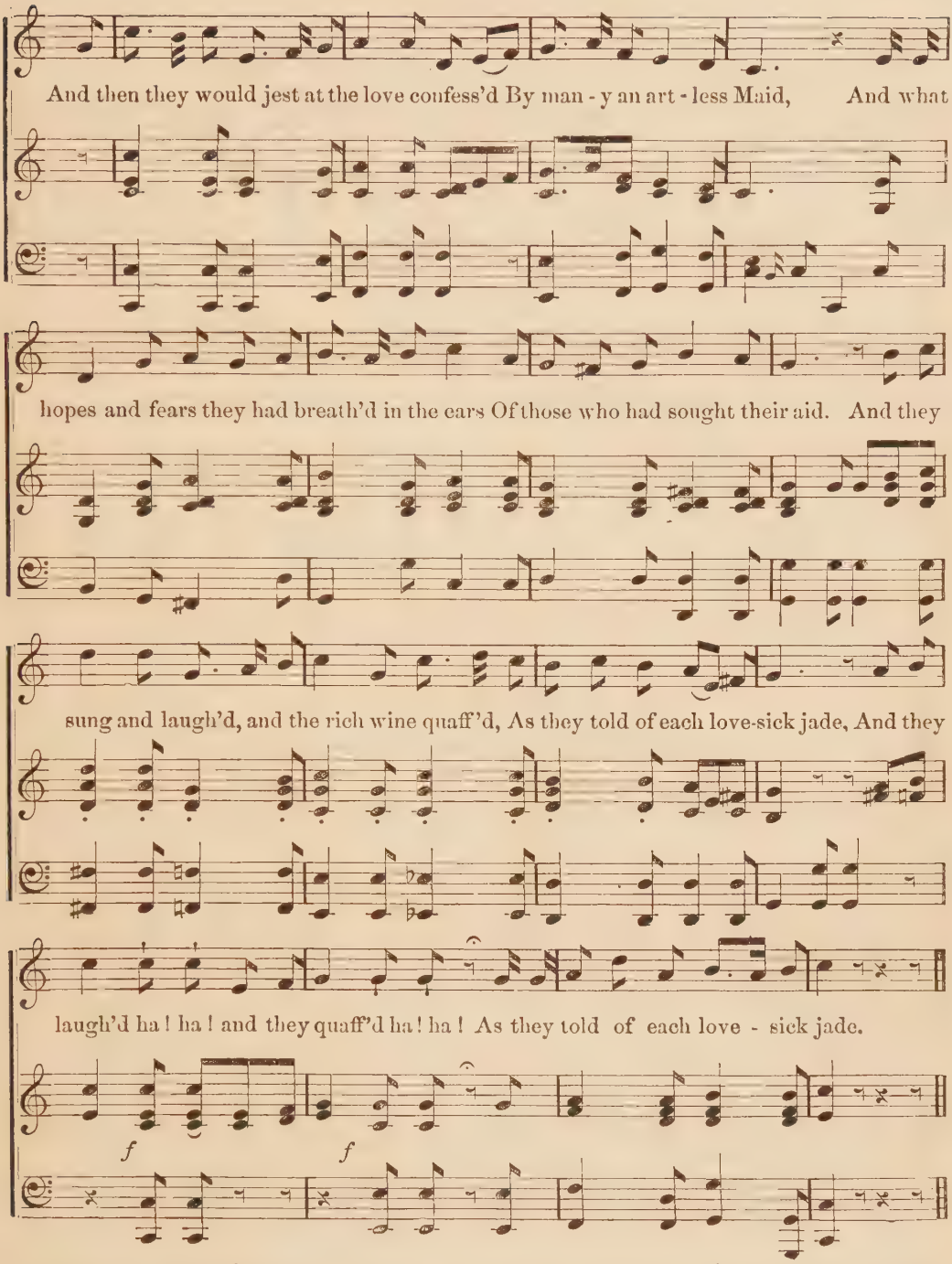
2. I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame will bring,
Wi' een, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see
"The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair.
For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e,
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

3. He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie.

THE MONKS OF OLD.

JONES GLOVER.





3.

And the abbot meek, with his form so sleek,
Was the heartiest of them all,
And would take his place with a smiling face,
When refection bell would call,
When they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine
Till they shook the olden wall, [quaff'd,
And they laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd
Till they shook the olden wall. [ha! ha!

4.

Then say what they will, we'll drink to them still.
For a jovial band they were,
And 'tis most true, that a merrier crew
Could not be found elsewhere,
For they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine
And lived on the daintest cheer. [quaff'd,
For they laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd
And lived on the daintiest cheer. [ha! ha!

JACK'S YARN.

WEATHERLY. DIEHL.

Moderato.

mf

1. 'Twas a Monday night, the moon was shinin' bright, The winds had been a blowin' all the day. We were sit-tin' in a ring, an' lor' how we did sing, I
2. The tears were on his cheek, he sobb'd an' could'nt speak, He show'd us where his back [were torn an' scored. He clutch'd us one an' all, an' he trembled like to fall When he
3. Then the planter he grew pale, an' like a cur turn'd tail, As quickly down the side went he. Or on our British deck. he'd soon ha' found his neck: An' the

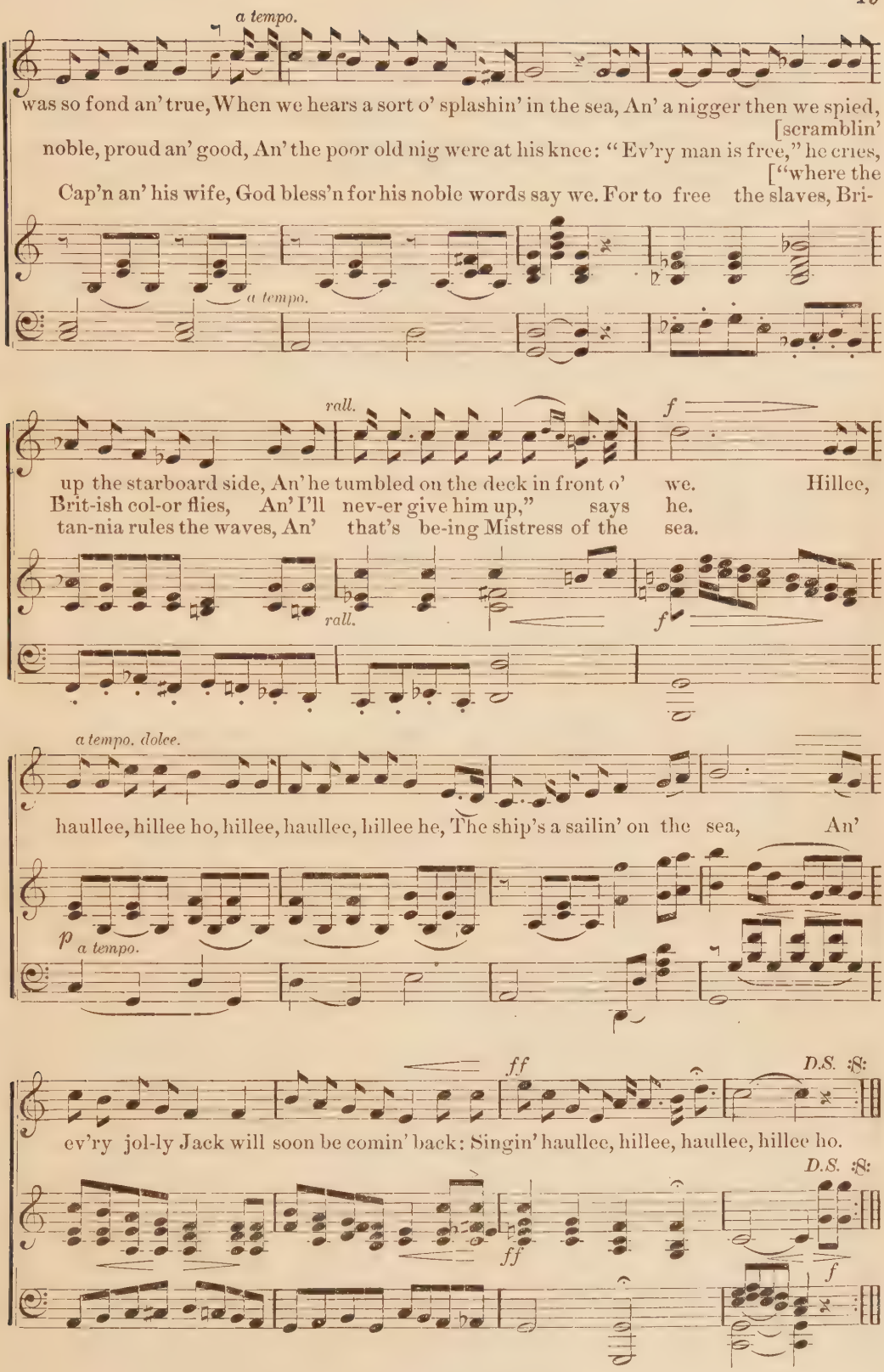
p

colla voce.

dolce. *meno mosso.*

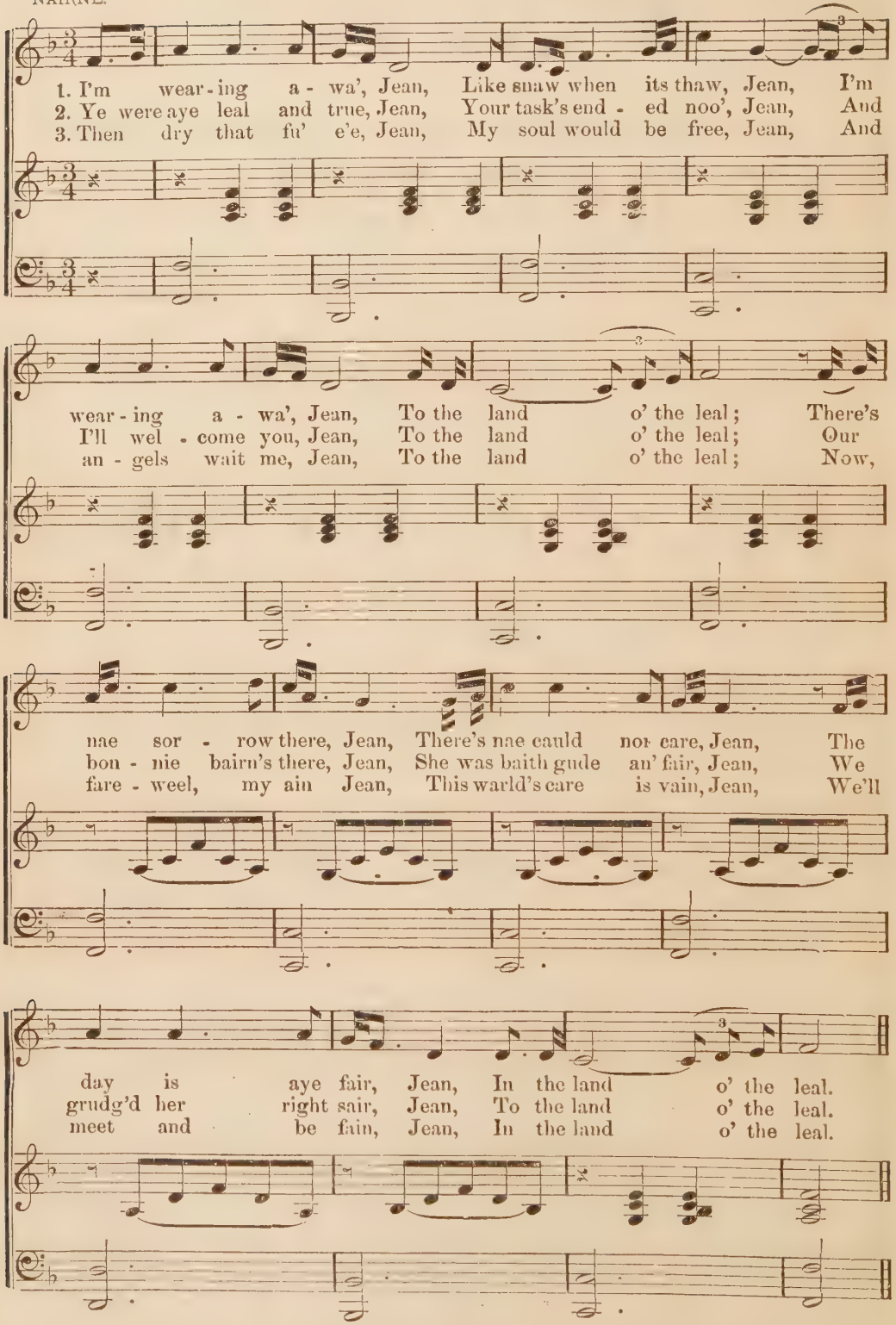
reckon you'd ha' heard us 'cross the bay. I'd sung o' black-eyed Sue, who
saw the white-faced planter come aboard. Then our Cap-'n he upstood, so
poor old slave was free. So here's good luck an' life, to our

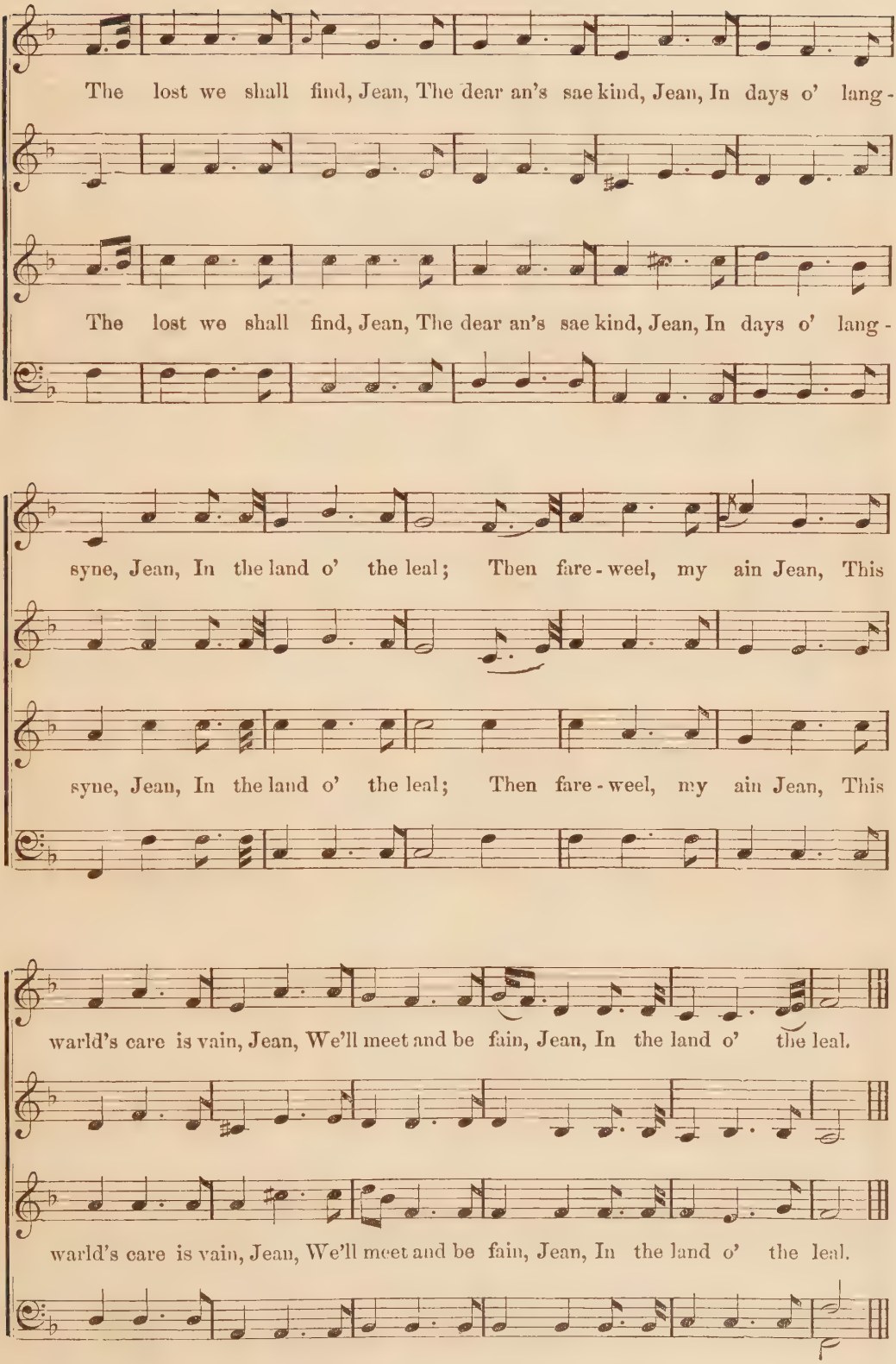
p *dolce.* *meno mosso.*


a tempo.
was so fond an' true, When we hears a sort o' splashin' in the sea, An' a nigger then we spied,
[scramblin'
noble, proud an' good, An' the poor old nig were at his knee: "Ev'ry man is free," he cries,
["where the
Cap'n an' his wife, God bless'n for his noble words say we. For to free the slaves, Bri-
a tempo.
rall.
f
up the starboard side, An' he tumbled on the deck in front o' we. Hillee,
Brit-ish col-or flies, An' I'll nev-er give him up," says he.
tan-nia rules the waves, An' that's be-ing Mistress of the sea.
rall.
f
a tempo. dolce.
haullee, hillee ho, hillee, haullee, hillee he, The ship's a sailin' on the sea, An'
p
a tempo.
ff
D.S. :S:
ev'ry jol-ly Jack will soon be comin' back: Singin' haullee, hillee, haullee, hillee ho.
D.S. :S:
ff
f

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

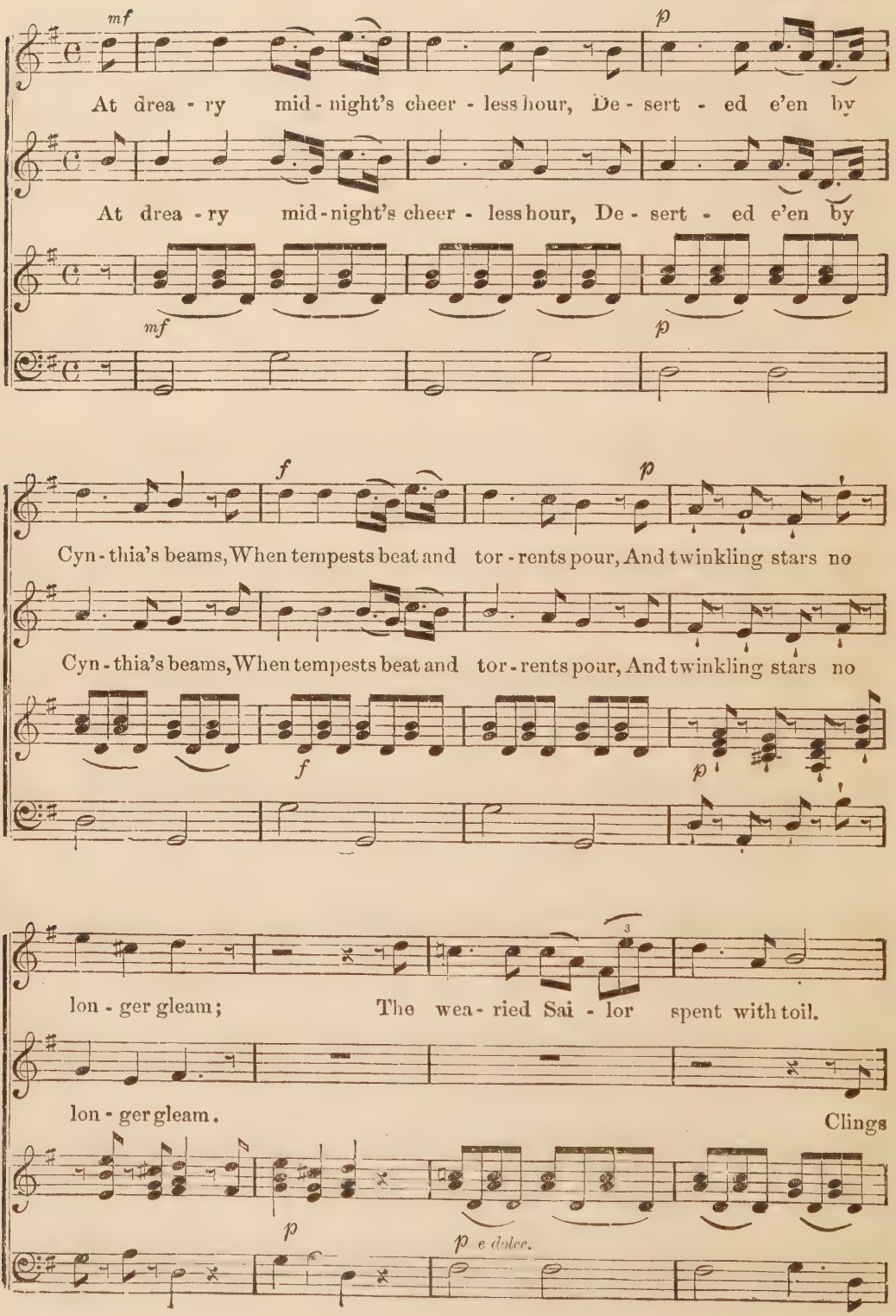
NAIRNE. WEBSTER. By per.

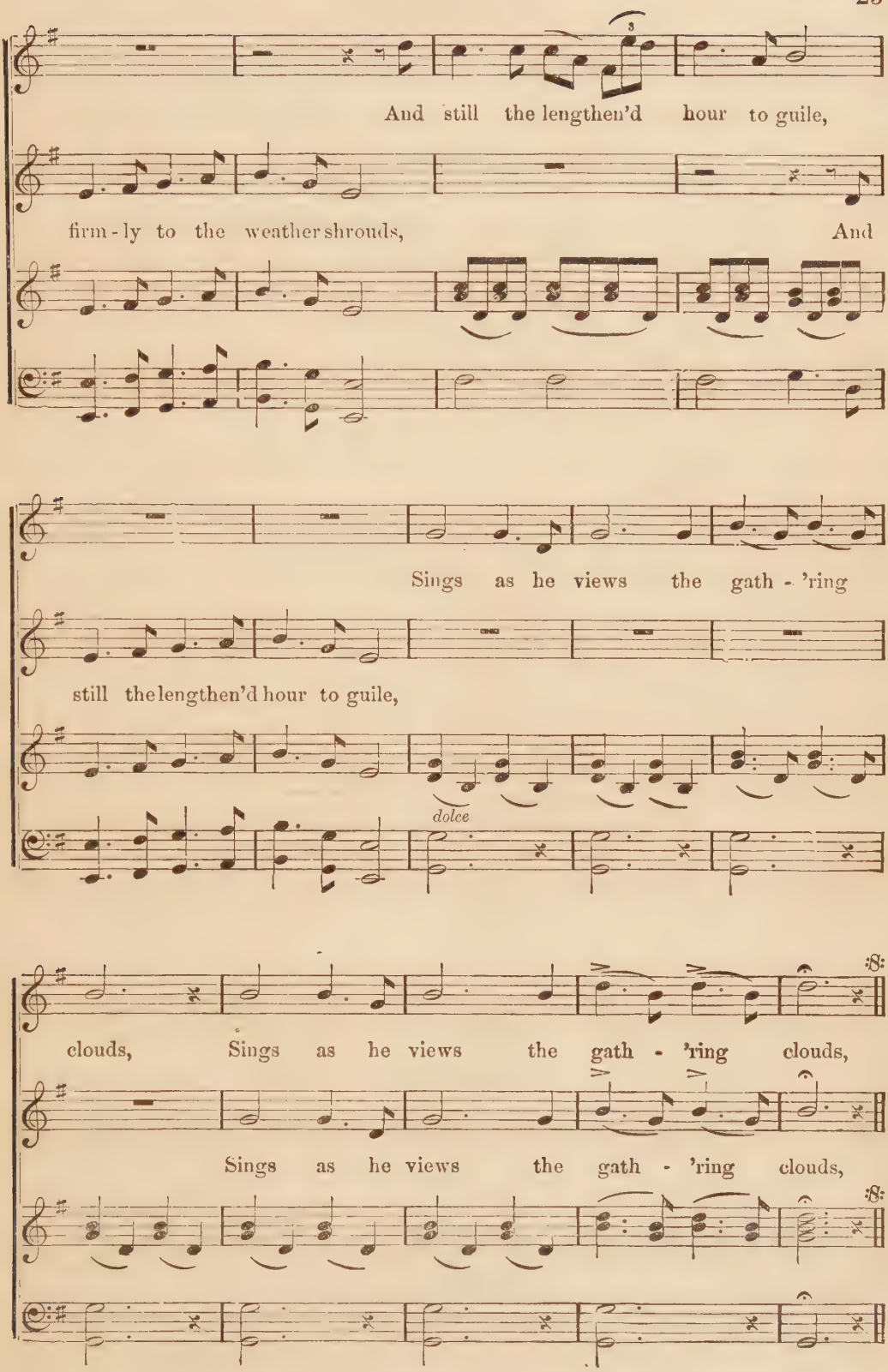


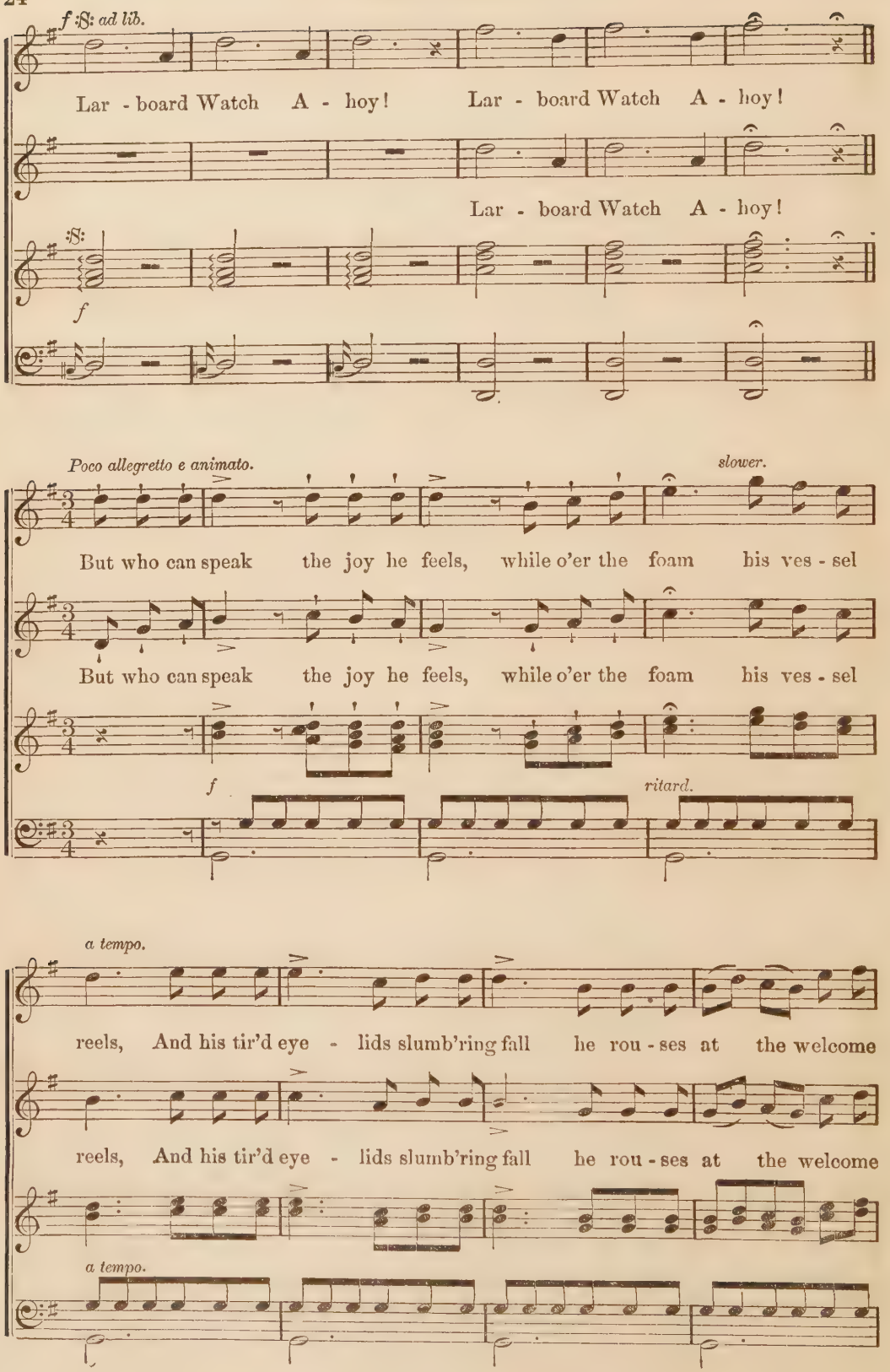

The lost we shall find, Jean, The dear an's sae kind, Jean, In days o' lang-
The lost we shall find, Jean, The dear an's sae kind, Jean, In days o' lang-
syne, Jean, In the land o' the leal; Then fare-weel, my ain Jean, This
syne, Jean, In the land o' the leal; Then fare-weel, my ain Jean, This
warld's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and be fain, Jean, In the land o' the leal.
warld's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and be fain, Jean, In the land o' the leal.

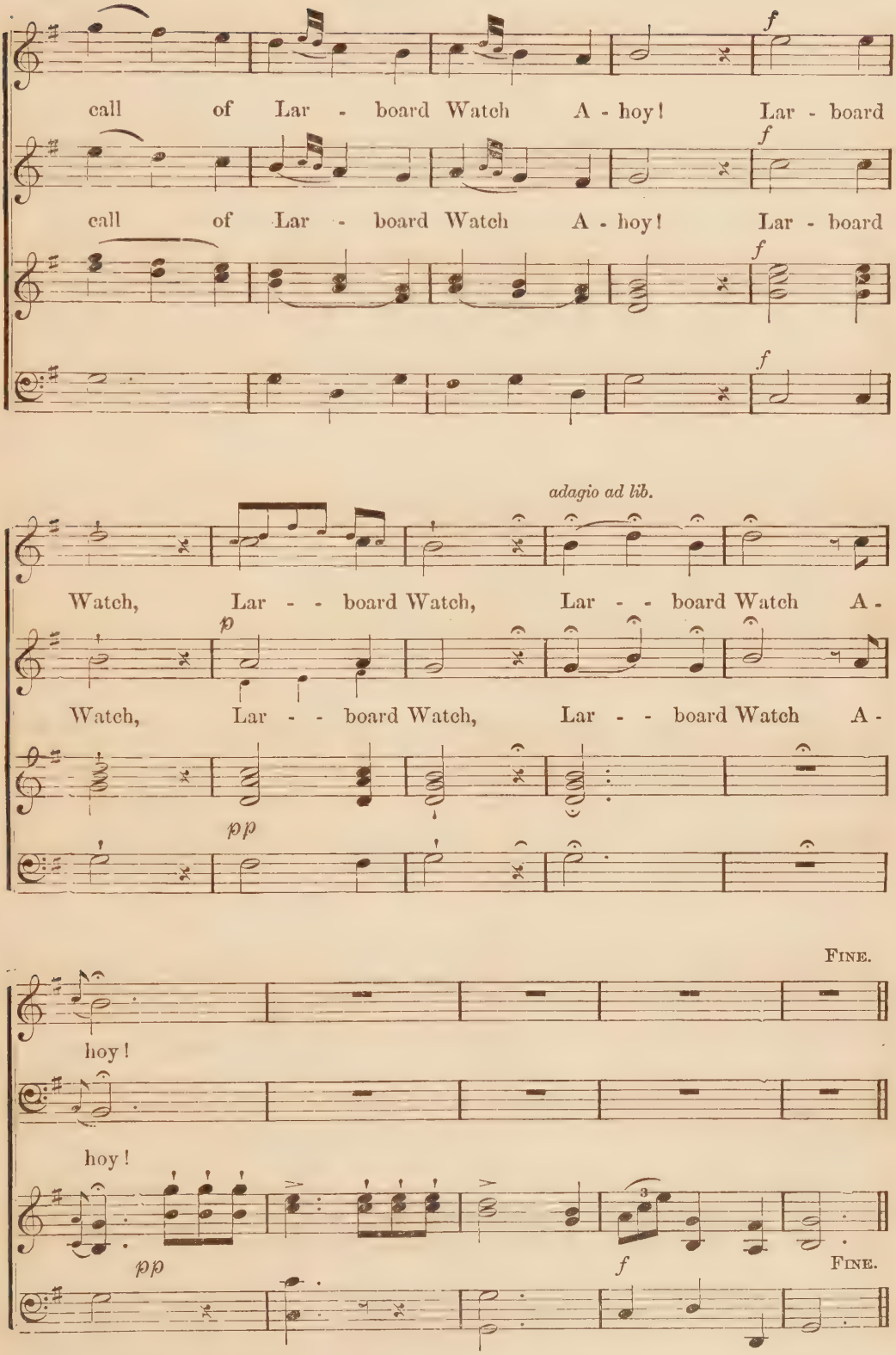
LARBOARD WATCH.

WILLIAMS.

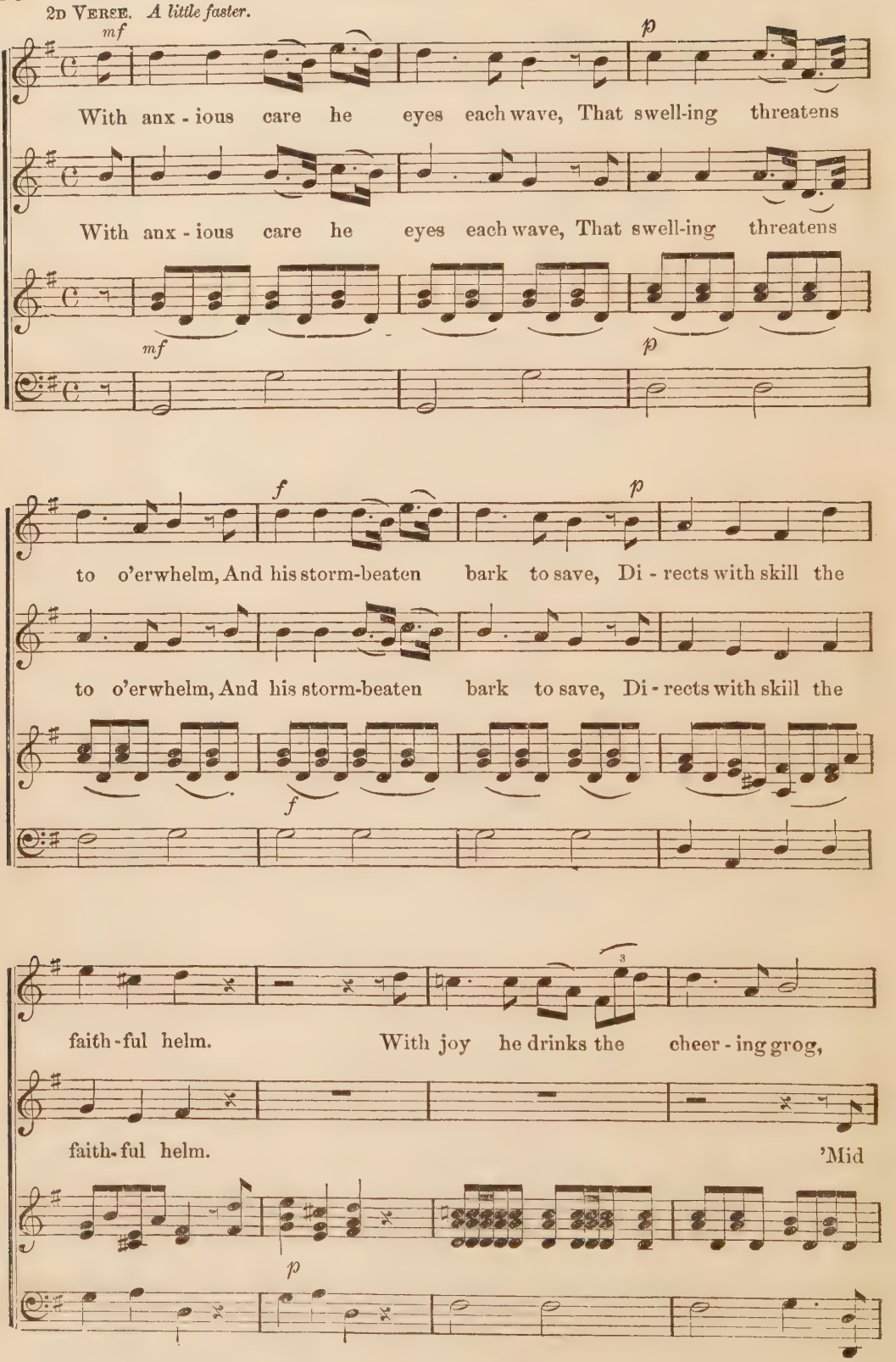


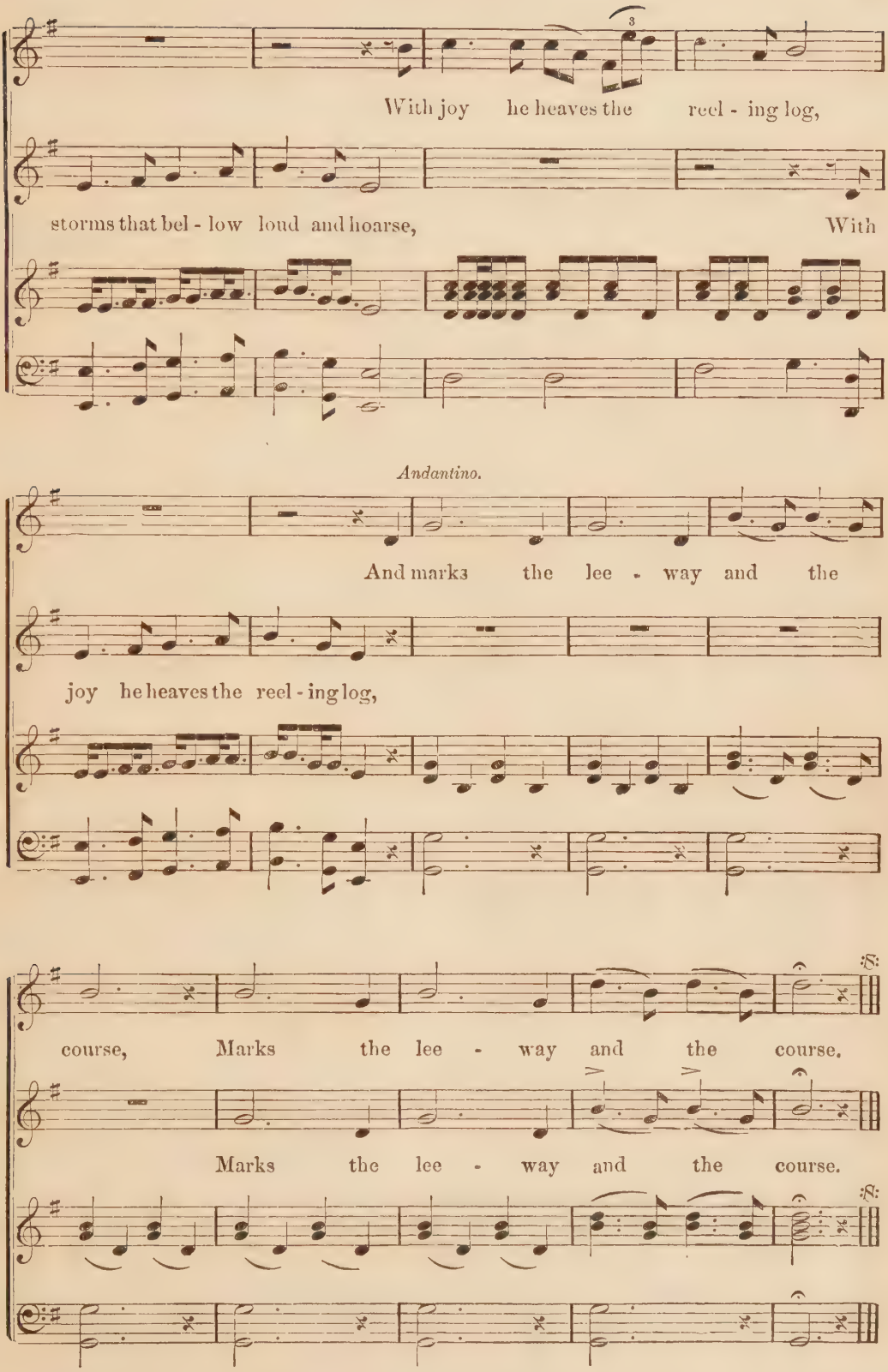

And still the lengthen'd hour to guile,
firm-ly to the weather shrouds, And
Sings as he views the gath-'ring
still the lengthen'd hour to guile,
dolce
clouds, Sings as he views the gath-'ring clouds,
Sings as he views the gath-'ring clouds,


f 𝄋 ad lib.
Lar - board Watch A - hoy! Lar - board Watch A - hoy!
Lar - board Watch A - hoy!
𝄋
f
Poco allegretto e animato.
slower.
But who can speak the joy he feels, while o'er the foam his ves - sel
But who can speak the joy he feels, while o'er the foam his ves - sel
f
ritard.
a tempo.
reels, And his tir'd eye - lids slumb'ring fall he rou - ses at the welcome
reels, And his tir'd eye - lids slumb'ring fall he rou - ses at the welcome
a tempo.


call of Lar - board Watch A - hoy! Lar - board
call of Lar - board Watch A - hoy! Lar - board
adagio ad lib.
Watch, Lar - - board Watch, Lar - - board Watch A -
Watch, Lar - - board Watch, Lar - - board Watch A -
FINE.
hoy!
hoy!
FINE.

2D VERSE. *A little faster.*




With joy he heaves the reel - ing log,
storms that bel - low loud and hoarse, With
Andantino.
And marks the lee - way and the
joy he heaves the reel - ing log,
course, Marks the lee - way and the course.
Marks the lee - way and the course.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

THOMAS. ADAMS.

Con Spirito.

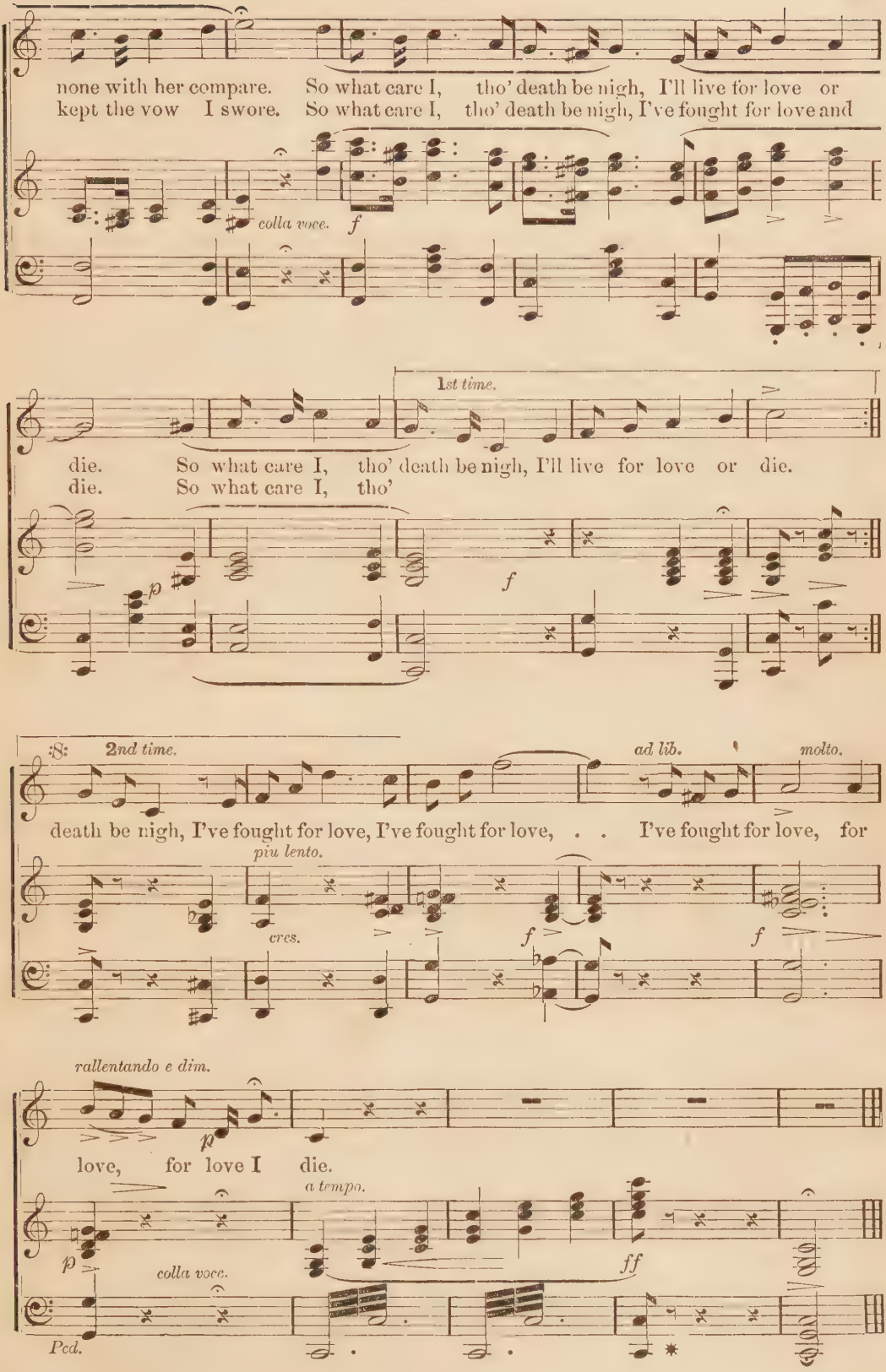
1. In days of old when
2. So this brave knight, in

Knights were bold, And barons held their sway, A war - rior bold with spurs of gold, Sang
armour bright, Went gaily to the fray, He fought the fight, but ere the night, His

mer - ri - ly his lay, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay. My love is young and
soul had pass'd a - way, His soul had pass'd a - way. The plighted ring he

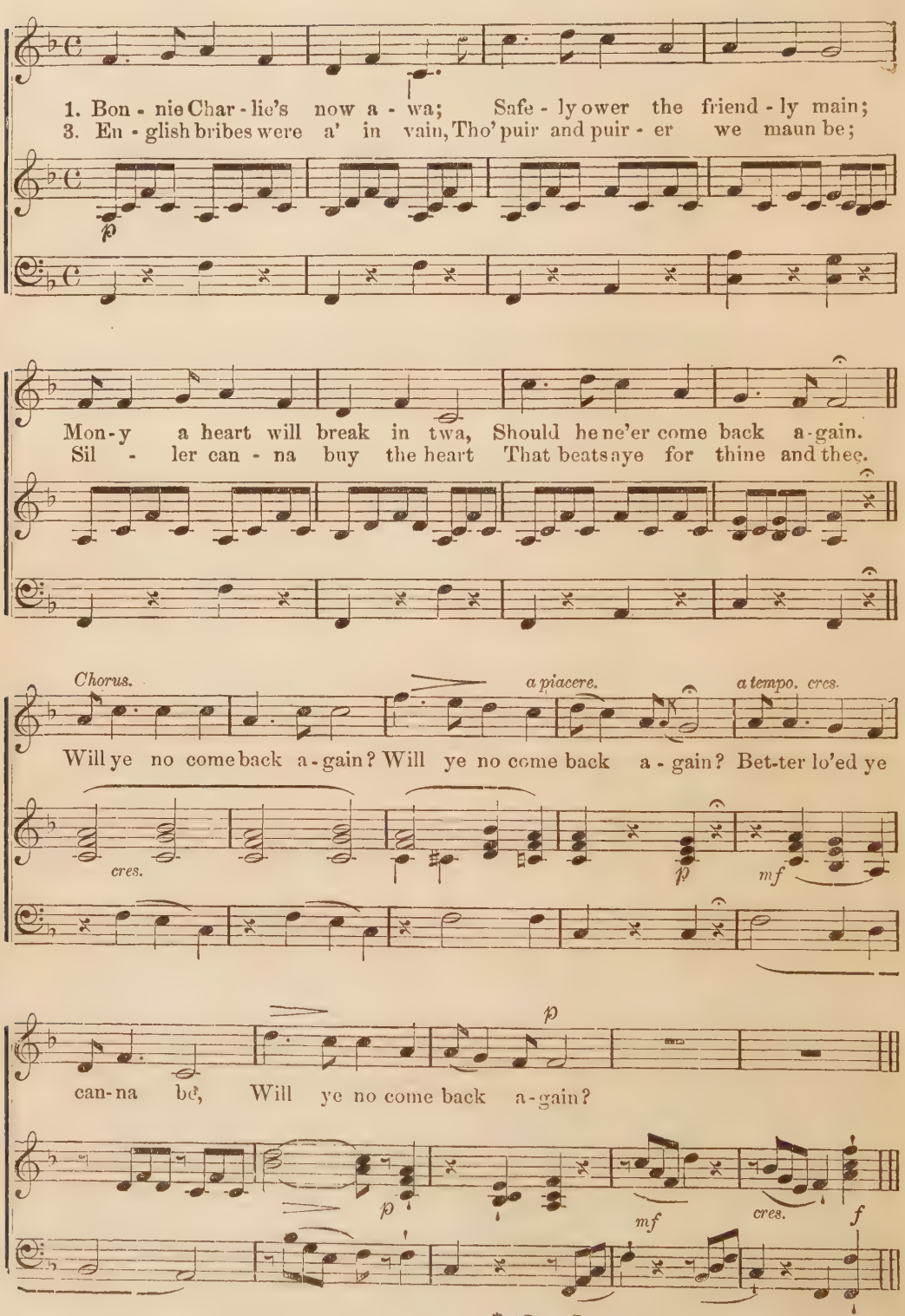
fair, My love hath gol - den hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That
wore, Was crush'd and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he bravely cried, I've

cres - - - cen - - do.


none with her compare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or
kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and
colla voce.
f
1st time.
die. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die.
die. So what care I, tho'
p
f
2nd time.
ad lib.
molto.
death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, . . I've fought for love, for
più lento.
cres.
f
f
rallentando e dim.
p
love, for love I die.
a tempo.
p
colla voce.
ff
Ped.

*BONNIE CHARLIE.

GEMS OF SCOTLAND. DUNN.



* "Jesus Lover of my Soul" may be used.

3. Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you dear Charlie!
They kent your hiding in the glen,
Death or exile braving.

4. We watch'd thee in the gloaming hour,
We watch'd thee in the morning grey,
* Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gie,
Oh, there is nane that wad betray!

5. Sweet's the Laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again?

* A fact highly honorable to Highlanders.

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

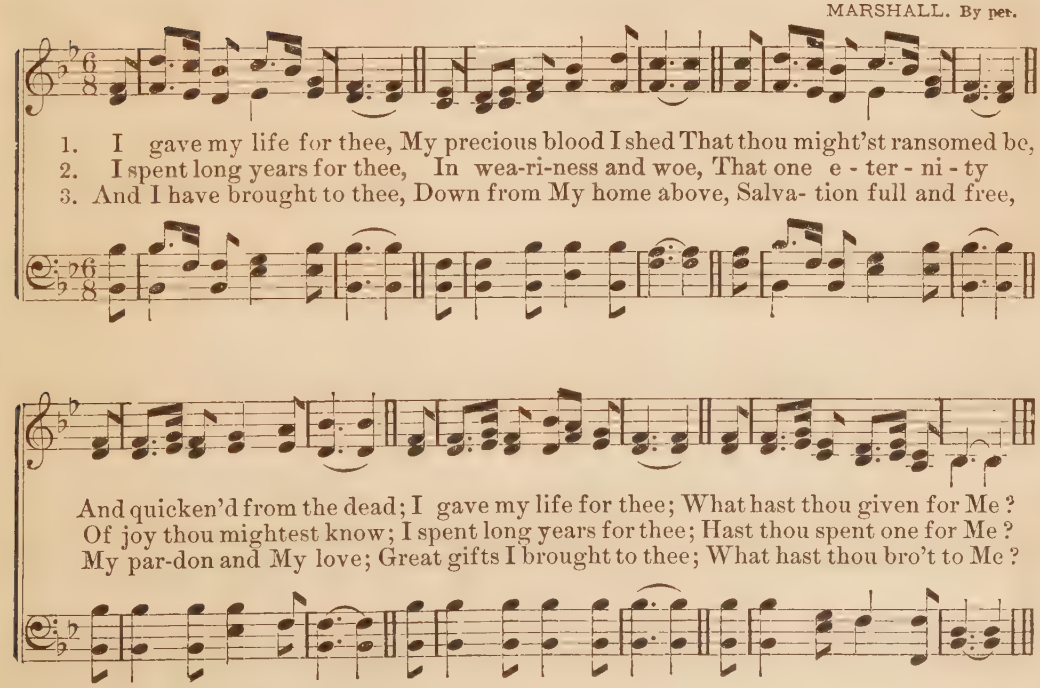
1. Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2. Others refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

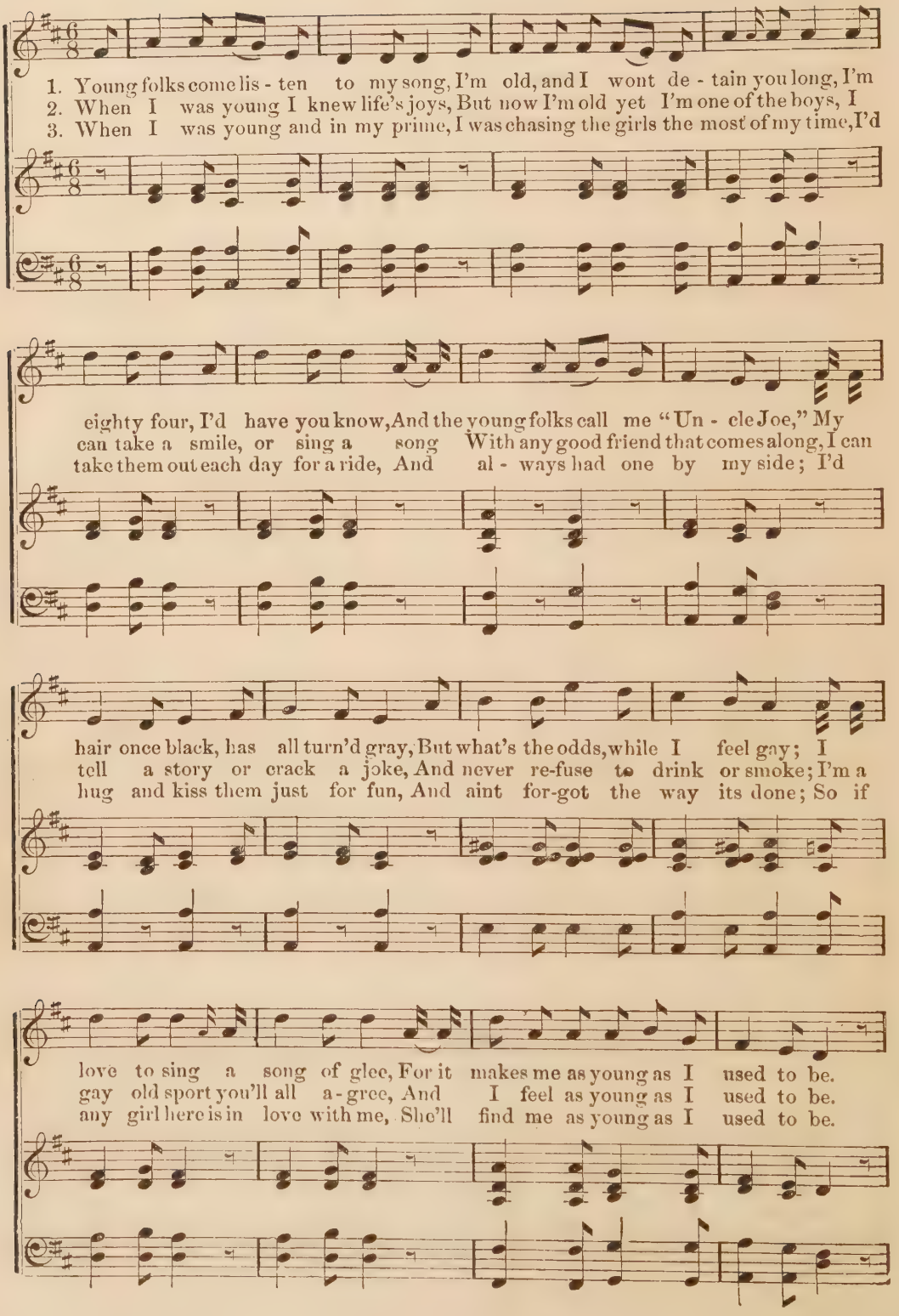
MY LIFE FOR THEE.

MARSHALL. By per.

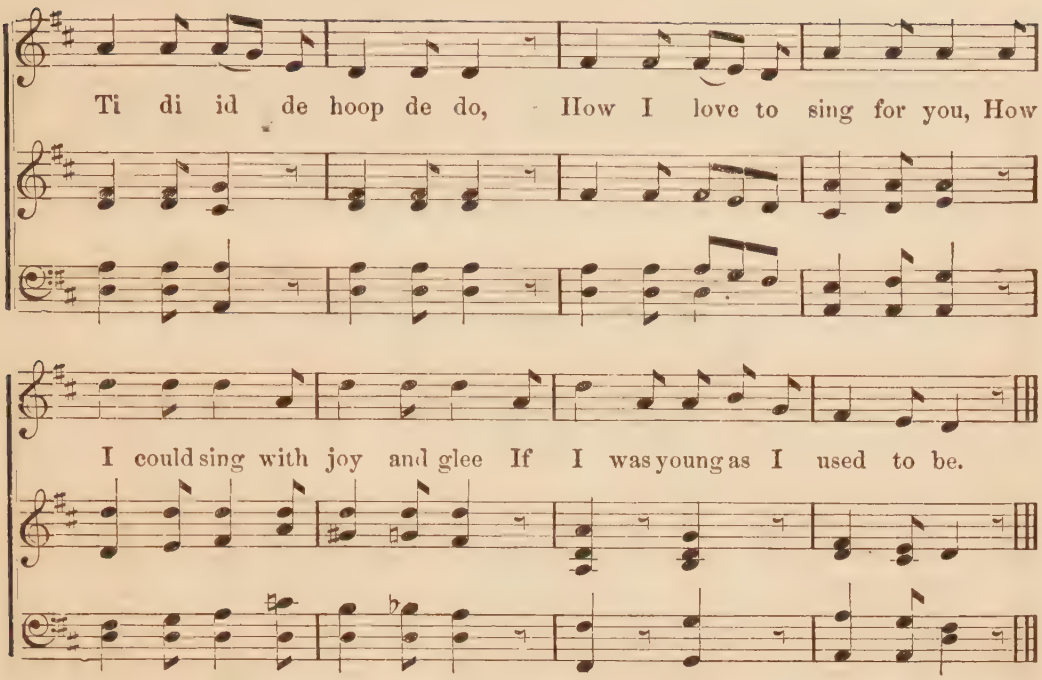


UNCLE JOE.

W. H. V. GILBERT. By per.

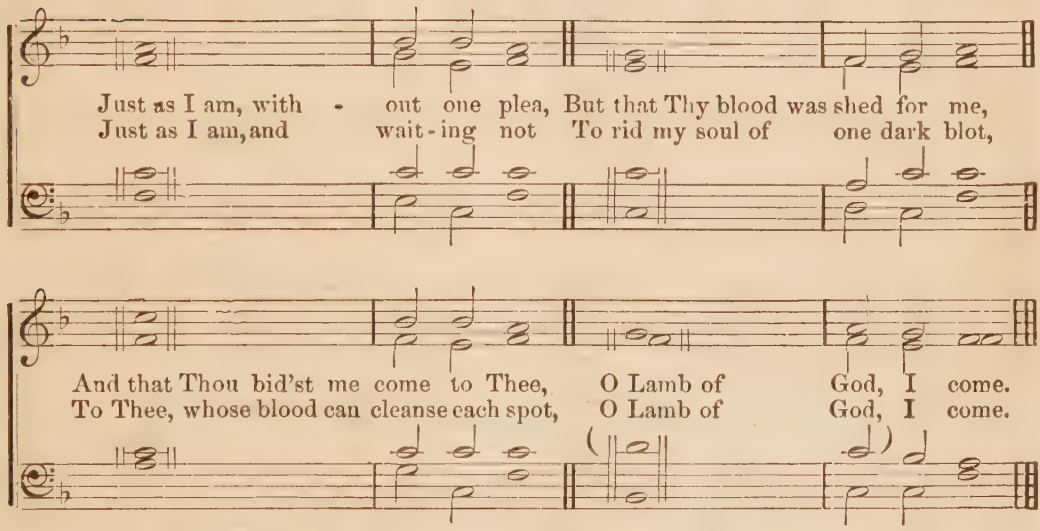


Chorus.



WAITING.

REYNOLDS.



3

Just as I am, though | tossed about
With many a conflict, | many a doubt,
With fears within, and | foes without,
O Lamb of | God, I came.

4

Just as I am—poor, | wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing | of the mind,
mf Yea, all I need, in | Thee to find,
O Lamb of | God, I come.

5

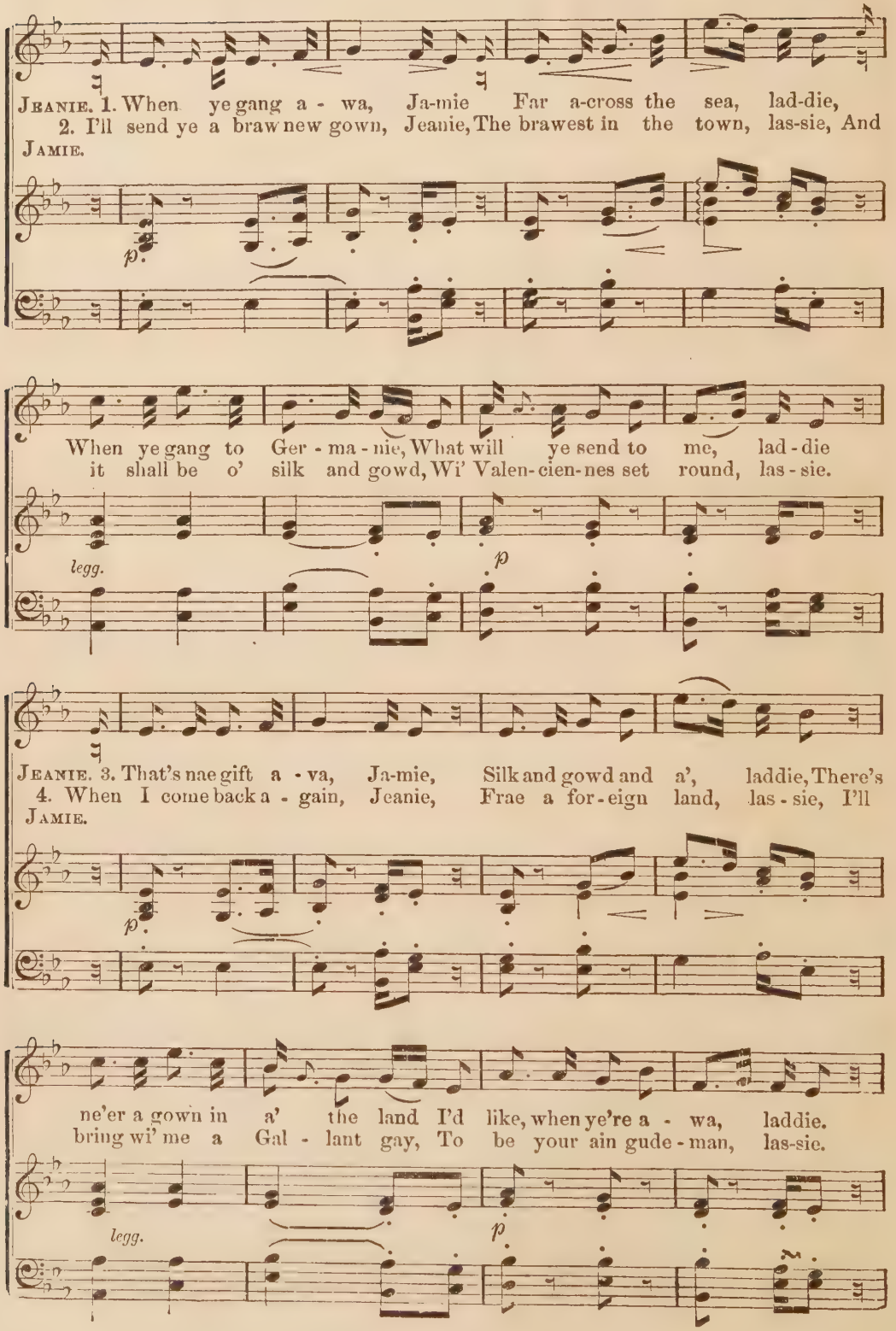
Just as I am, Thou | wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise | I believe,
O Lamb of | God, I come.

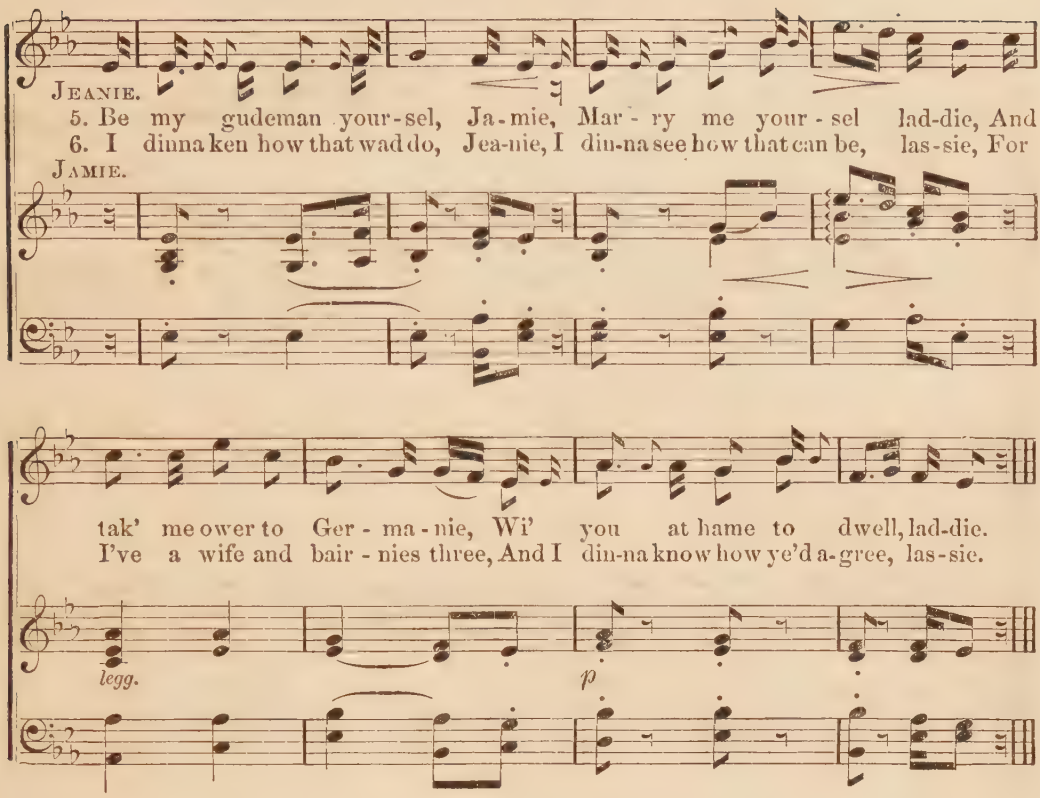
6

Just as I am, Thy | love unknown
Has broken every | barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, | Thine alone,
O Lamb of | God, I come.

WHEN YE GANG AWA, JAMIE.

DEMAR.





JEANIE. 7.

Ye shou'd hae telt me that in time, Jamie,
Ye shou'd hae telt me that lang syne, laddie,
For had I kent o' your fause heart,
You ne'er had gotten mine laddie.

9.

Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie;
And I will pray they ne'er may thole
A broken heart like me, laddie.

11.

'Think weel for fear ye rue, Jamie,
Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie,
But I have neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie.

JAMIE. 8.

Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
I could na help mysel, lassie.

10.

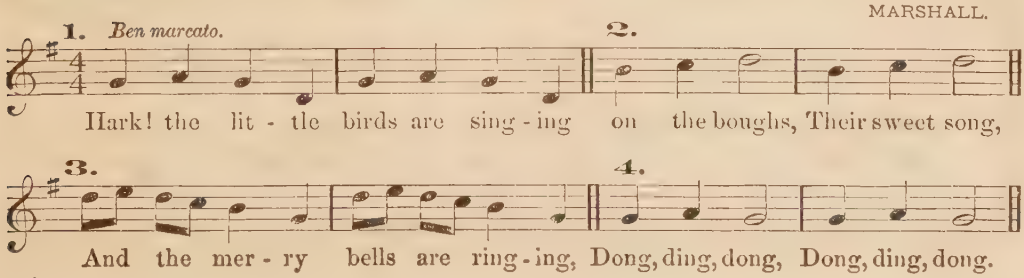
Dry that tearfu ee, Jeanie,
Grieve na mair for me, lassie,
I've neither wife, nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

12.

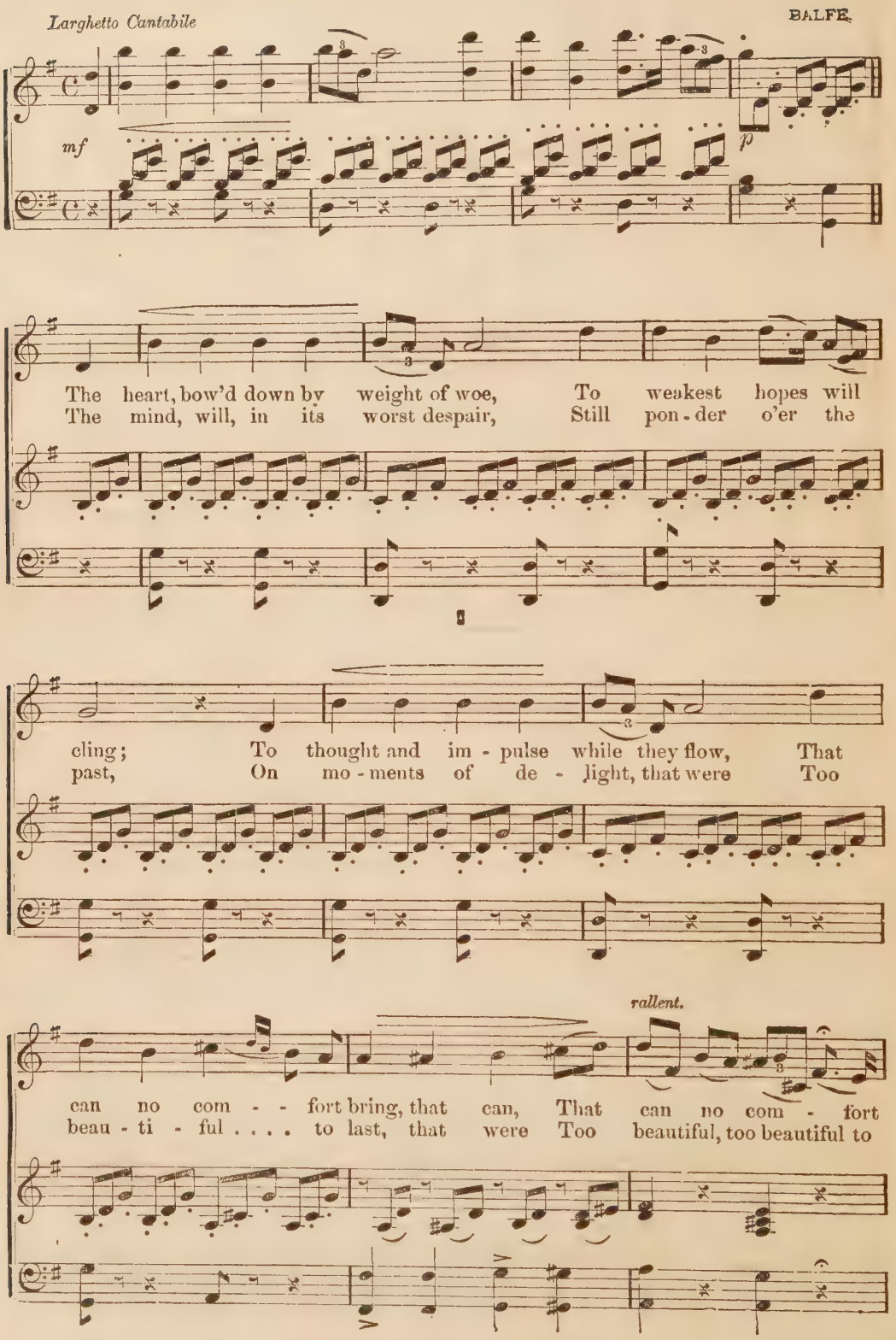
Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie, [tow'r;
Saint Johnstoun's bow'r and Hunting
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

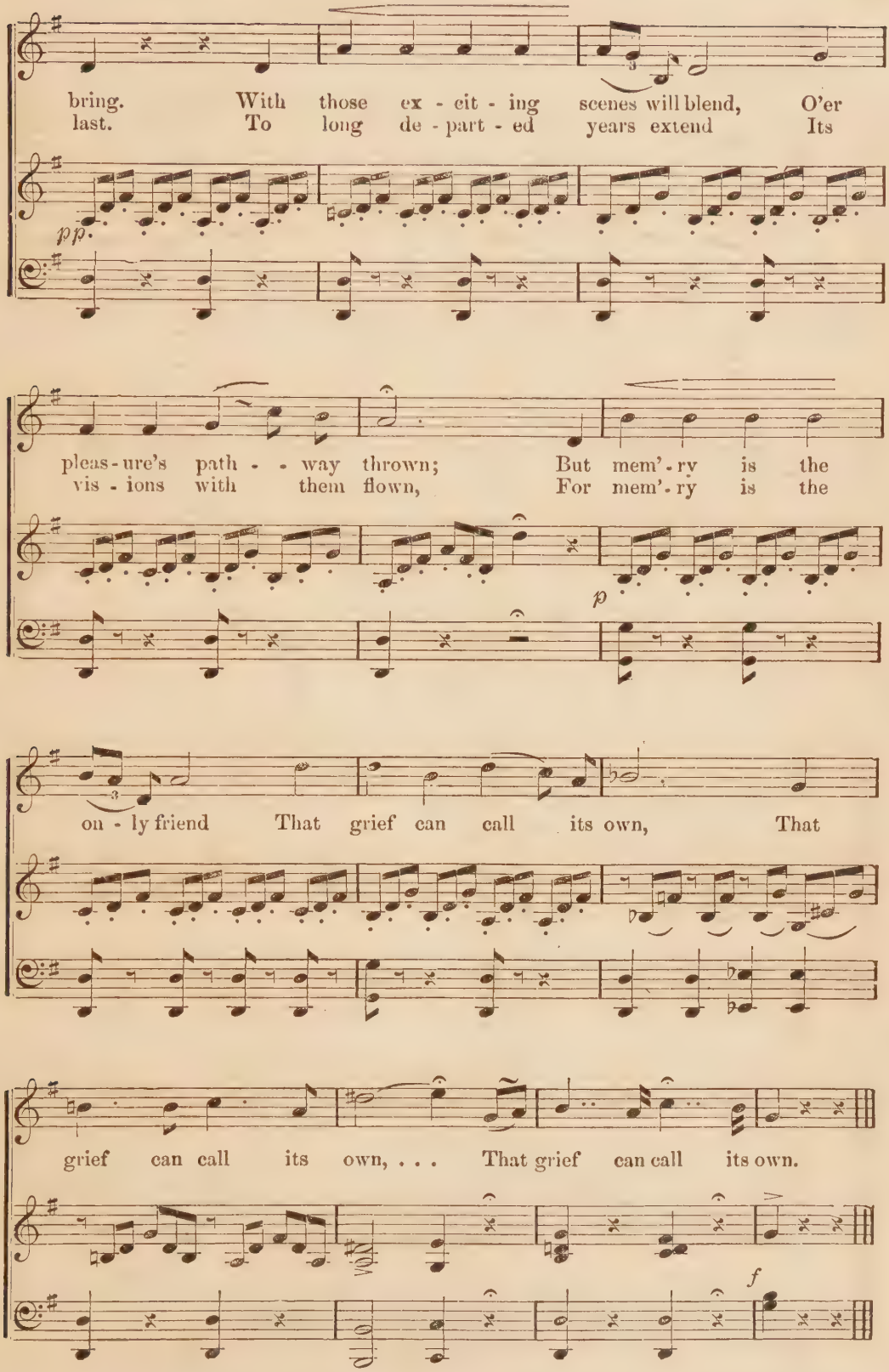
ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

MARSHALL.



THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

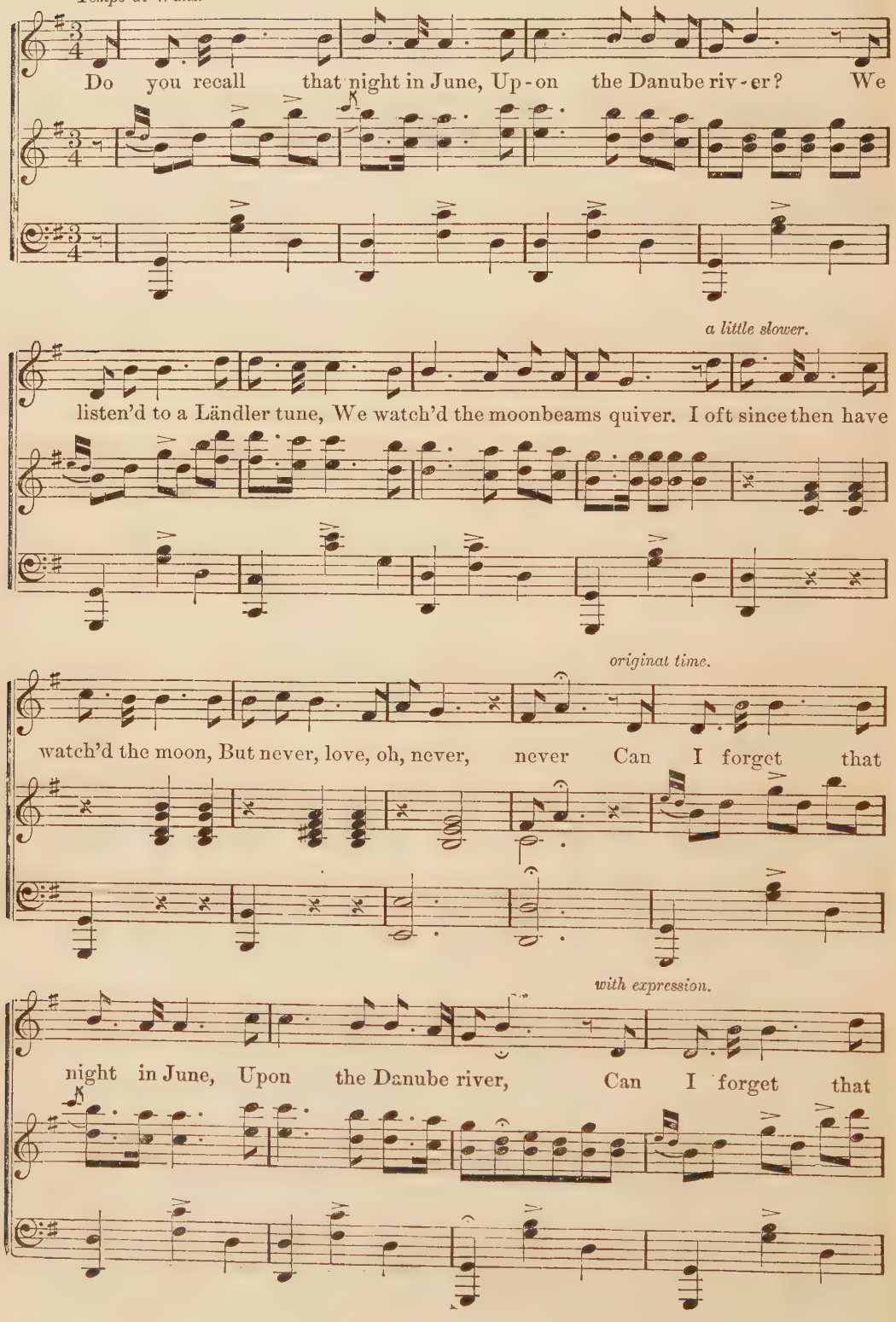


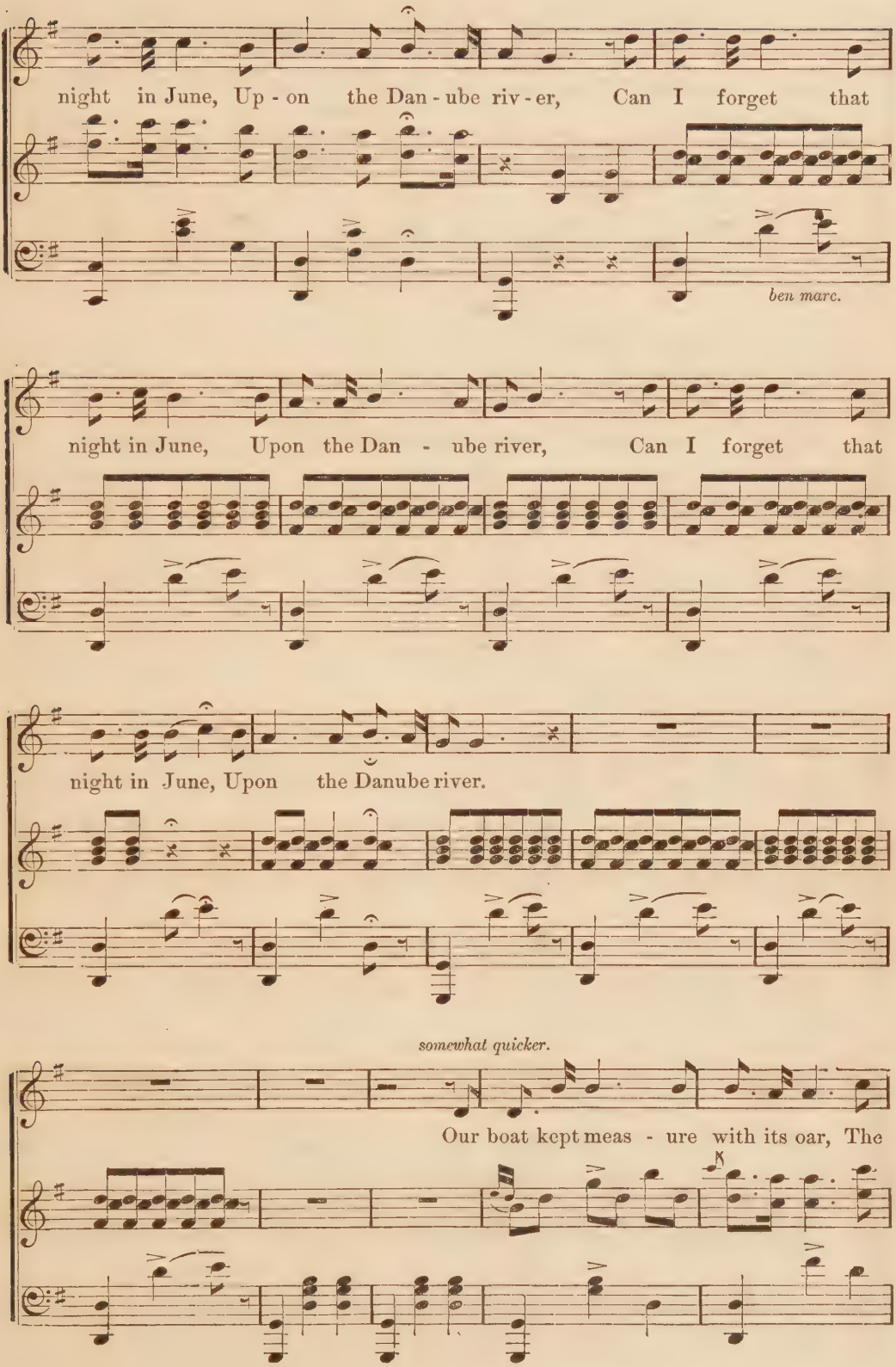

bring. With those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er
last. To long de - part - ed years extend Its
pp.
pleas - ure's path - - way thrown; But mem' - ry is the
vis - ions with them flown, For mem' - ry is the
p
on - ly friend That grief can call its own, That
grief can call its own, . . . That grief can call its own.
f

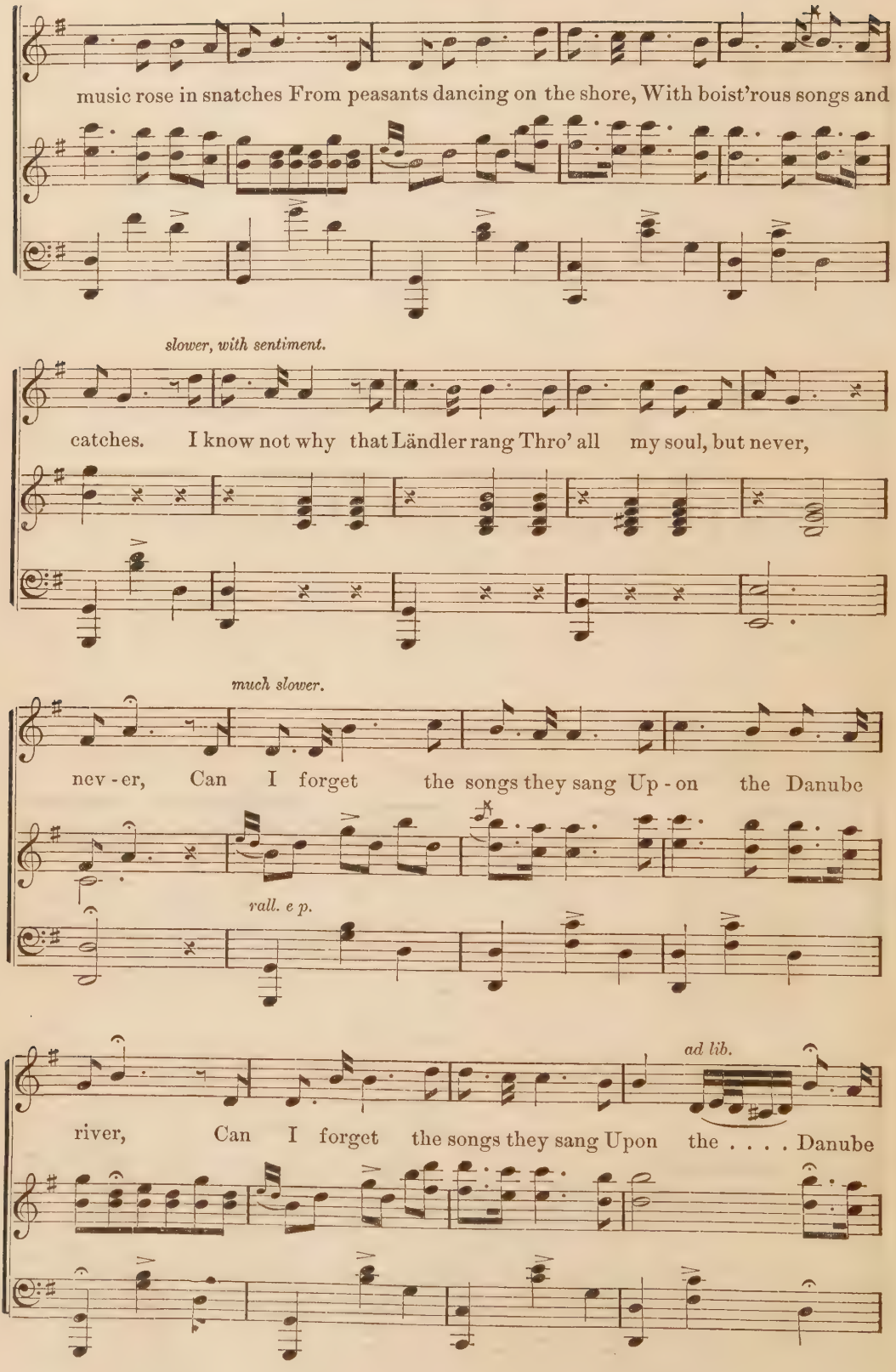
THE DANUBE RIVER.

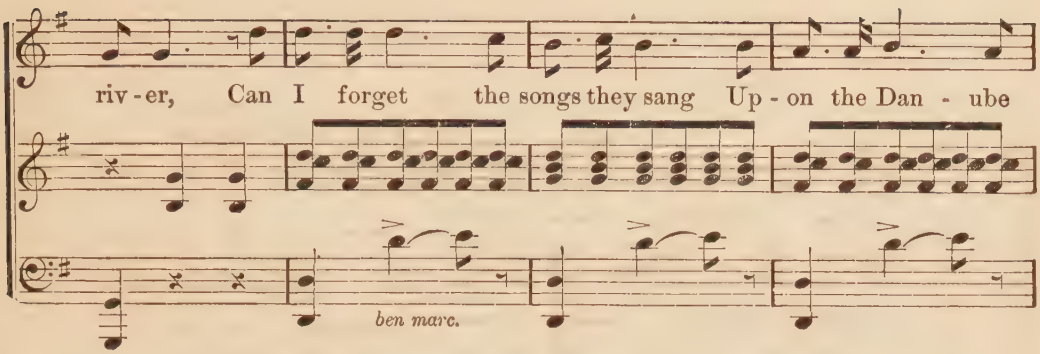
AIDE.

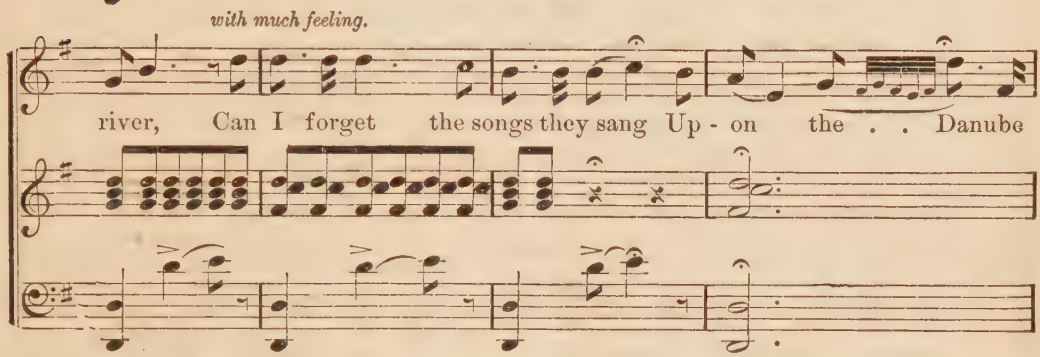
Tempo di Waltz.

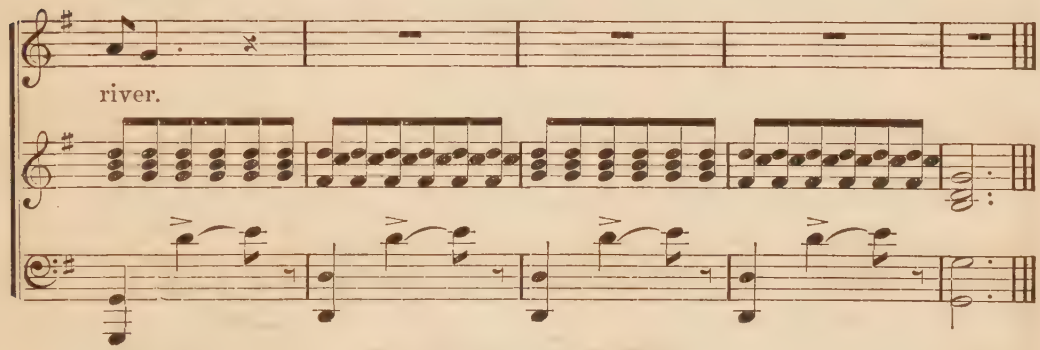



night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I forget that
ben marc.
night in June, Upon the Dan - ube river, Can I forget that
night in June, Upon the Danube river.
somewhat quicker.
Our boat kept meas - ure with its oar, The

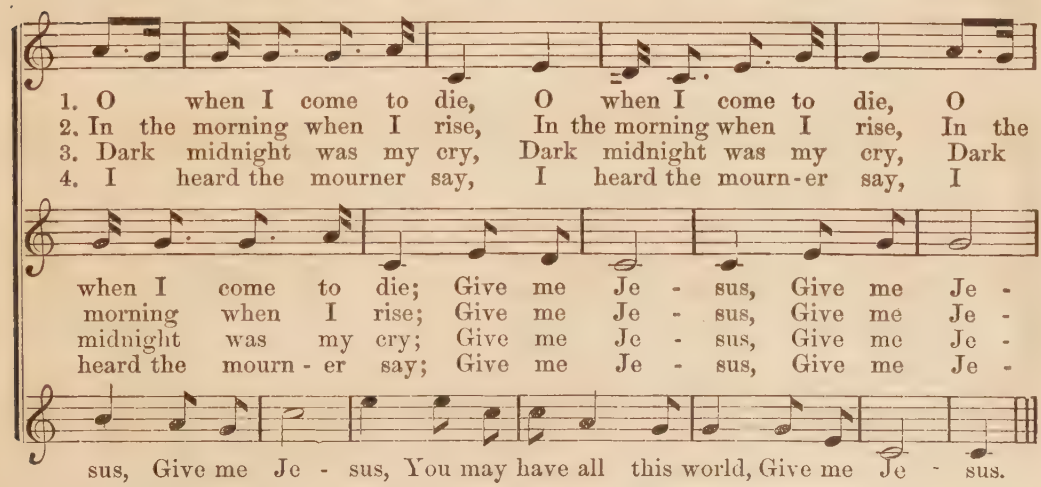

music rose in snatches From peasants dancing on the shore, With boist'rous songs and
slower, with sentiment.
catches. I know not why that Ländler rang Thro' all my soul, but never,
much slower.
nev - er, Can I forget the songs they sang Up - on the Danube
rall. e p.
ad lib.
river, Can I forget the songs they sang Upon the . . . . Danube





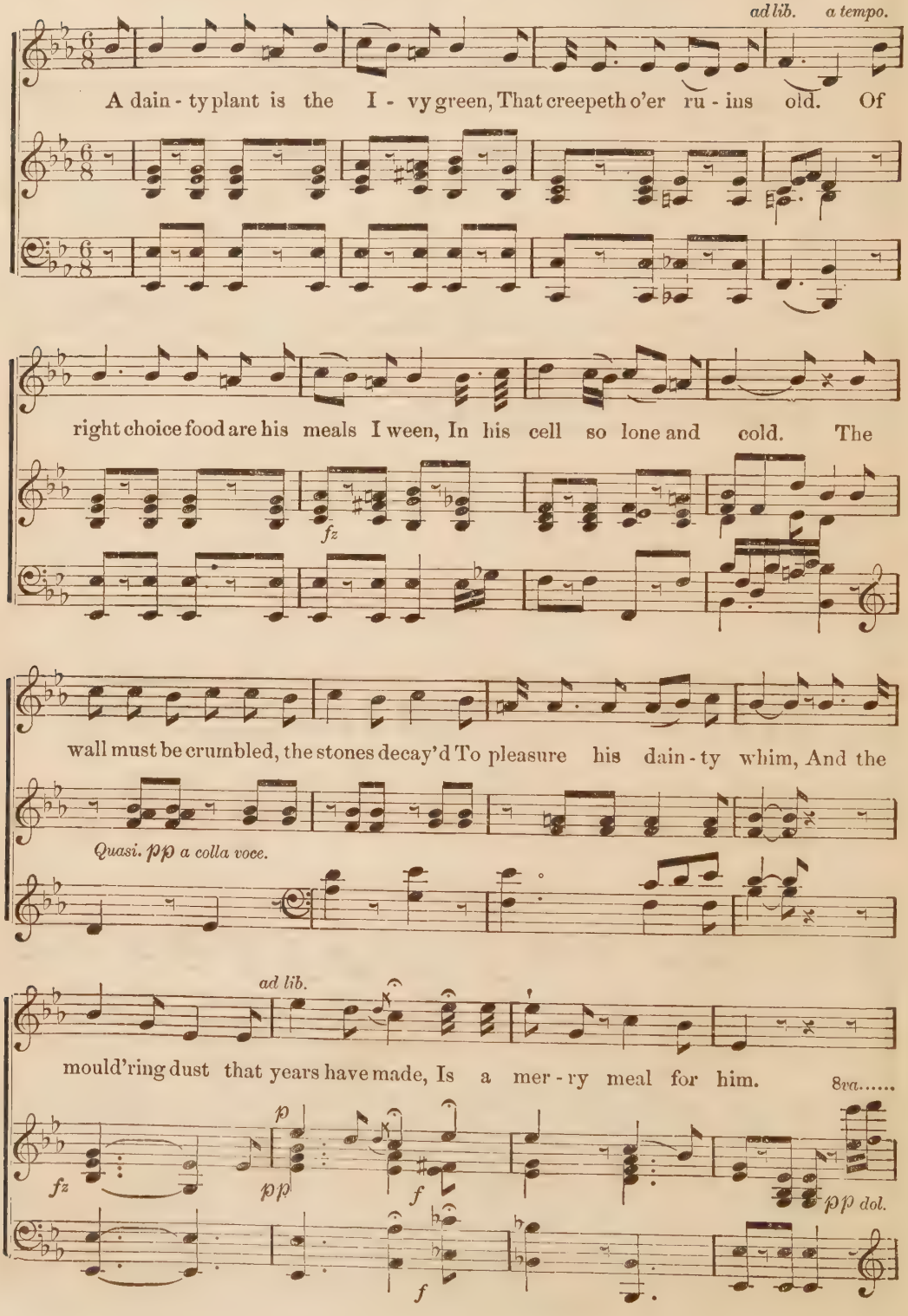


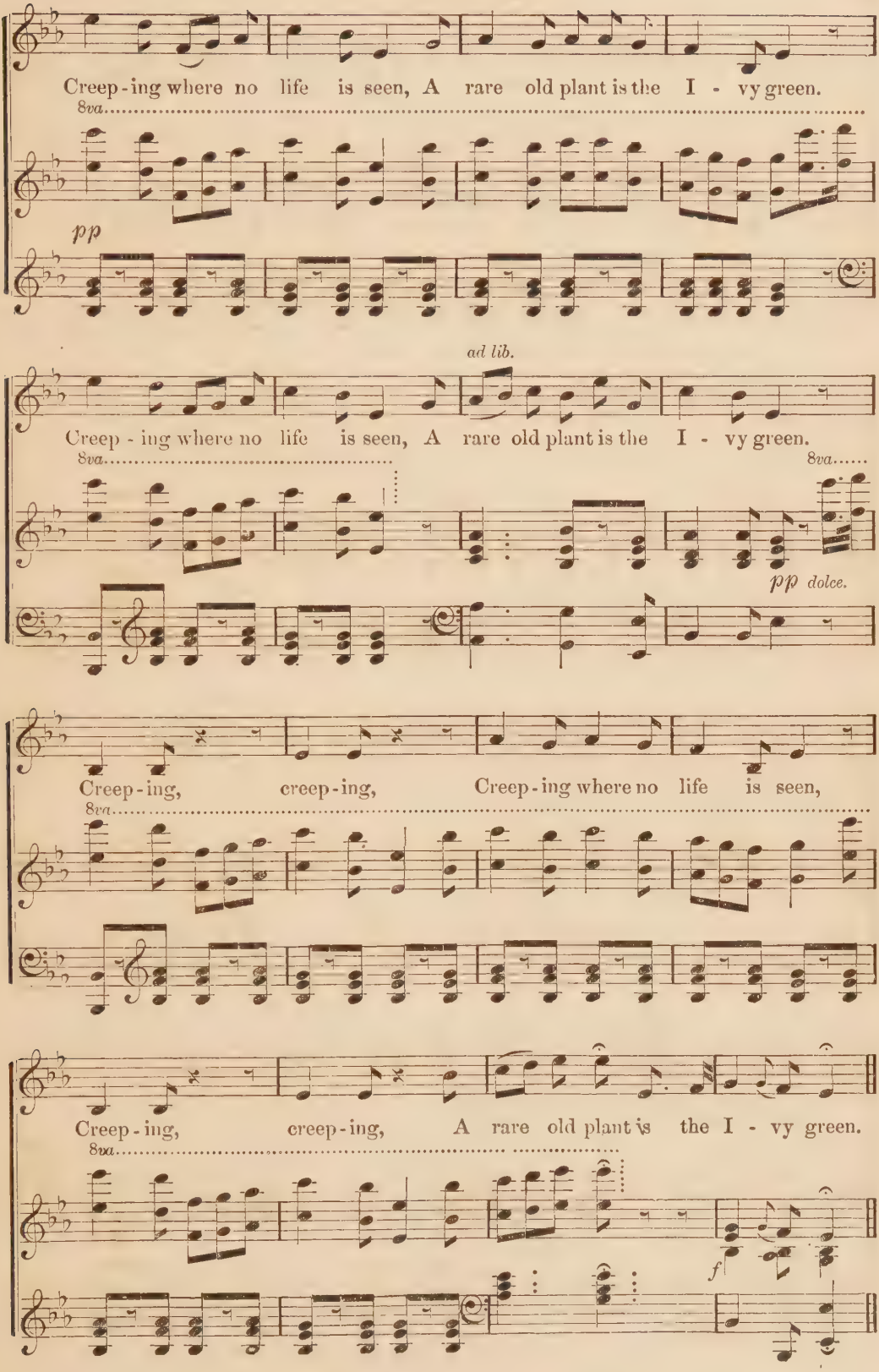
GIVE ME JESUS.

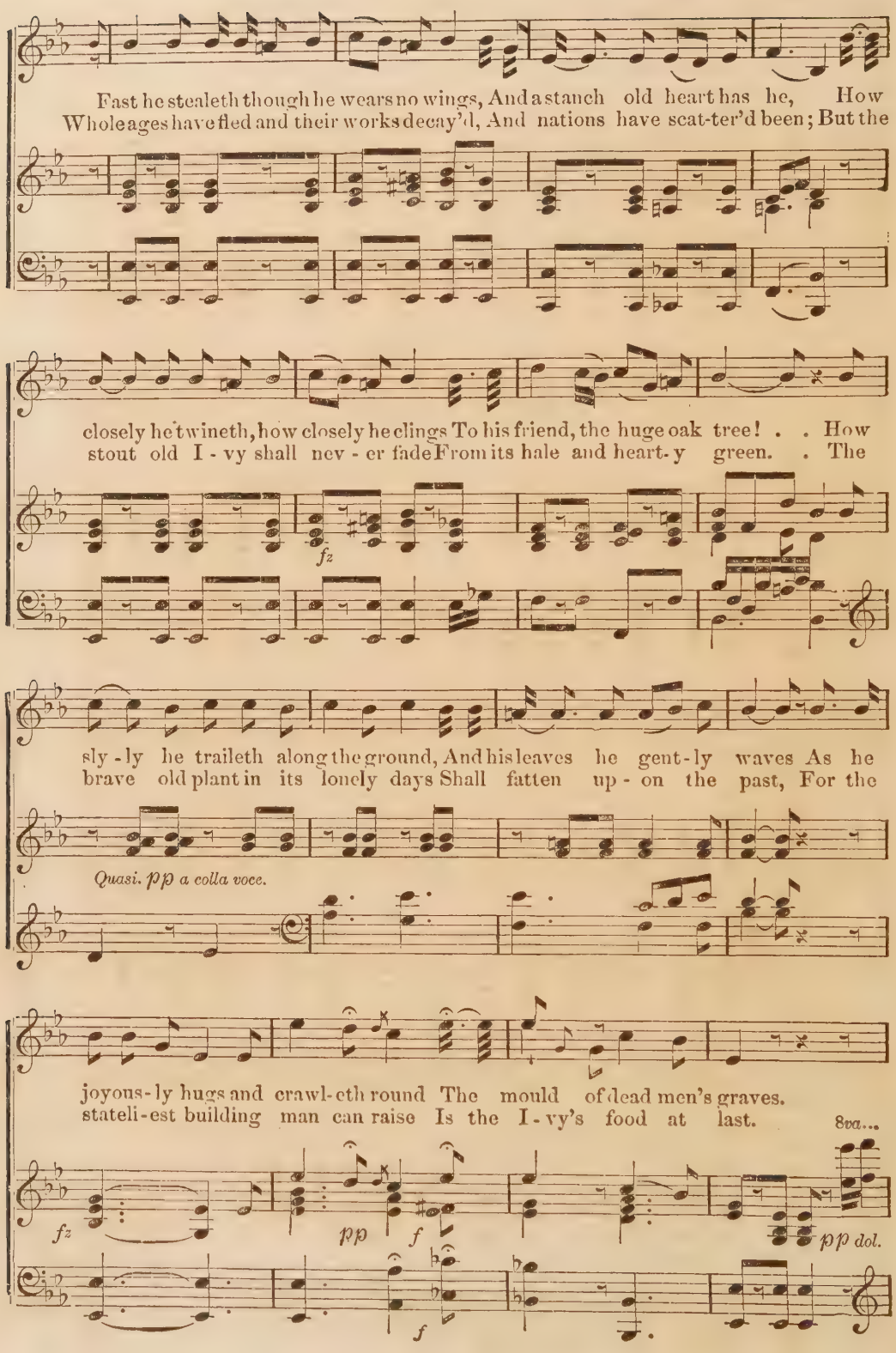


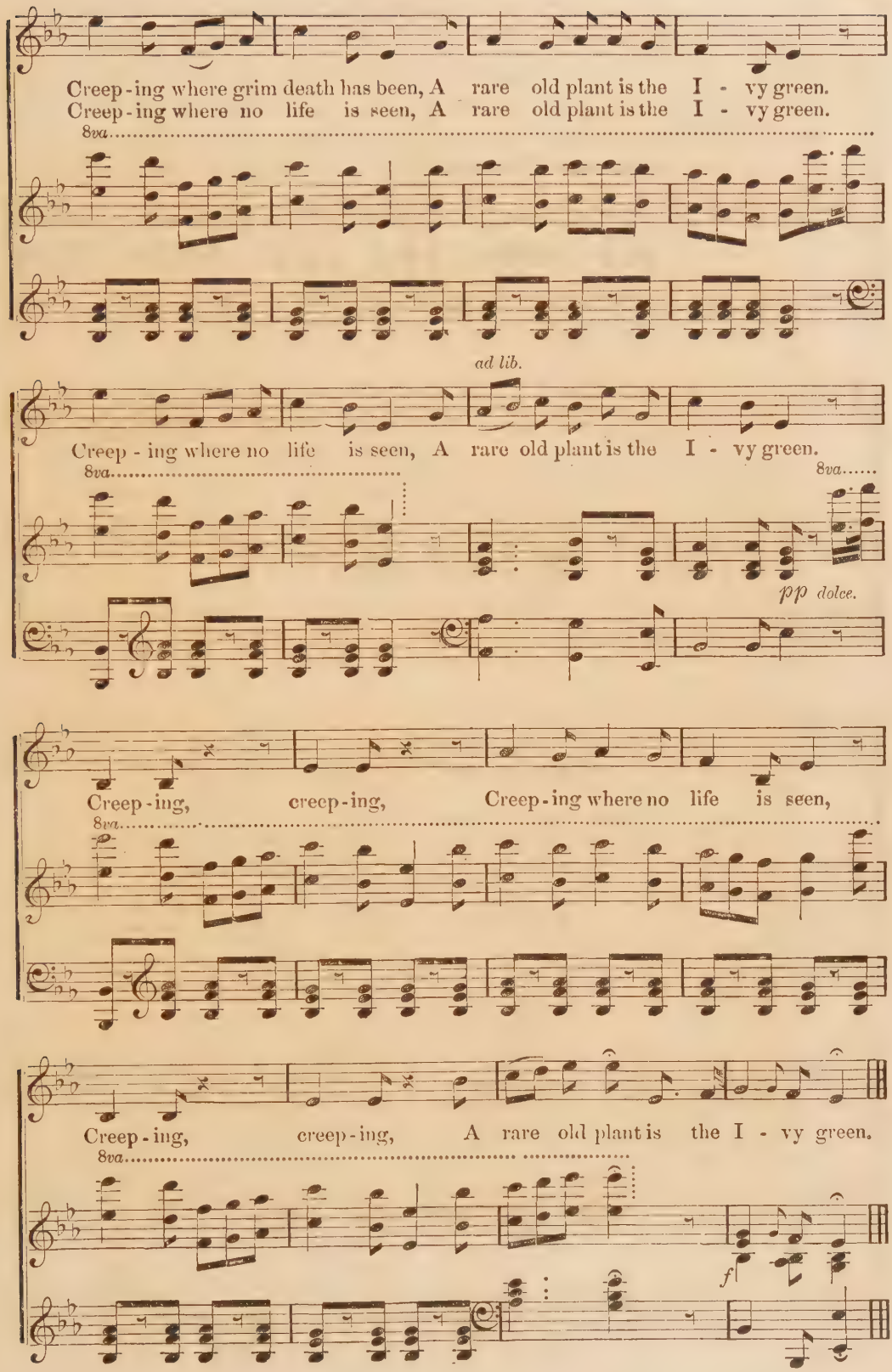
THE IVY GREEN.

"BOZ." RUSSELL.



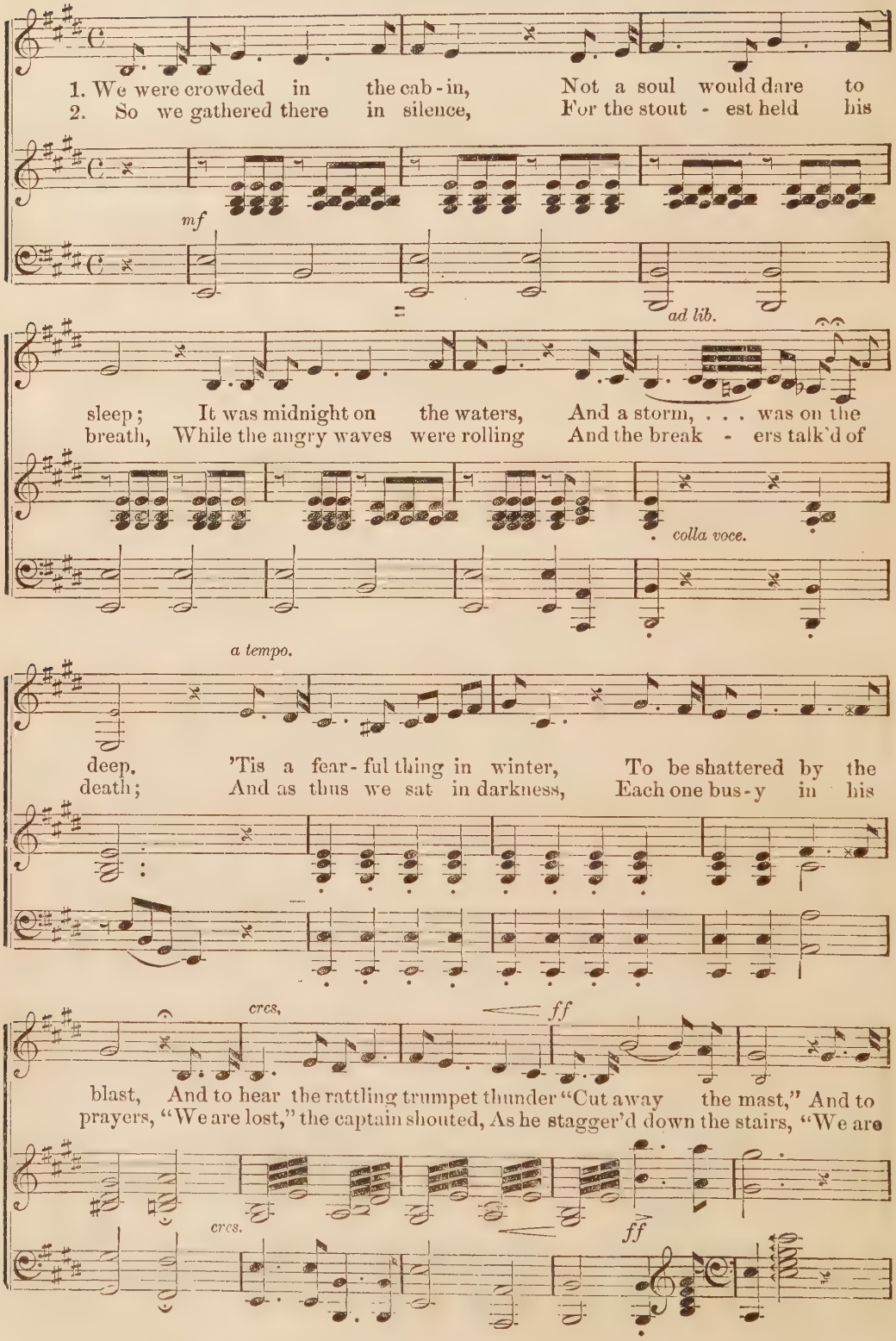

Creep-ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
8va
pp
ad lib.
Creep - ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
8va
8va
pp dolce.
Creep-ing, creep-ing, Creep-ing where no life is seen,
8va
Creep-ing, creep-ing, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
8va
f

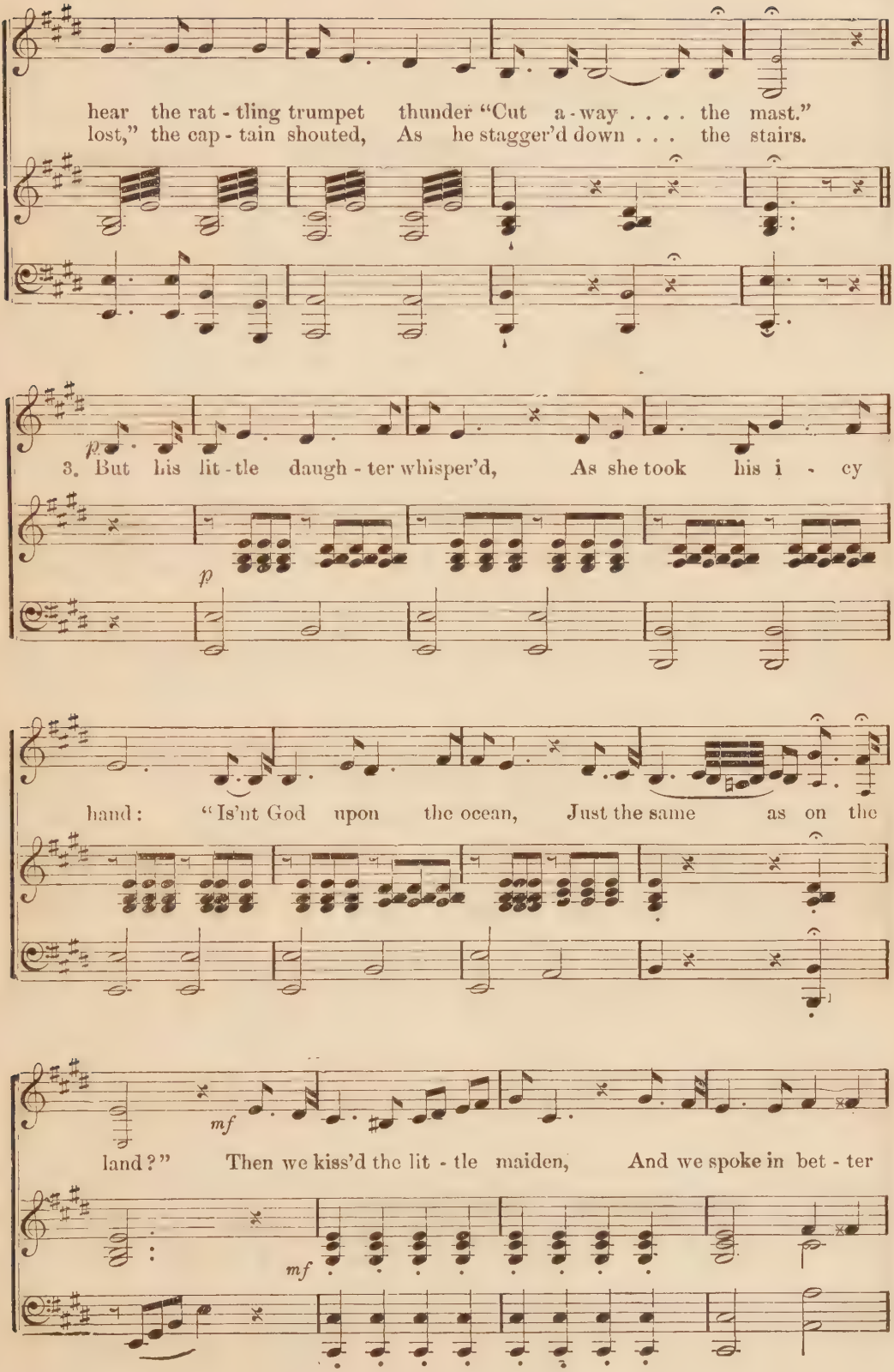

Fast he stealeth though he wears no wings, And a stanch old heart has he, How
Whole ages have fled and their works decay'd, And nations have scat-ter'd been; But the
closely he twineth, how closely he clings To his friend, the huge oak tree! . . How
stout old I - vy shall nev - er fade From its hale and heart-y green. . The
fz
sly - ly he traileth along the ground, And his leaves he gent-ly waves As he
brave old plant in its lonely days Shall fatten up - on the past, For the
Quasi. pp a colla voce.
joyous-ly hugs and crawl-eth round The mould of dead men's graves.
stateli-est building man can raise Is the I - vy's food at last.
8va...
fz
pp
f
f
pp dol.

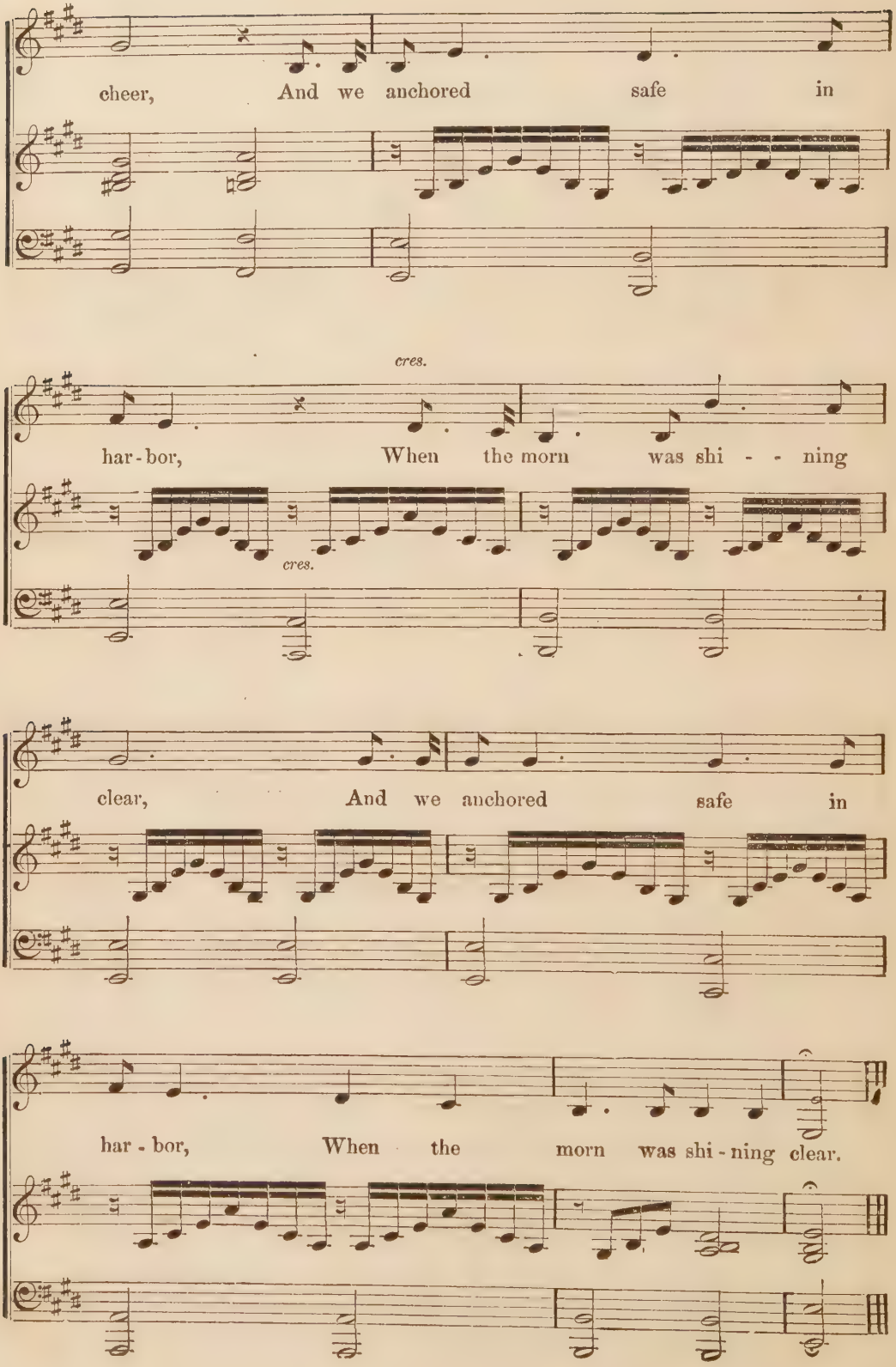

Creep-ing where grim death has been, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
Creep-ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
8va
ad lib.
Creep - ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
8va
8va
pp dolce.
Creep-ing, creep-ing, Creep-ing where no life is seen,
8va
Creep-ing, creep-ing, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
8va
f

THE TEMPEST.

PERKINS. By per.

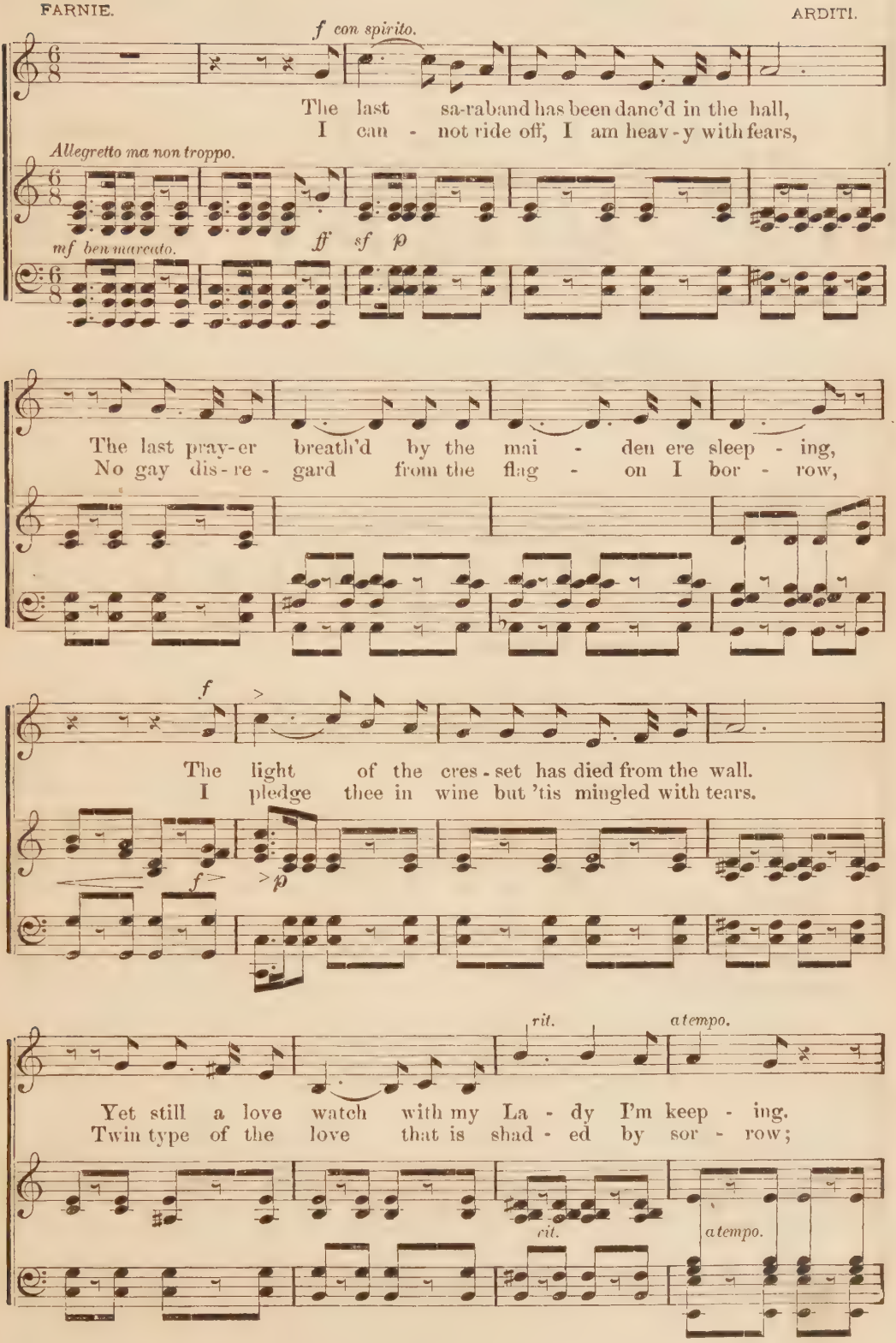


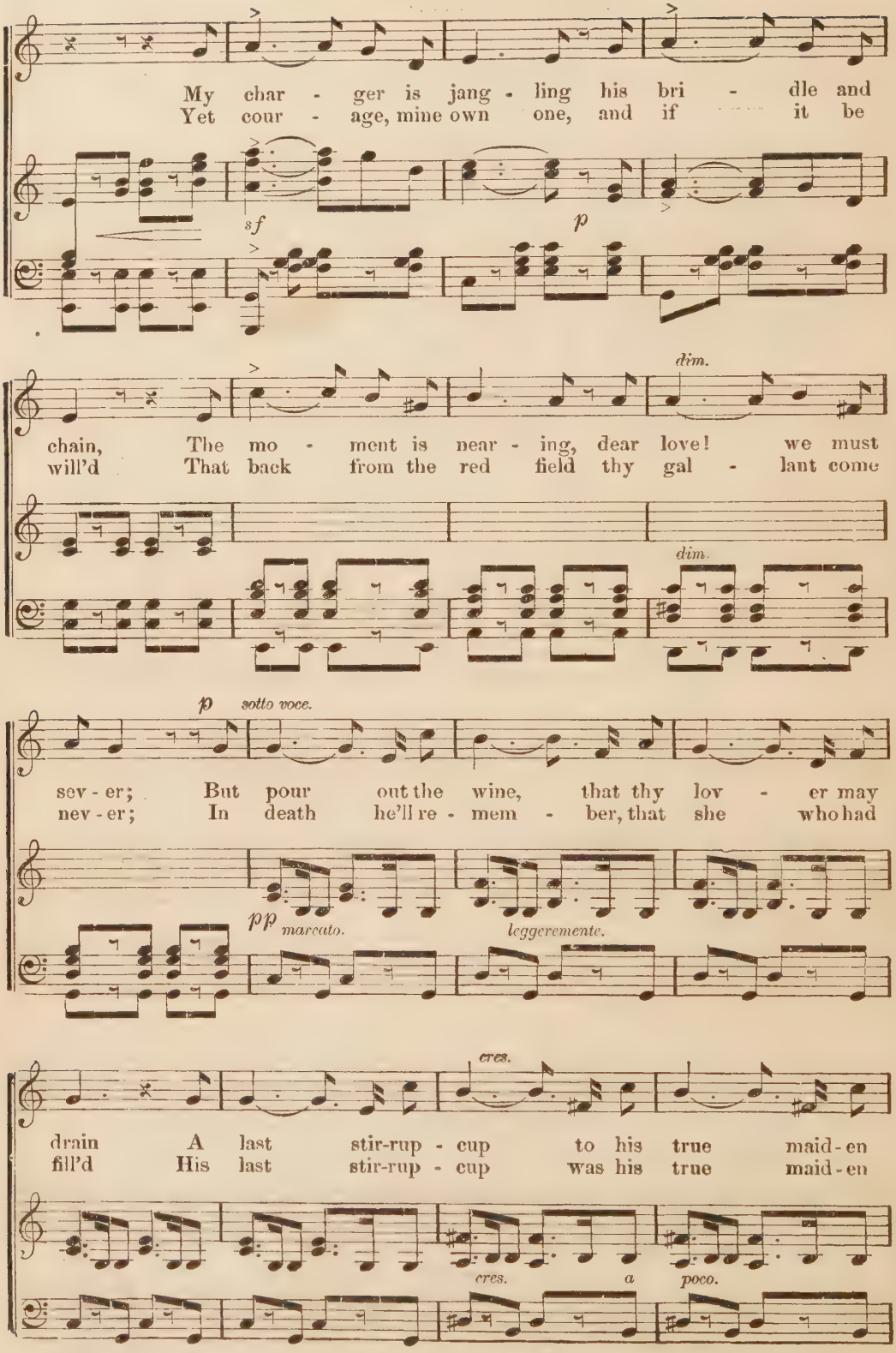

hear the rat - tling trumpet thunder "Cut a - way . . . . the mast."
lost," the cap - tain shouted, As he stagger'd down . . . the stairs.
p
3. But his lit - tle daugh - ter whisper'd, As she took his i - cy
p
hand: "Is'nt God upon the ocean, Just the same as on the
mf
land?" Then we kiss'd the lit - tle maiden, And we spoke in bet - ter
mf

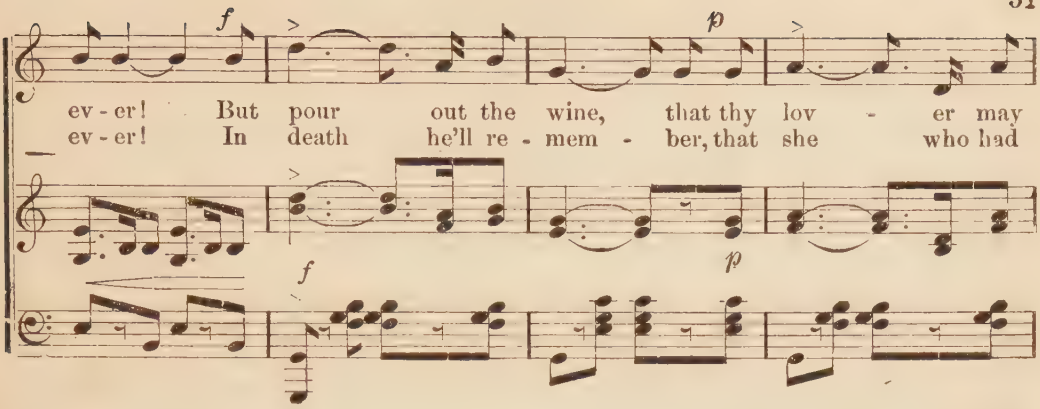

cheer, And we anchored safe in
cres.
har-bor, When the morn was shi - - ning
cres.
clear, And we anchored safe in
har - bor, When the morn was shi - ning clear.

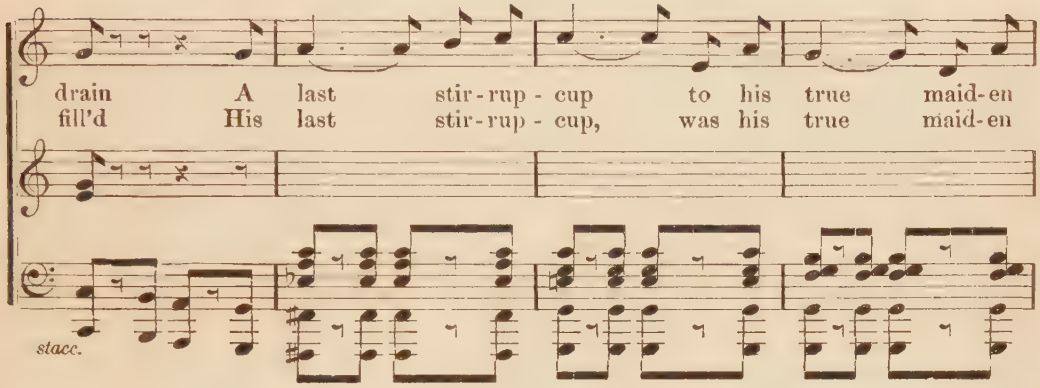
THE STIRRUP CUP.

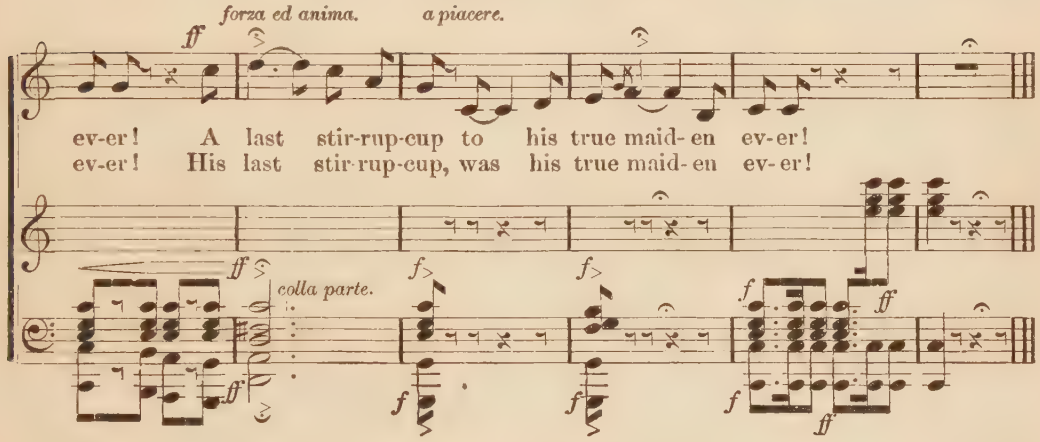
FARNIE. ARDITI.




My char - ger is jang - ling his bri - dle and
Yet cour - age, mine own one, and if it be
sf
p
dim.
chain, The mo - ment is near - ing, dear love! we must
will'd That back from the red field thy gal - lant come
dim.
p sotto voce.
sev - er; But pour out the wine, that thy lov - er may
nev - er; In death he'll re - mem - ber, that she who had
pp marcato.
leggeremente.
cres.
drain A last stir-rup - cup to his true maid - en
fill'd His last stir-rup - cup was his true maid - en
cres.
a
poco.

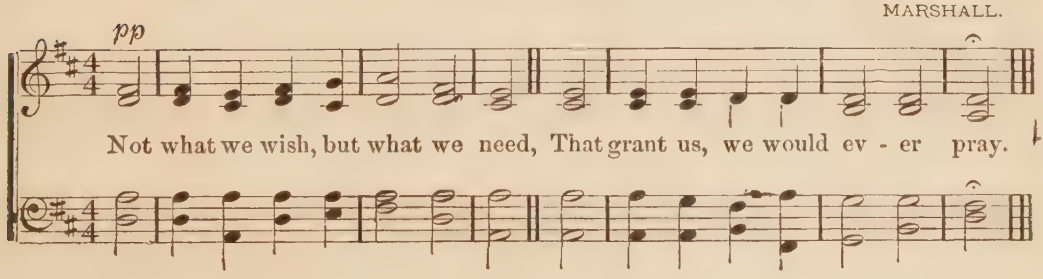






RESPONSE.

MARSHALL.



KATHLEEN AROON.

CRAWFORD. ABT.

Andante.

1. Why should we part - ed be, Kath-leen A - roon! When thy fond
2. Give me thy gen - tle hand, Kathleen A - roon! Come to the
3. Why should we part - ed be, Kathleen A - roon! When thy fond

Molto legato.

heart's with me? Kathleen A - roon! Come to those gold - en skies
hap - py land, Kathleen A - roon! Come o'er the waves with me,
heart's with me? Kathleen A - roon! Oh! leave these weep - ing skies

cres.

poco rit.

Bright days for us may rise, Oh! dry those tear - ful eyes,
These hands shall toil for thee, This heart will faith - ful be,
Where man a mar - tyr dies; Come dry those tear - ful eyes,

marcato.

poco rit.

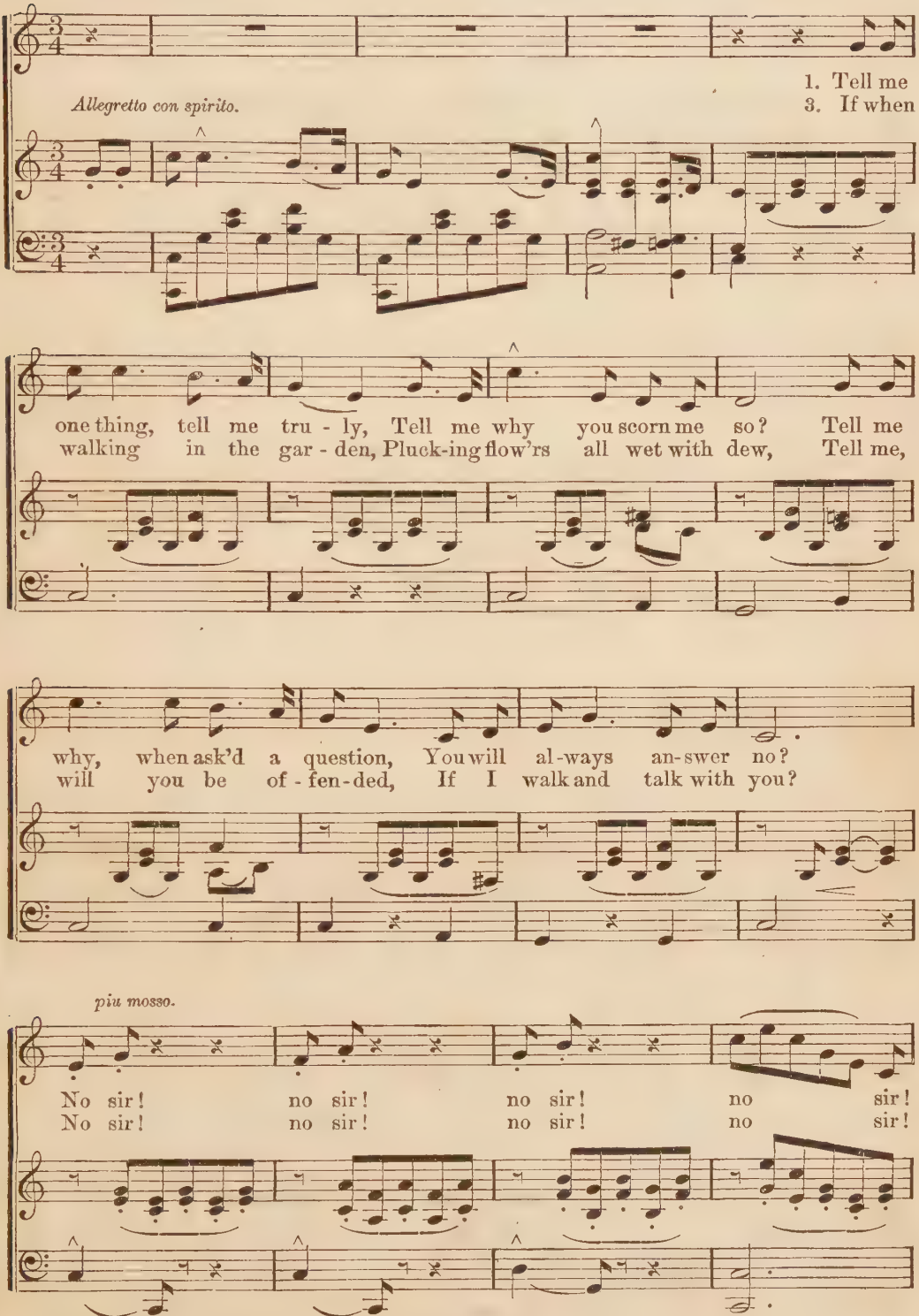
Kath-leen A - roon!

pp dim.

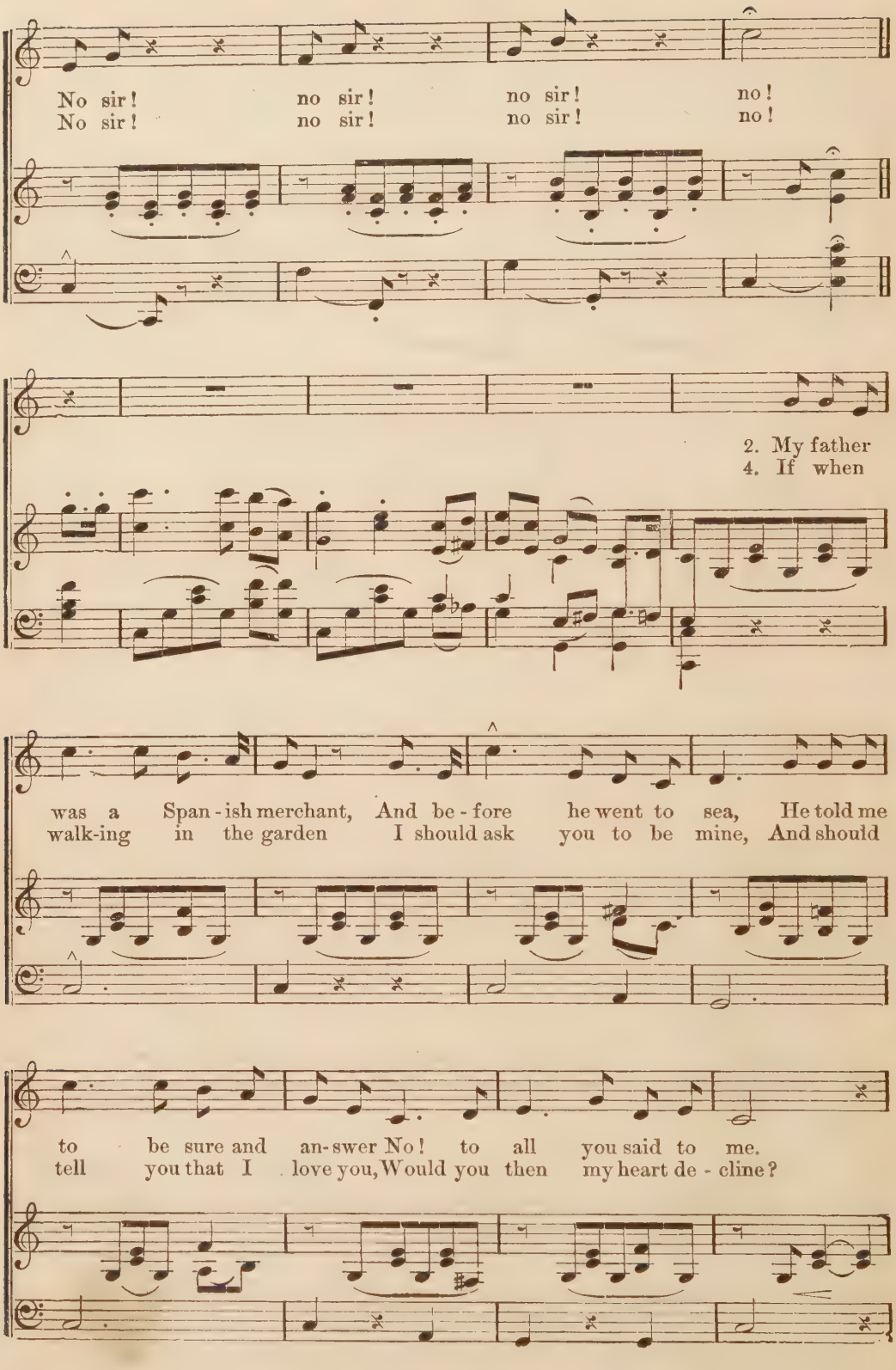
"Nearer my God to Thee" may be used by repeating the last line.

NO SIR!

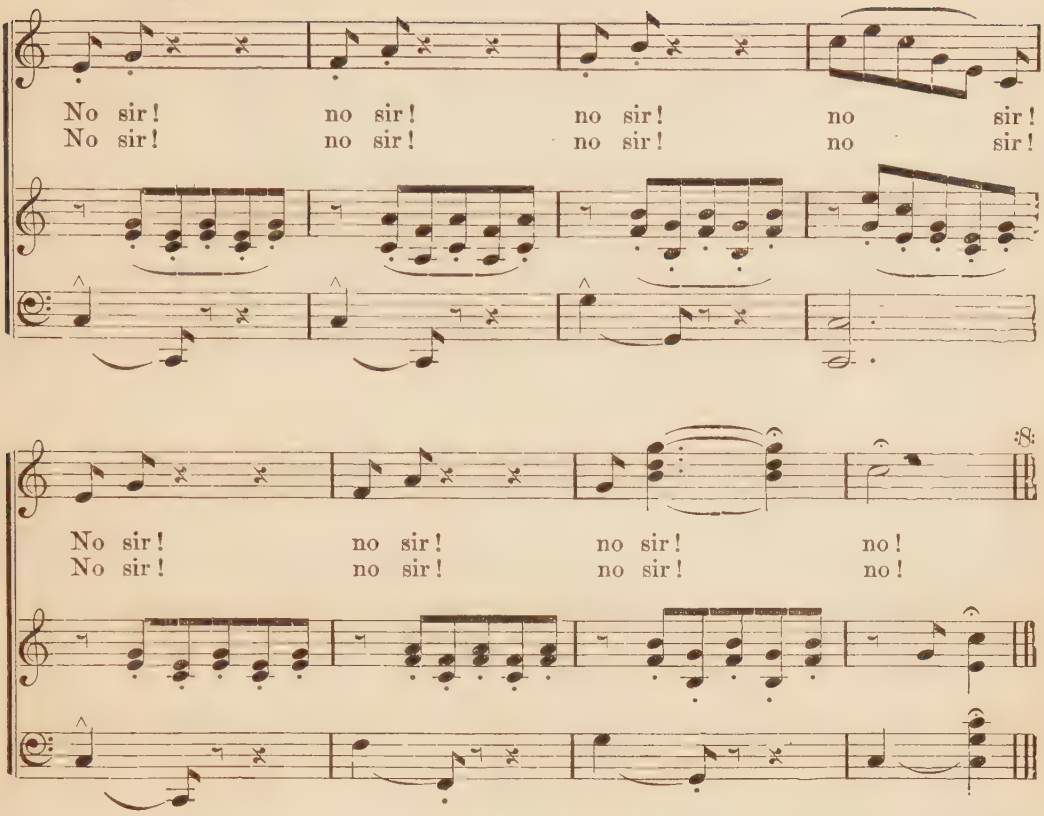
SPANISH BALLAD. WAKEFIELD.



May be sung as a Duet: Gentleman singing first, second and third verses, omitting "No Sir!" after first and second verses.


No sir! no sir! no sir! no!
No sir! no sir! no sir! no!
2. My father
4. If when
was a Span-ish merchant, And be-fore he went to sea, He told me
walk-ing in the garden I should ask you to be mine, And should
to be sure and an-swer No! to all you said to me.
tell you that I love you, Would you then my heart de-cline?

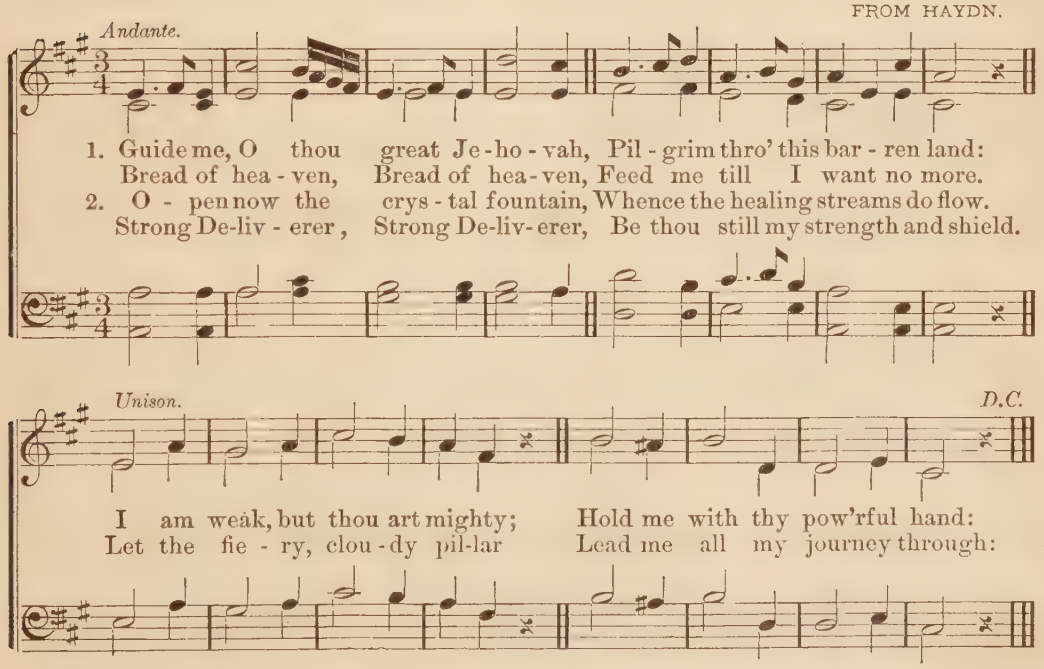
doloroso.



ADMIRATION.

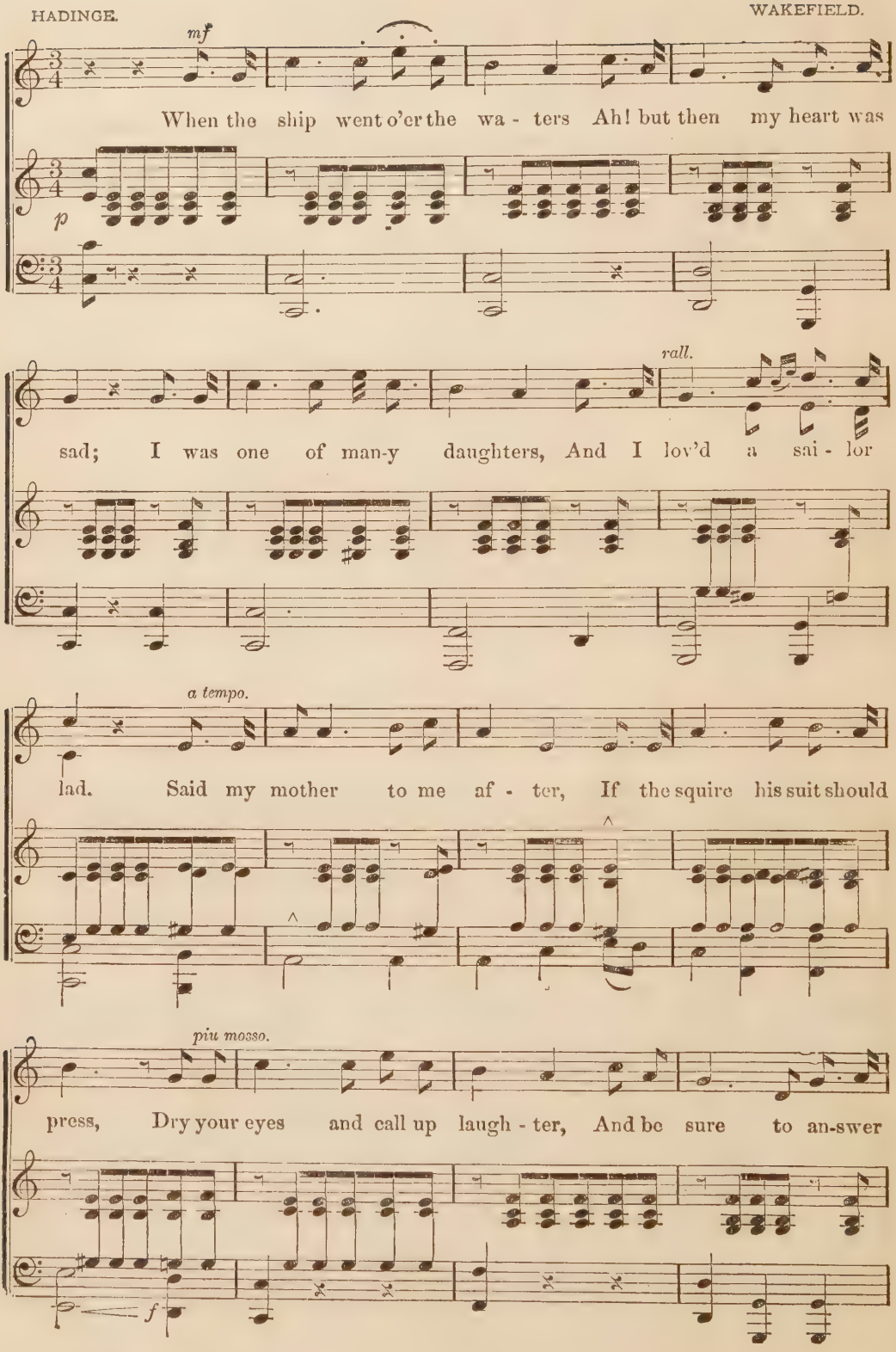
FROM HAYDN.

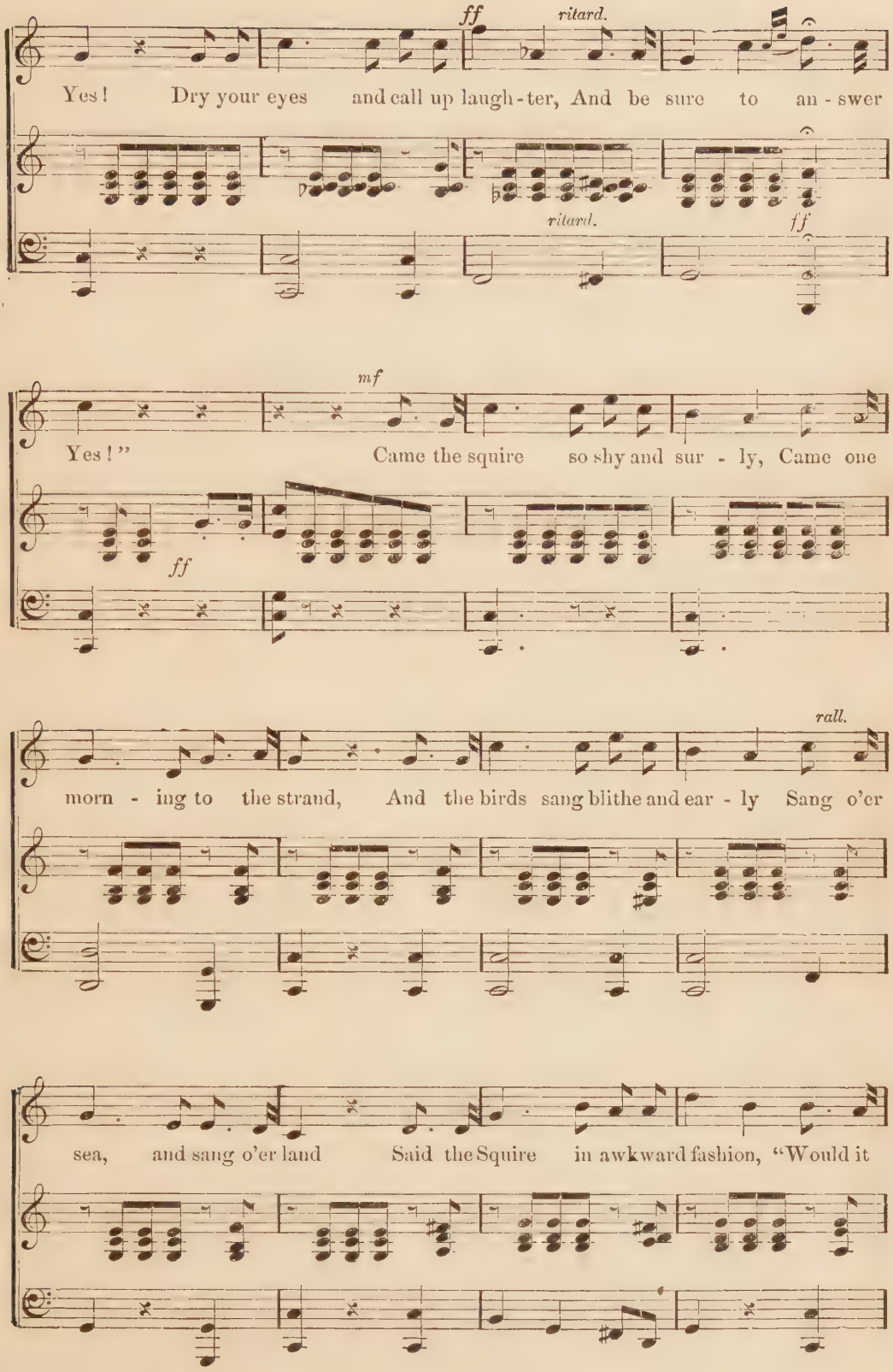
Andante.

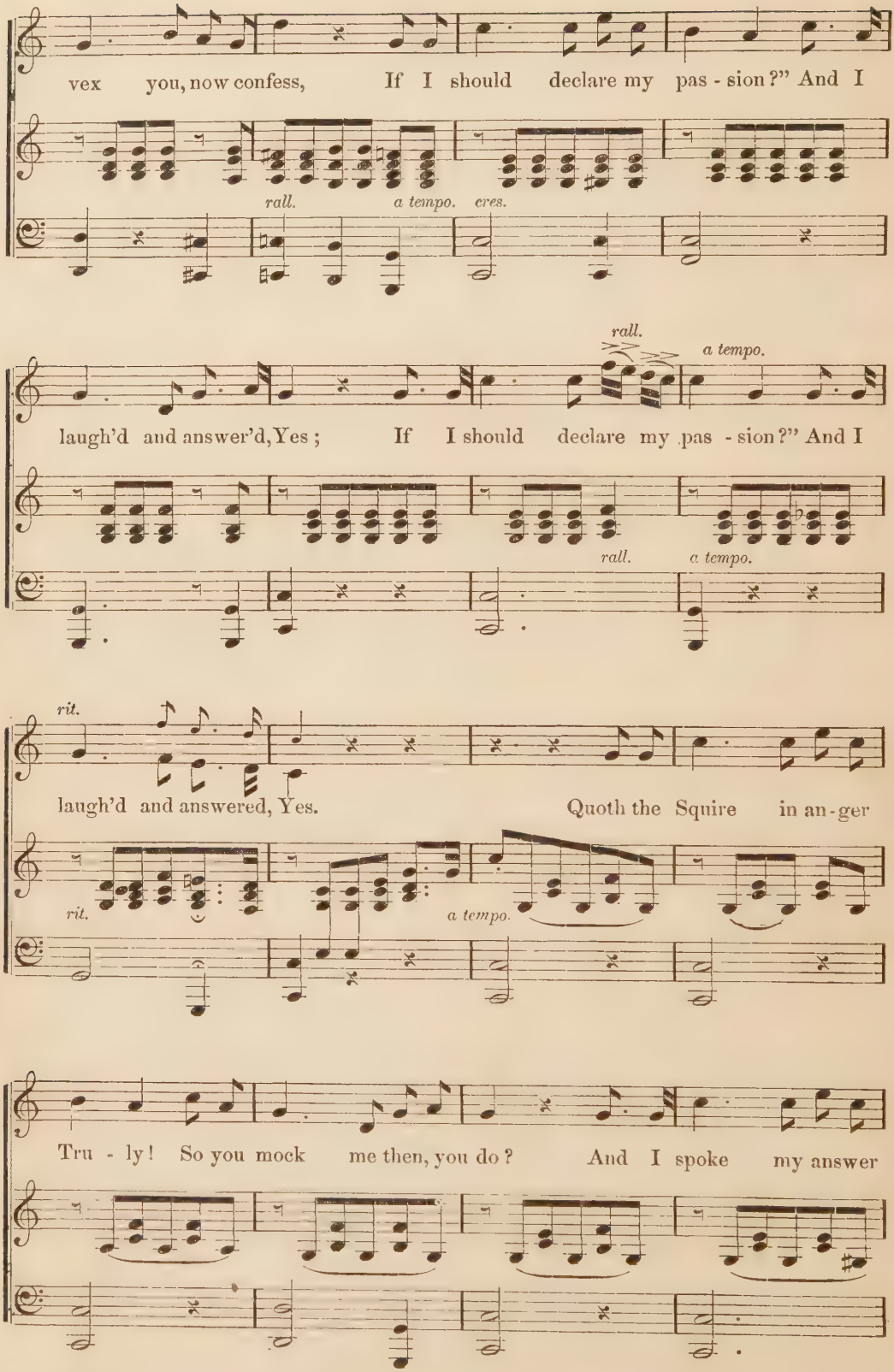


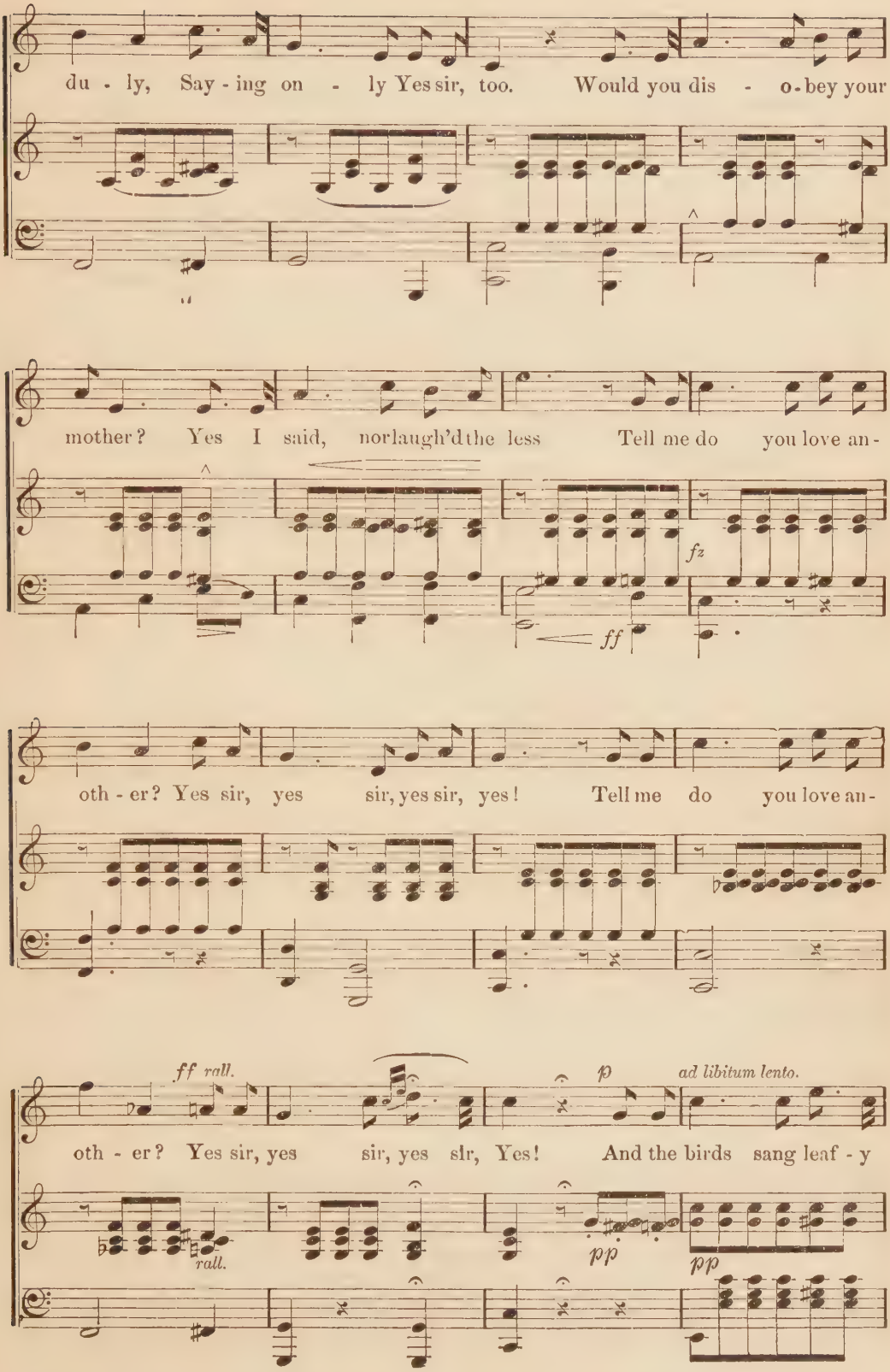
YES SIR!

HADINGE. WAKEFIELD.




ff
ritard.
Yes! Dry your eyes and call up laugh-ter, And be sure to an-swer
ritard.
ff
mf
Yes!"
Came the squire so shy and sur-ly, Came one
ff
rall.
morn-ing to the strand, And the birds sang blithe and ear-ly Sang o'er
sea, and sang o'er land Said the Squire in awkward fashion, "Would it


vex you, now confess, If I should declare my pas - sion?" And I
rall. a tempo. cres.
laugh'd and answer'd, Yes; If I should declare my pas - sion?" And I
rall. a tempo.
rall. a tempo.
rit.
laugh'd and answered, Yes. Quoth the Squire in an - ger
rit. a tempo.
Tru - ly! So you mock me then, you do? And I spoke my answer


du - ly, Say - ing on - ly Yes sir, too. Would you dis - o - bey your
mother? Yes I said, nor laugh'd the less Tell me do you love an -
fz
ff
oth - er? Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir, yes! Tell me do you love an -
ff rall.
rall.
p
ad libitum lento.
oth - er? Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir, Yes! And the birds sang leaf - y
pp
pp

a tempo.

hidden, Sang o'er field and morning sea, And I laugh'd the answer

cres - cen - - - - - do.

rallen - tan - - do.

bid - den, And was true, sweet-heart to thee!

rallen - - tan - do. *ff*

HE'S THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

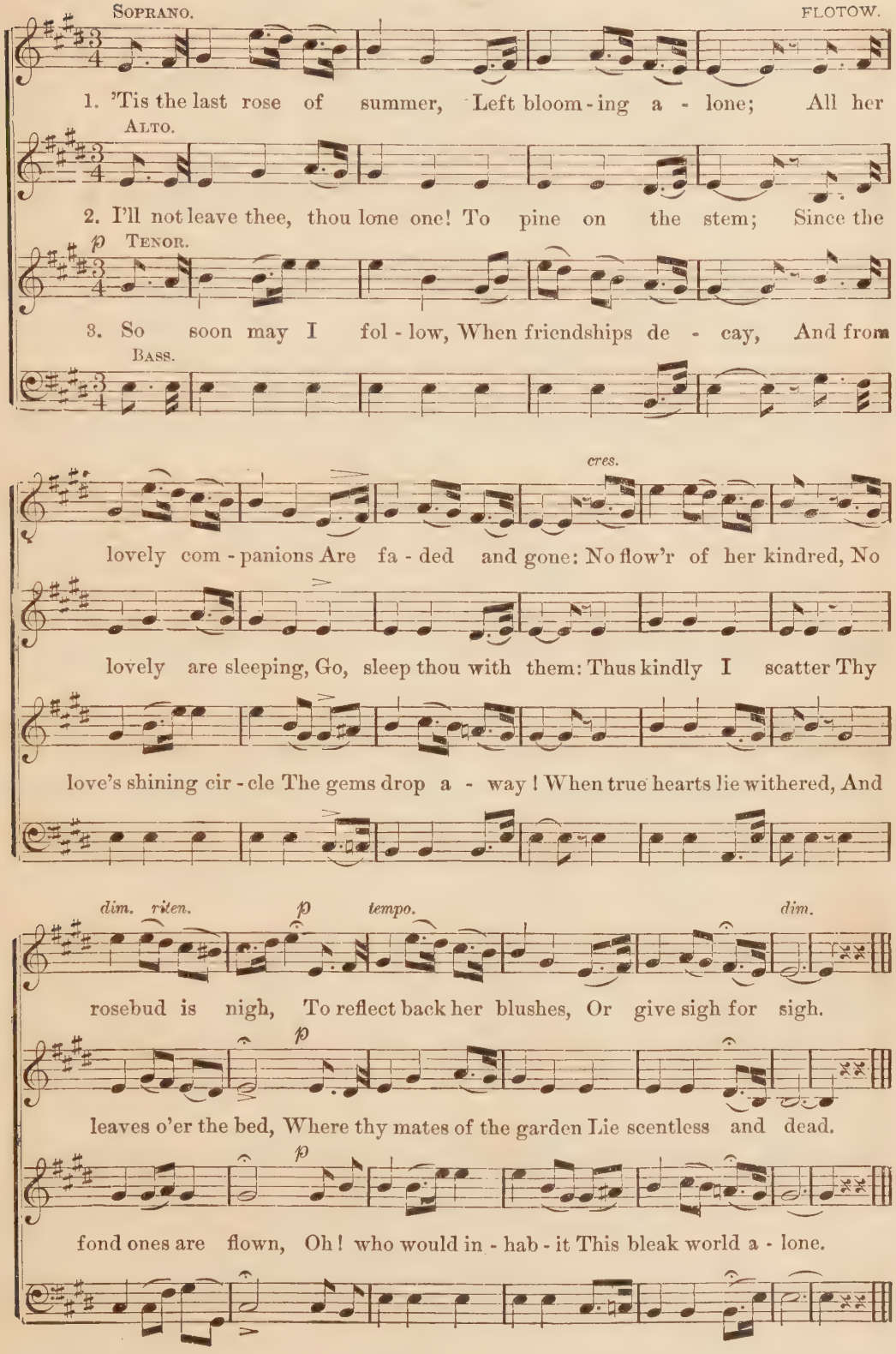
He's the lil - y of the val - ley, Oh! my Lord; He's the lil - y of the

val - ley, Oh! my Lord.
1. King Je - sus in the char - iot rides,
2. What kind of shoes are those you wear,
3. These shoes I wear are gos - pel shoes,

D.C.

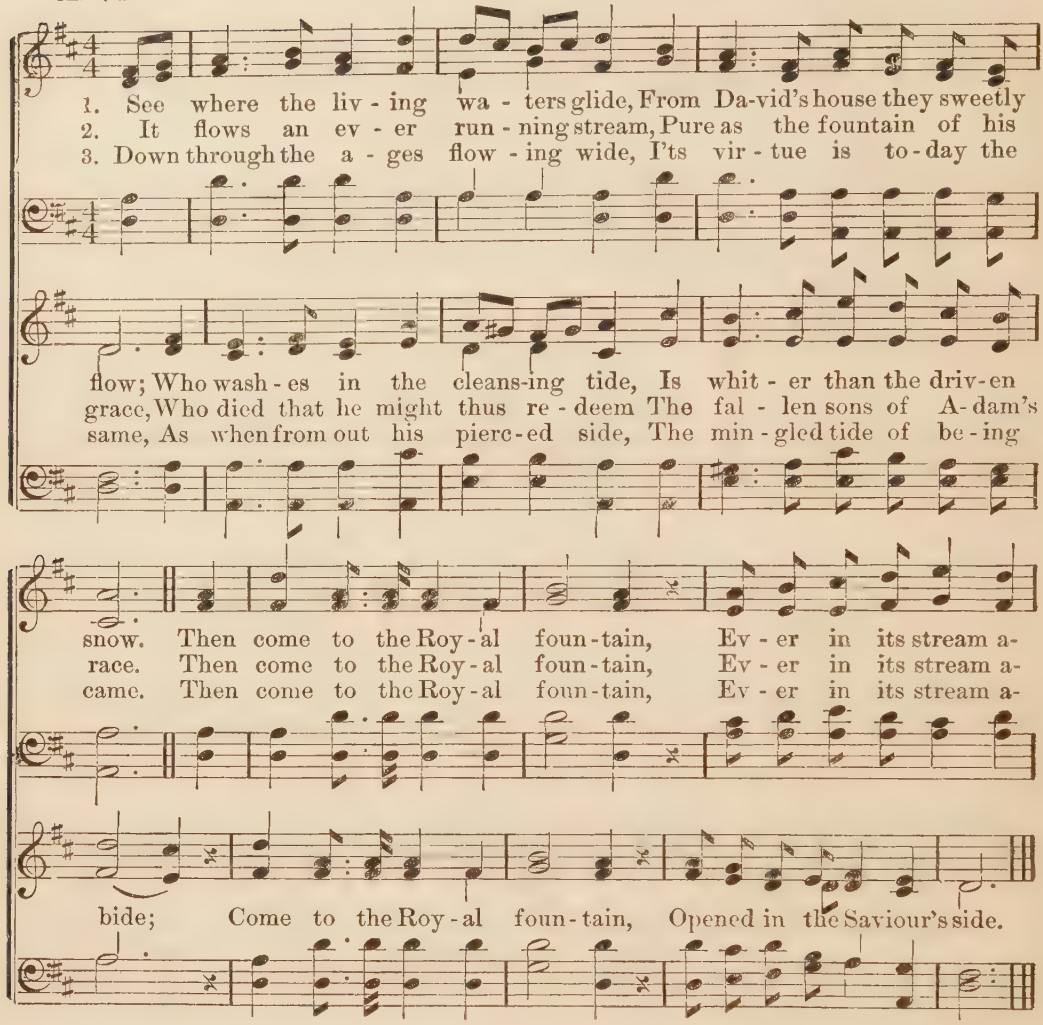
Oh! my Lord; With four white horses, side by side, Oh! my Lord.
Oh! my Lord; That you can ride up - on the air, Oh! my Lord.
Oh! my Lord; And you can wear them if you choose, Oh! my Lord.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

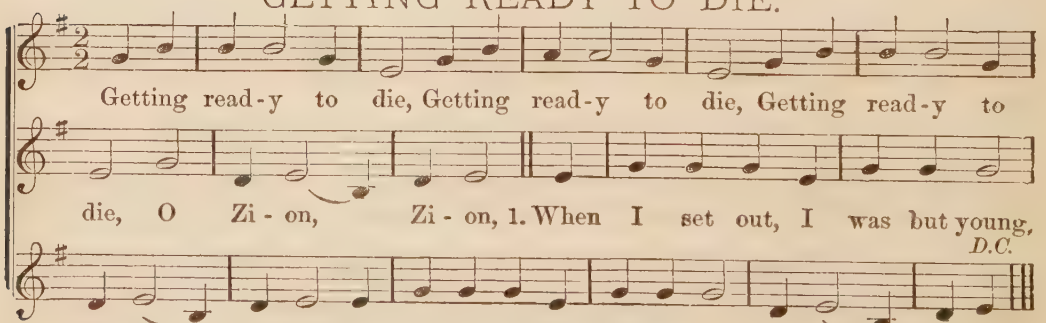


THE ROYAL FOUNTAIN.

CLARK. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



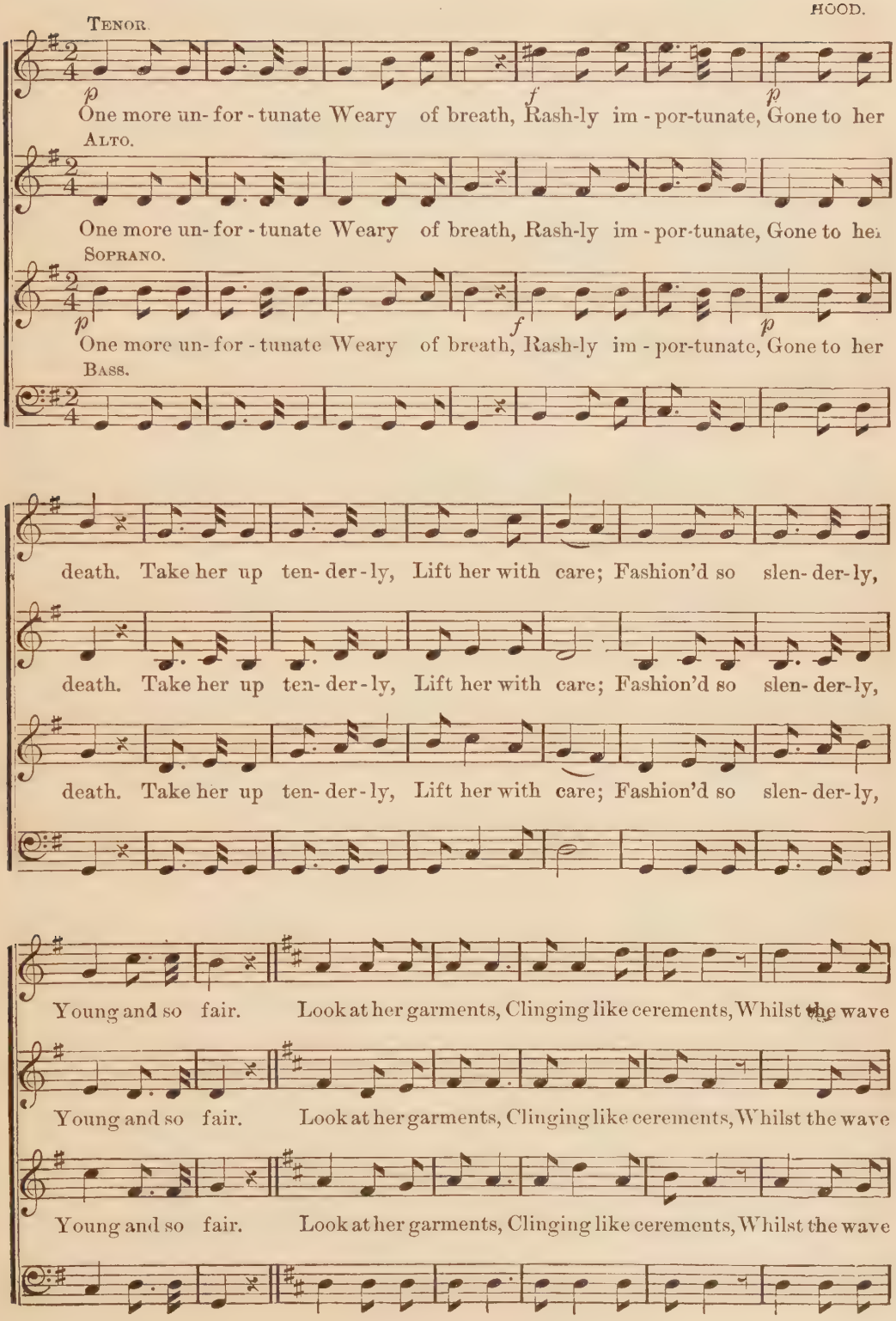
GETTING READY TO DIE.

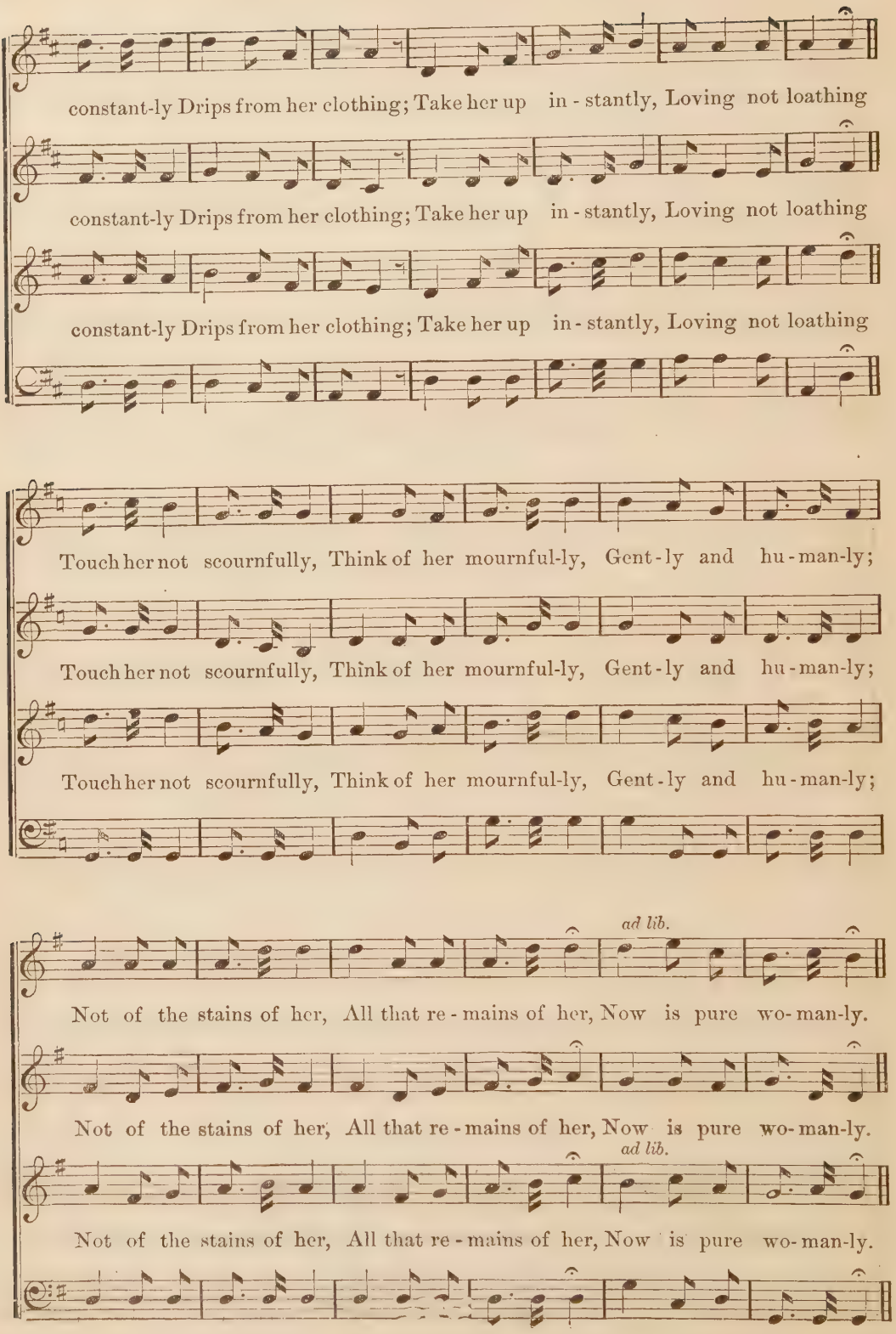


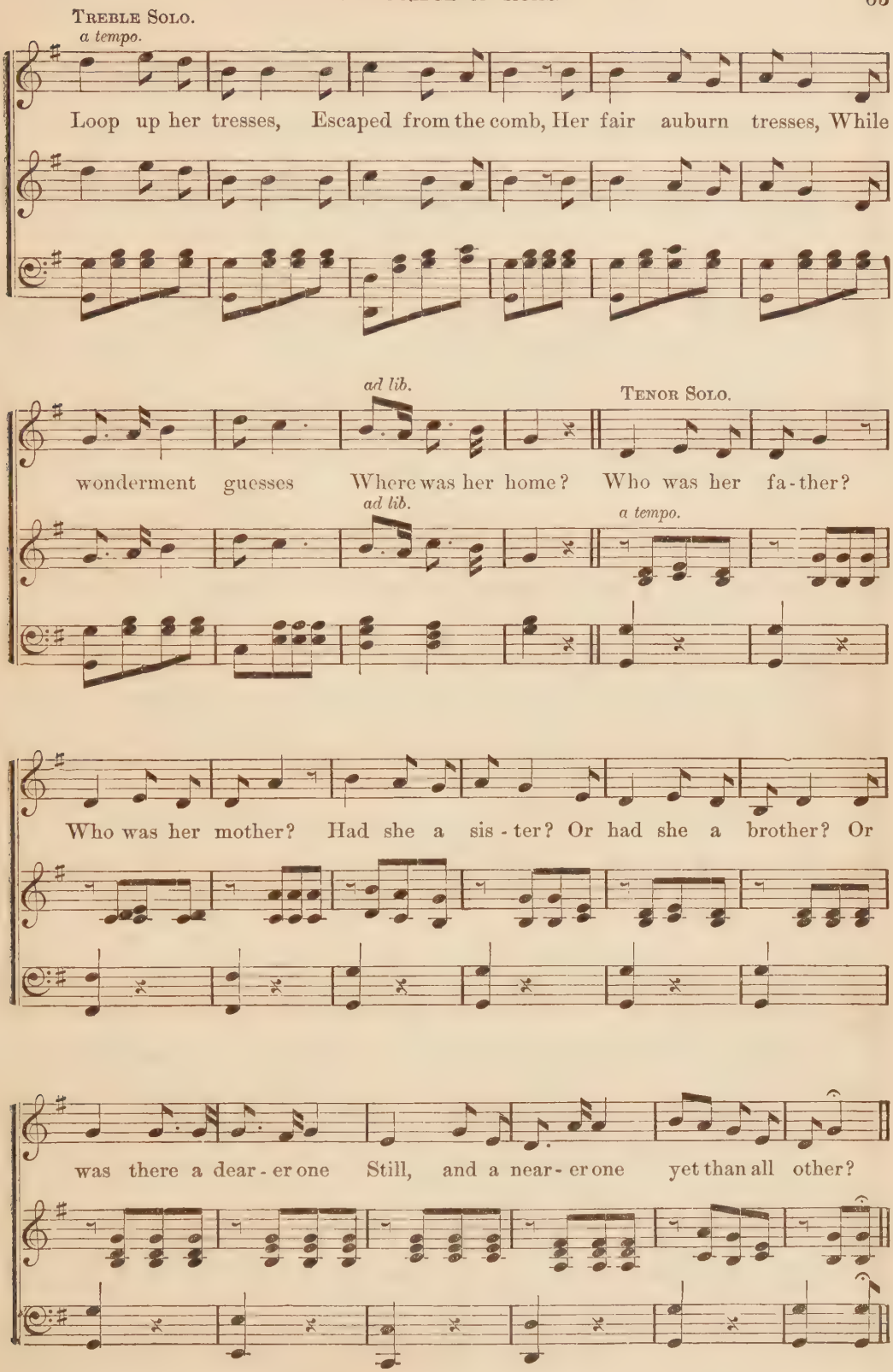
2. Religion's like a blooming rose, Zion, Zion,
And none but those that feel it knows, Zion, Zion.—*Chorus.*
3. The Lord is waiting to receive, Zion, Zion,
If sinners only would believe, Zion, Zion.—*Chorus.*
4. All those who walk in gospel shoes, Zion, Zion,
This faith in Christ they'll never lose, Zion, Zion.—*Chorus.*

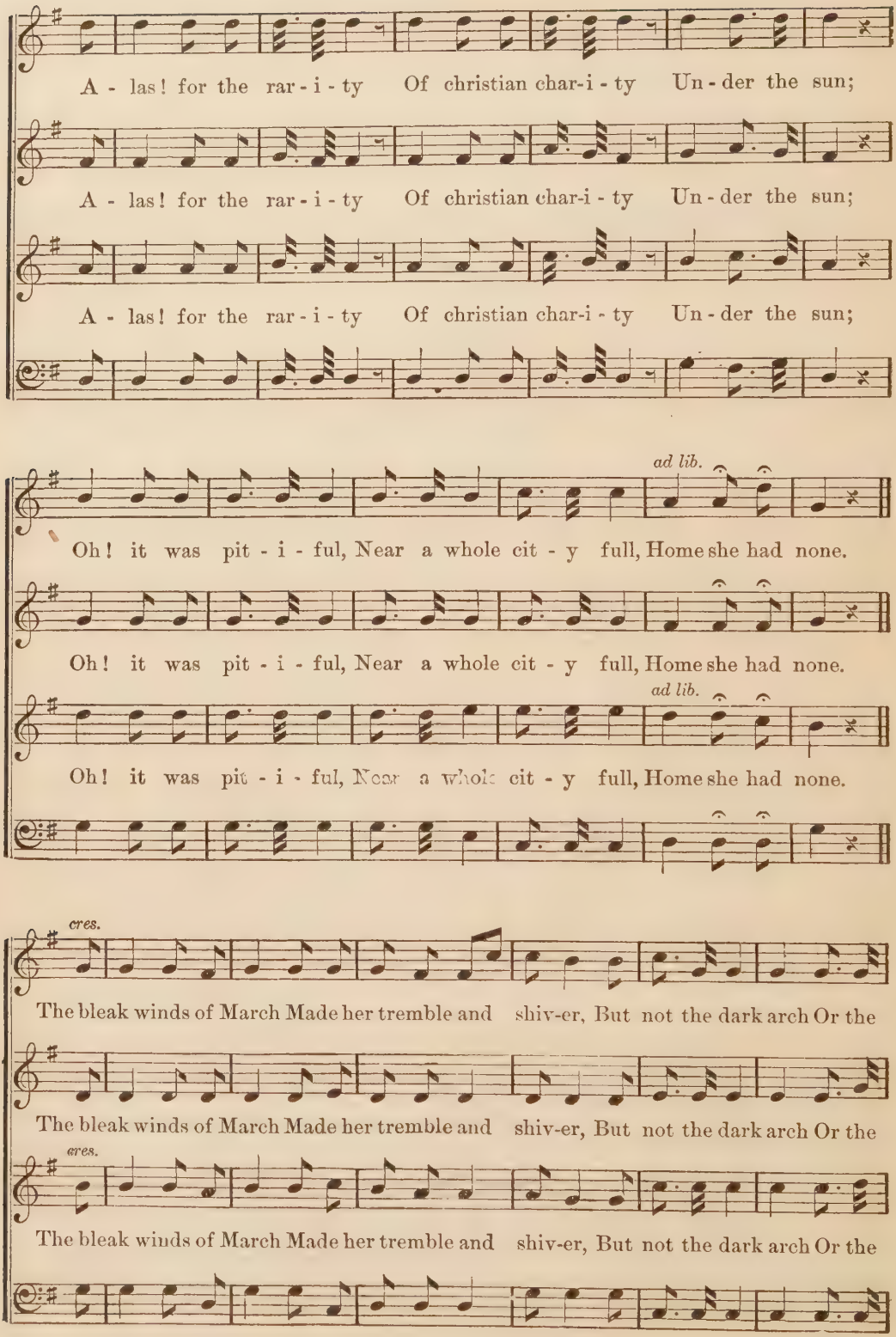
THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

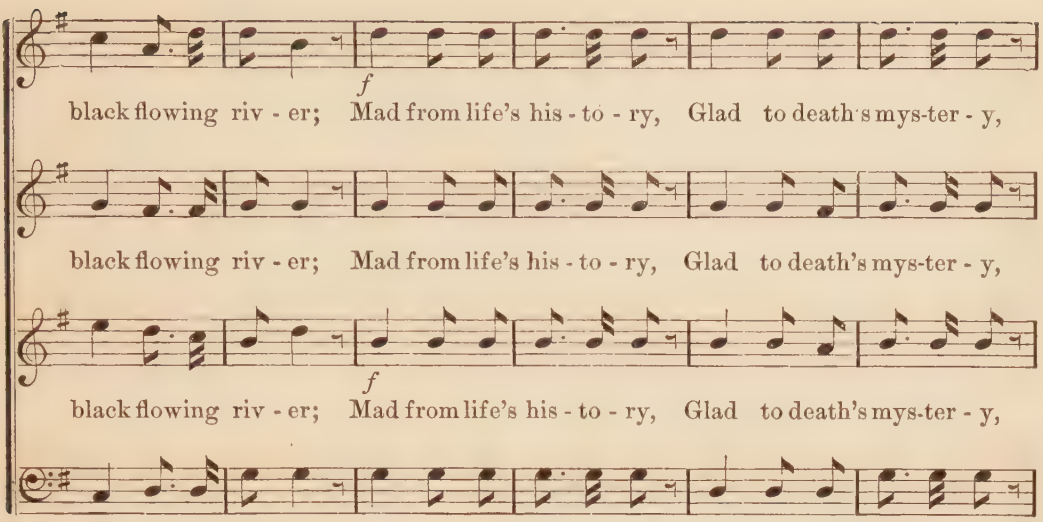
HOOD.

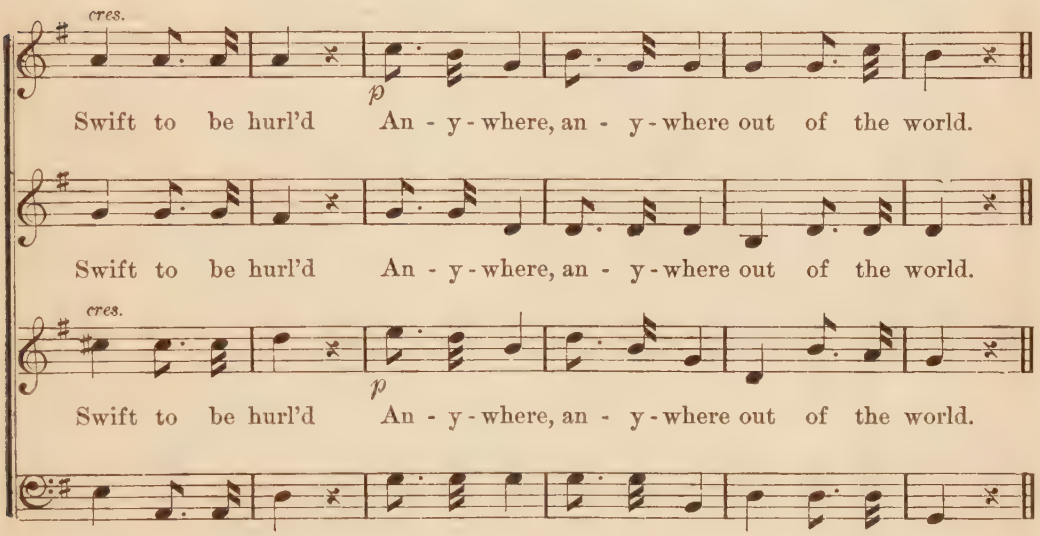


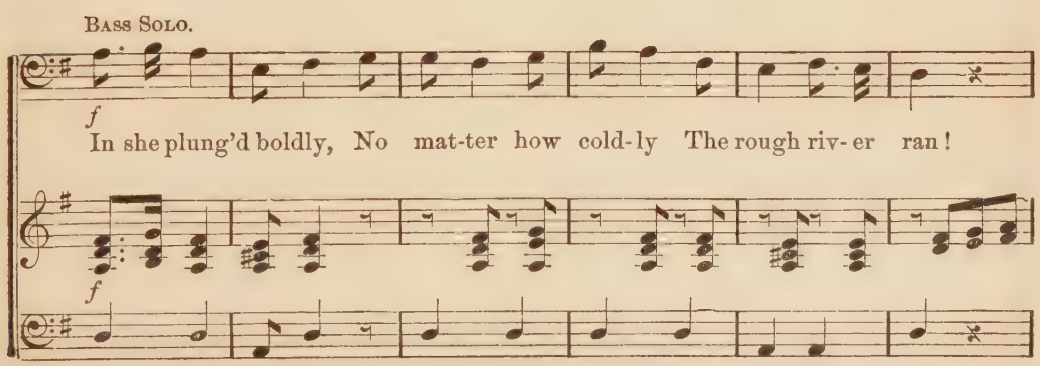

constant-ly Drips from her clothing; Take her up in - stantly, Loving not loathing
constant-ly Drips from her clothing; Take her up in - stantly, Loving not loathing
constant-ly Drips from her clothing; Take her up in - stantly, Loving not loathing
Touch her not scournfully, Think of her mournful-ly, Gent - ly and hu - man-ly;
Touch her not scournfully, Think of her mournful-ly, Gent - ly and hu - man-ly;
Touch her not scournfully, Think of her mournful-ly, Gent - ly and hu - man-ly;
ad lib.
Not of the stains of her, All that re - mains of her, Now is pure wo - man-ly.
Not of the stains of her, All that re - mains of her, Now is pure wo - man-ly.
ad lib.
Not of the stains of her, All that re - mains of her, Now is pure wo - man-ly.

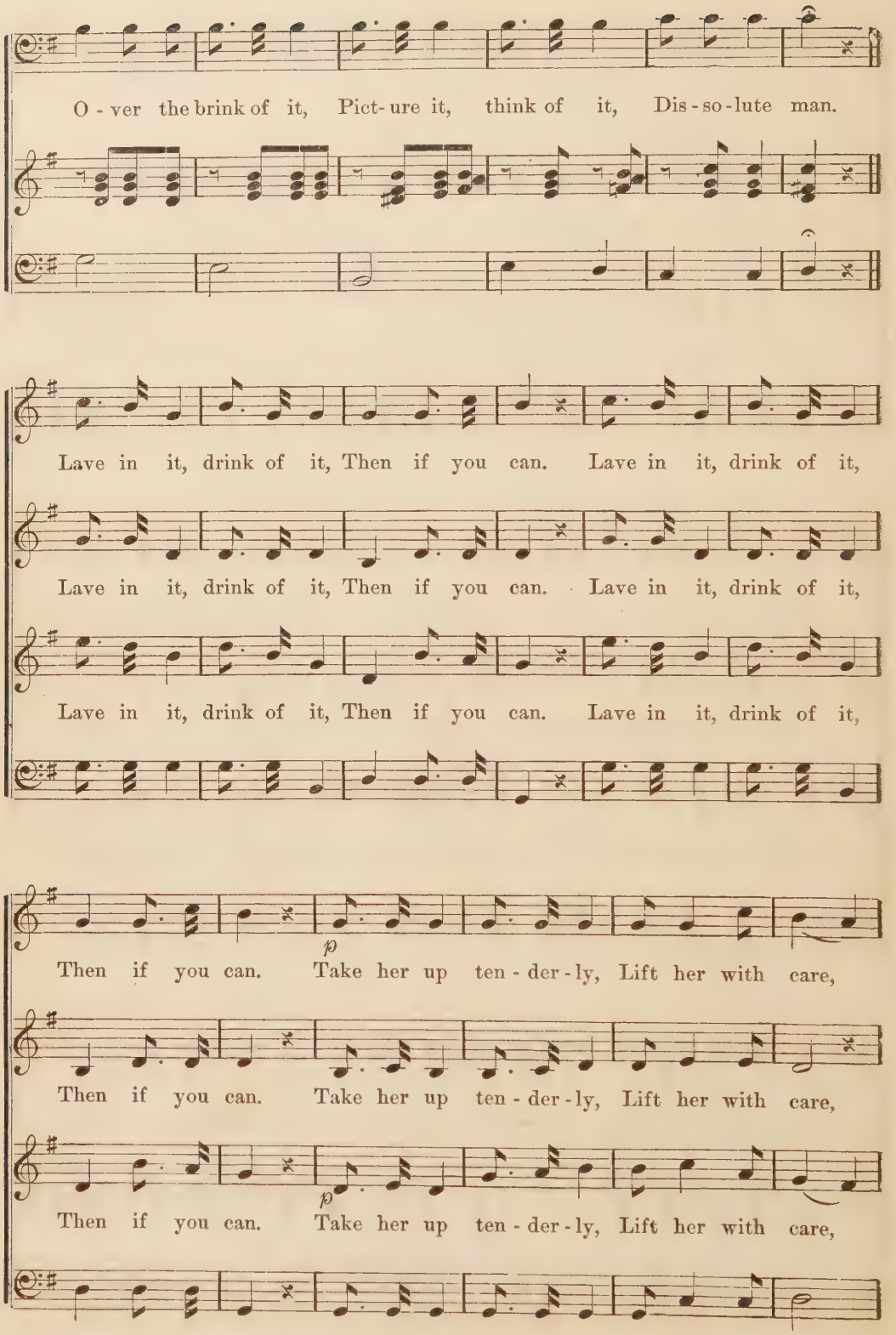

Treble Solo.
a tempo.
Loop up her tresses, Escaped from the comb, Her fair auburn tresses, While
ad lib.
Tenor Solo.
wonderment guesses Where was her home? Who was her fa-ther?
ad lib.
a tempo.
Who was her mother? Had she a sis-ter? Or had she a brother? Or
was there a dear-er one Still, and a near-er one yet than all other?

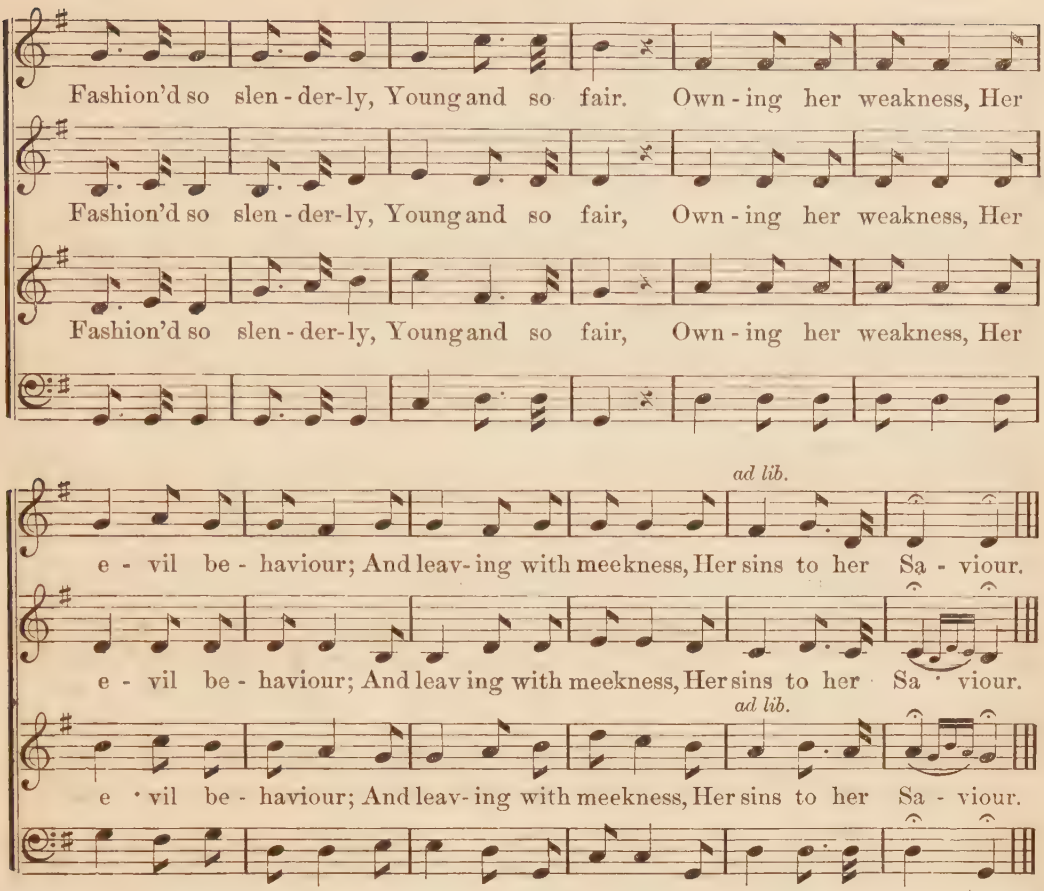

A - las! for the rar - i - ty Of christian char-i - ty Un - der the sun;
A - las! for the rar - i - ty Of christian char-i - ty Un - der the sun;
A - las! for the rar - i - ty Of christian char-i - ty Un - der the sun;
ad lib.
Oh! it was pit - i - ful, Near a whole cit - y full, Home she had none.
Oh! it was pit - i - ful, Near a whole cit - y full, Home she had none.
ad lib.
Oh! it was pit - i - ful, Near a whole cit - y full, Home she had none.
cres.
The bleak winds of March Made her tremble and shiv-er, But not the dark arch Or the
The bleak winds of March Made her tremble and shiv-er, But not the dark arch Or the
cres.
The bleak winds of March Made her tremble and shiv-er, But not the dark arch Or the


f
black flowing riv - er; Mad from life's his - to - ry, Glad to death's mys-ter - y,
black flowing riv - er; Mad from life's his - to - ry, Glad to death's mys-ter - y,
f
black flowing riv - er; Mad from life's his - to - ry, Glad to death's mys-ter - y,


cres.
p
Swift to be hurl'd An - y - where, an - y - where out of the world.
Swift to be hurl'd An - y - where, an - y - where out of the world.
cres.
p
Swift to be hurl'd An - y - where, an - y - where out of the world.

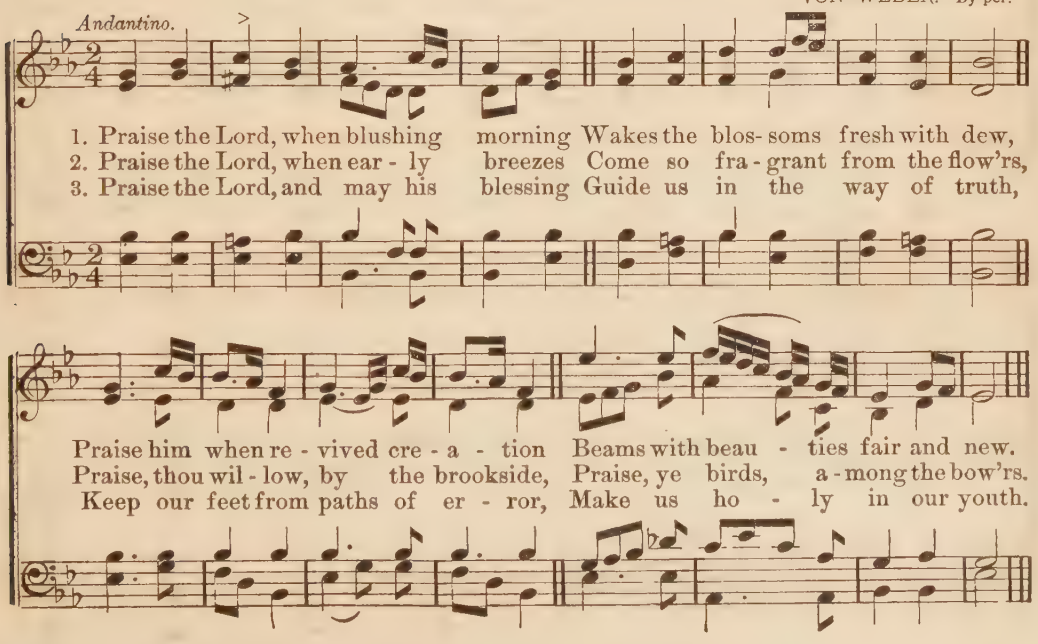

Bass Solo.
f
In she plung'd boldly, No mat-ter how cold-ly The rough riv-er ran!
f


O - ver the brink of it, Pict- ure it, think of it, Dis - so - lute man.
Lave in it, drink of it, Then if you can. Lave in it, drink of it,
Lave in it, drink of it, Then if you can. Lave in it, drink of it,
Lave in it, drink of it, Then if you can. Lave in it, drink of it,
p
Then if you can. Take her up ten - der - ly, Lift her with care,
Then if you can. Take her up ten - der - ly, Lift her with care,
p
Then if you can. Take her up ten - der - ly, Lift her with care,



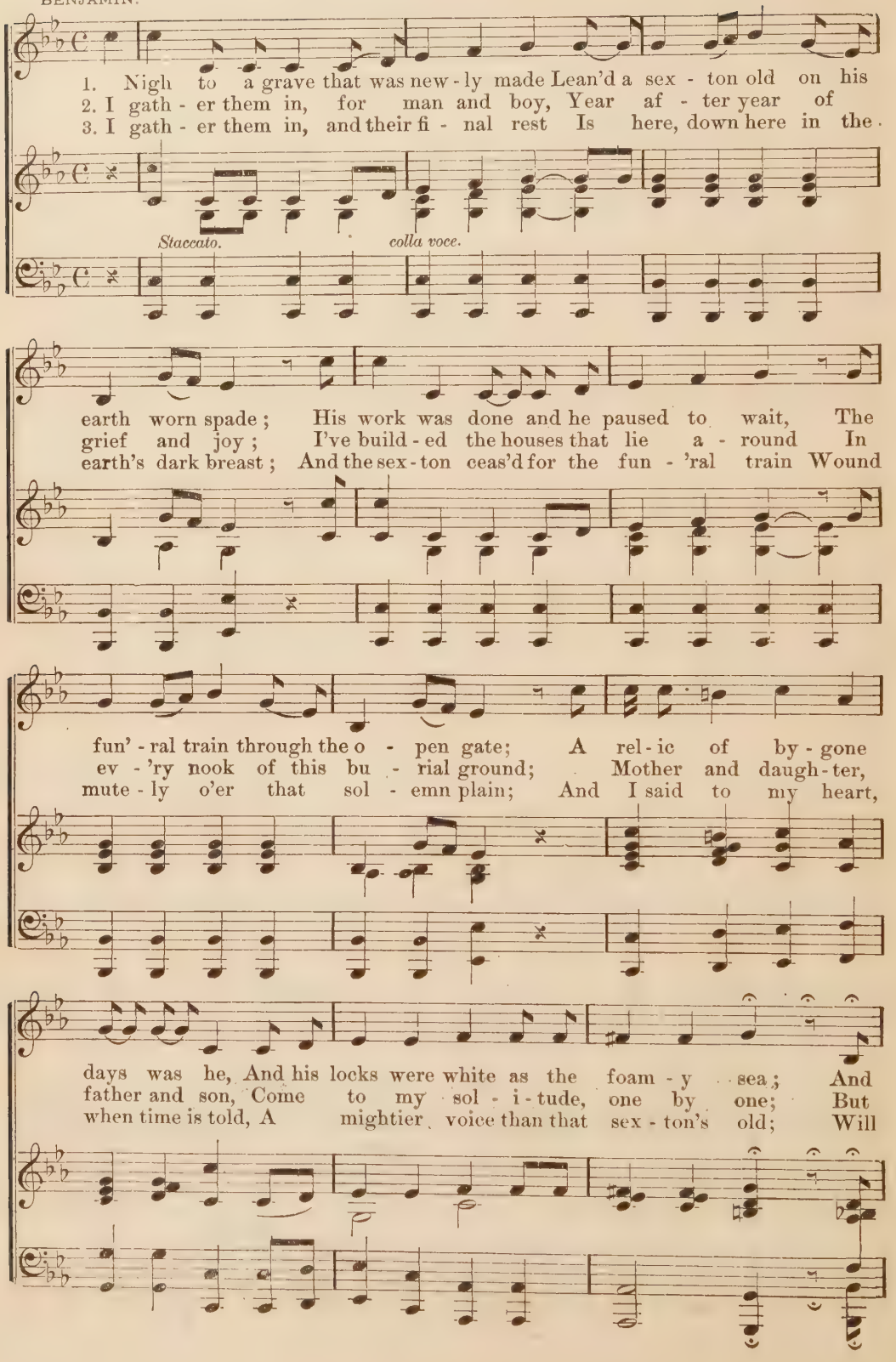
FLAGG.

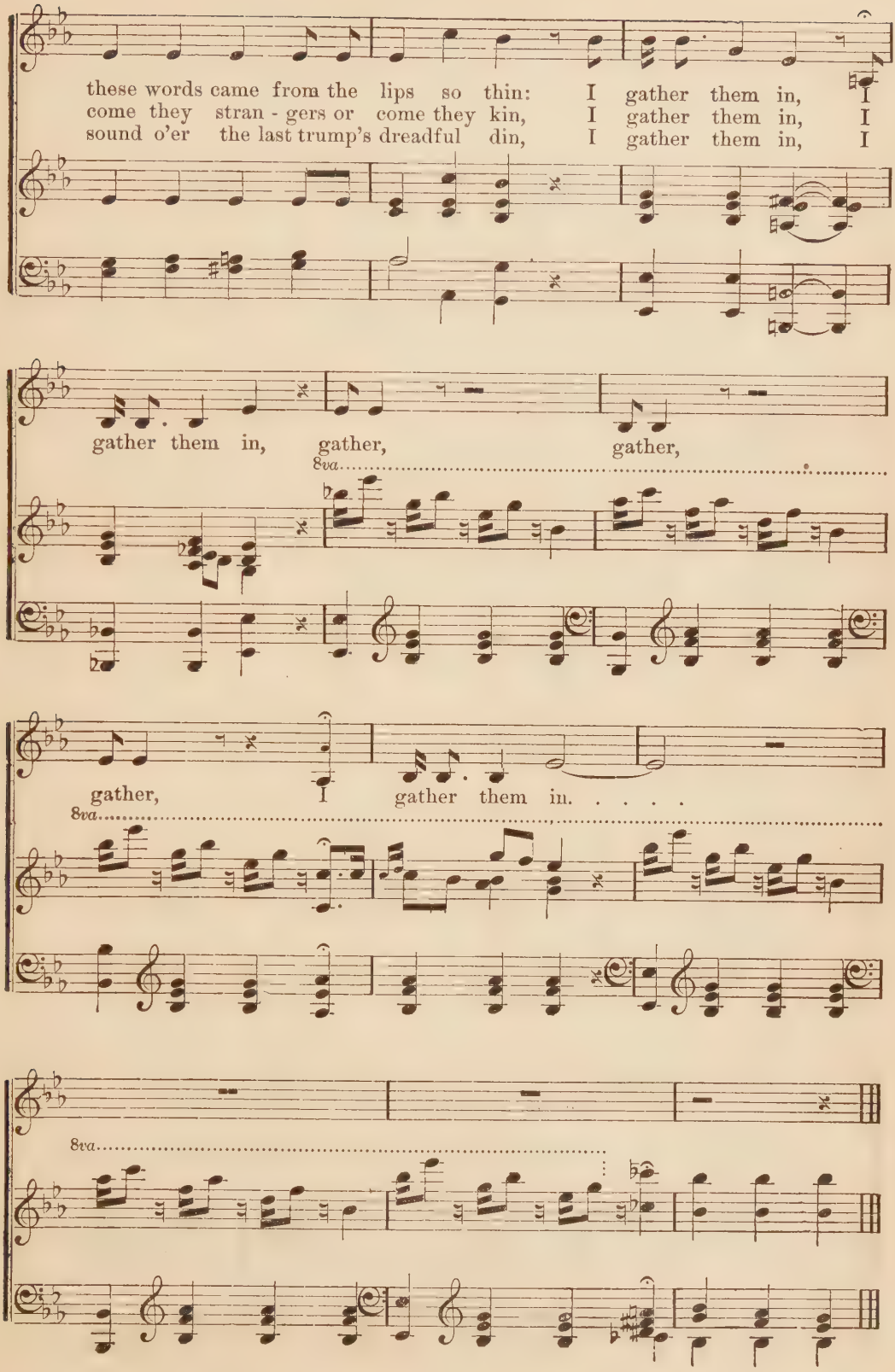
VON WEBER. By per.



THE OLD SEXTON.

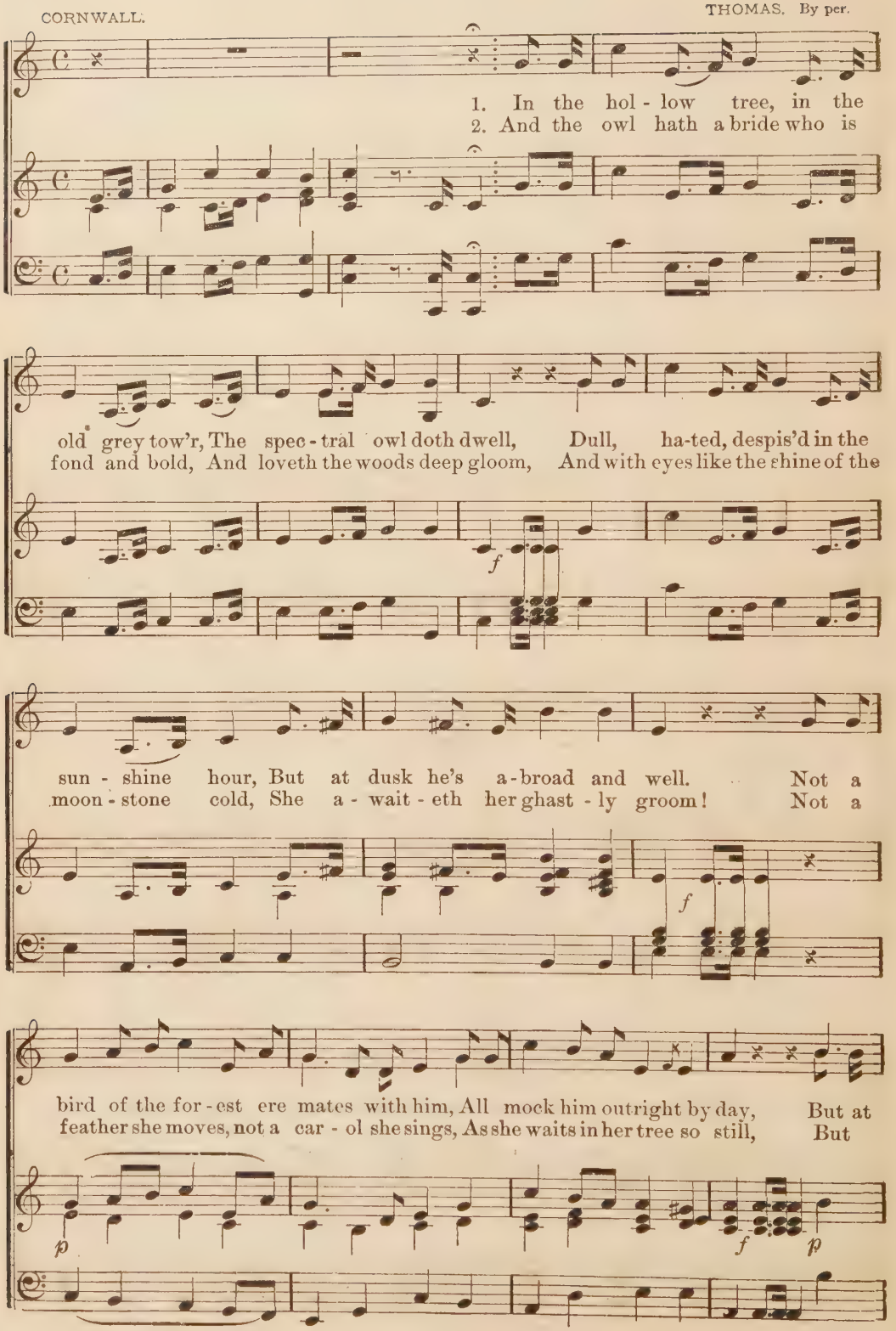
BENJAMIN. RUSSELL.

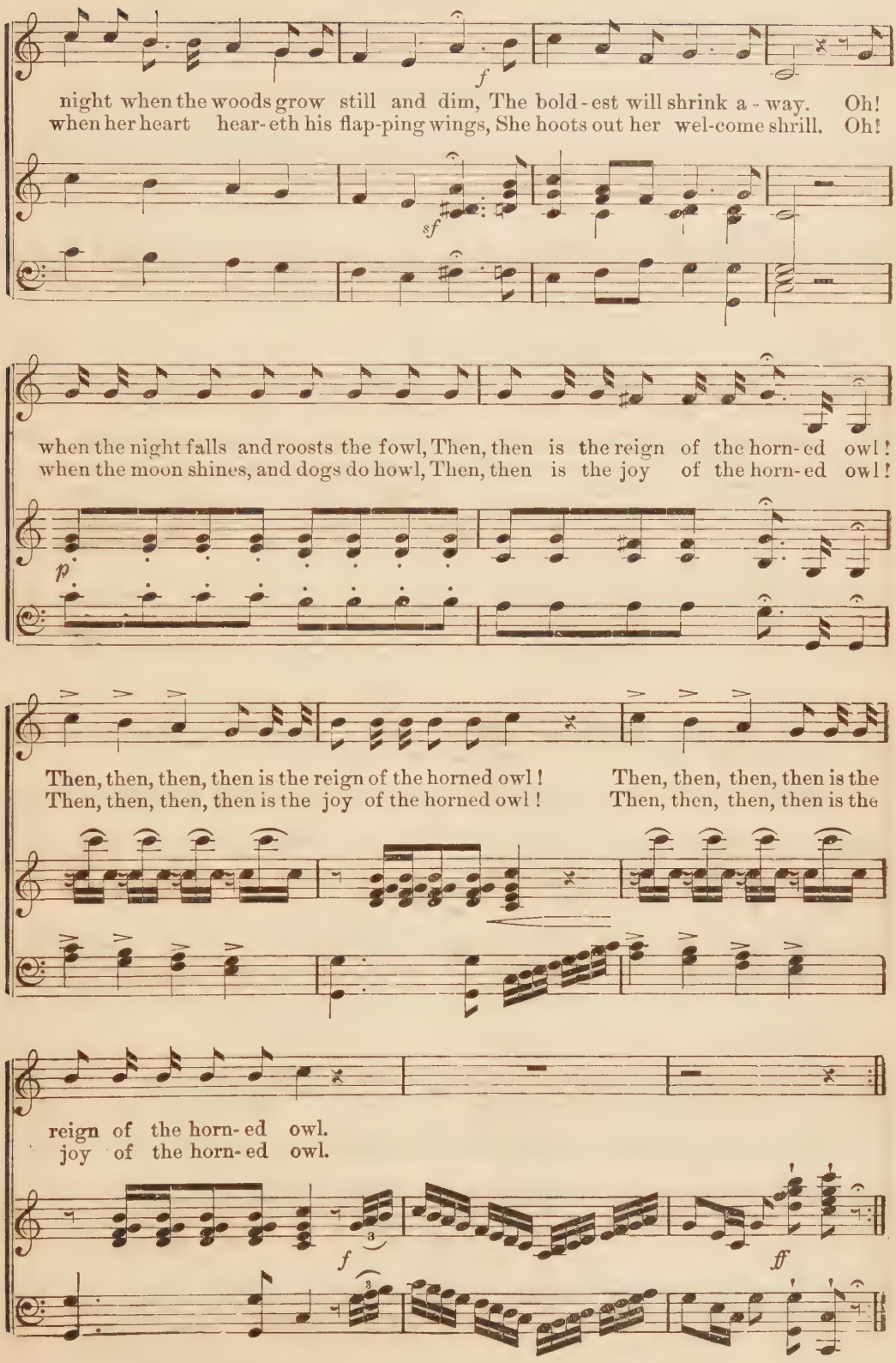


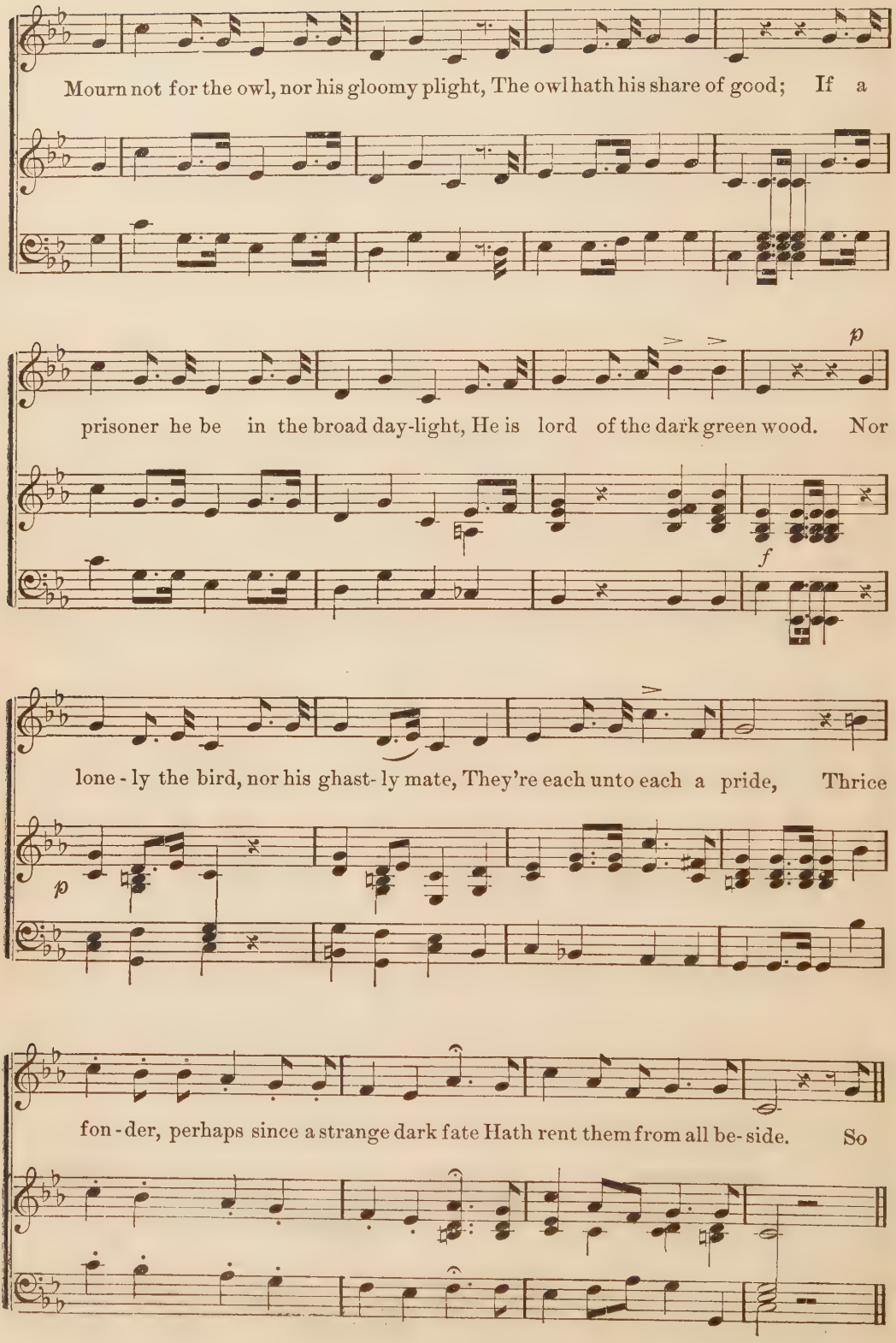

these words came from the lips so thin: I gather them in, I
come they stran - gers or come they kin, I gather them in, I
sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din, I gather them in, I
gather them in, gather, gather,
8va
gather, I gather them in. . . . .
8va
8va

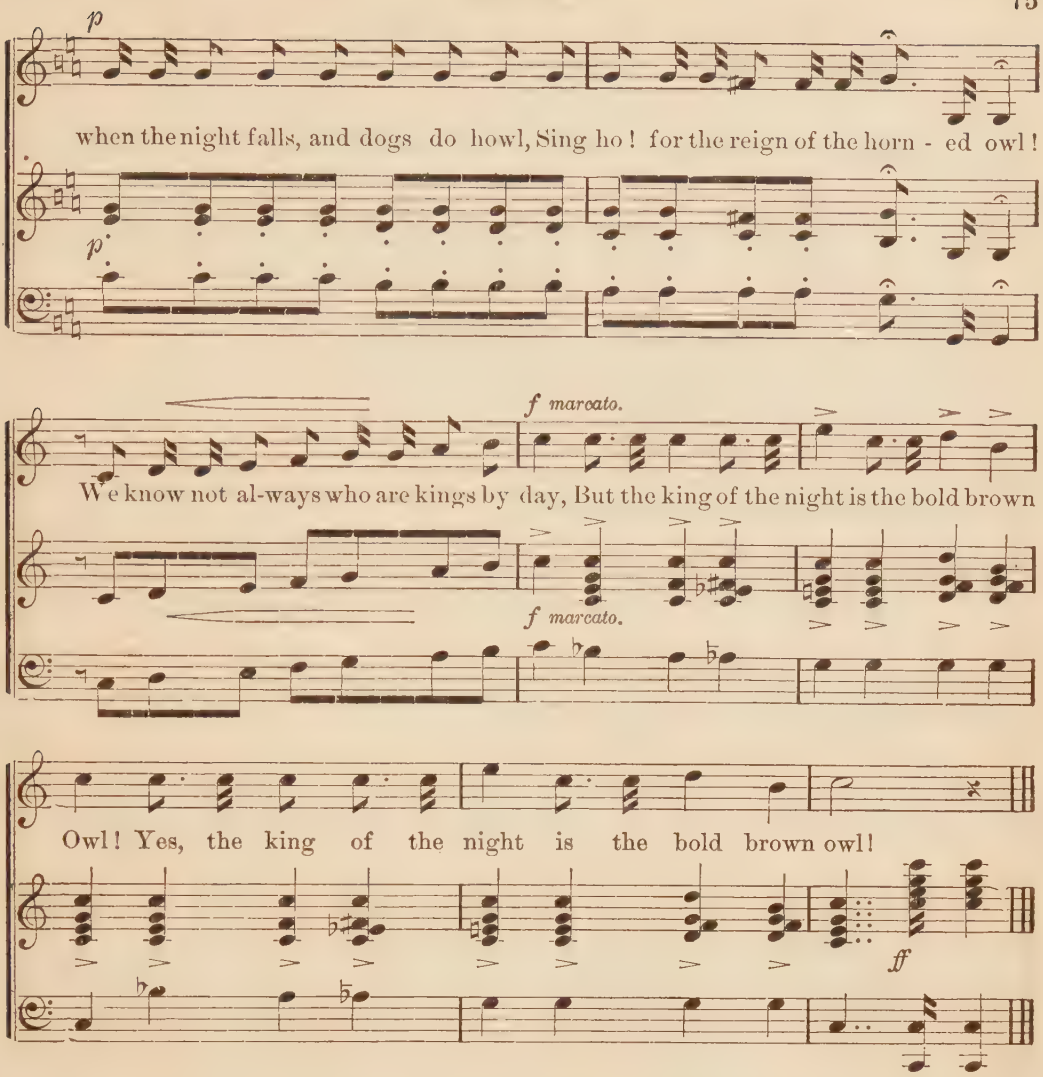
THE OWL.

CORNWALL. THOMAS. By per.

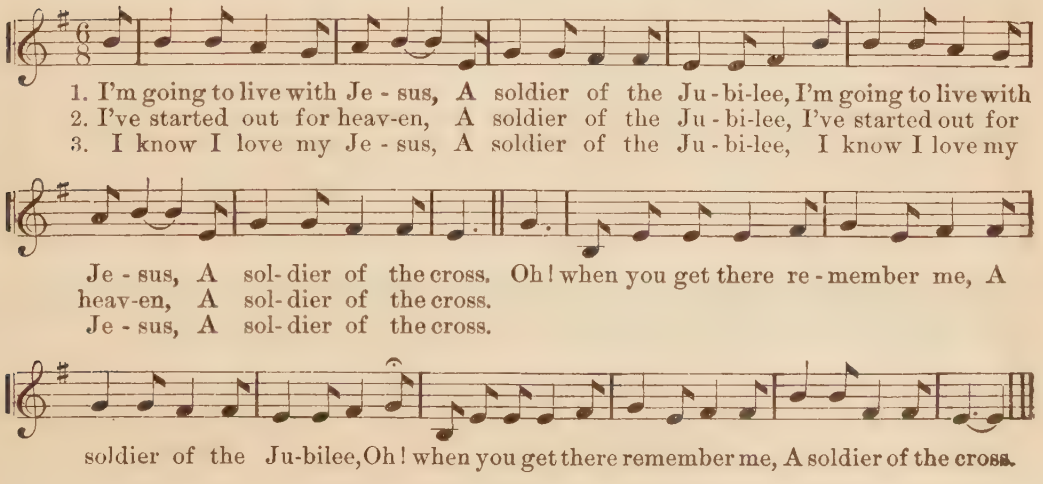



night when the woods grow still and dim, The bold-est will shrink a-way. Oh!
when her heart hear-eth his flap-ping wings, She hoots out her wel-come shrill. Oh!
f
sf
when the night falls and roosts the fowl, Then, then is the reign of the horn-ed owl!
when the moon shines, and dogs do howl, Then, then is the joy of the horn-ed owl!
p
Then, then, then, then is the reign of the horned owl! Then, then, then, then is the
Then, then, then, then is the joy of the horned owl! Then, then, then, then is the
reign of the horn-ed owl.
joy of the horn-ed owl.
3
f
ff


Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight, The owl hath his share of good; If a
prisoner he be in the broad day-light, He is lord of the dark green wood. Nor
lone-ly the bird, nor his ghast-ly mate, They're each unto each a pride, Thrice
fon-der, perhaps since a strange dark fate Hath rent them from all be-side. So

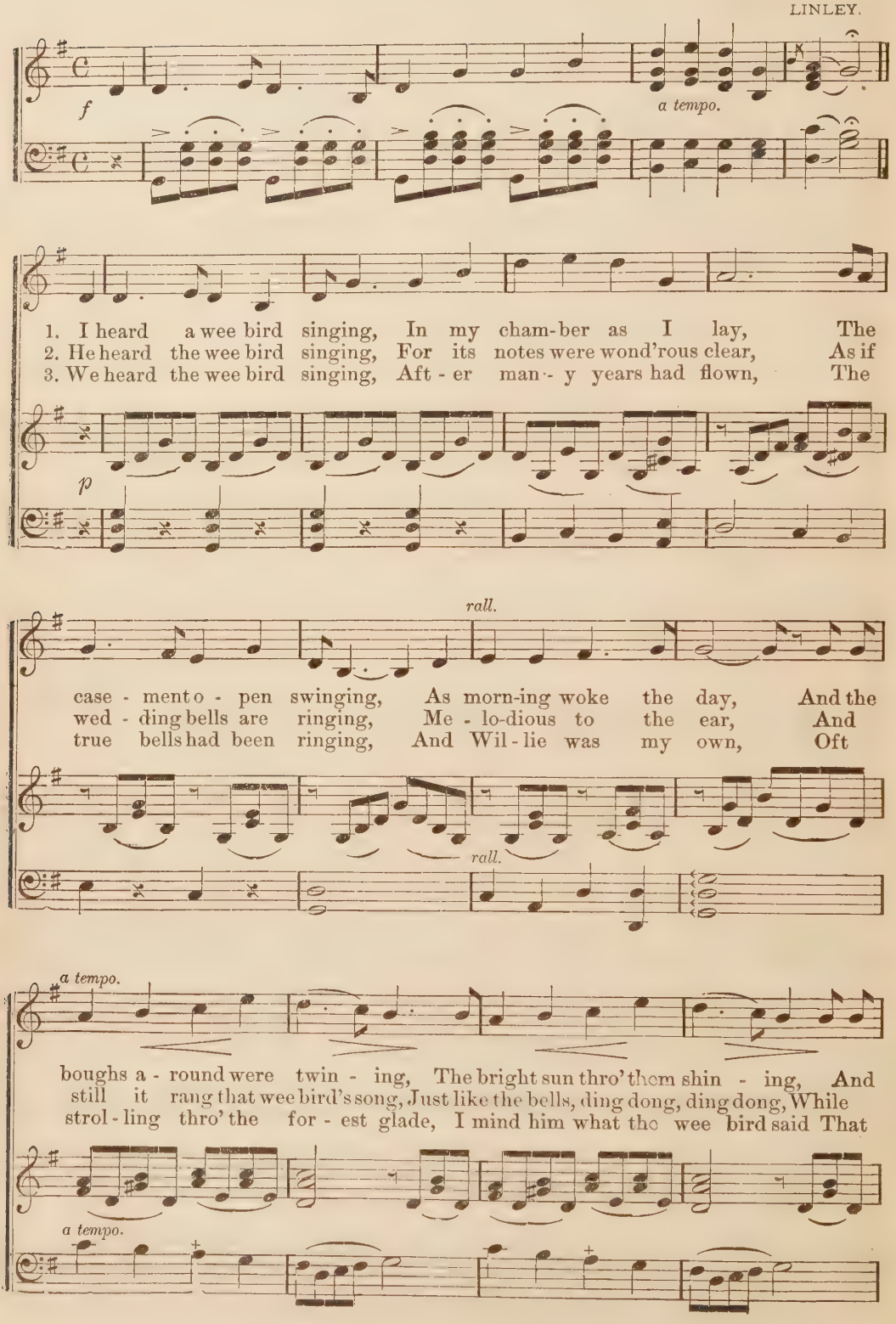


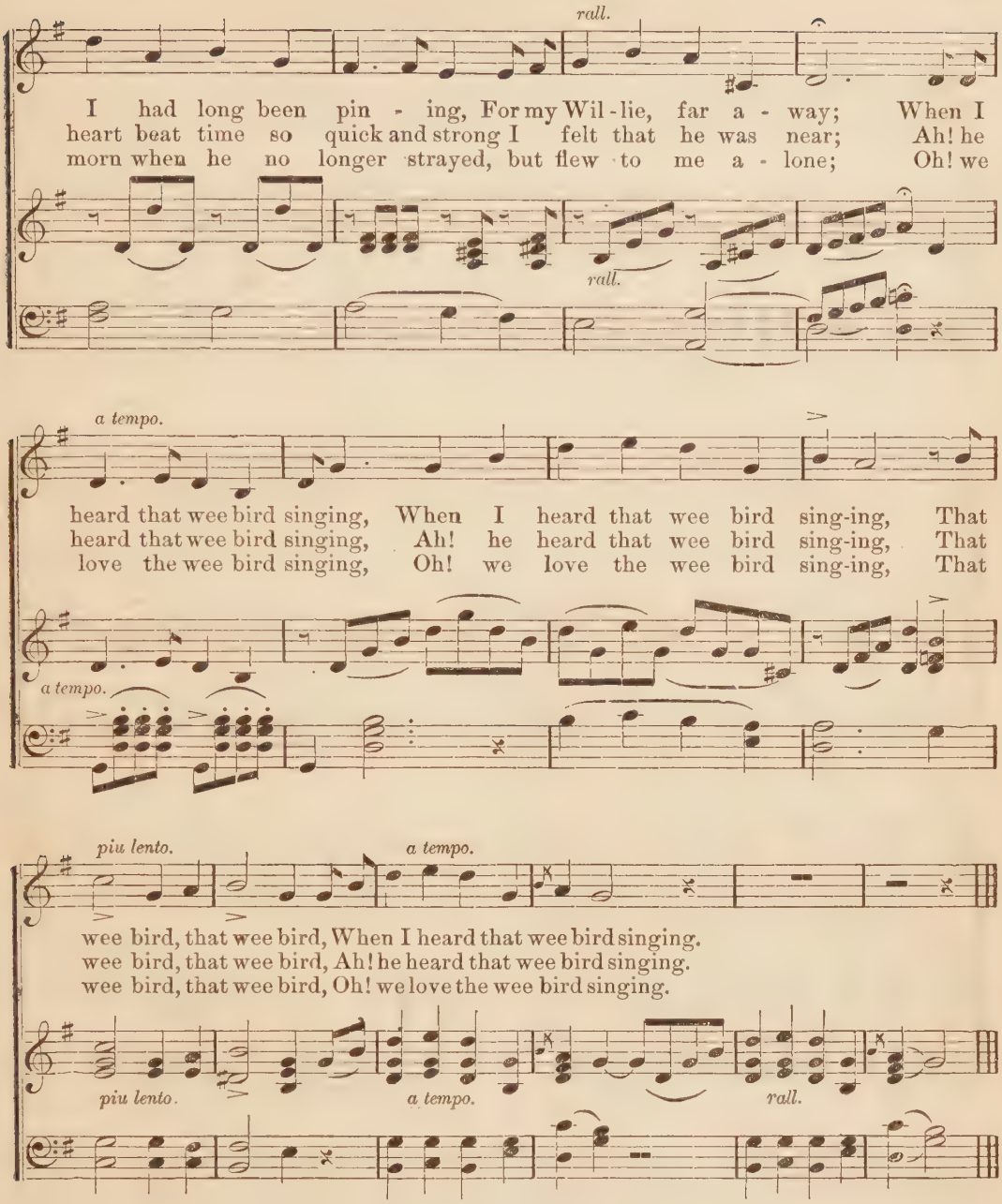
I'M GOING TO LIVE WITH JESUS.



I HEARD THE WEE BIRD SINGING.

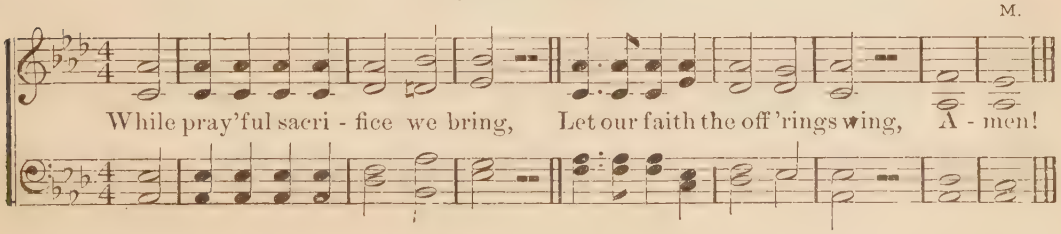
LINLEY.




rall.
I had long been pin - ing, For my Wil - lie, far a - way; When I
heart beat time so quick and strong I felt that he was near; Ah! he
morn when he no longer strayed, but flew to me a - lone; Oh! we
rall.
a tempo.
heard that wee bird singing, When I heard that wee bird sing-ing, That
heard that wee bird singing, Ah! he heard that wee bird sing-ing, That
love the wee bird singing, Oh! we love the wee bird sing-ing, That
a tempo.
piu lento.
a tempo.
wee bird, that wee bird, When I heard that wee bird singing.
wee bird, that wee bird, Ah! he heard that wee bird singing.
wee bird, that wee bird, Oh! we love the wee bird singing.
piu lento.
a tempo.
rall.

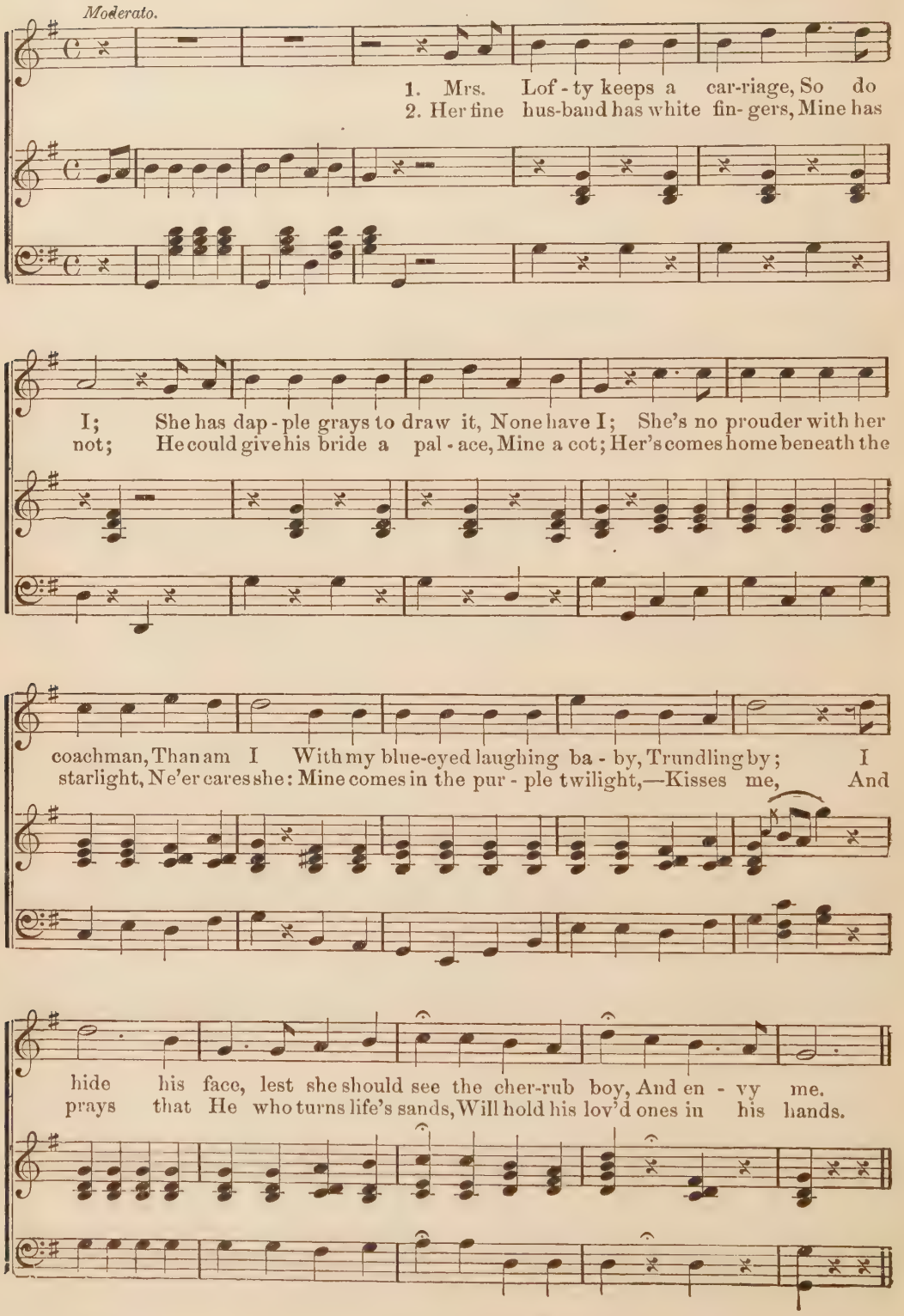
RESPONSE.

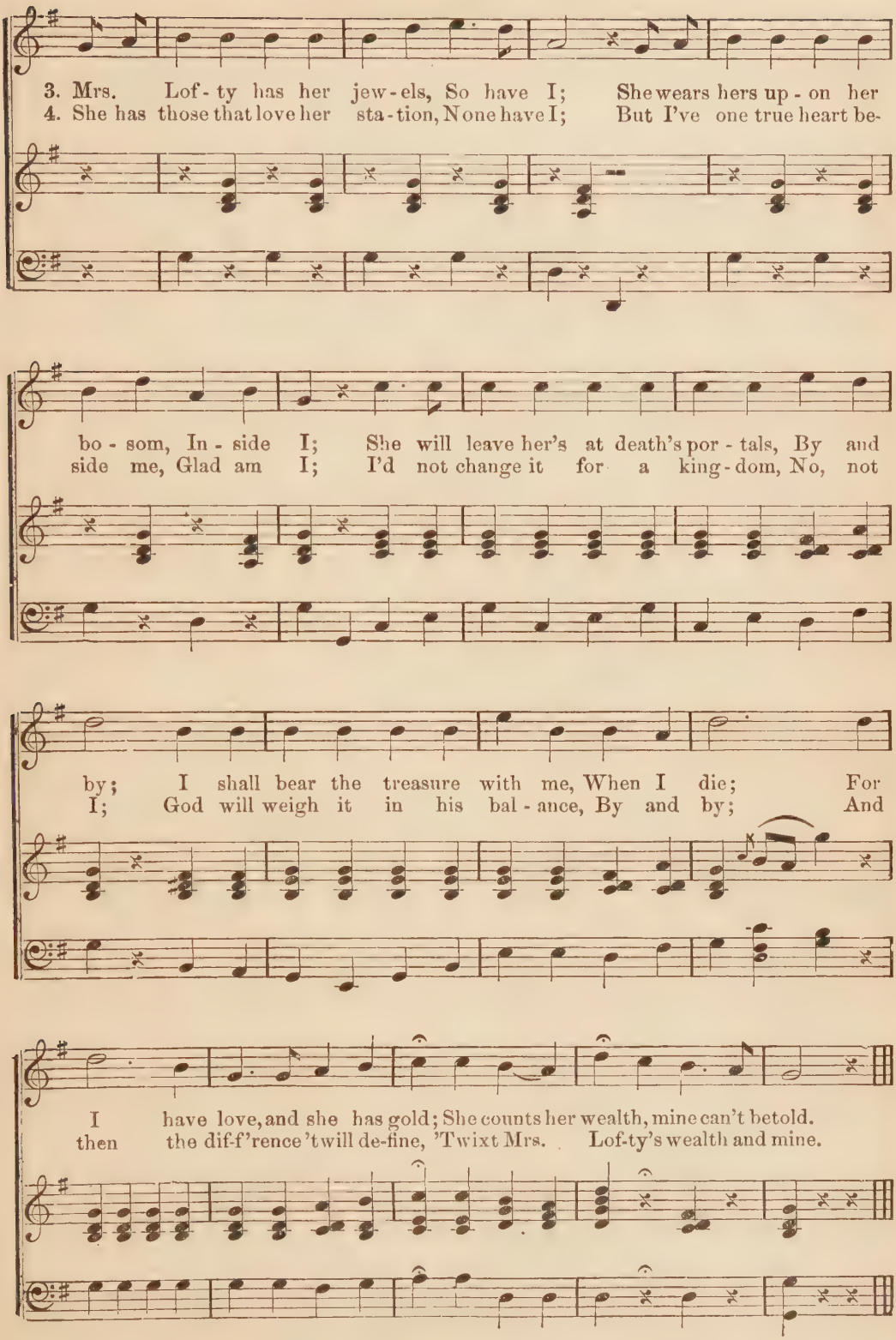
M.


While pray'ful sacri - fice we bring, Let our faith the off'rings wing, A - men!

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

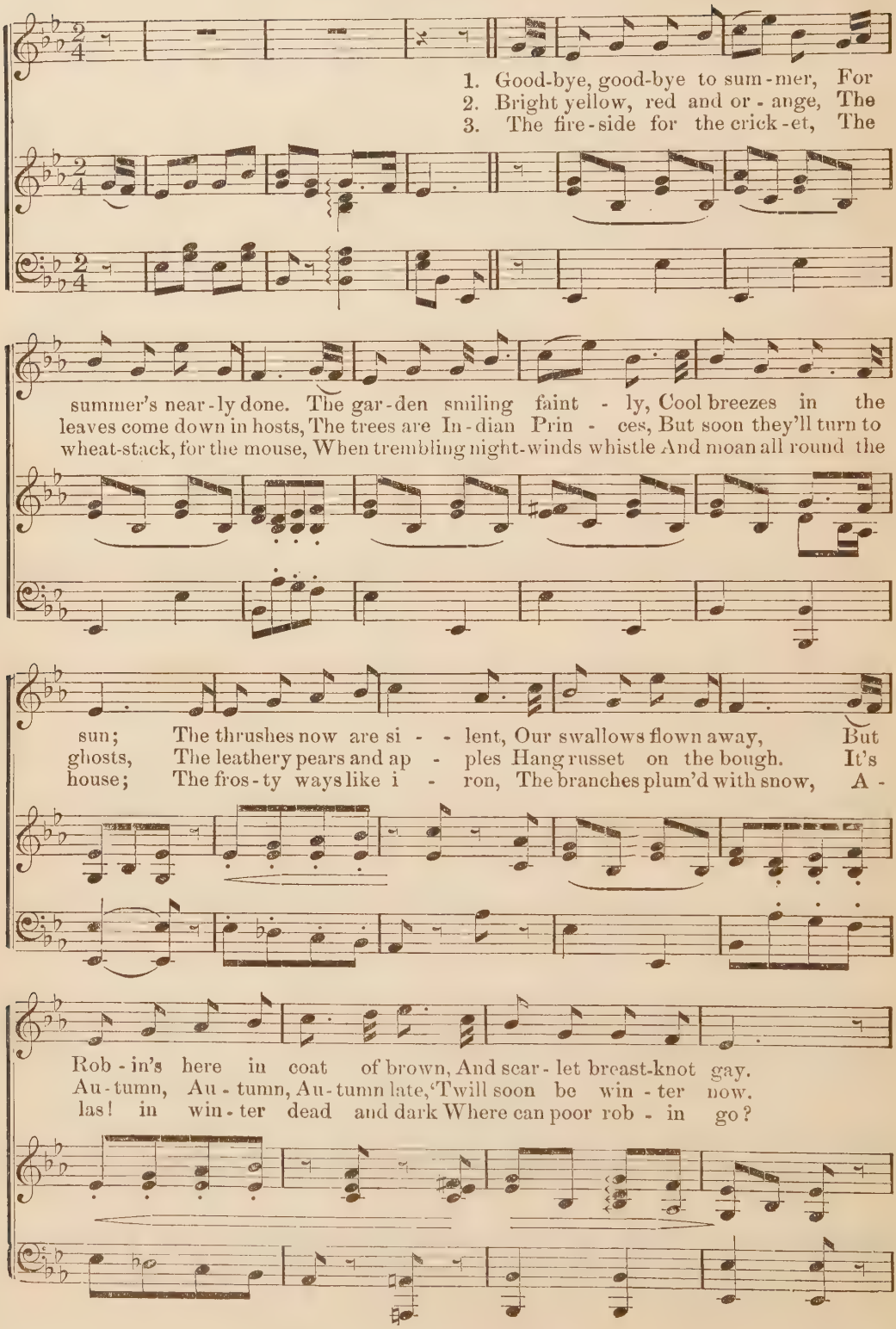
HUTCHINSON. By per.

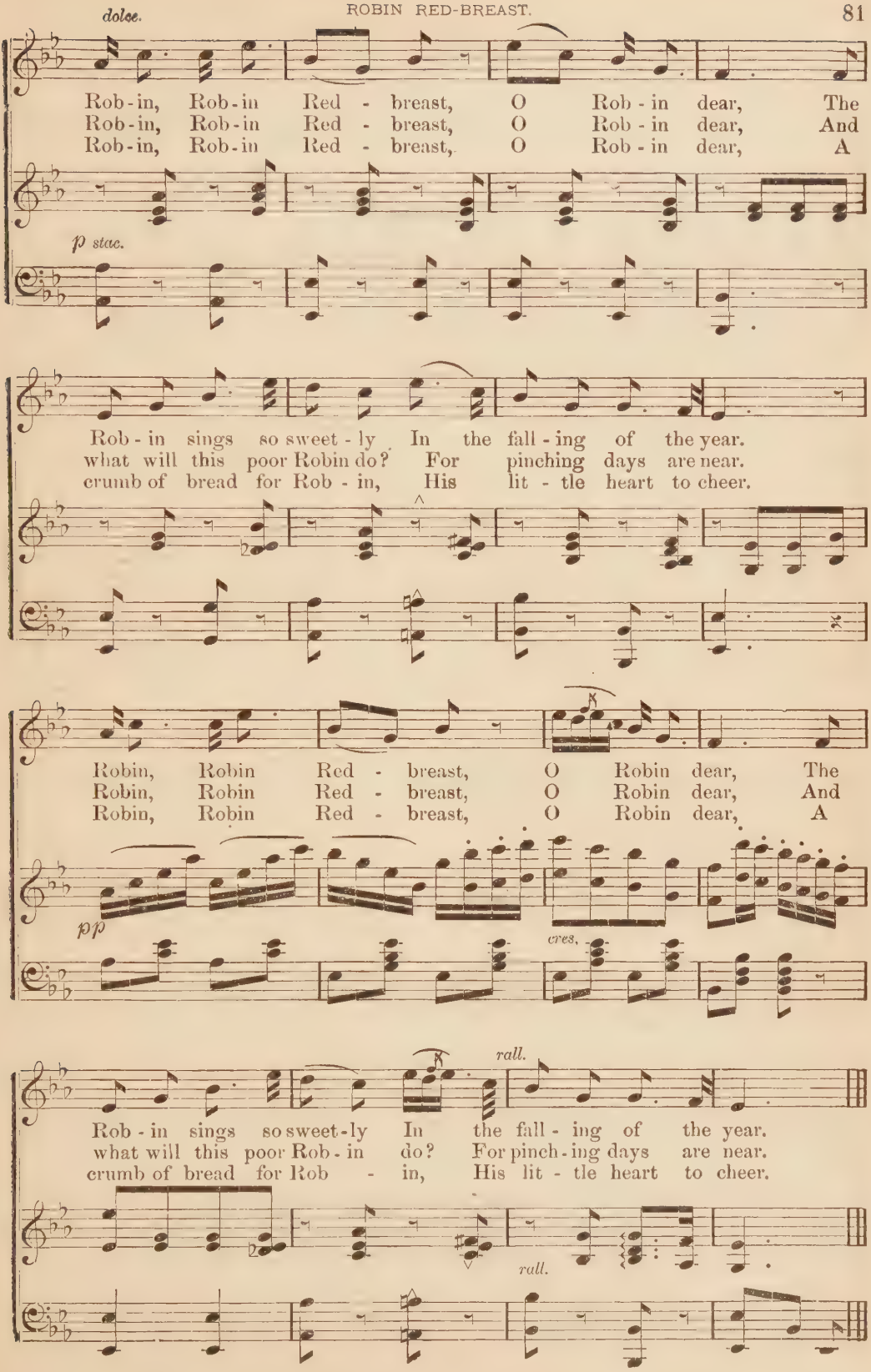



3. Mrs. Lof - ty has her jew - els, So have I; She wears hers up - on her
4. She has those that love her sta - tion, None have I; But I've one true heart be-
bo - som, In - side I; She will leave her's at death's por - tals, By and
side me, Glad am I; I'd not change it for a king - dom, No, not
by; I shall bear the treasure with me, When I die; For
I; God will weigh it in his bal - ance, By and by; And
I have love, and she has gold; She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.
then the dif-f'rence 'twill de-fine, 'Twixt Mrs. Lof-ty's wealth and mine.

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

HUBBARD. By per.




dolce.
Rob-in, Rob-in Red - breast, O Rob-in dear, The
Rob-in, Rob-in Red - breast, O Rob-in dear, And
Rob-in, Rob-in Red - breast, O Rob-in dear, A
p stac.
Rob-in sings so sweet-ly In the fall-ing of the year.
what will this poor Robin do? For pinching days are near.
crumb of bread for Rob-in, His lit-tle heart to cheer.
Robin, Robin Red - breast, O Robin dear, The
Robin, Robin Red - breast, O Robin dear, And
Robin, Robin Red - breast, O Robin dear, A
pp
cres.
rall.
Rob-in sings so sweet-ly In the fall-ing of the year.
what will this poor Rob-in do? For pinch-ing days are near.
crumb of bread for Rob - in, His lit-tle heart to cheer.
rall.

THE MINIATURE.

MORRIS. KNIGHT.

Andante.

William was holding in his

rall.

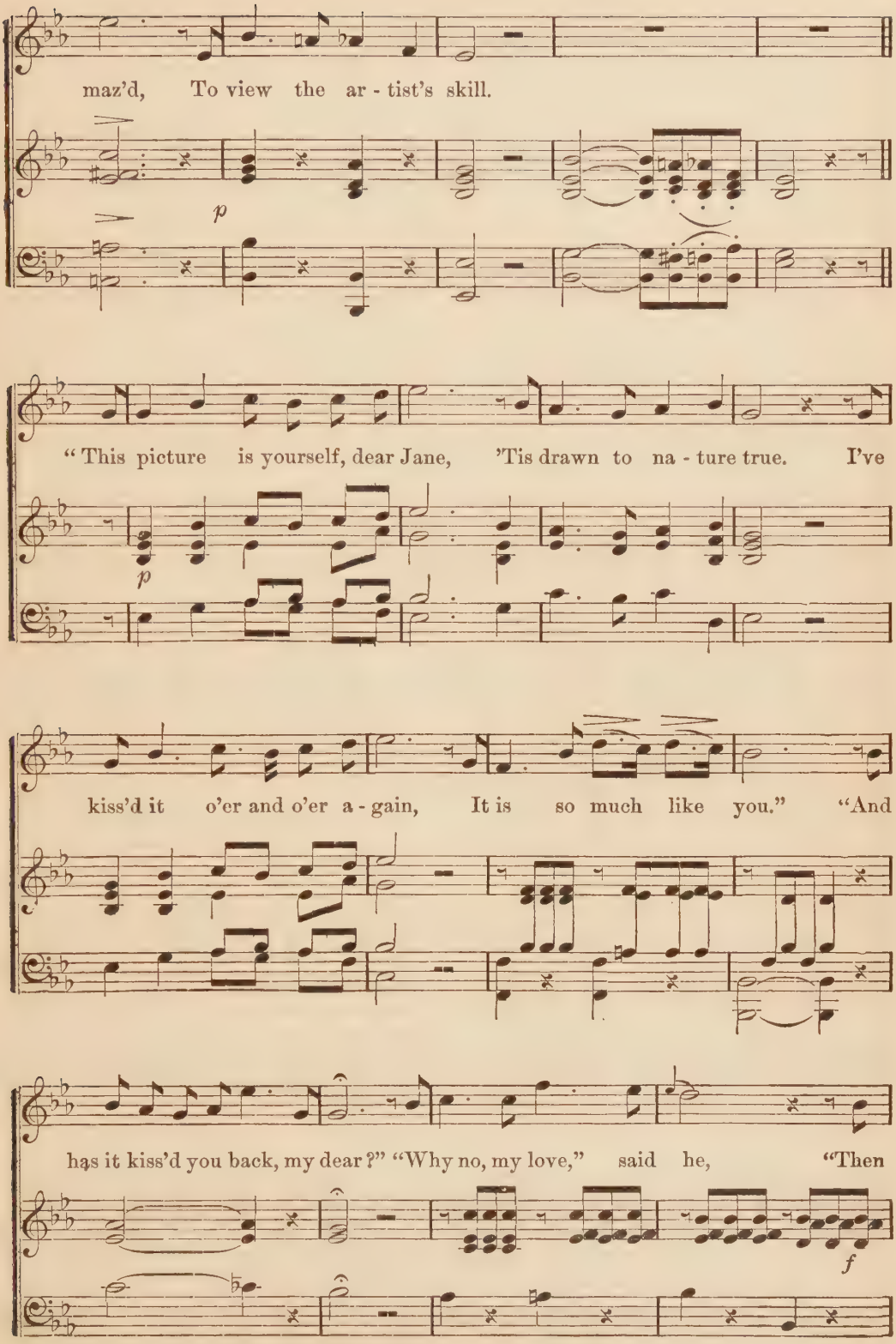
p *p*

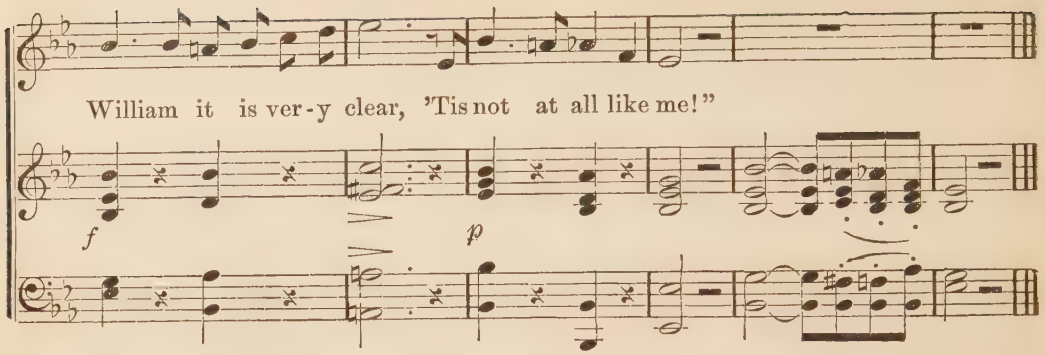
hand The like - ness of his wife, Fresh, as if touch'd by fai - ry

wand, With beauty, grace and life. He almost thought it spoke: He

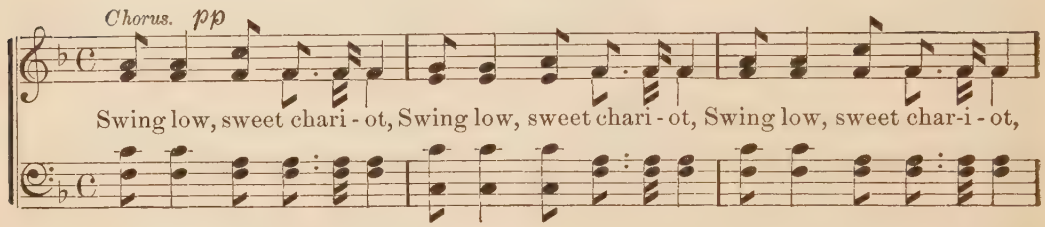
gaz'd up - on the treasure still, Absorb'd, delighted and a -

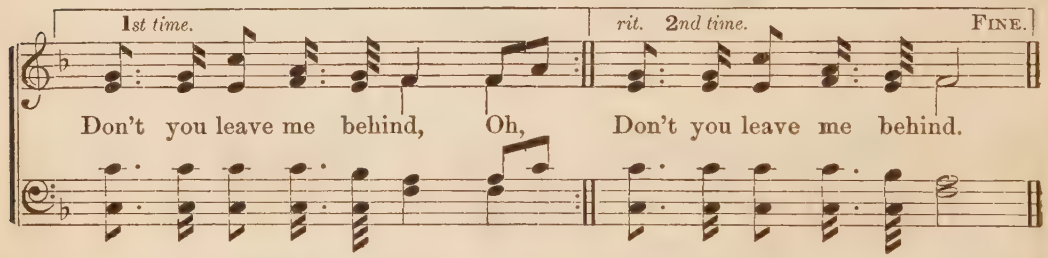
f

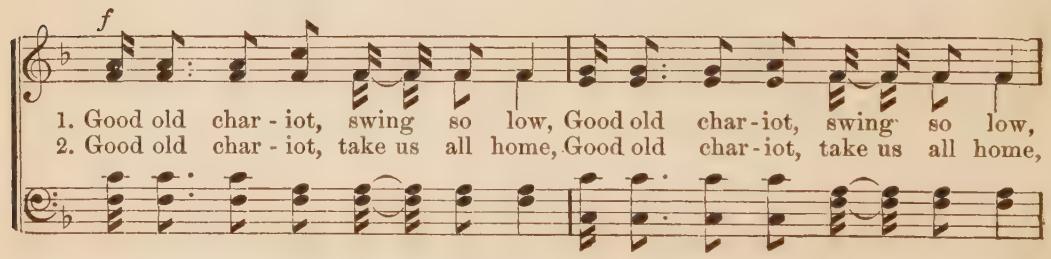

maz'd, To view the ar - tist's skill.
p
"This picture is yourself, dear Jane, 'Tis drawn to na - ture true. I've
p
kiss'd it o'er and o'er a - gain, It is so much like you." "And
has it kiss'd you back, my dear?" "Why no, my love," said he, "Then
f

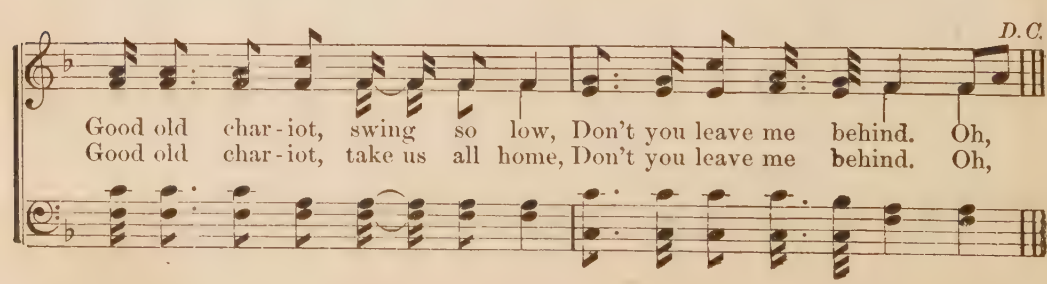


GOOD OLD CHARIOT.





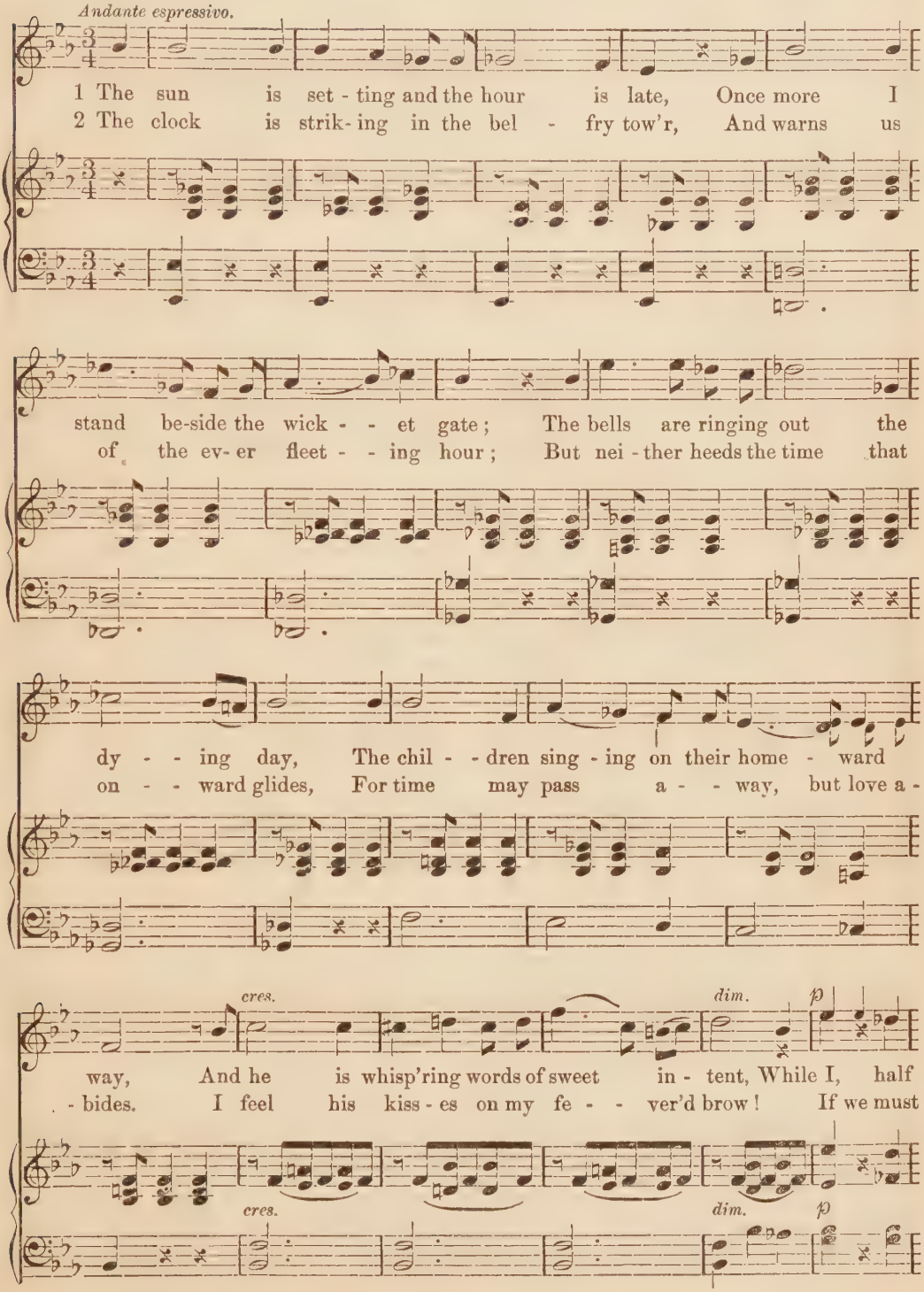


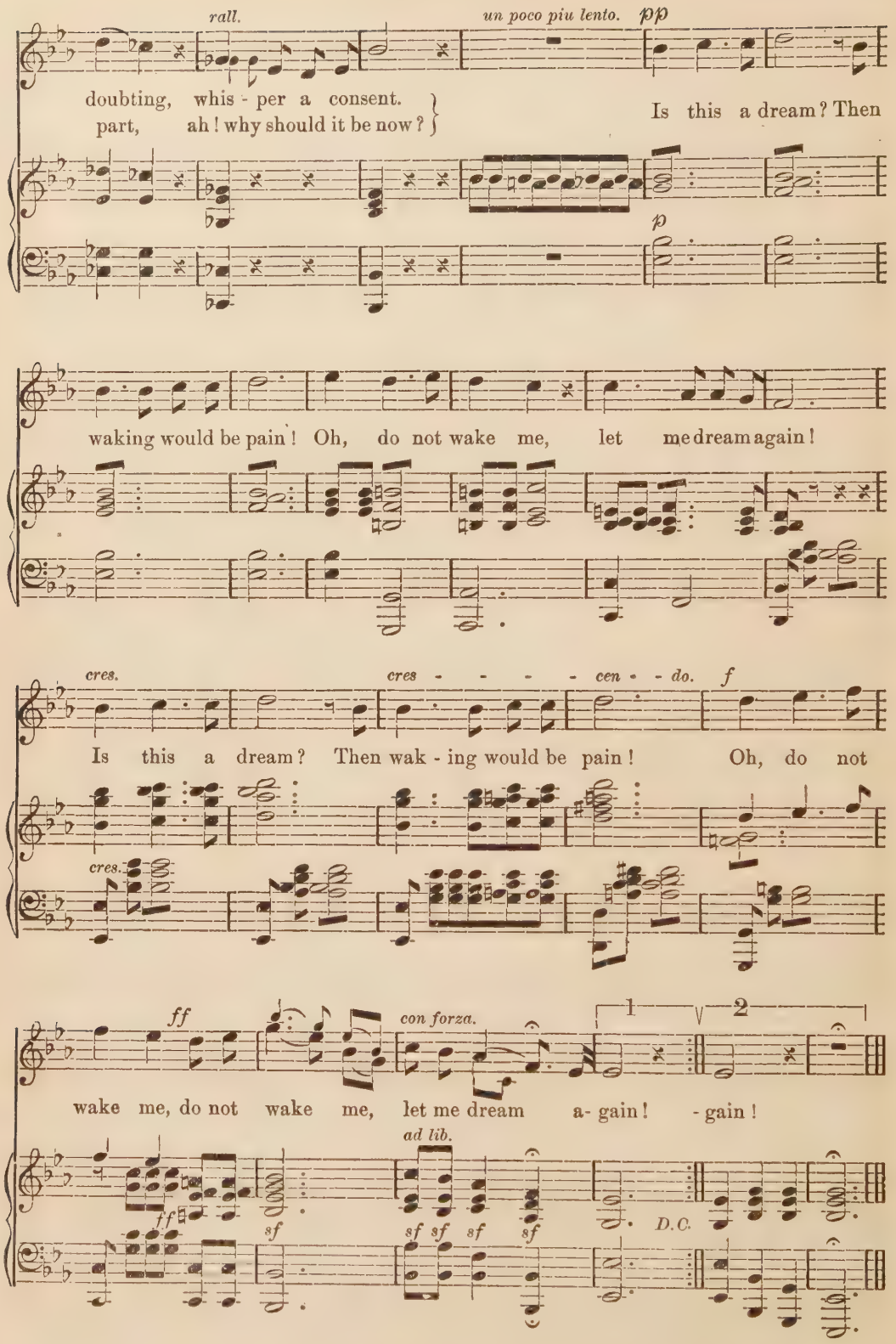


LET ME DREAM AGAIN.

STEVENSON. SULLIVAN.

Andante espressivo.

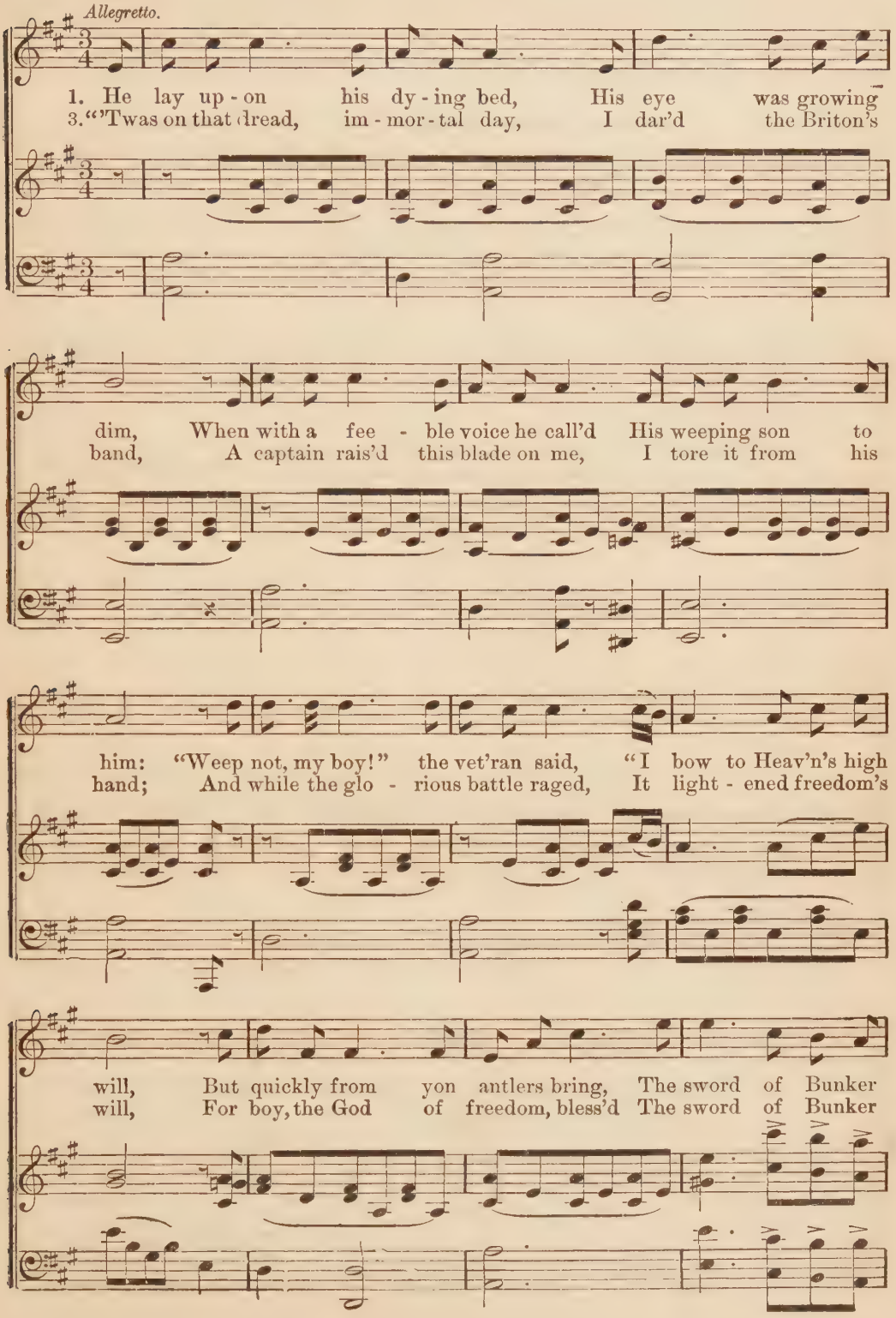


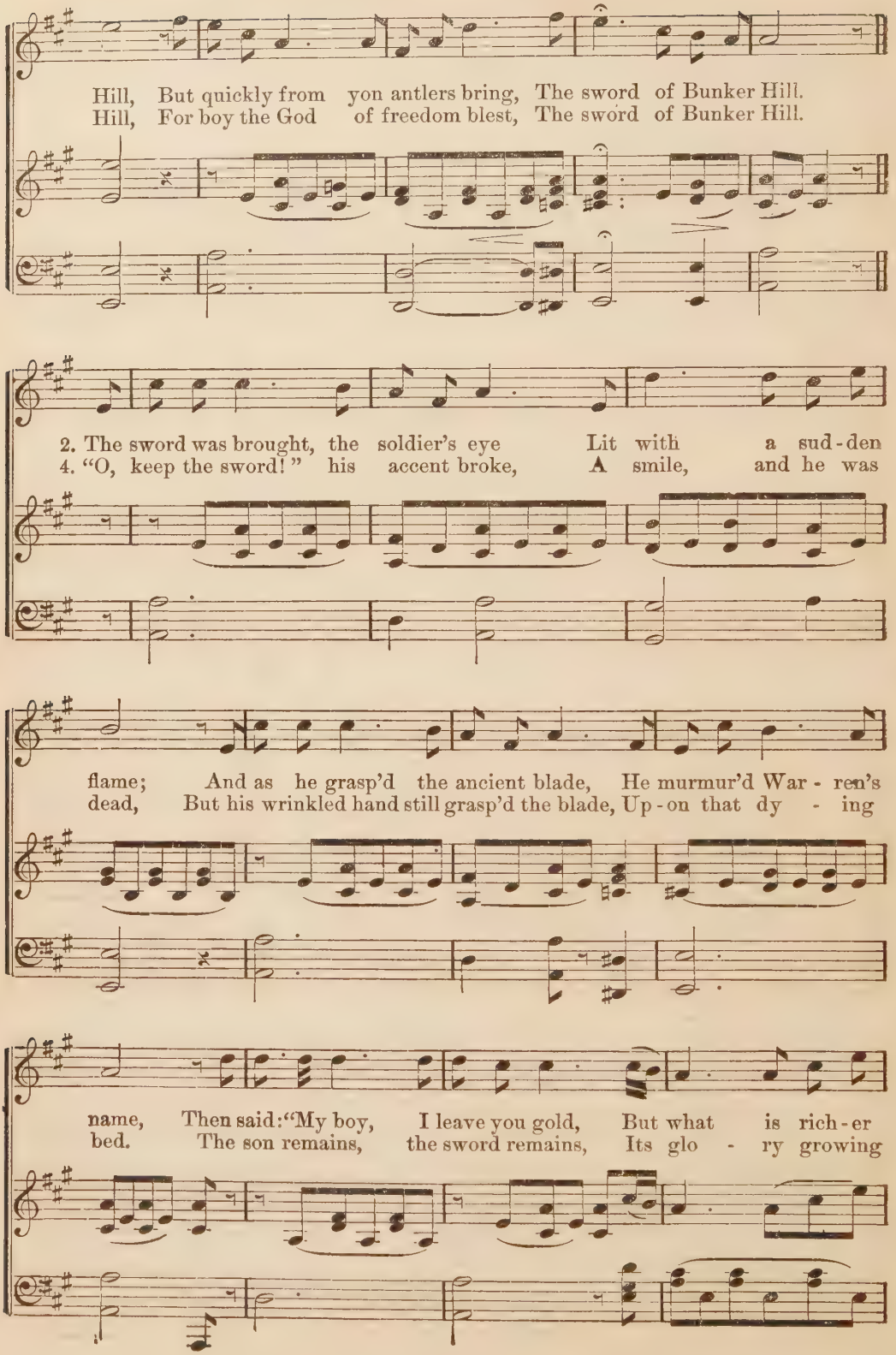

rall.
un poco piu lento.
pp
doubting, whis - per a consent.
part, ah! why should it be now?
Is this a dream? Then
p
waking would be pain! Oh, do not wake me, let me dream again!
cres.
cres - - - - cen - - do.
f
Is this a dream? Then wak - ing would be pain! Oh, do not
cres.
ff
con forza.
1
2
wake me, do not wake me, let me dream a- gain! - gain!
ad lib.
ff
sf
sf sf sf sf
D.C.

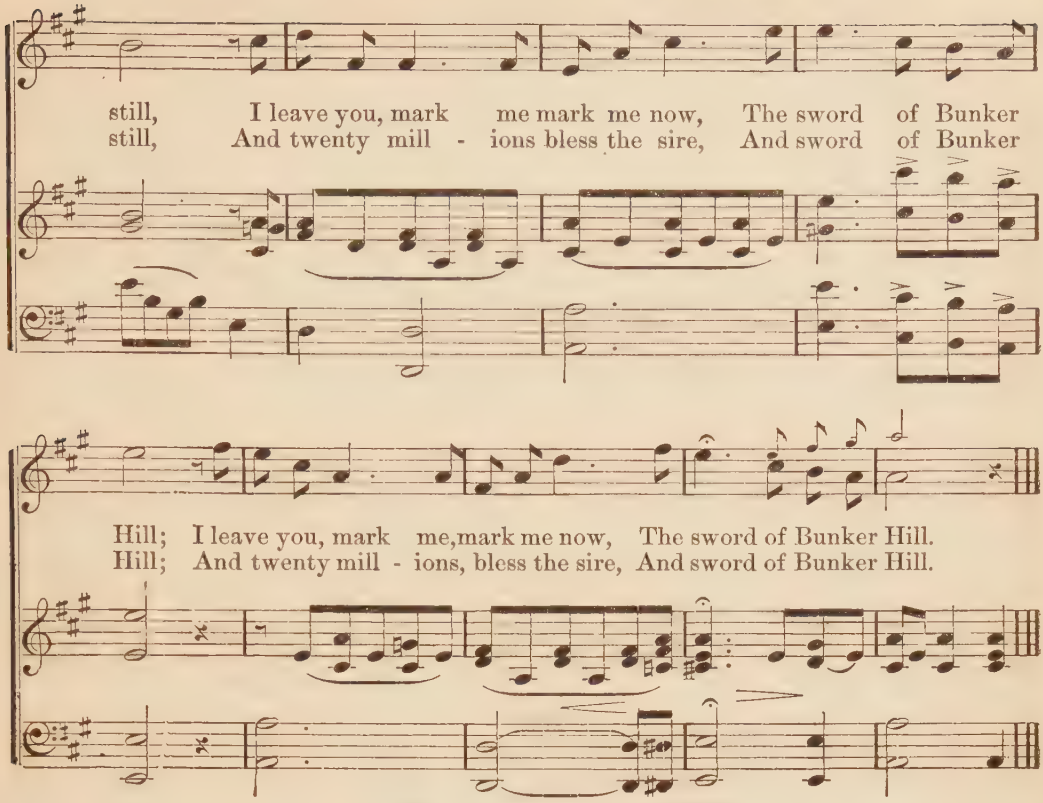
THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

WALLACE. COVERT. By per.

Allegretto.

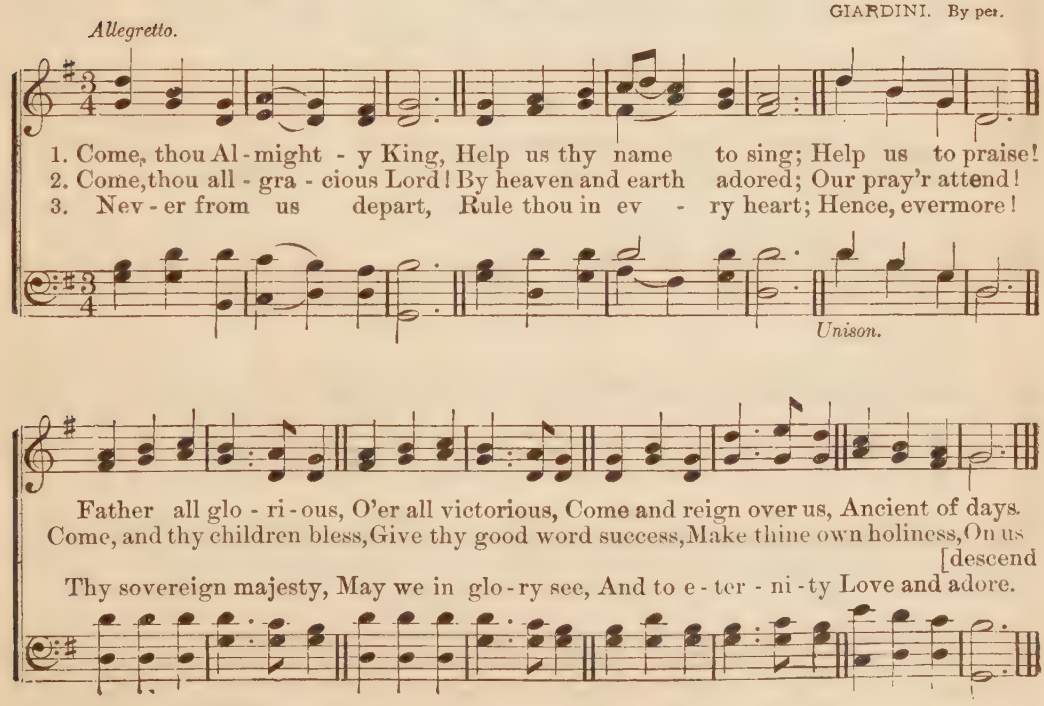



Hill, But quickly from yon antlers bring, The sword of Bunker Hill.
Hill, For boy the God of freedom blest, The sword of Bunker Hill.
2. The sword was brought, the soldier's eye Lit with a sud-den
4. "O, keep the sword!" his accent broke, A smile, and he was
flame; And as he grasp'd the ancient blade, He murmur'd War - ren's
dead, But his wrinkled hand still grasp'd the blade, Up-on that dy - ing
name, Then said: "My boy, I leave you gold, But what is rich-er
bed. The son remains, the sword remains, Its glo - ry growing



ITALIAN.

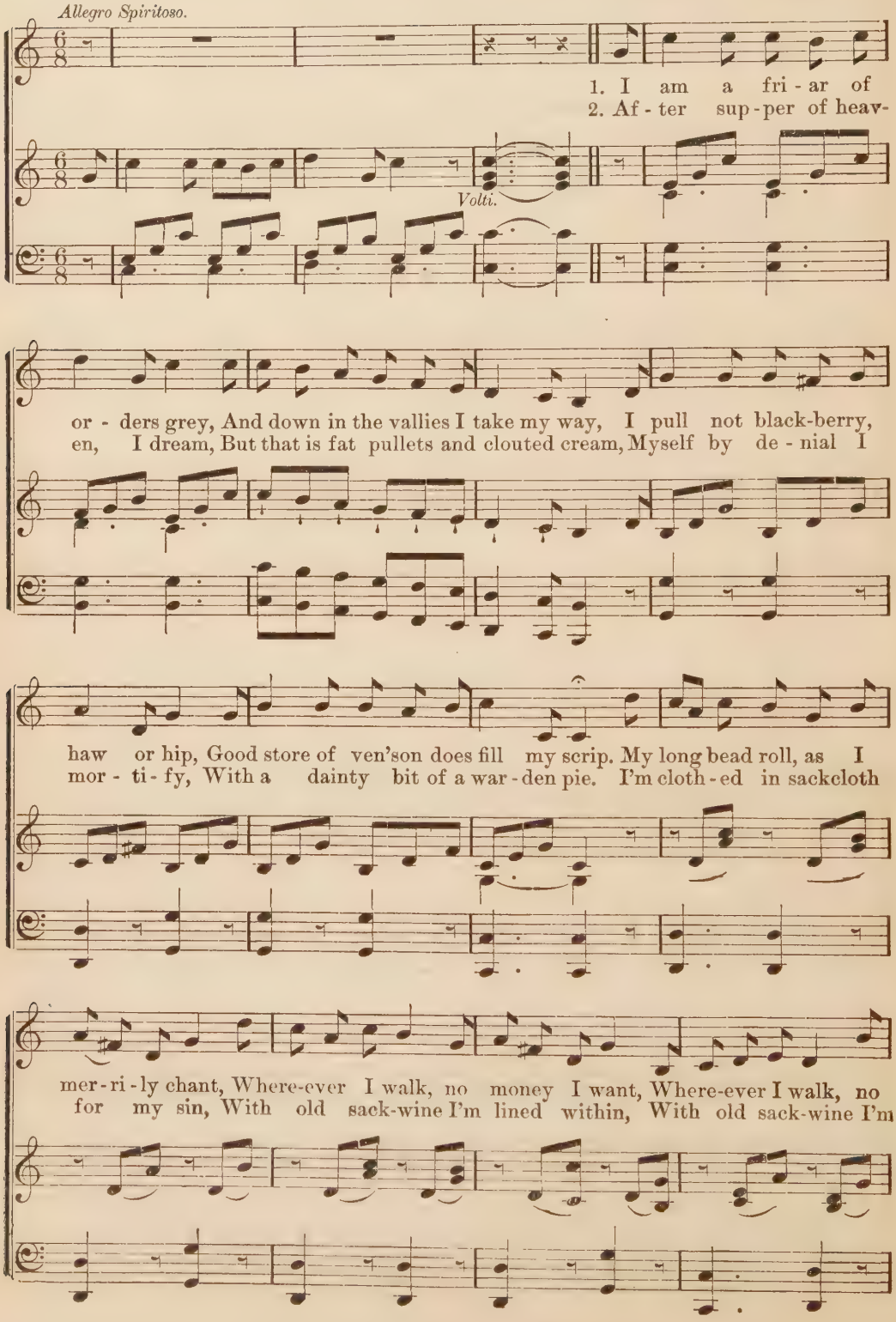
GIARDINI. By per.

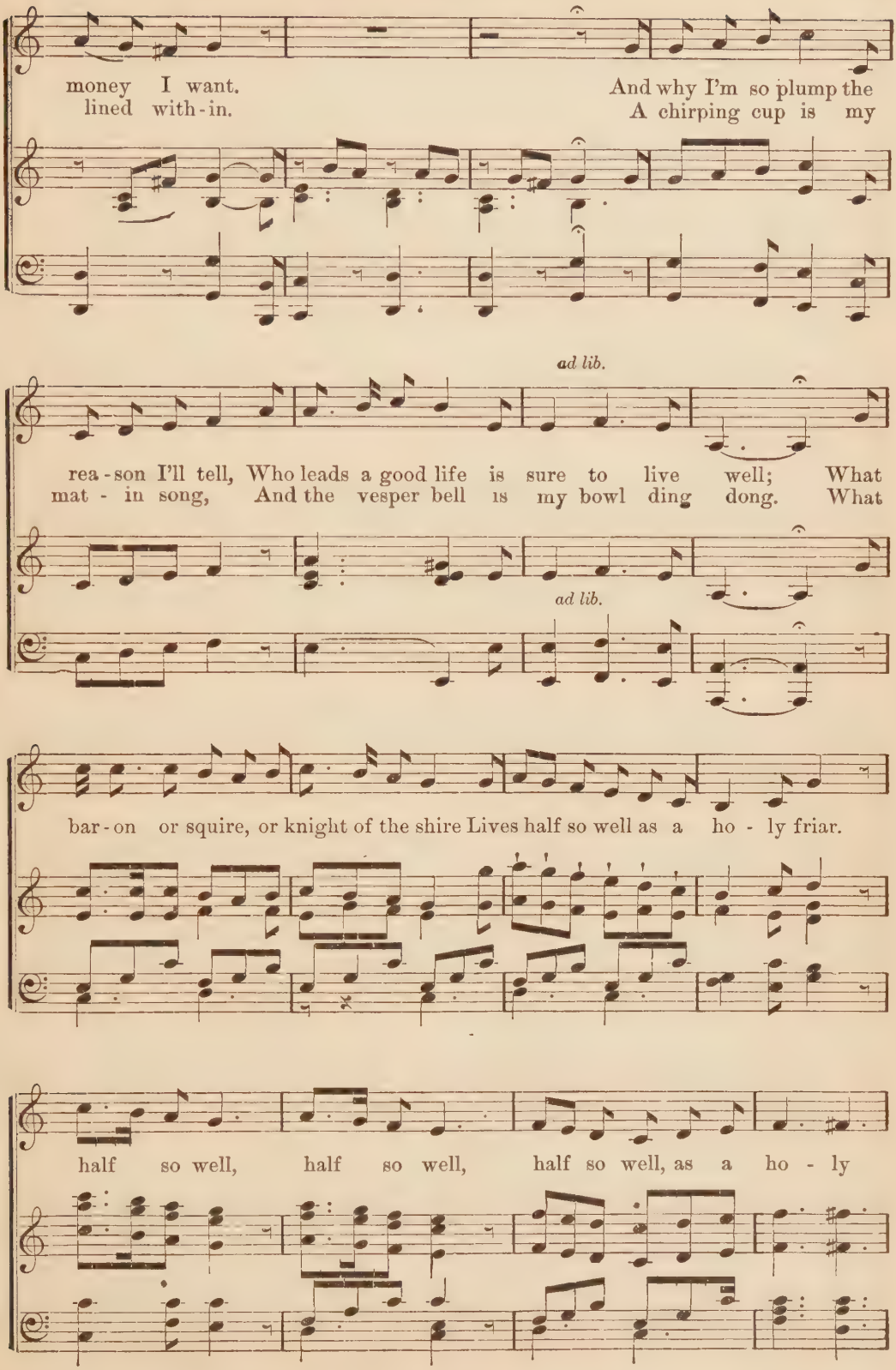


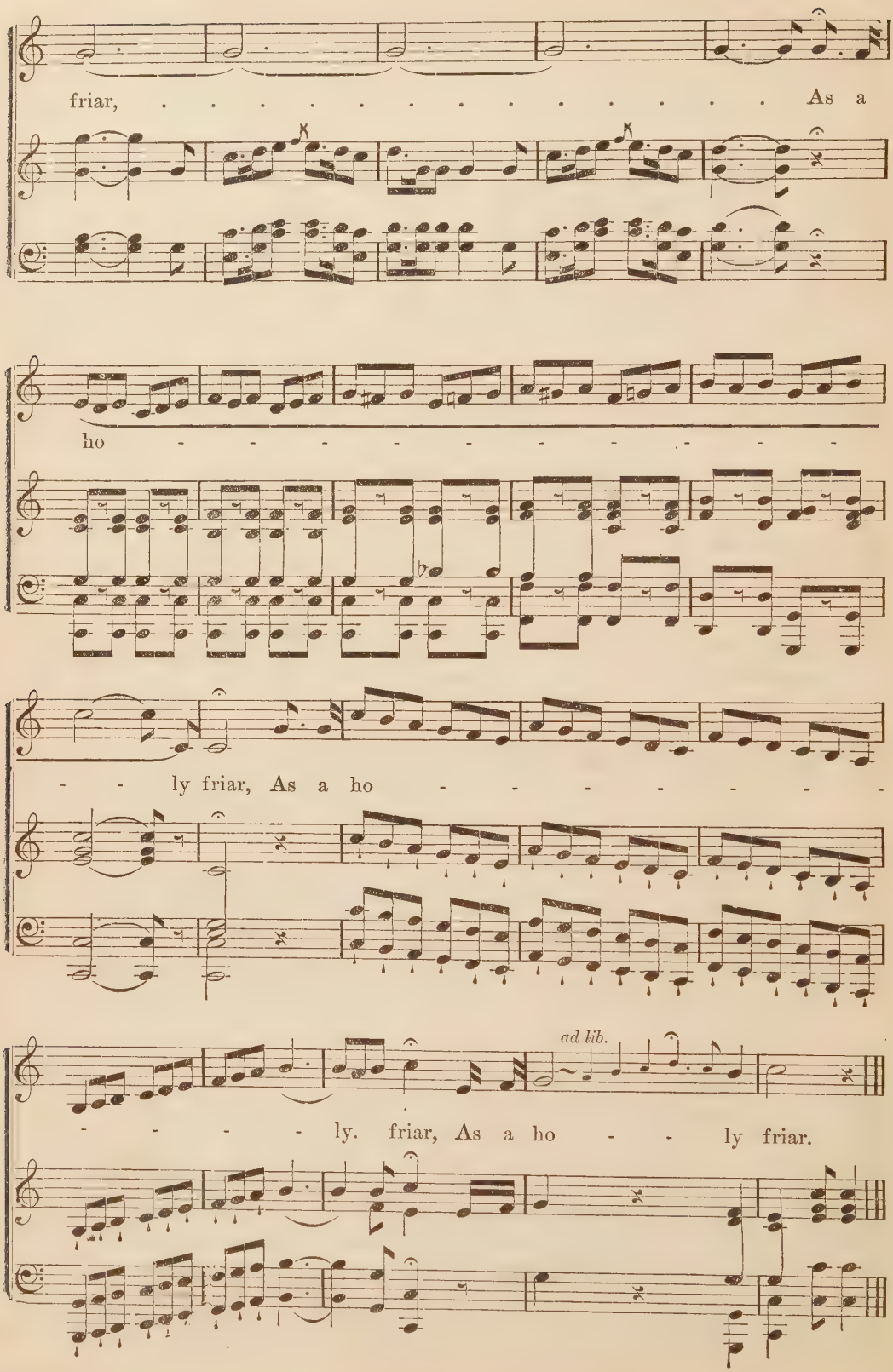
THE FRIAR OF THE OLDEN TIME.

O'KEEFE. RUSSELL.

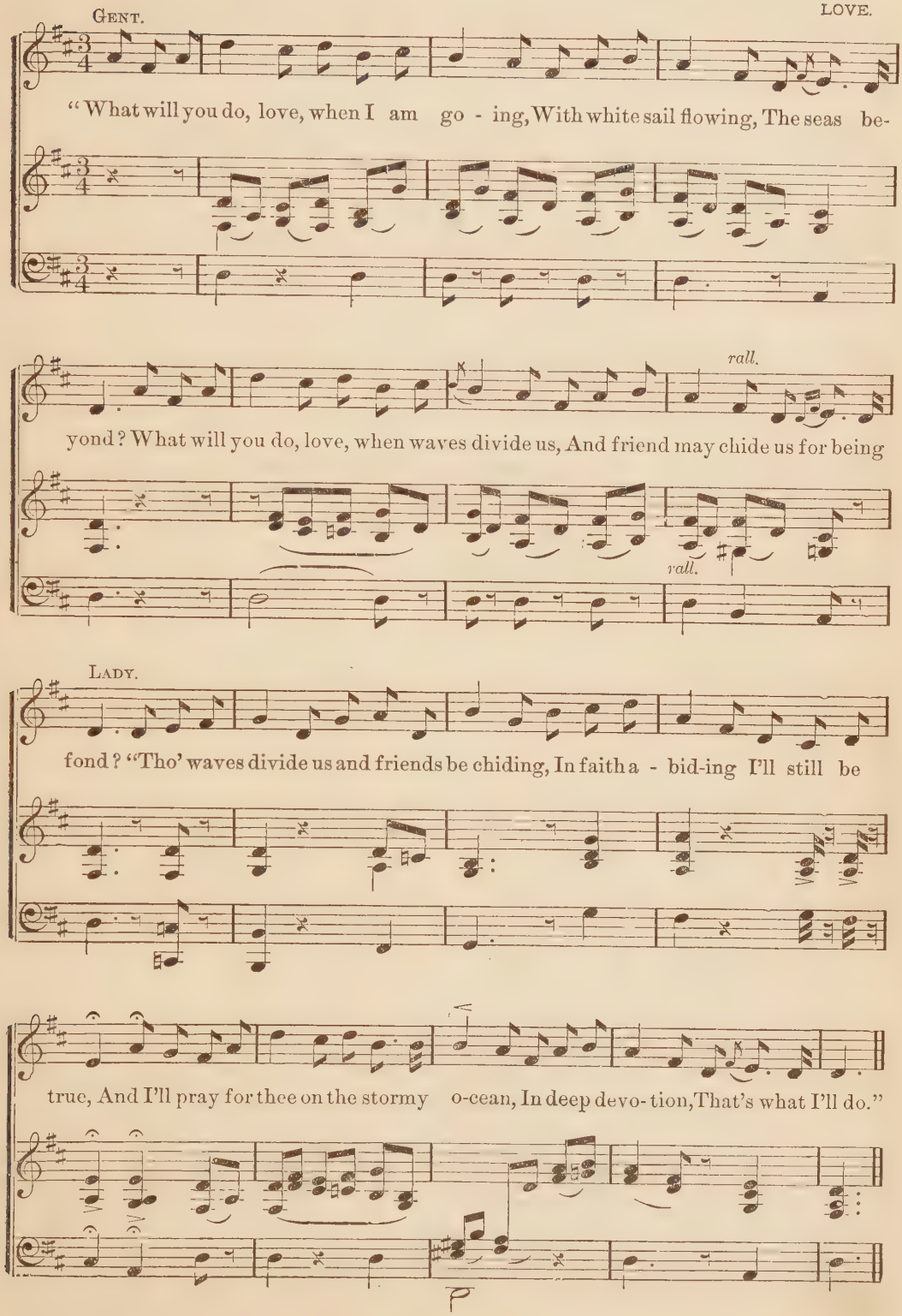
Allegro Spiritoso.

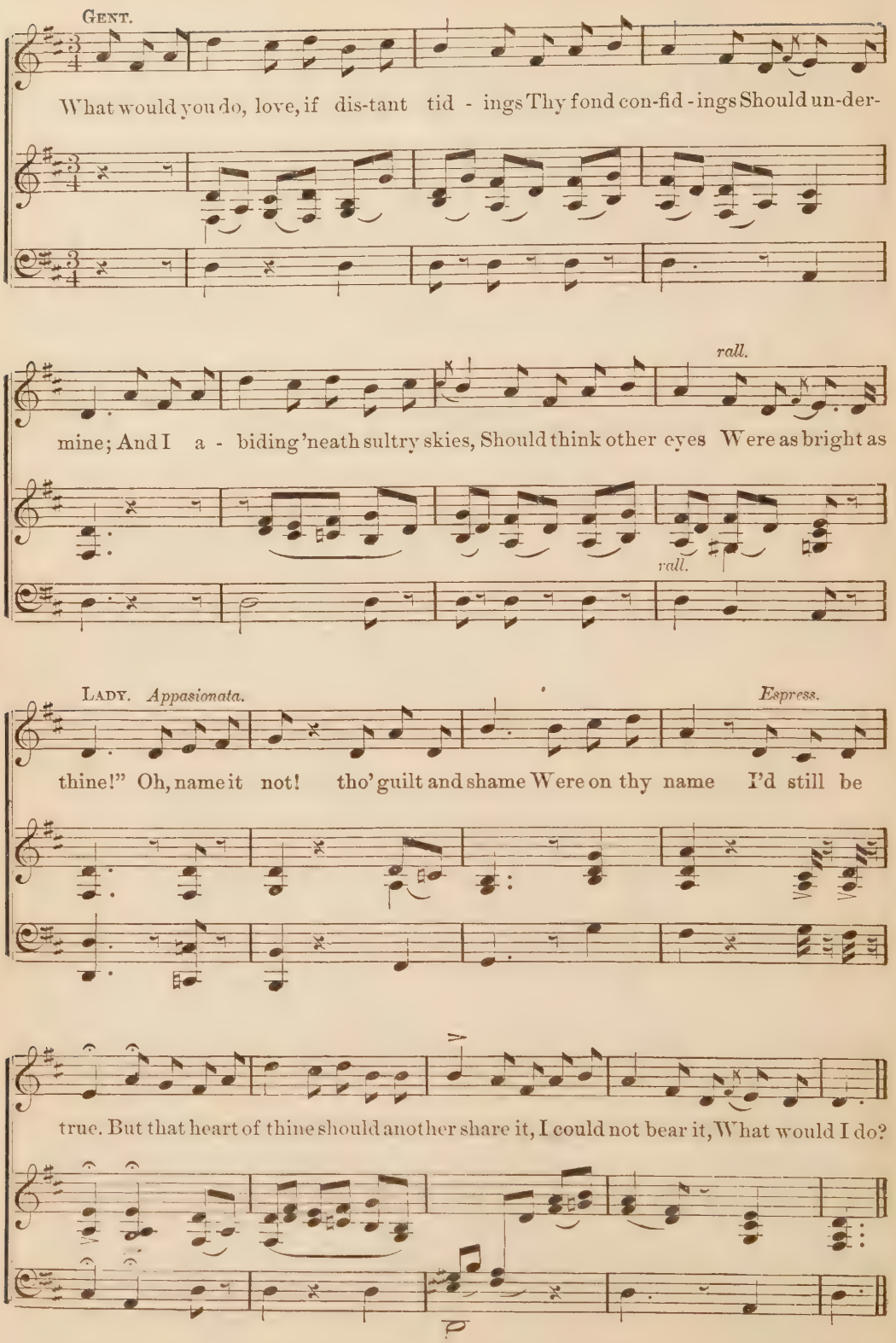


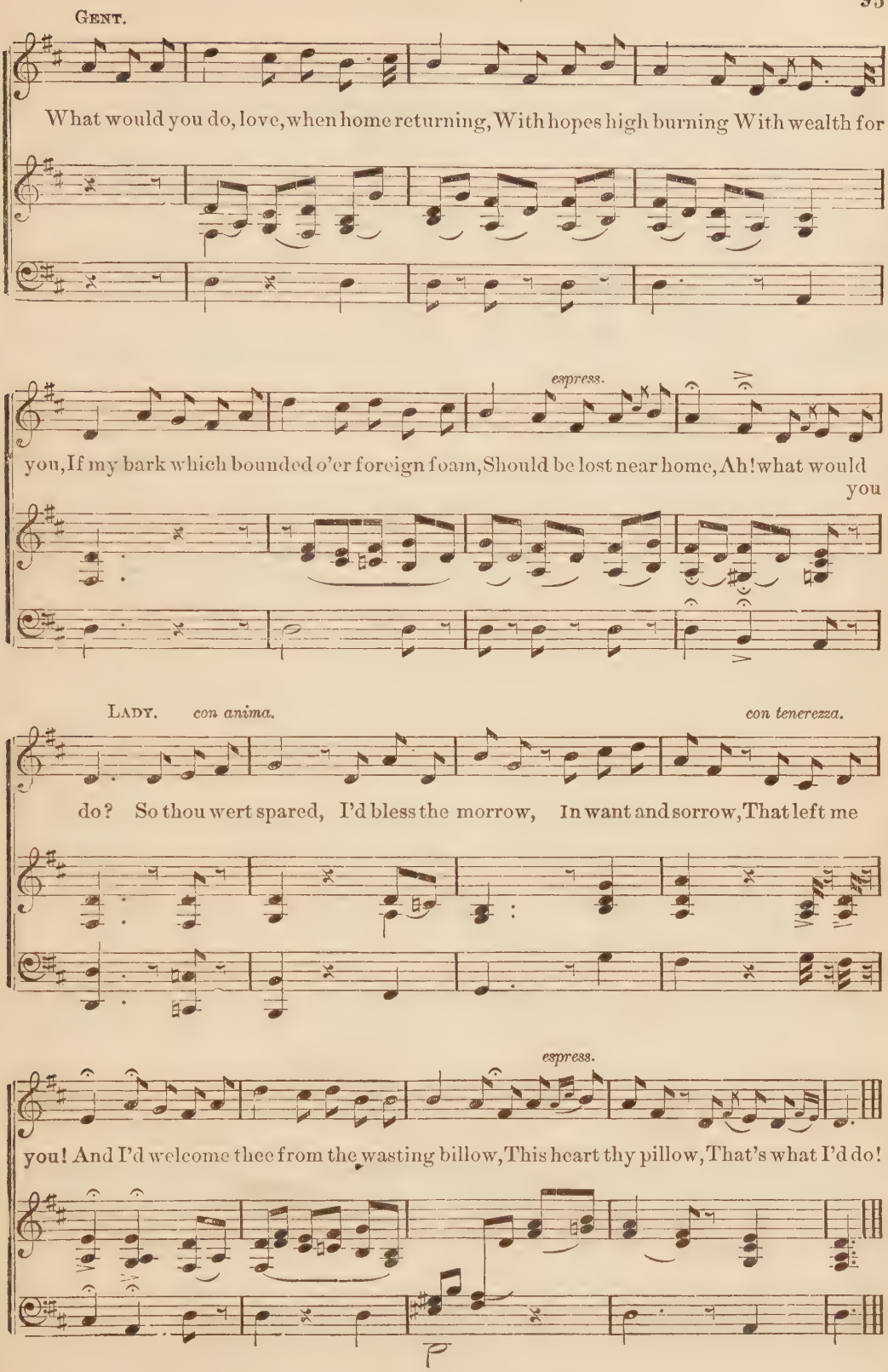

money I want. And why I'm so plump the
lined with-in. A chirping cup is my
ad lib.
rea-son I'll tell, Who leads a good life is sure to live well; What
mat - in song, And the vesper bell is my bowl ding dong. What
ad lib.
bar-on or squire, or knight of the shire Lives half so well as a ho - ly friar.
half so well, half so well, half so well, as a ho - ly


friar, ... As a
ho - - - - - - - - - - -
- - ly friar, As a ho - - - - - - -
ad lib.
- - - - ly. friar, As a ho - - ly friar.

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

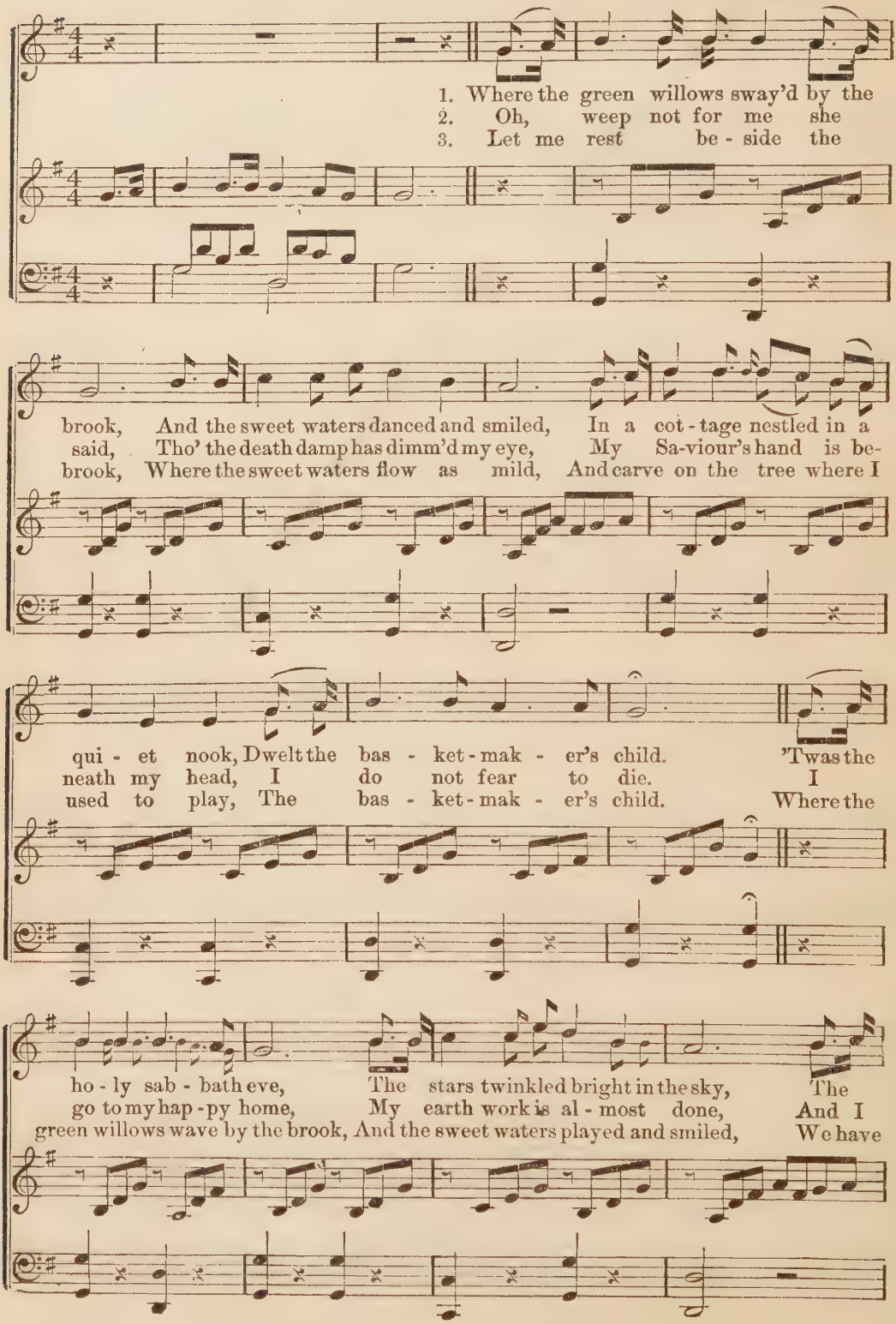


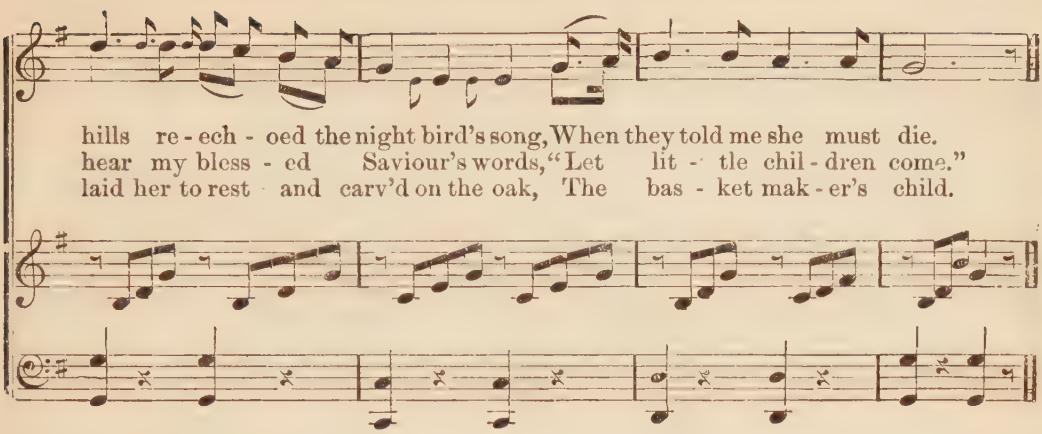

GENT.
What would you do, love, if dis-tant tid - ings Thy fond con-fid - ings Should un-der-
rall.
mine; And I a - biding 'neath sultry skies, Should think other eyes Were as bright as
rall.
LADY. Appasionata.
Espress.
thine!" Oh, name it not! tho' guilt and shame Were on thy name I'd still be
true. But that heart of thine should another share it, I could not bear it, What would I do?
p

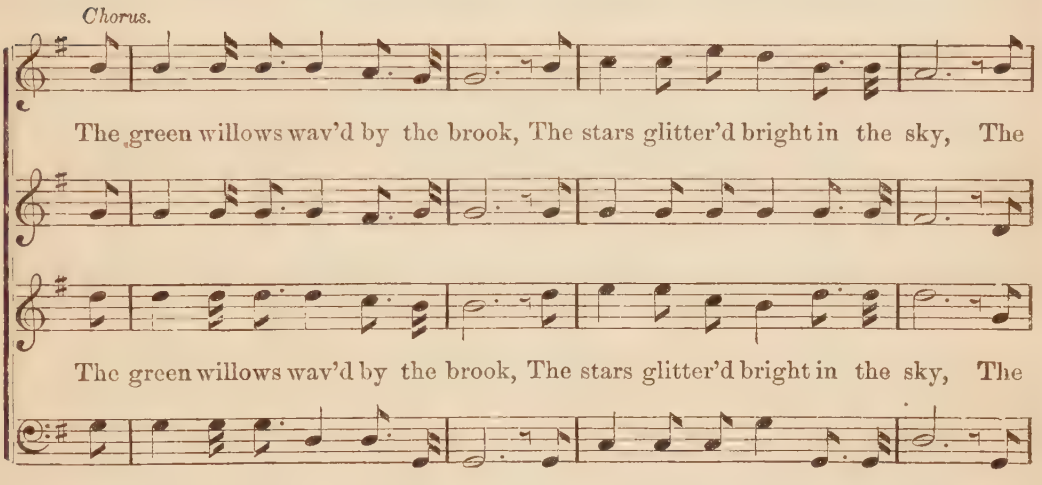

GENT.
What would you do, love, when home returning, With hopes high burning With wealth for
espress.
you, If my bark which bounded o'er foreign foam, Should be lost near home, Ah! what would you
LADY. con anima.
con tenerezza.
do? So thou wert spared, I'd bless the morrow, In want and sorrow, That left me
espress.
you! And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow, This heart thy pillow, That's what I'd do!

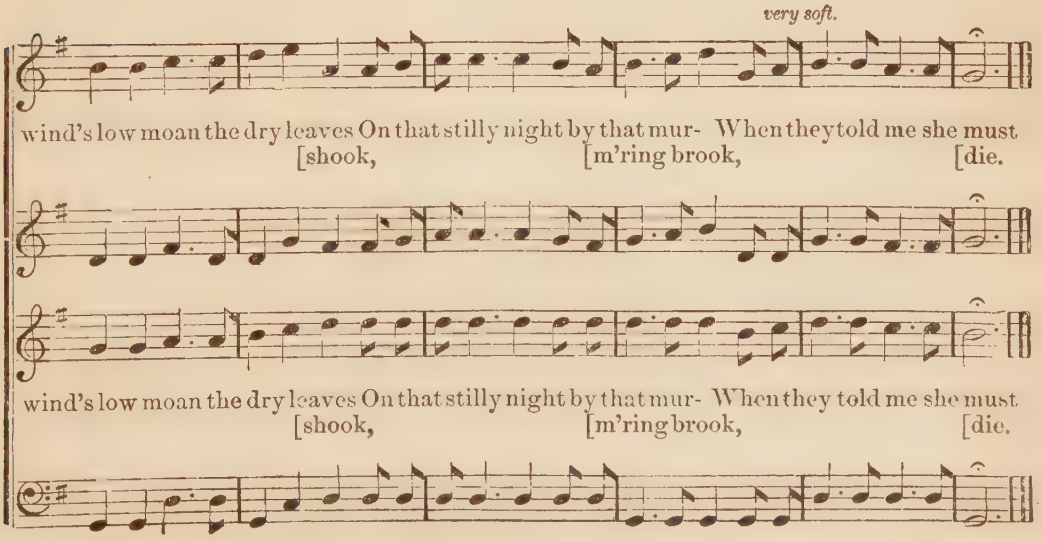
THE BASKET-MAKER'S CHILD.

THOMPSON.



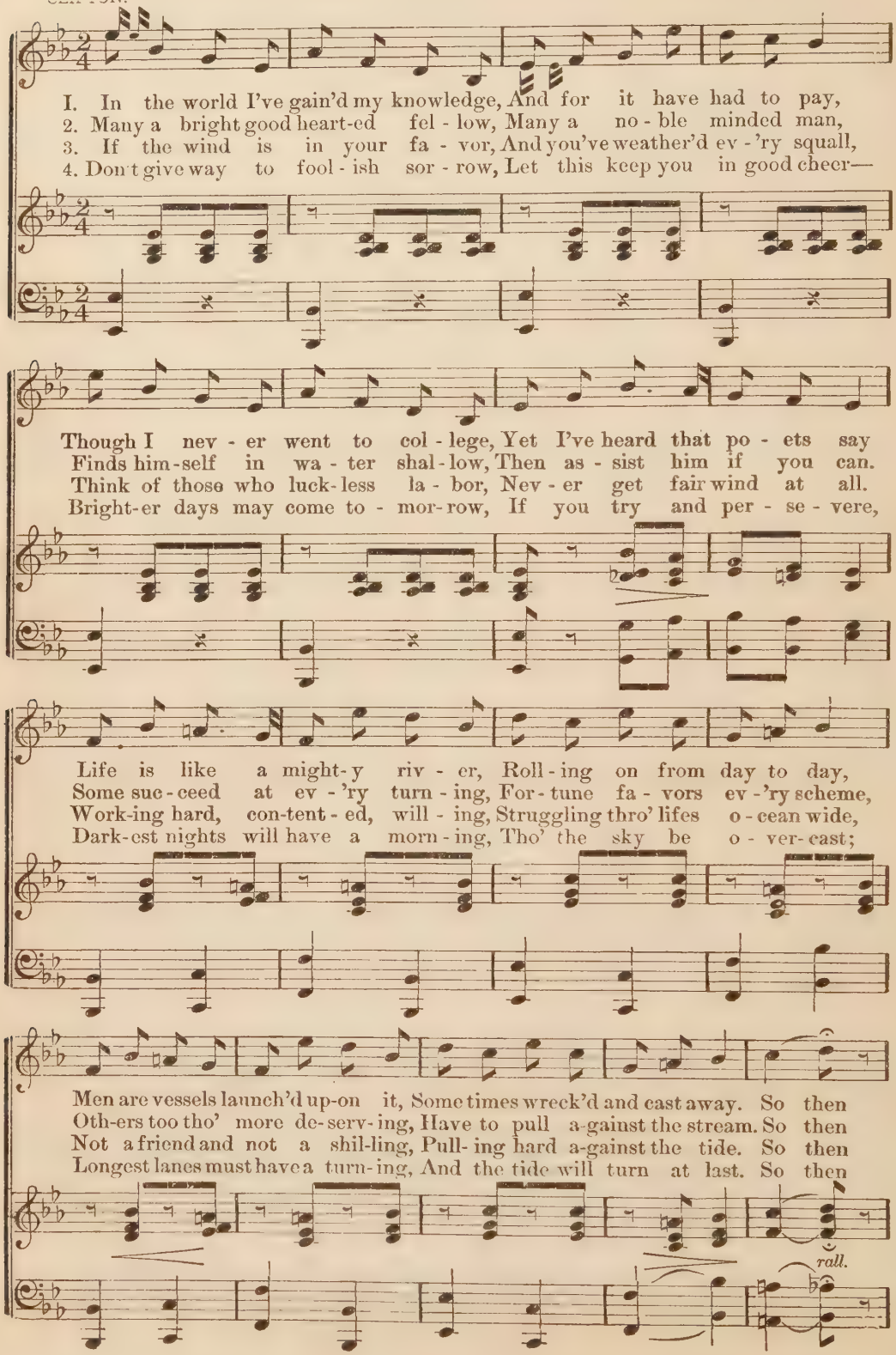

hills re - ech - oed the night bird's song, When they told me she must die.
hear my bless - ed Saviour's words, "Let lit - tle chil - dren come."
laid her to rest and carv'd on the oak, The bas - ket mak - er's child.

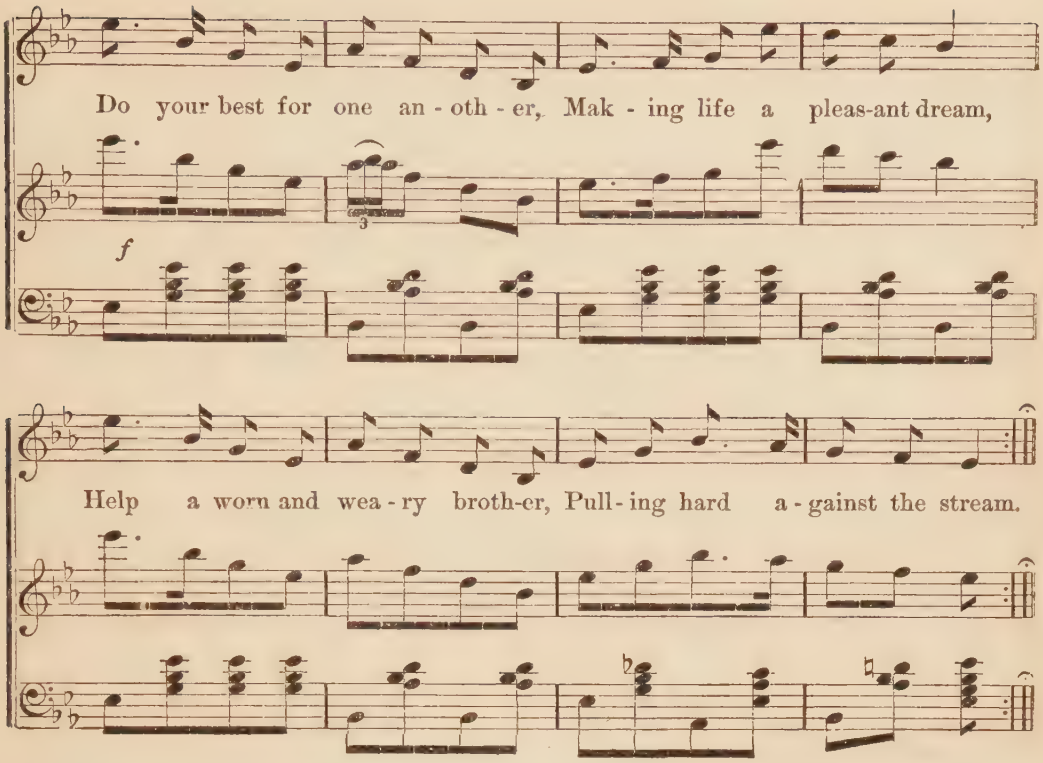

Chorus.
The green willows wav'd by the brook, The stars glitter'd bright in the sky, The
The green willows wav'd by the brook, The stars glitter'd bright in the sky, The


very soft.
wind's low moan the dry leaves On that stilly night by that mur- When they told me she must
[shook, [m'ring brook, [die.
wind's low moan the dry leaves On that stilly night by that mur- When they told me she must
[shook, [m'ring brook, [die.

PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM.

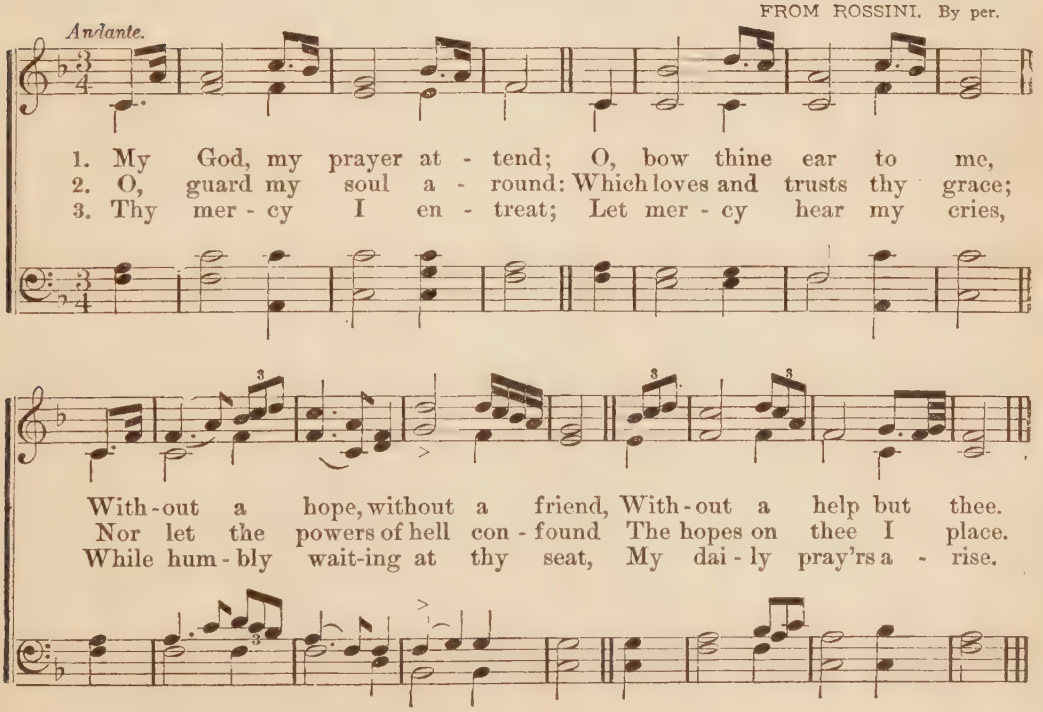
CLIFTON. HOBSON.





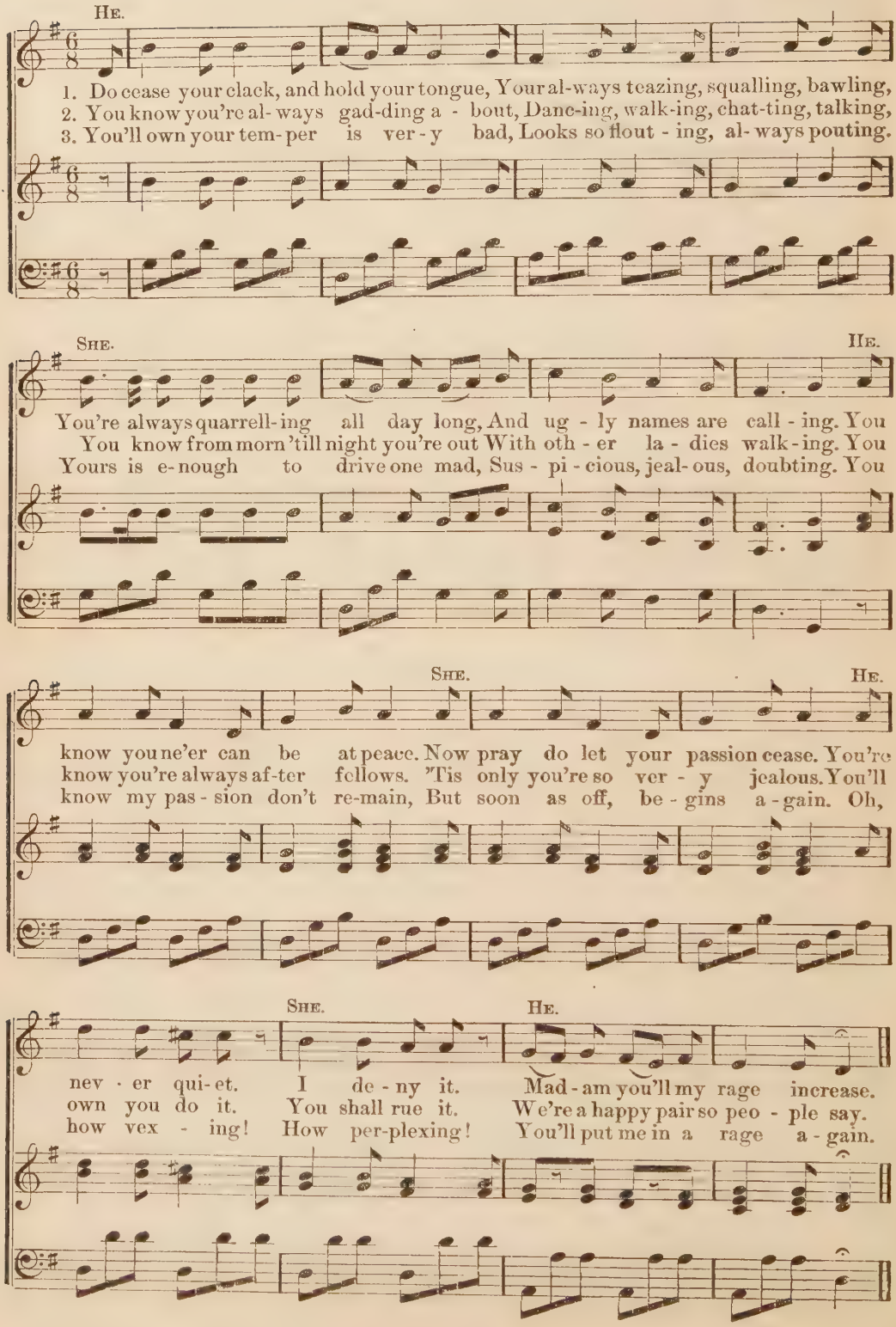
PETITION.

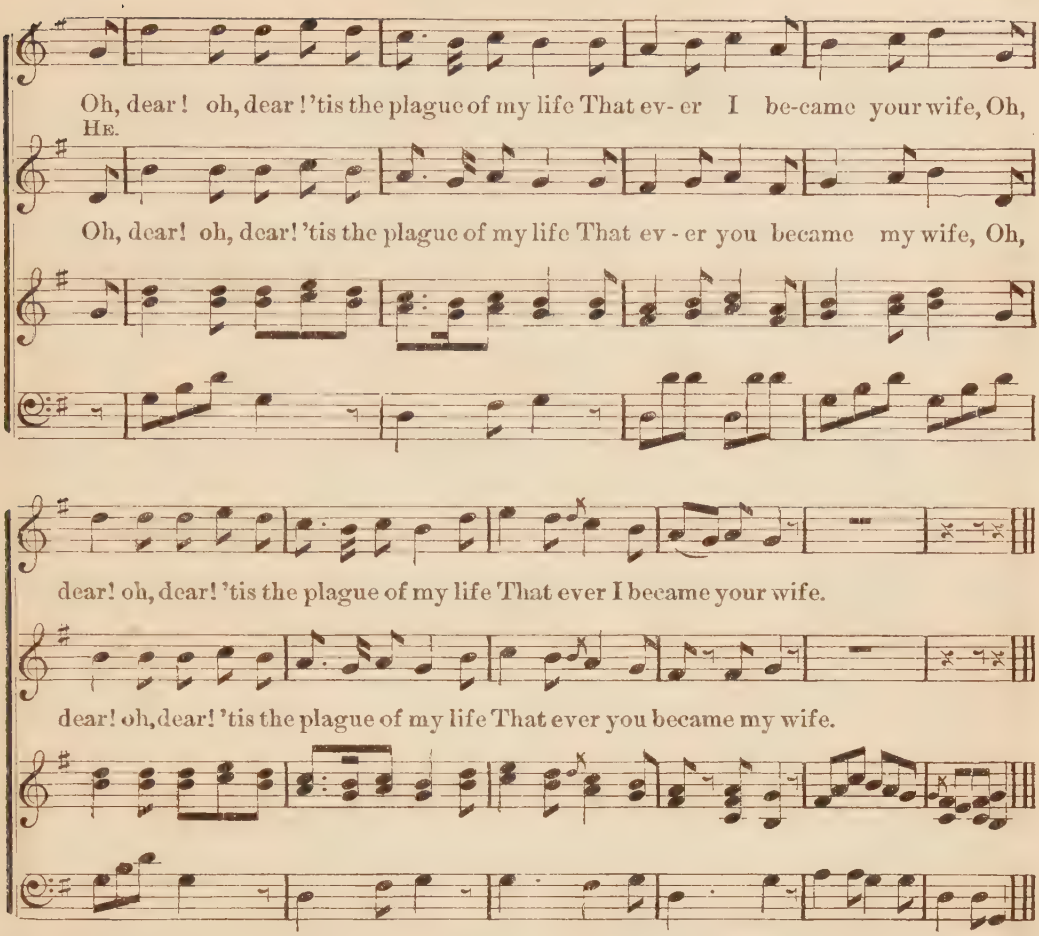
FROM ROSSINI. By per.



MATRIMONIAL SWEETS.

FREEMAN.





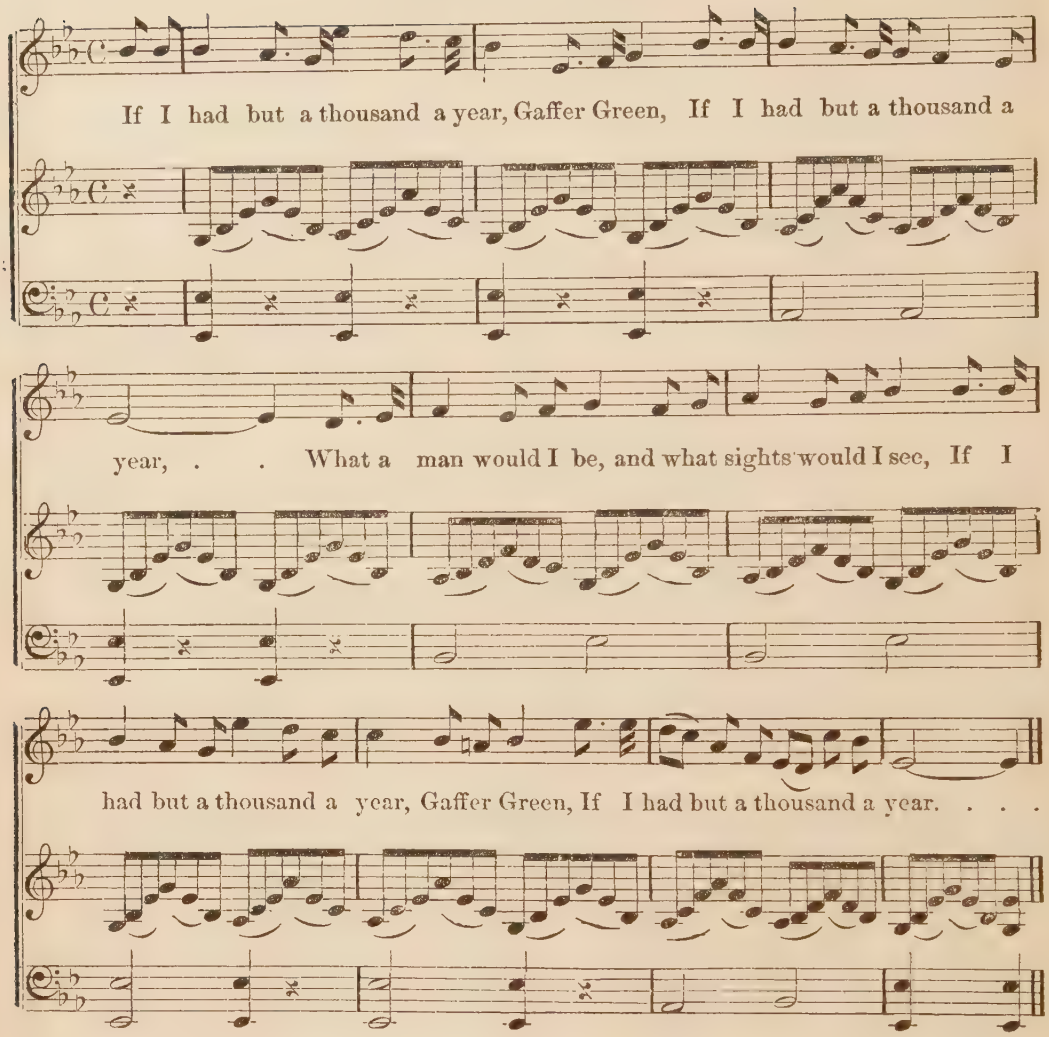
He. Madam, we had better part, Than by living constant din in.
She. Oh, I'll agree, with all my heart; Let's be the task beginning.
He. I hereby bid a last adieu!
She. And I now take a final view!
He. North!
She. South!
He. East!
She. West!
He. Take which corner you like best.
Both. { Oh, dear! oh, dear! I now for life Am rid of my tormenting wife.
{ Oh, dear! oh, dear! I now for life Forsake the office of a wife.

Well then, madam, as you are determined to go, good bye! Good bye, sir! You'll recollect, madam, 'tis all your own fault. I beg your pardon, sir, 'tis all your own fault. I say 'tis yours, sir. Zounds, madam, I say 'tis yours. You know I never was in a passion.

He. My dearest love dont leave me so; Without measure you're my pleasure.
She. You know my love I could not go, For you're my darling treasure.
He. Then for the future let's agree
She. And live in sweetest harmony.
He. Nor let to-morrow
She. Bring forth sorrow
He. To crush our sweet felicity.
Both. { Oh, dear! oh, dear! 'tis the joy of my life That ever I became your wife.
{ Oh, dear! oh, dear! 'tis the joy of my life That ever you became my wife.

ROBIN RUFF.

RUSSELL.



2.

The best wish you could have, take my word,
[Robin Ruff,
Would scarce find you in bread or in beer;
But be honest and true, and say what would
[you do
If you had but a thousand a year, Robin
If you had but a thousand a year? [Ruff?

3.

I'd do, I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green,
I'd go, faith I hardly know where,
I'd scatter the chink and leave others to
[think,
If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green?
If I had but a thousand a year?

4.

But when you are aged and grey, Robin Ruff,
And the day of your death it draws near,
Say what with your pains would you do with
[your gains,
If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff?
If you then had a thousand a year?

5.

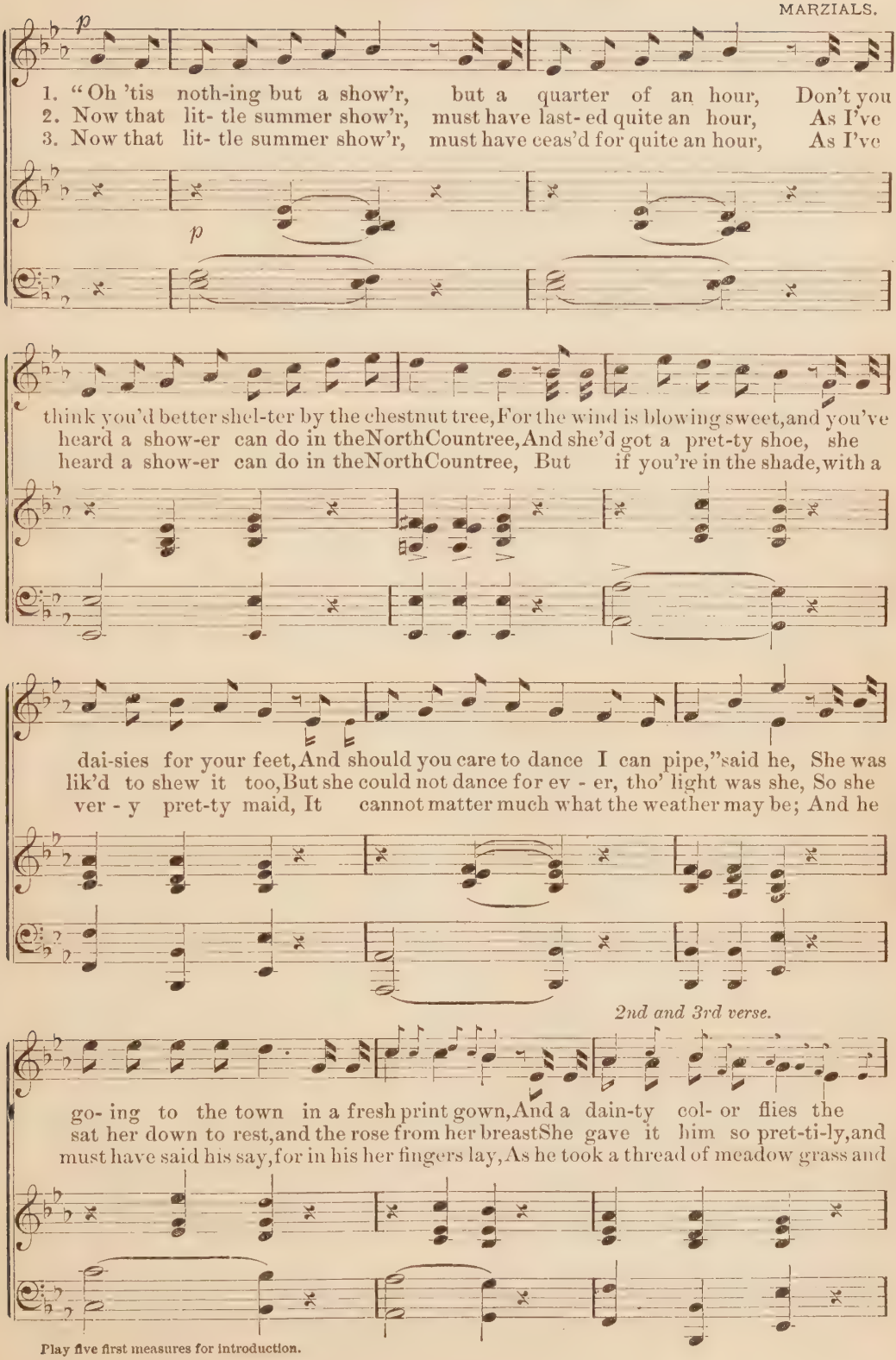
I scarcely can tell what you mean, Gaffer
[Green,
For your questions are always so queer;
But as other folks die, I suppose so must I,—
What, and give up your thousand a year,
[Robin Ruff?
And give up your thousand a year?

6.

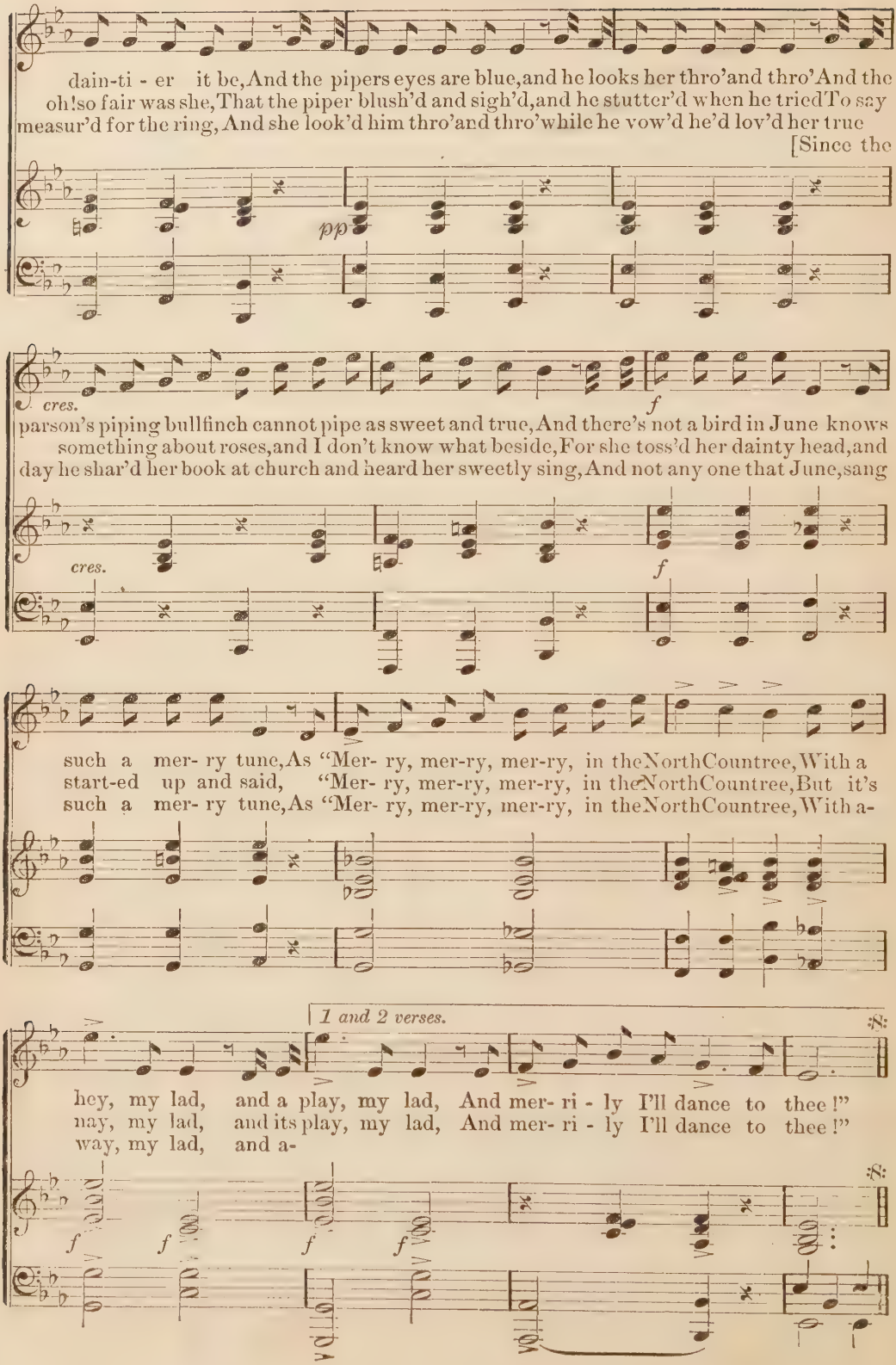
There's a place that is better than this,
[Robin Ruff,
And I hope in my heart you'll go there,
Where the poor man's as great though he
[hath no estate,
Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin
Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year? [Ruff?

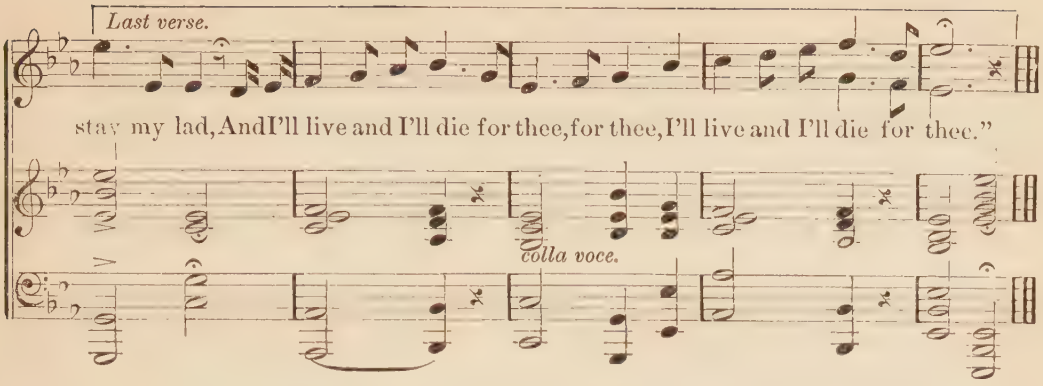
A SUMMER SHOWER.

MARZIALS.



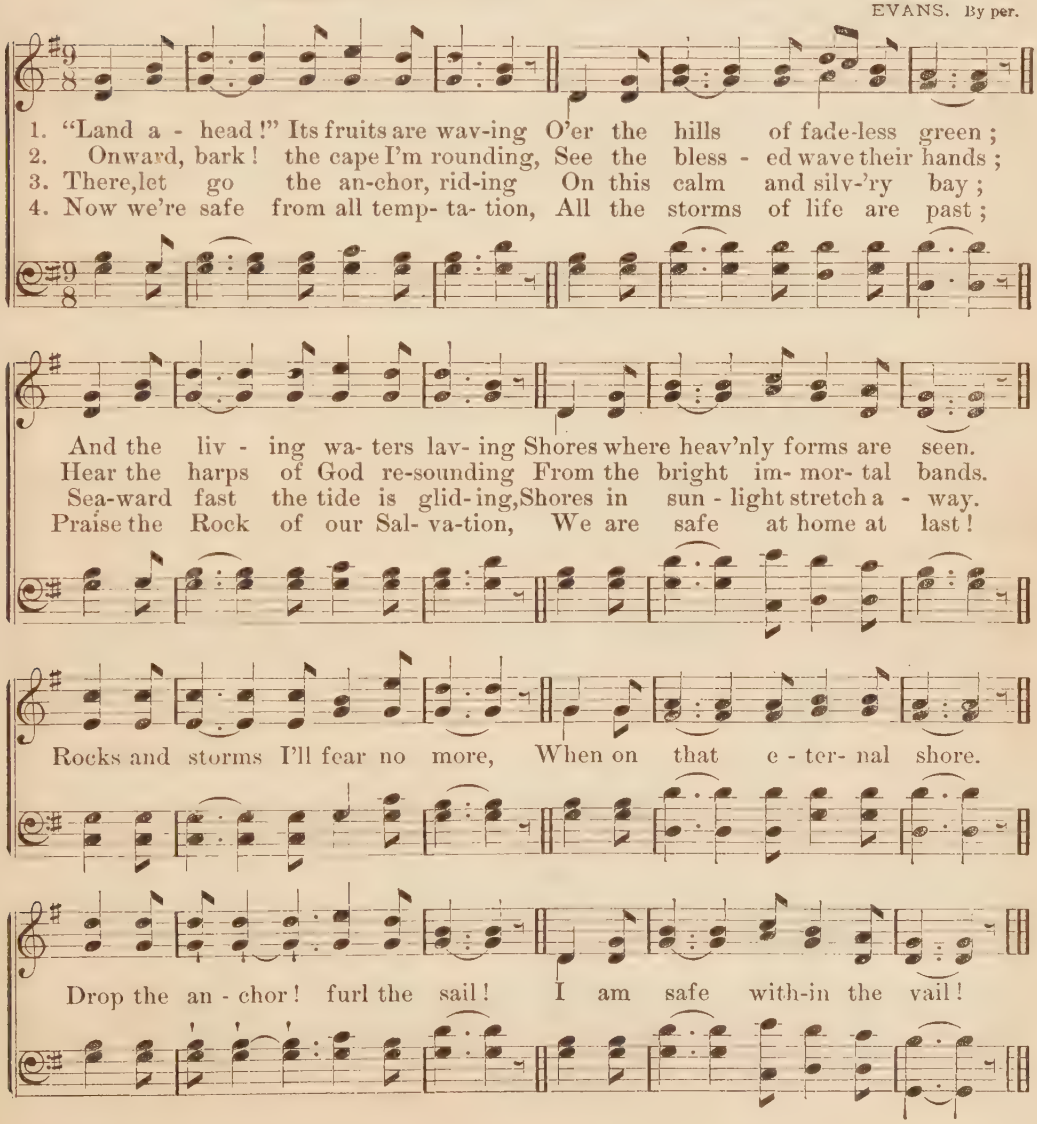
Play five first measures for introduction.


dain-ti - er it be, And the pipers eyes are blue, and he looks her thro'and thro' And the
oh! so fair was she, That the piper blush'd and sigh'd, and he stutter'd when he tried To say
measur'd for the ring, And she look'd him thro'and thro' while he vow'd he'd lov'd her true
[Since the
pp
cres.
f
parson's piping bullfinch cannot pipe as sweet and true, And there's not a bird in June knows
something about roses, and I don't know what beside, For she toss'd her dainty head, and
day he shar'd her book at church and heard her sweetly sing, And not any one that June, sang
cres.
f
such a mer- ry tune, As "Mer- ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, in the North Countree, With a
start-ed up and said, "Mer- ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, in the North Countree, But it's
such a mer- ry tune, As "Mer- ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, in the North Countree, With a-
1 and 2 verses.
hey, my lad, and a play, my lad, And mer- ri - ly I'll dance to thee!"
nay, my lad, and its play, my lad, And mer- ri - ly I'll dance to thee!"
way, my lad, and a-
f
f
f
f



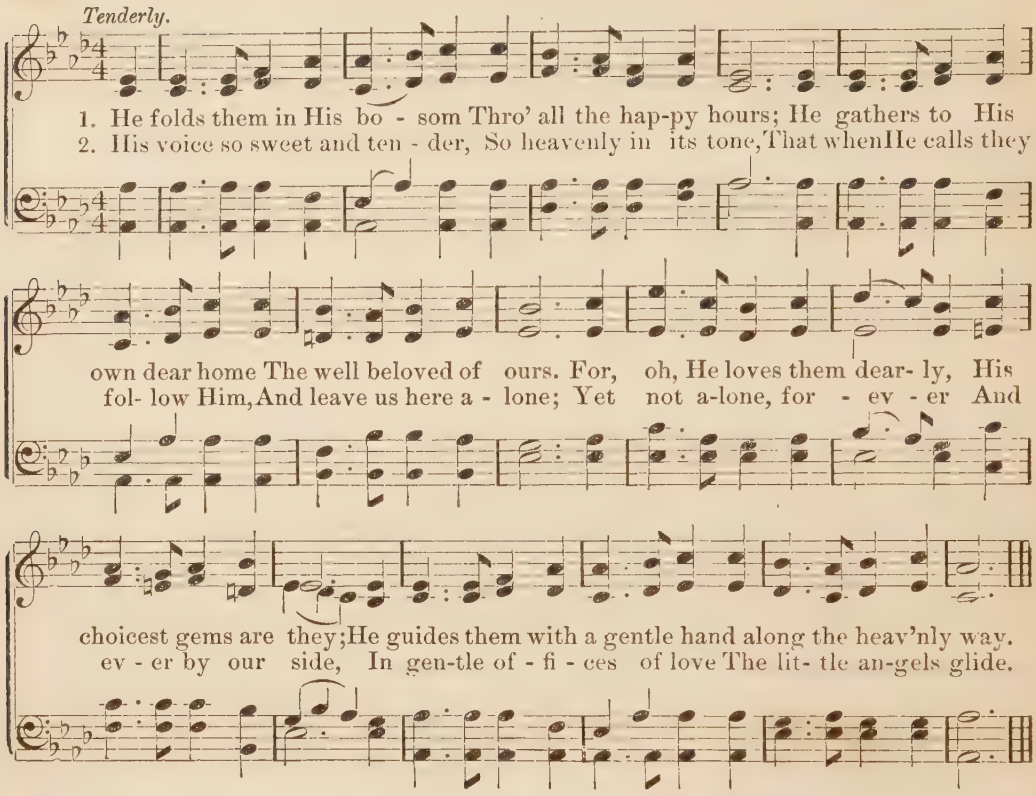
SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

EVANS. By per.

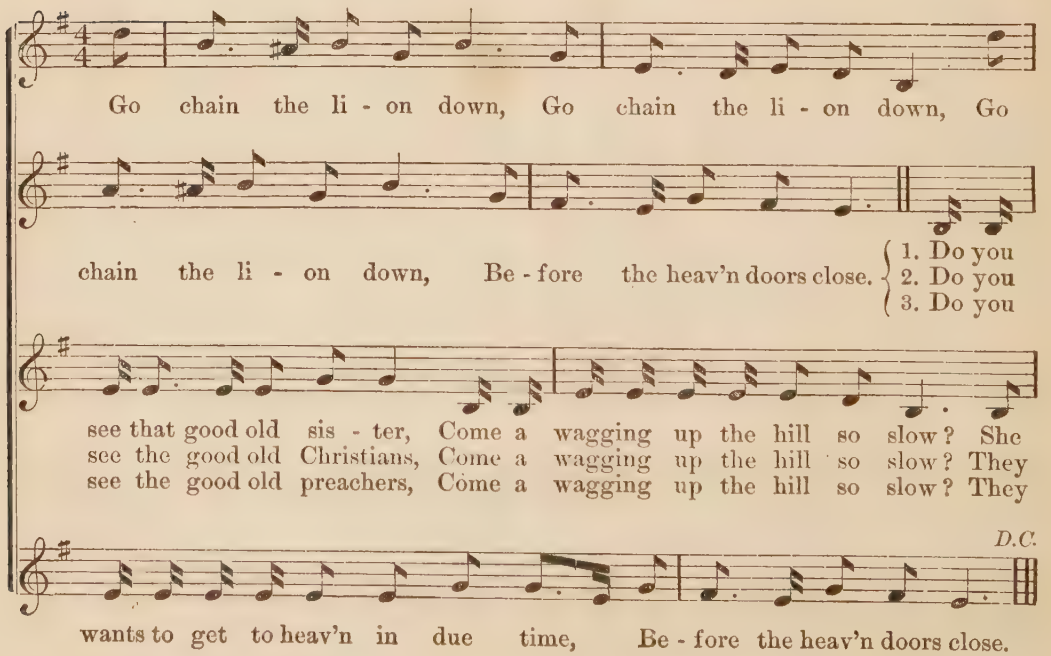


HE FOLDS THEM IN HIS BOSOM.

MURRAY.

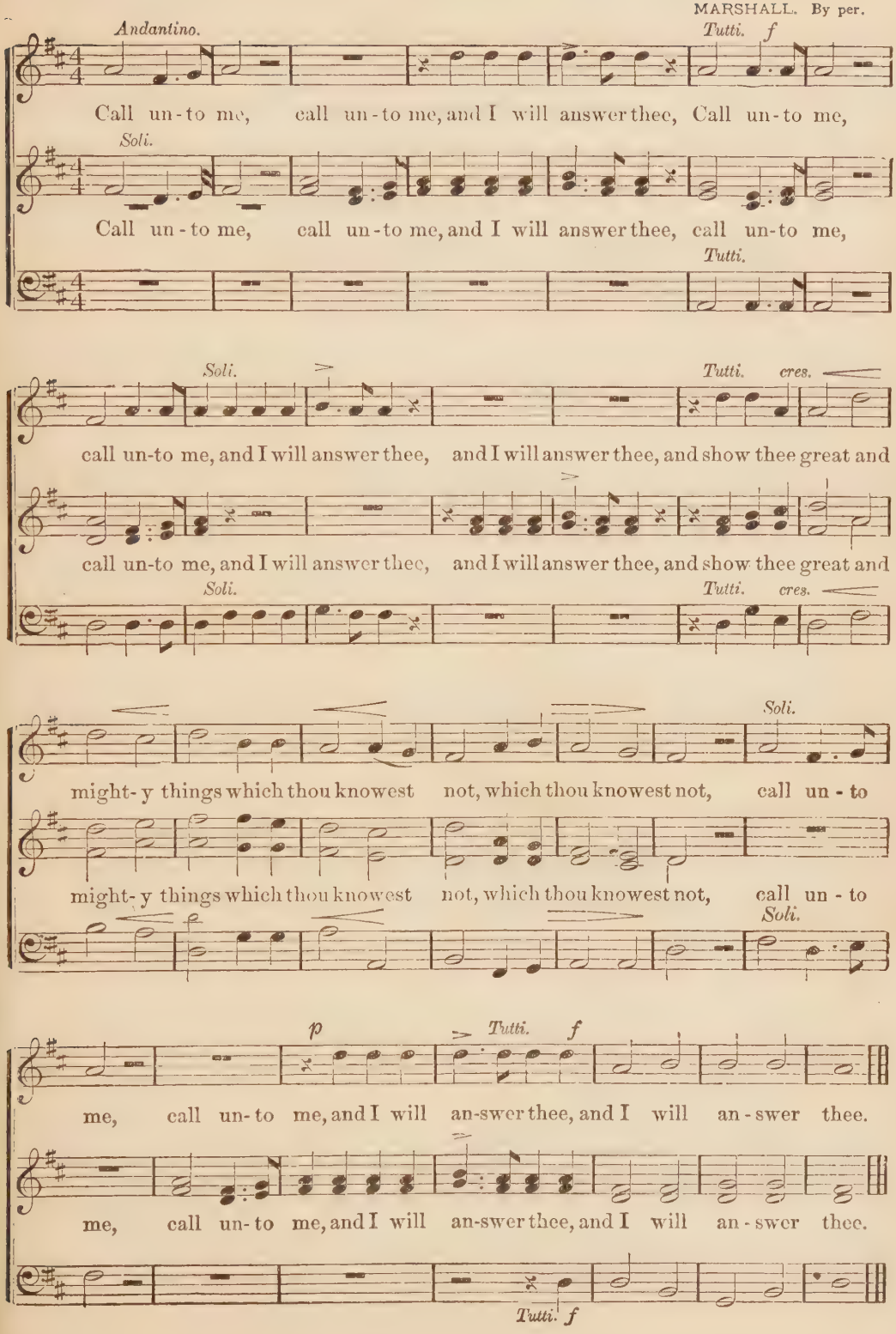


GO CHAIN THE LION DOWN.



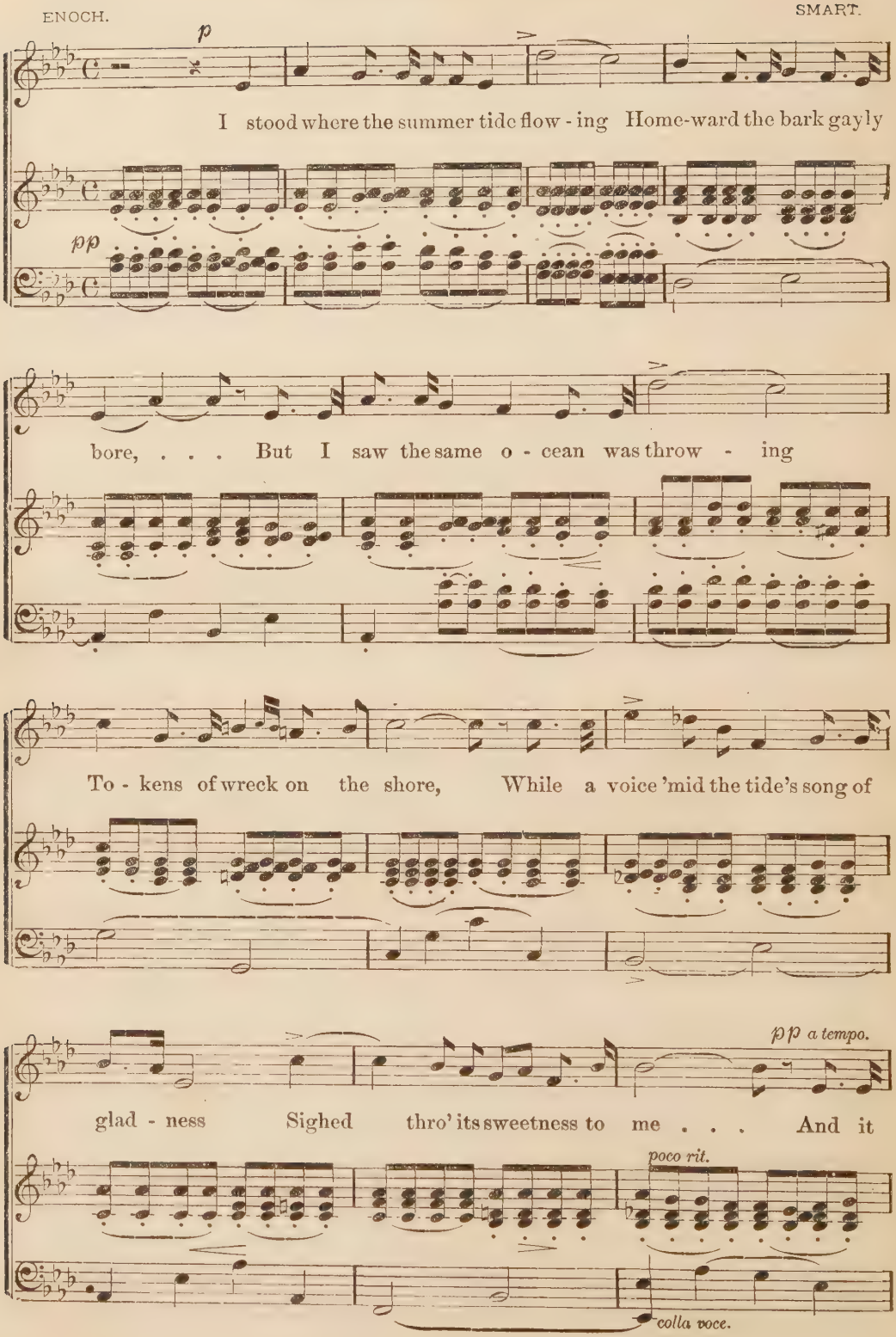
CALL UNTO ME.

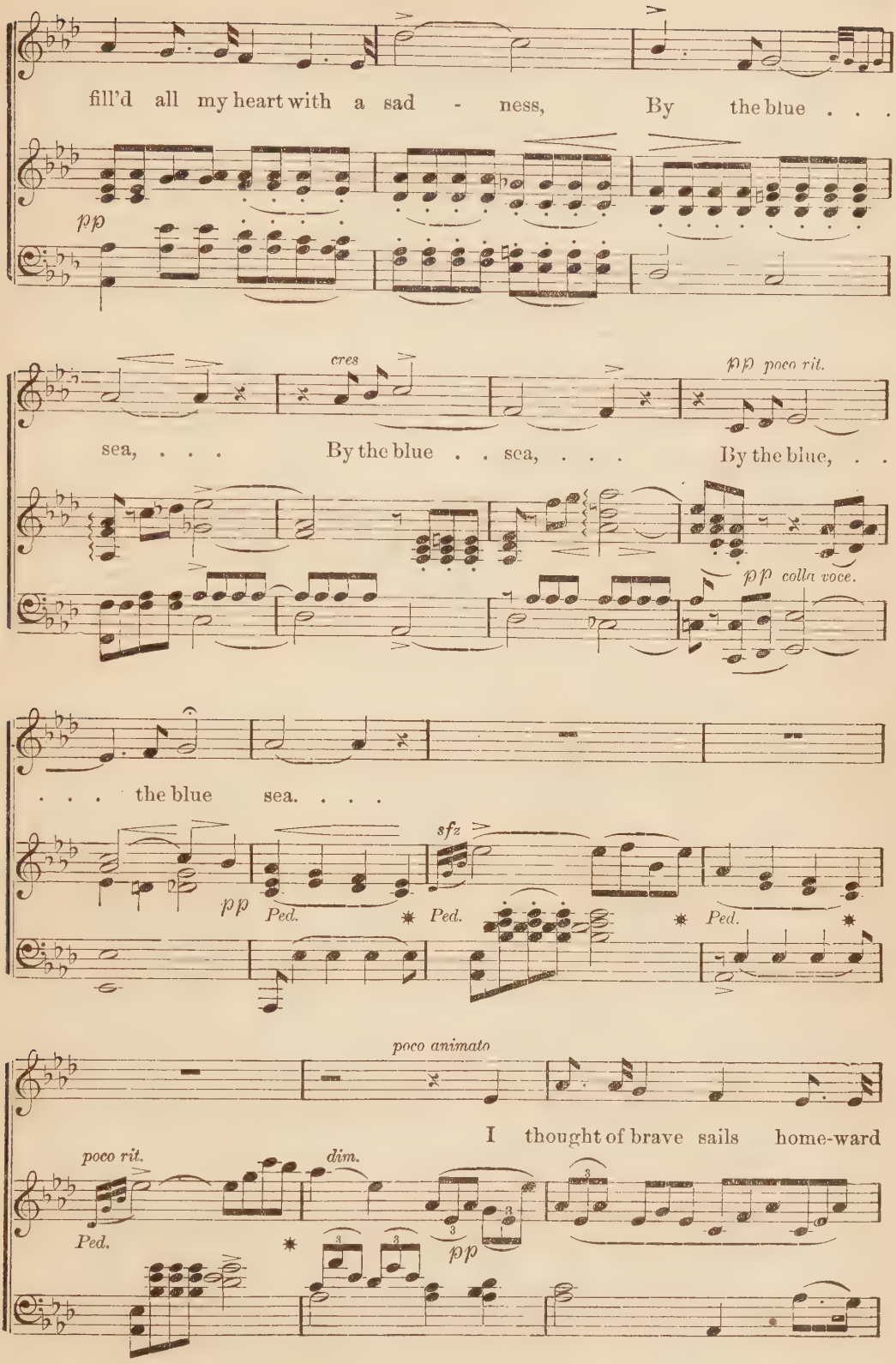
MARSHALL. By per.

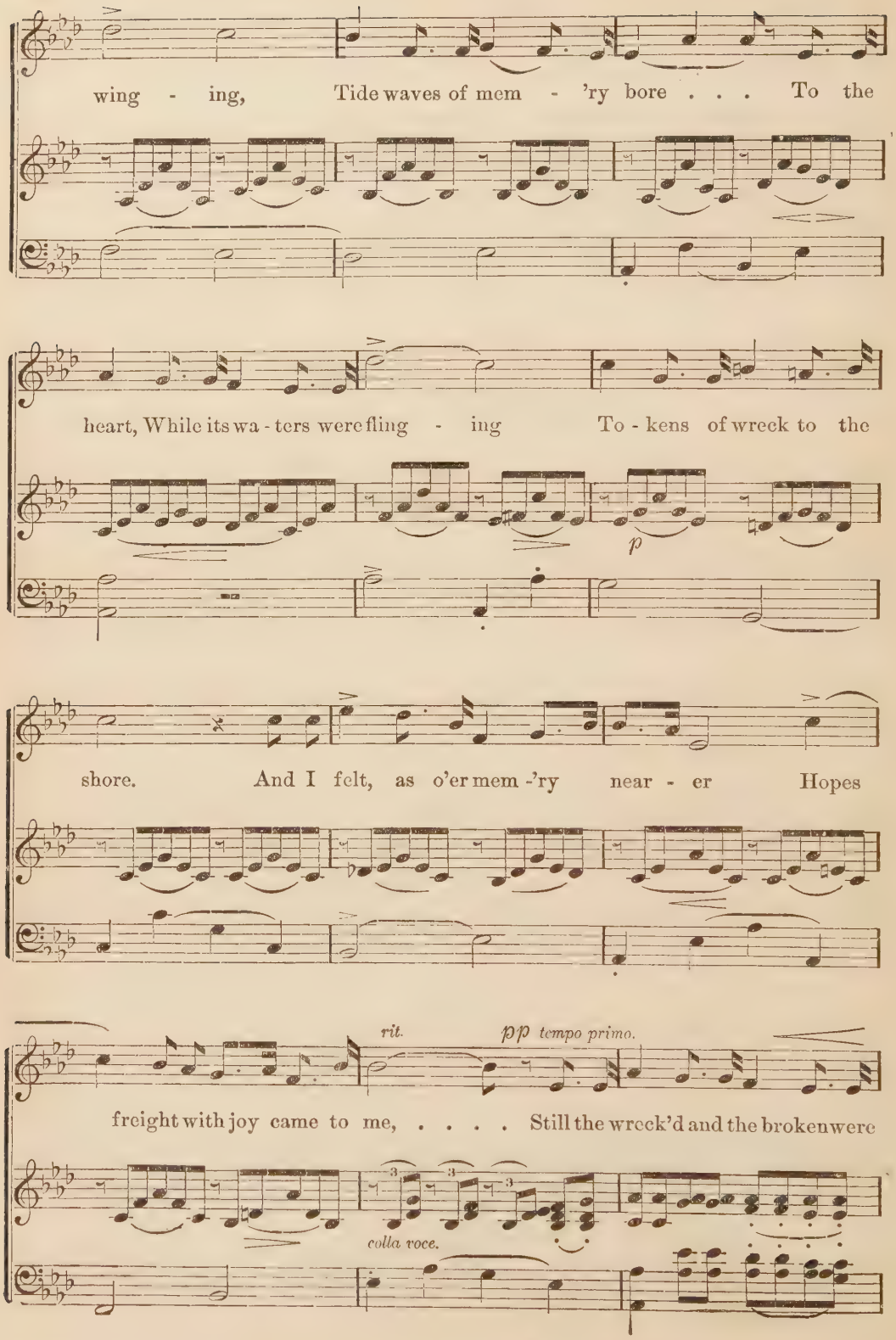


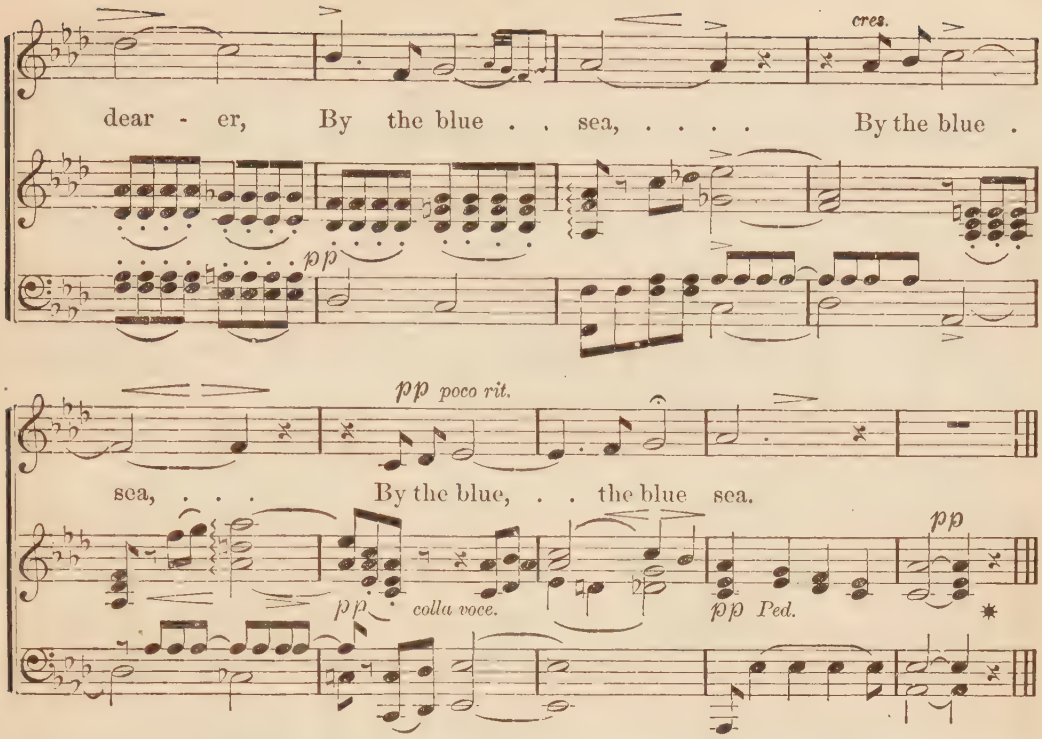
BY THE BLUE SEA.

ENOCH. SMART.

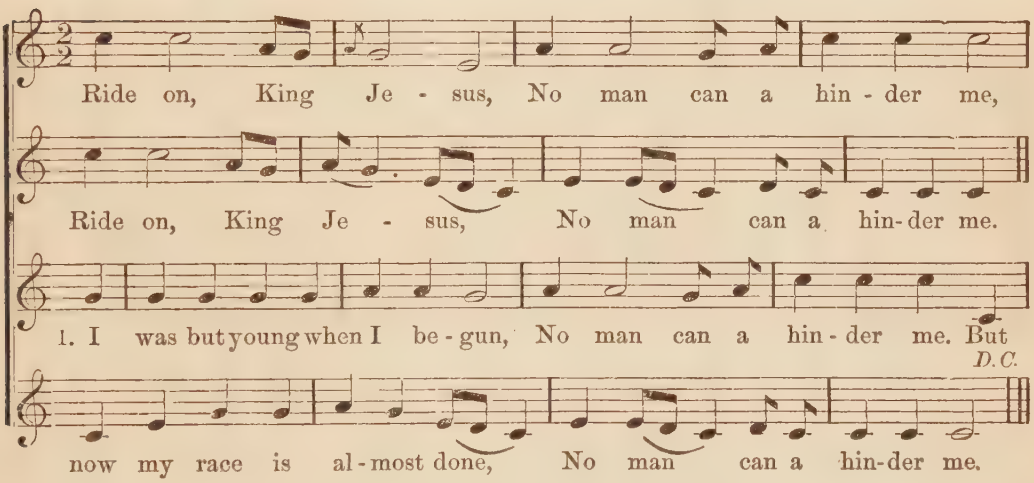



fill'd all my heart with a sad - ness, By the blue . . .
pp
cres
pp poco rit.
sea, . . . By the blue . . sea, . . . By the blue, . .
pp colla voce.
. . . the blue sea. . . .
pp
sfz
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
poco animato
I thought of brave sails home-ward
poco rit.
dim.
Ped.
pp


wing - ing, Tide waves of mem - 'ry bore . . . To the
heart, While its wa - ters were fling - ing To - kens of wreck to the
p
shore. And I felt, as o'er mem -'ry near - er Hopes
rit.
pp tempo primo.
freight with joy came to me, ... Still the wreck'd and the broken were
colla voce.



RIDE ON, KING JESUS.

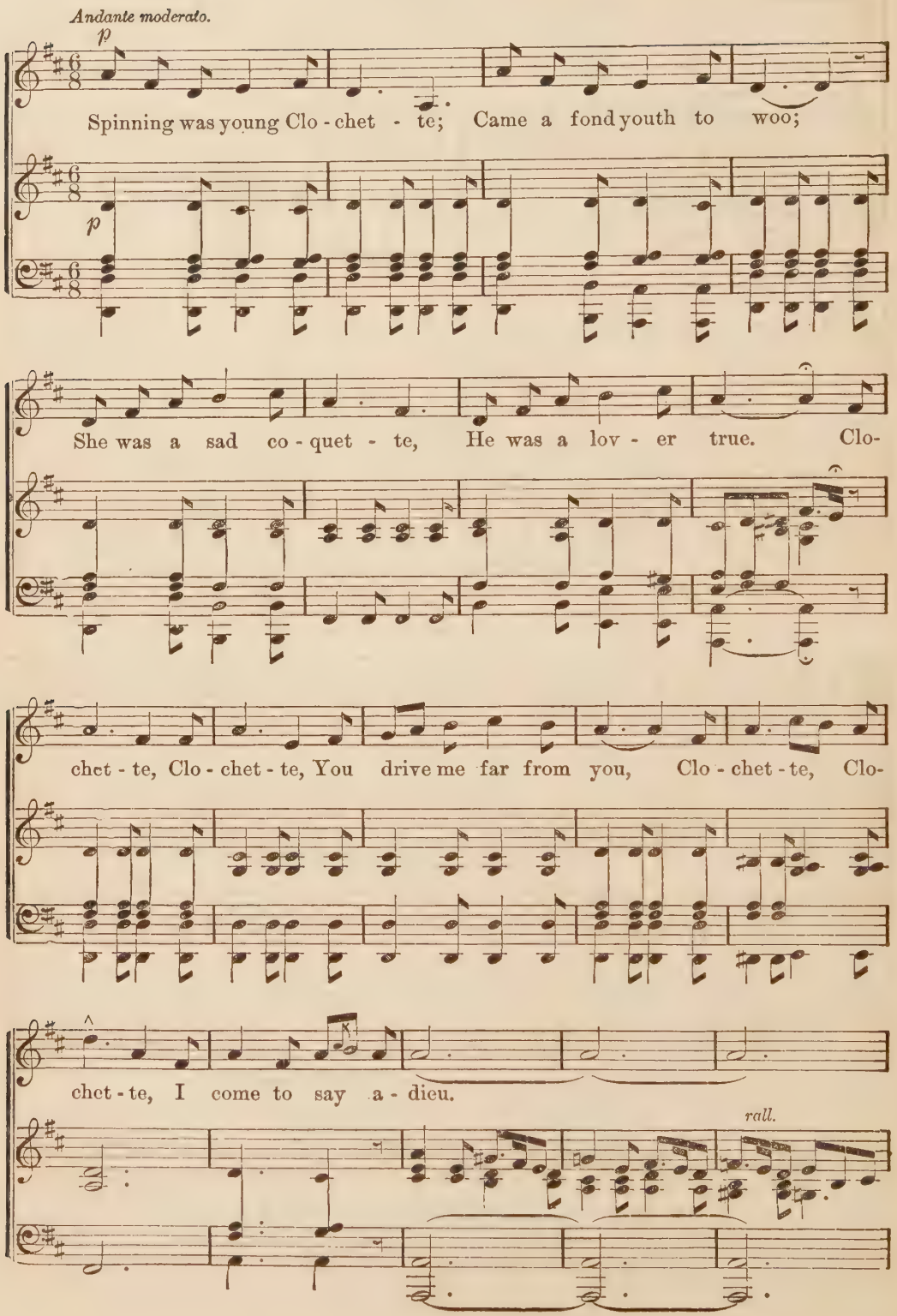


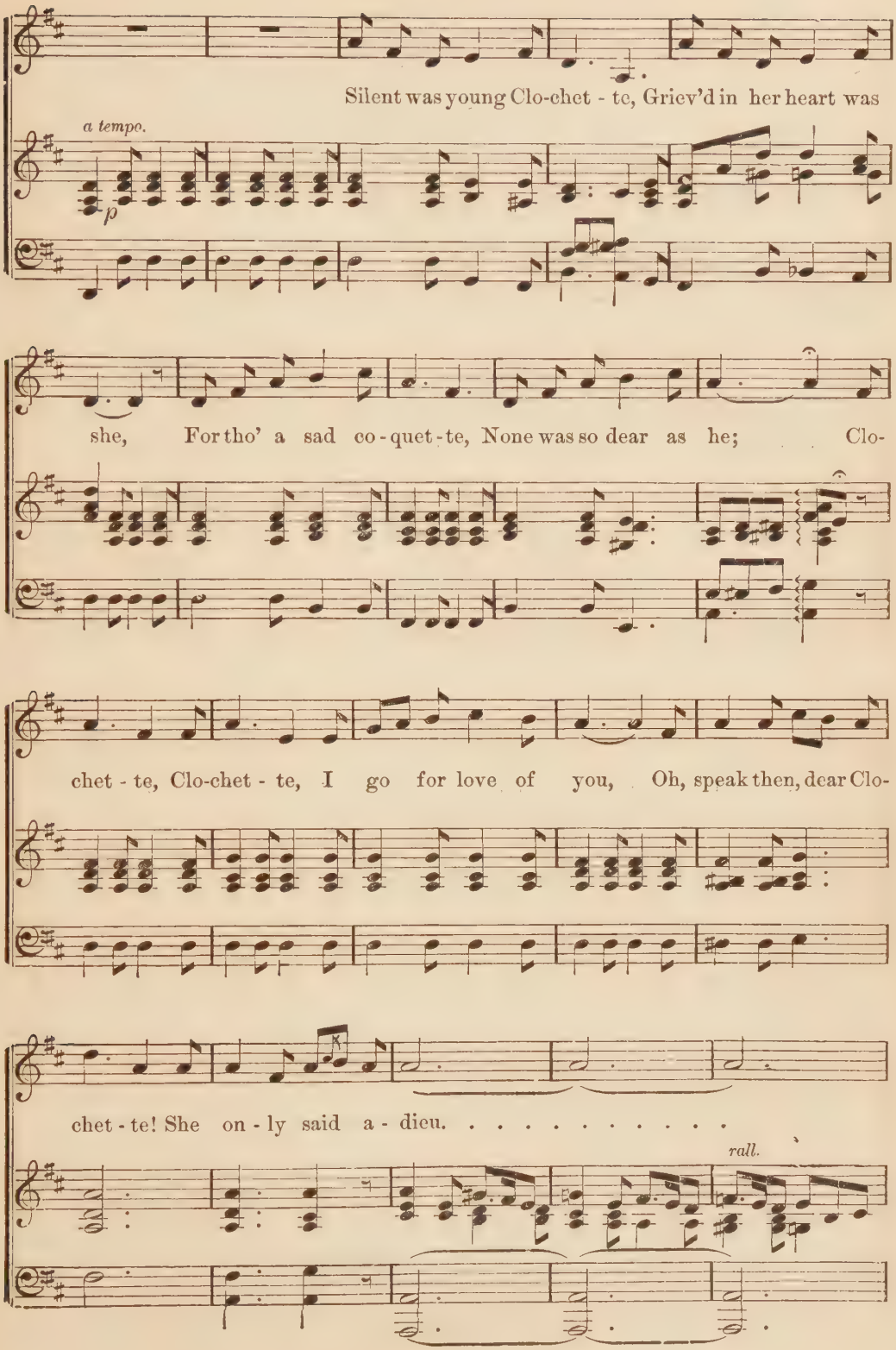
2. King Jesus rides on a milk-white horse,
No man can a hinder me;
The river of Jordan he did cross,
No man can a hinder me.
Ride on, &c.

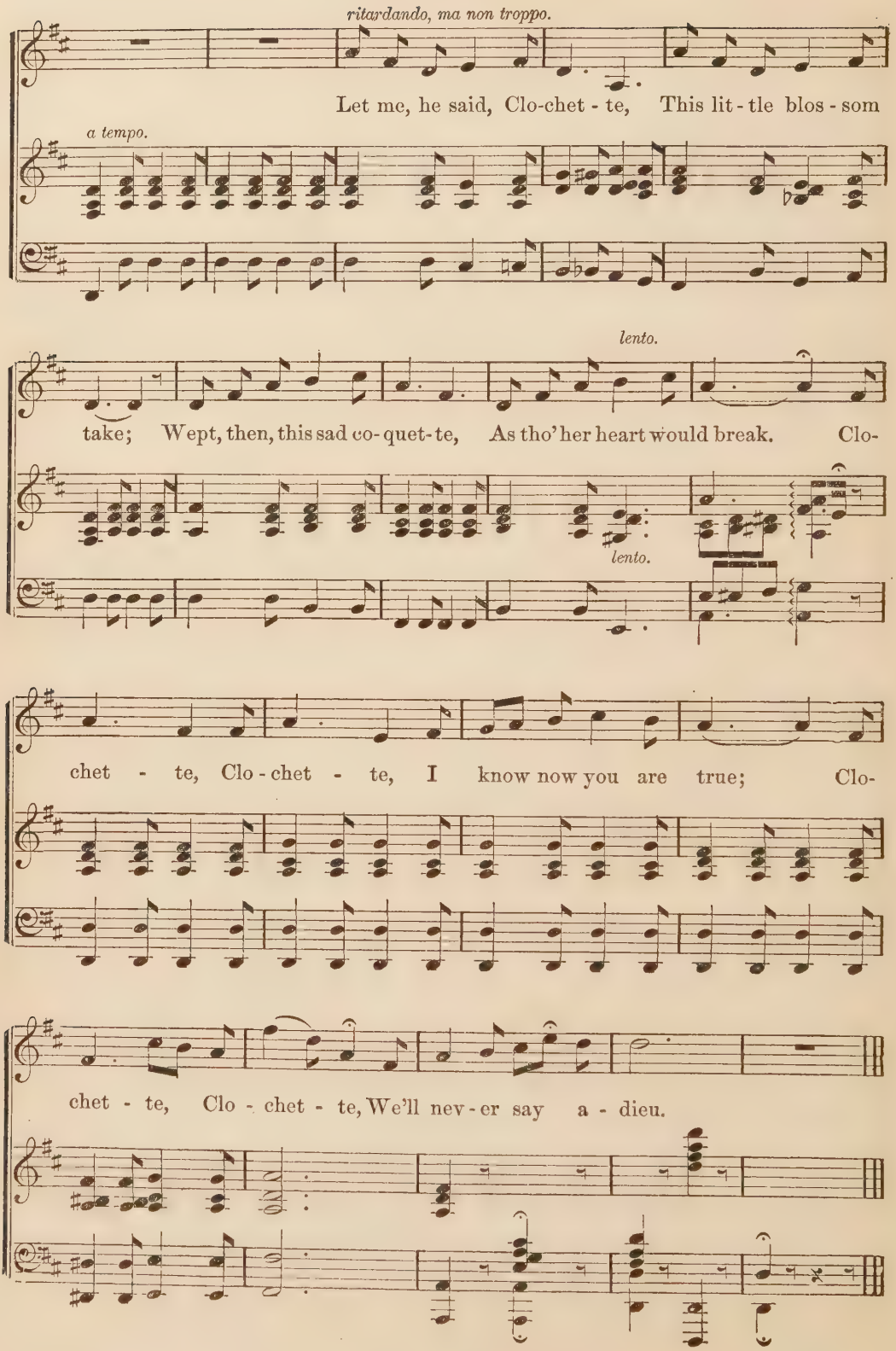
3. If you want to find your way to God,
No man can a hinder me;
The gospel highway must be trod,
No man can a hinder me.
Ride on, &c.

CLOCHETTE.

MOLLOY.

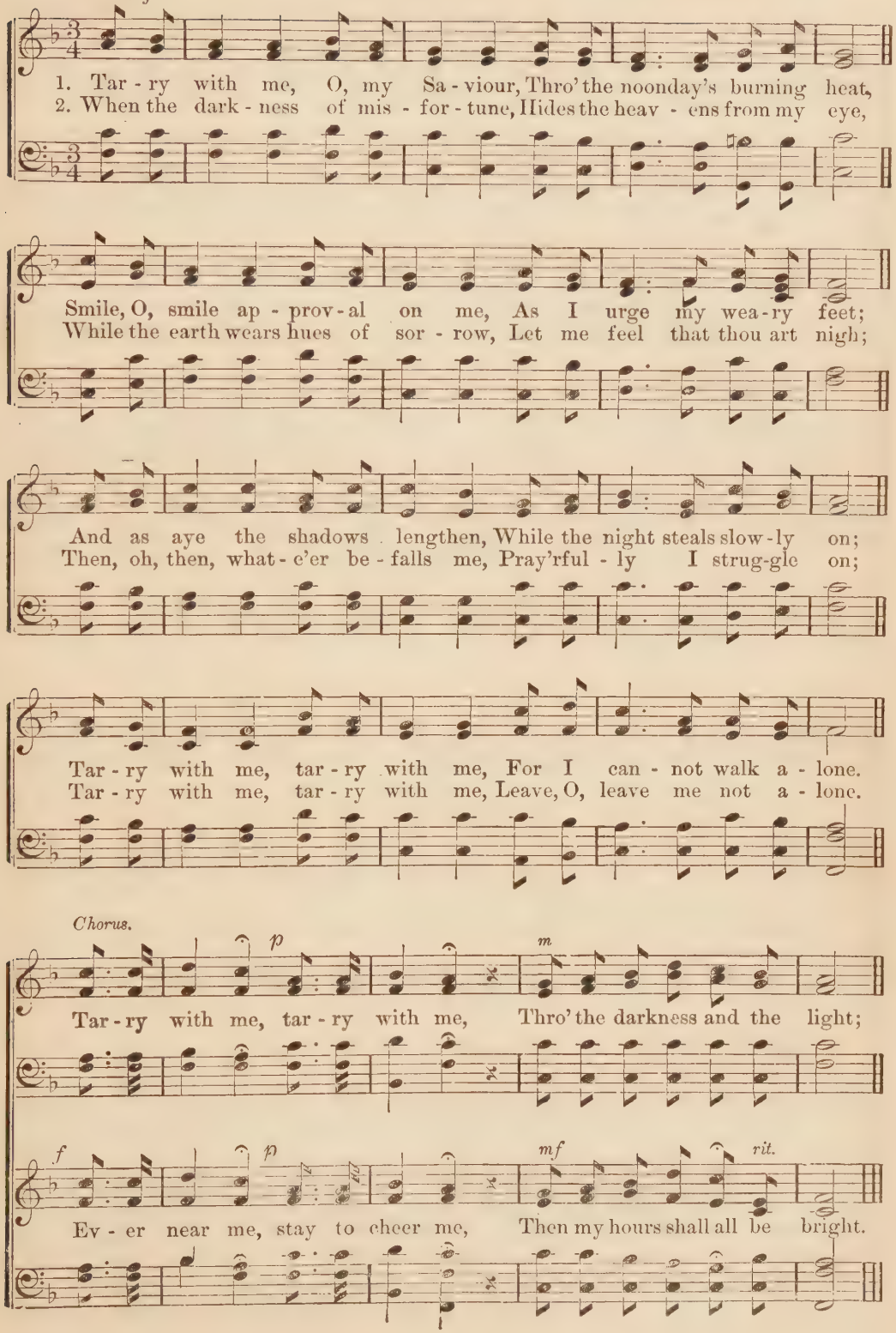



Silent was young Clo-chet - te, Griev'd in her heart was
a tempo.
p
she, For tho' a sad co - quet - te, None was so dear as he; Clo-
chet - te, Clo-chet - te, I go for love of you, Oh, speak then, dear Clo-
chet - te! She on - ly said a - dieu. . . . . .
rall.


ritardando, ma non troppo.
Let me, he said, Clo-chet - te, This lit - tle blos - som
a tempo.
lento.
take; Wept, then, this sad co-quet-te, As tho' her heart would break. Clo-
lento.
chet - te, Clo - chet - te, I know now you are true; Clo-
chet - te, Clo - chet - te, We'll nev - er say a - dieu.

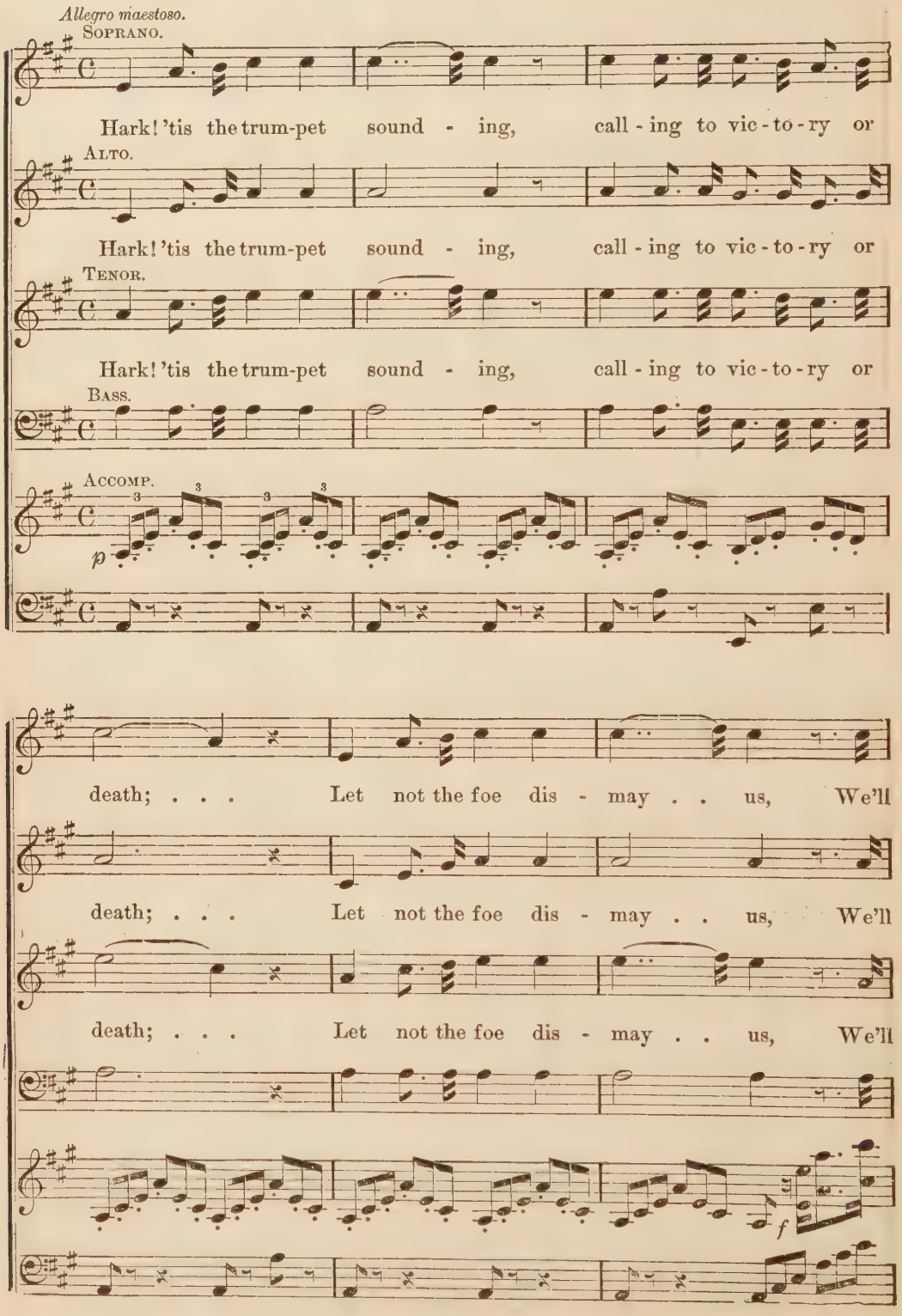
TARRY WITH ME.

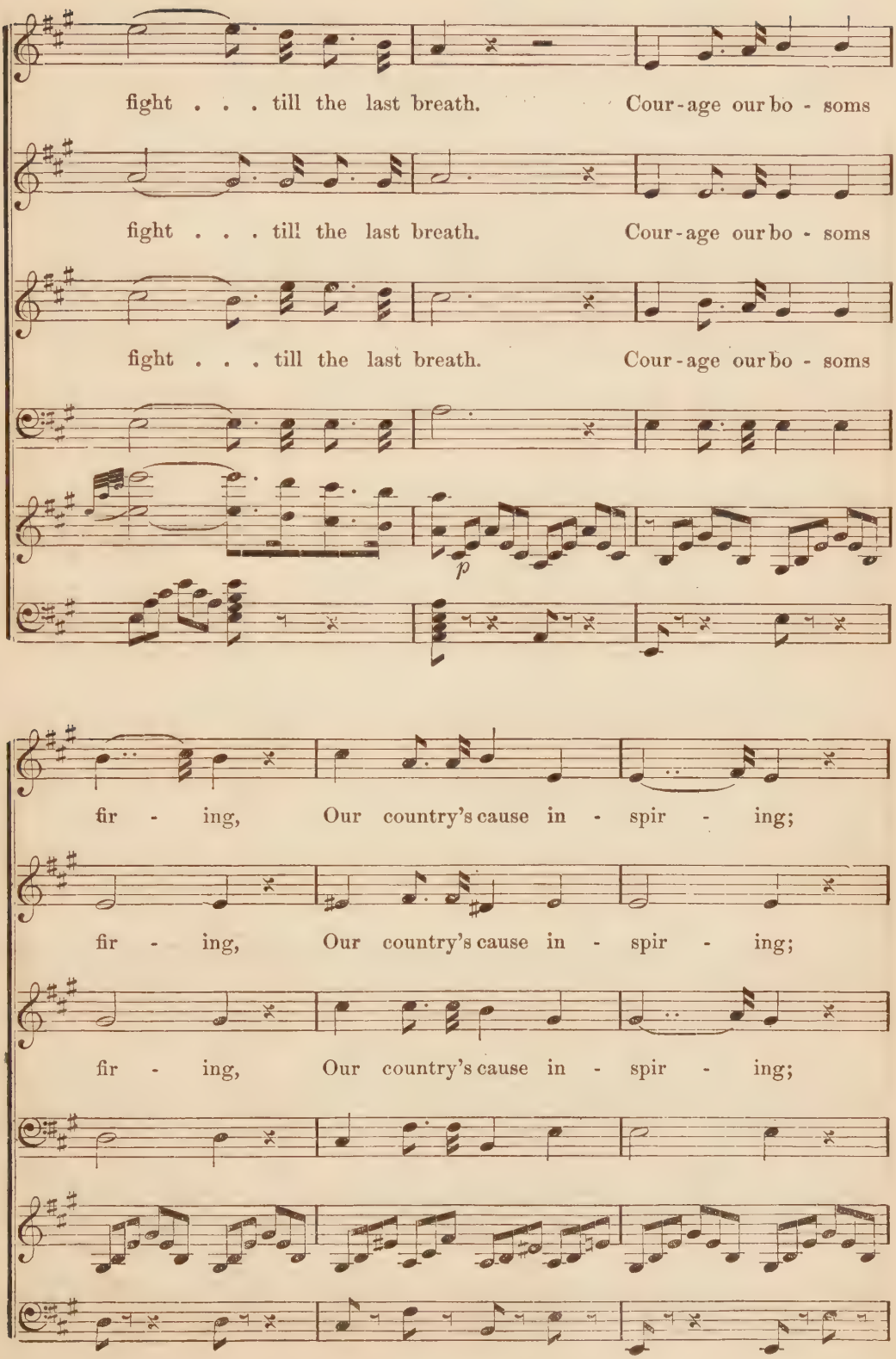
SHARPLESS. *Gently.* KIRKPATRICK. By per.

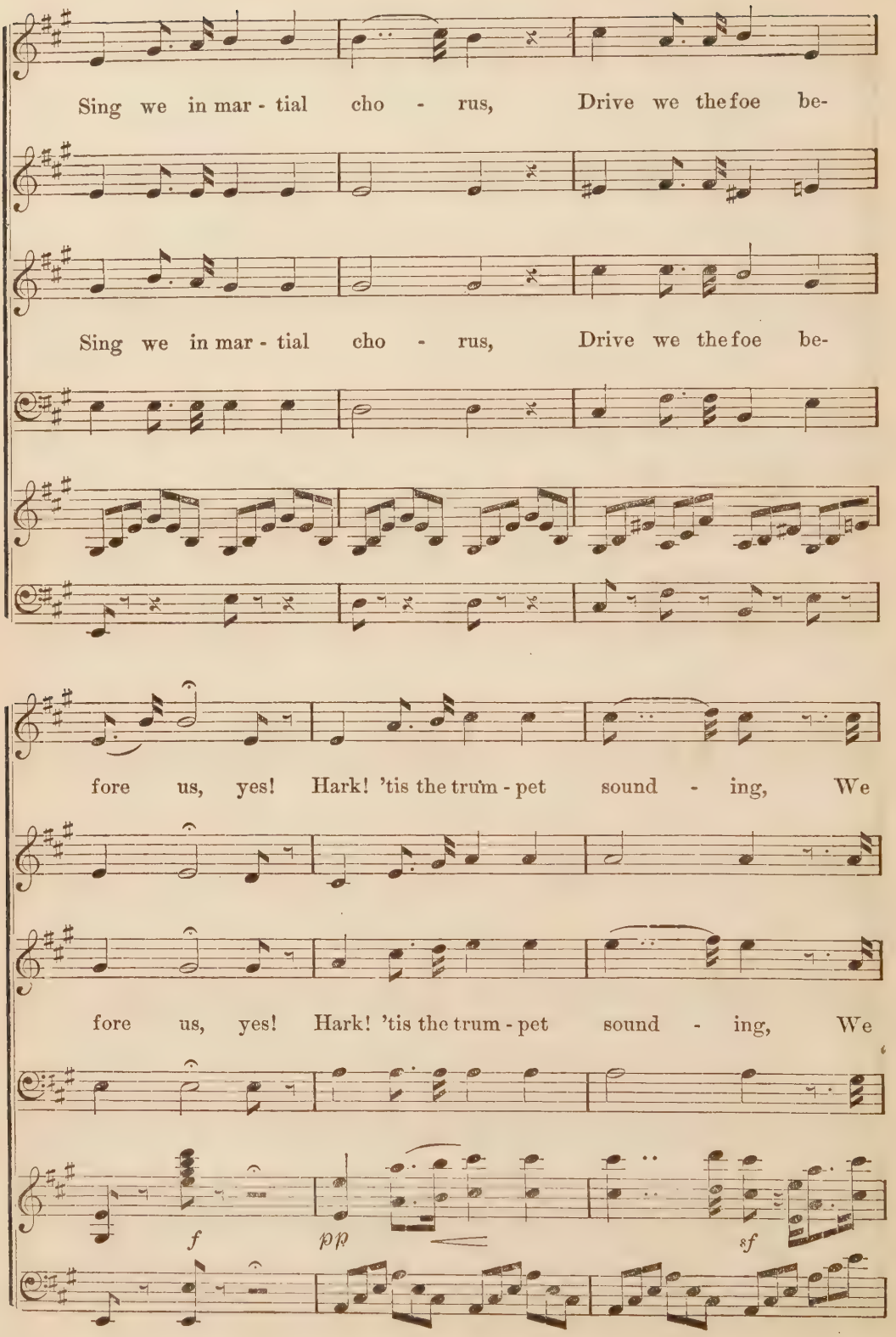


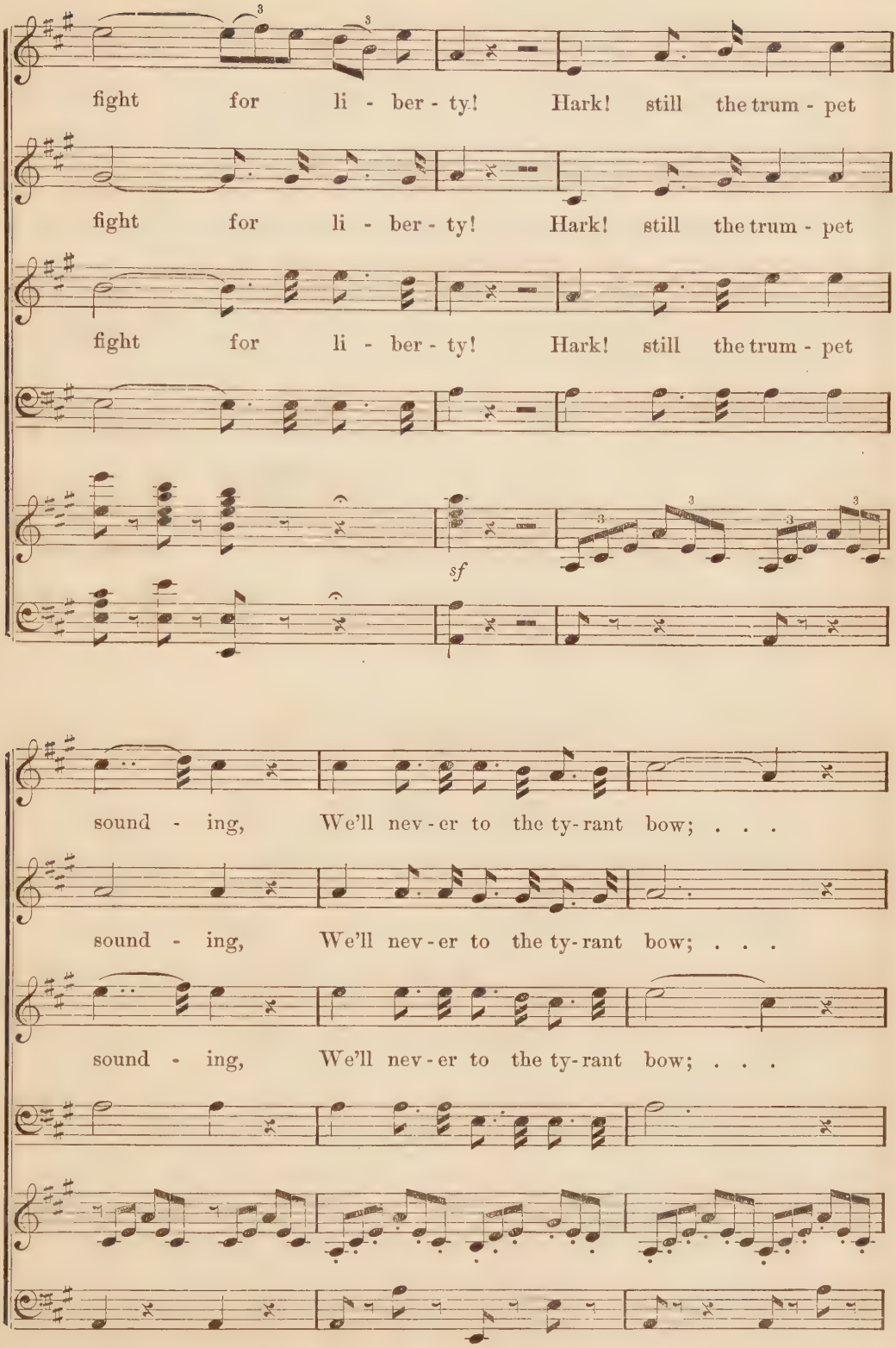
HARK! 'TIS THE TRUMPET SOUNDING.

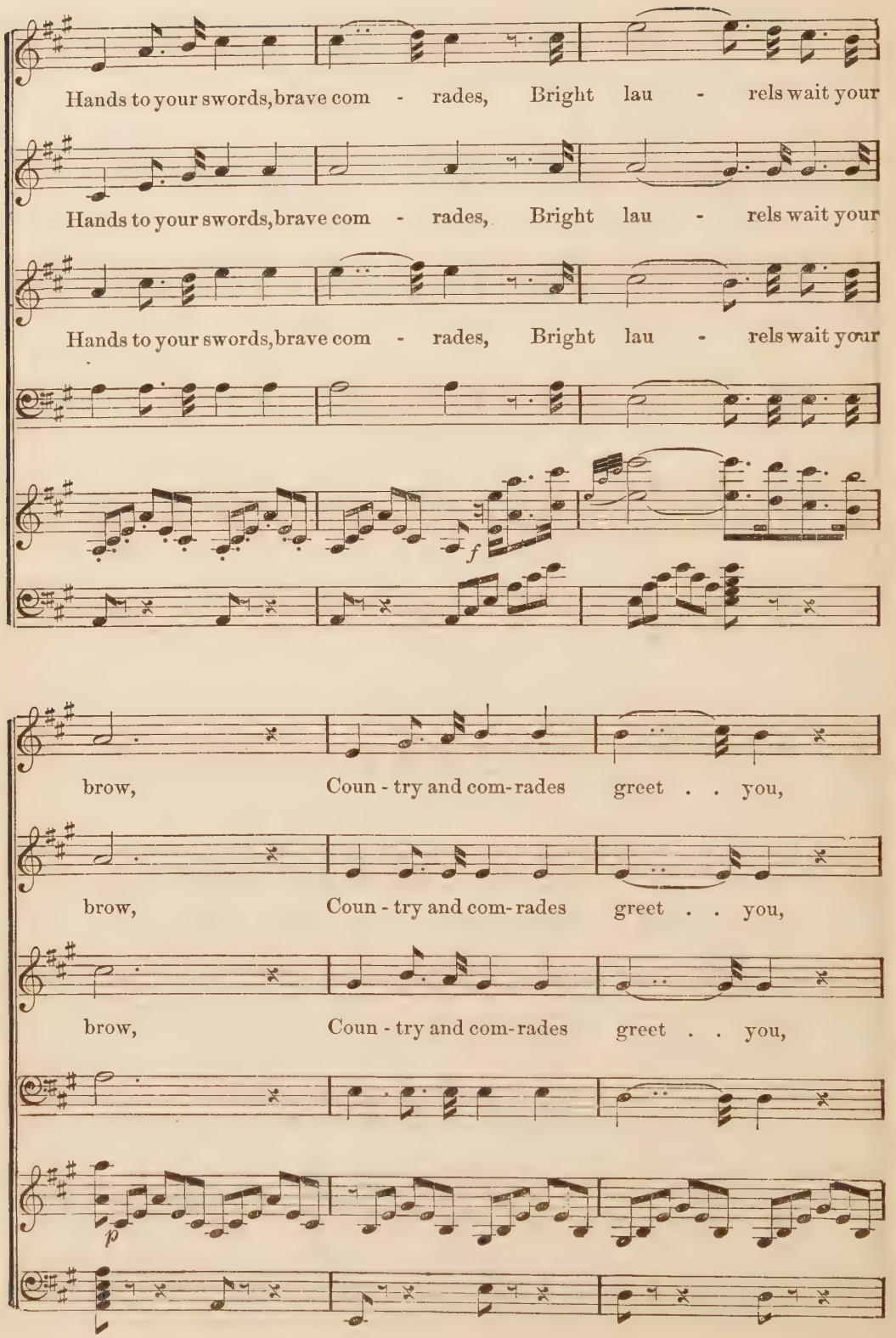
BELLINI.

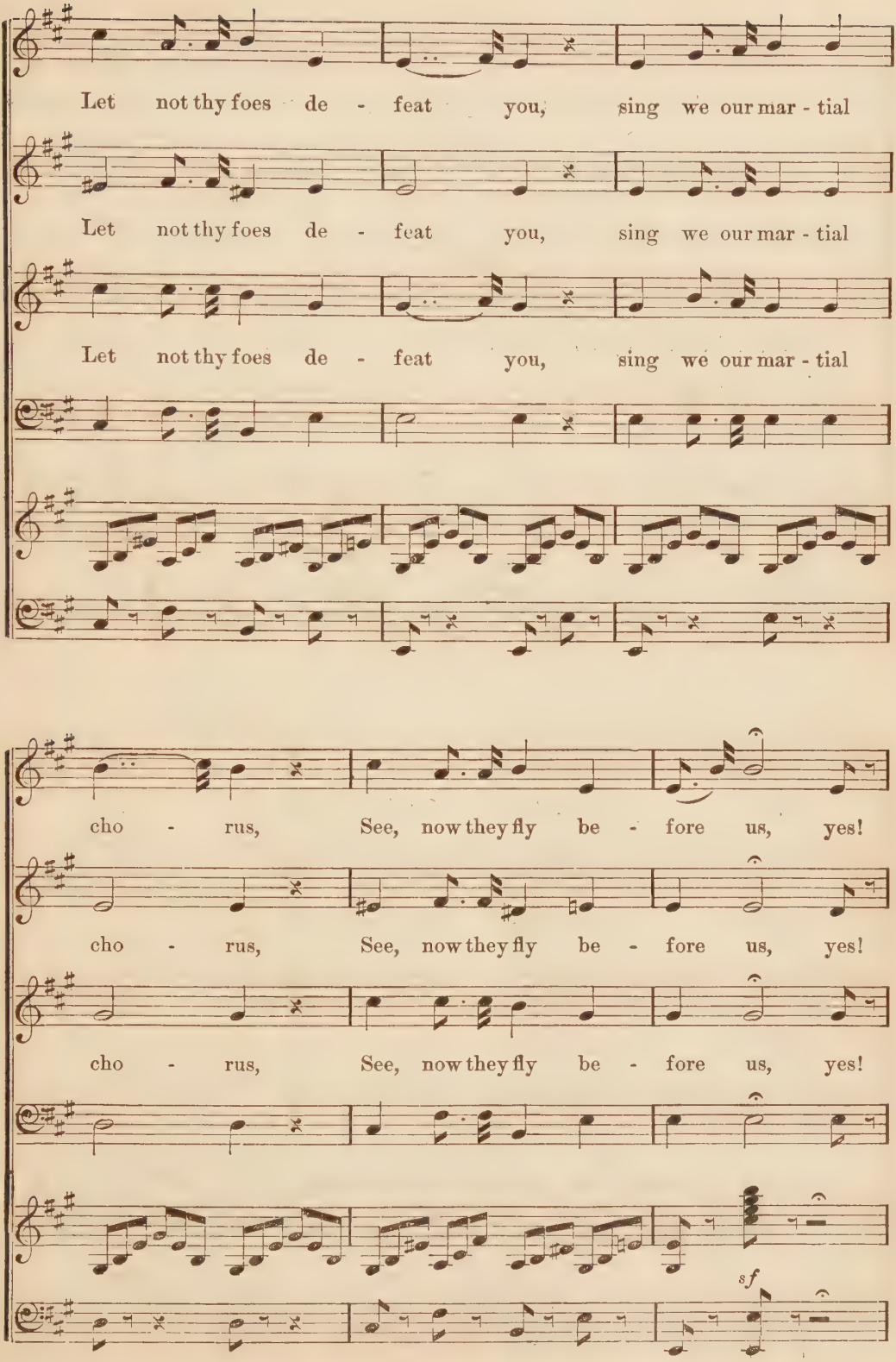


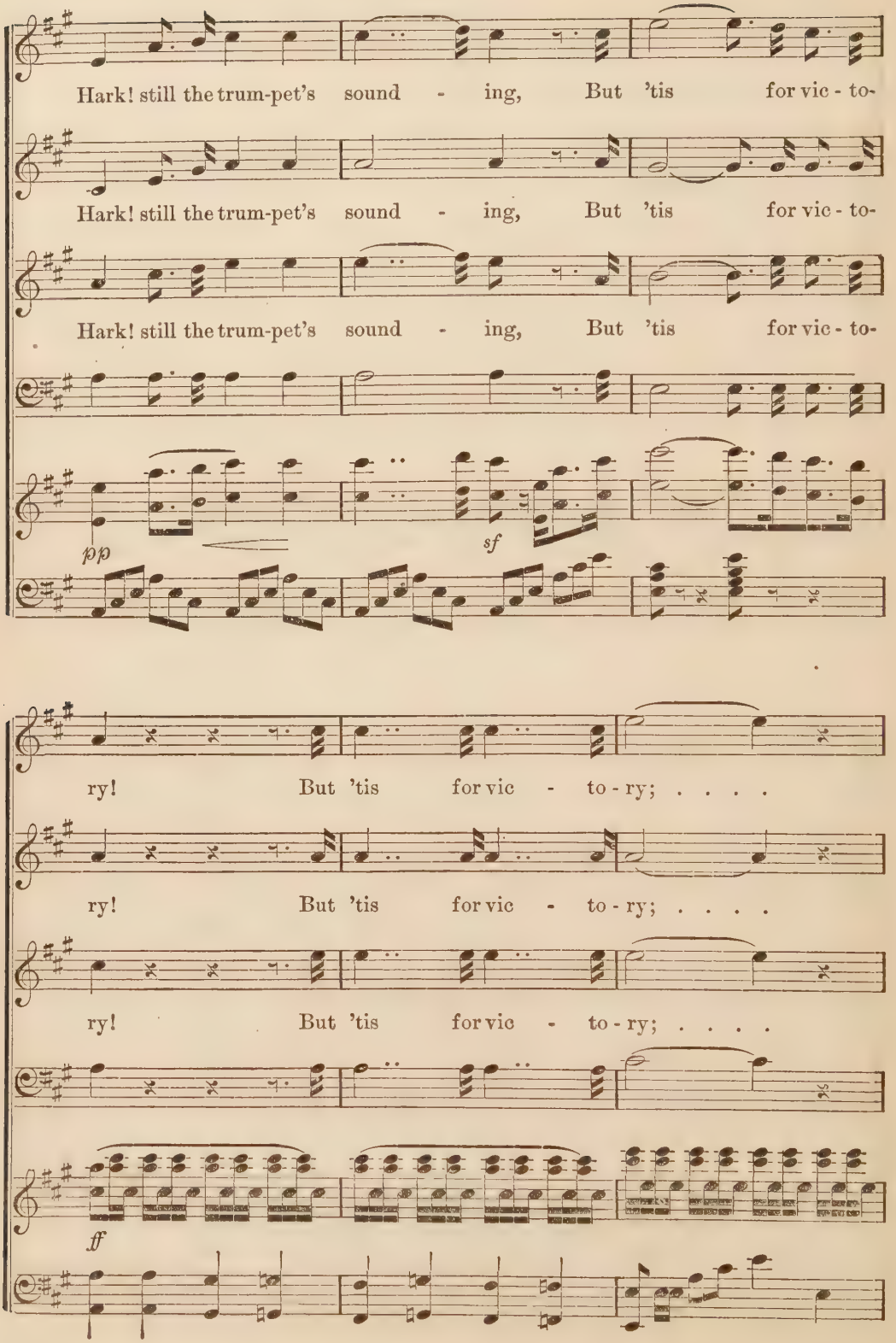

fight . . . till the last breath. Cour-age our bo - soms
fight . . . till the last breath. Cour-age our bo - soms
fight . . . till the last breath. Cour-age our bo - soms
p
fir - ing, Our country's cause in - spir - ing;
fir - ing, Our country's cause in - spir - ing;
fir - ing, Our country's cause in - spir - ing;

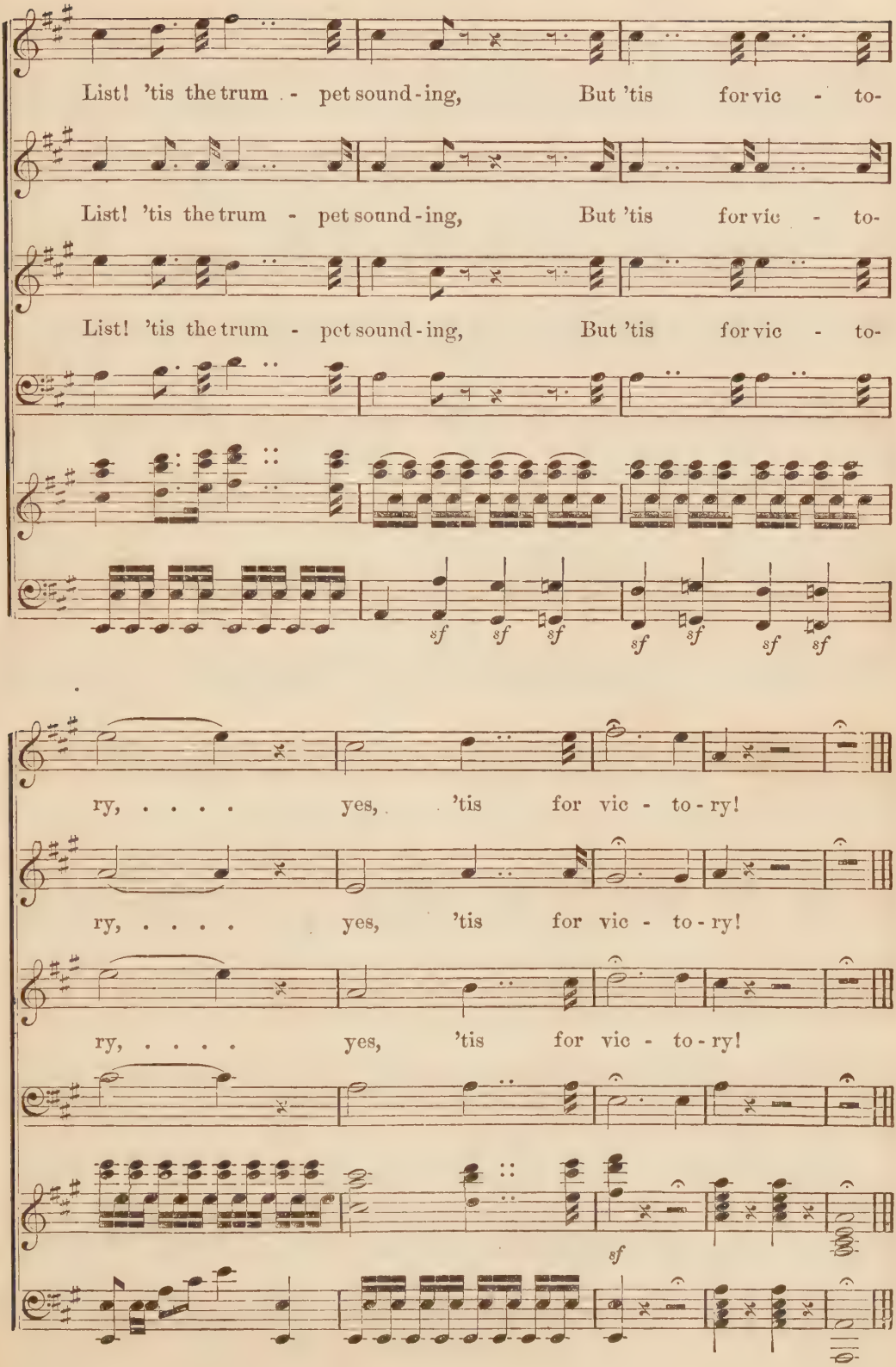

Sing we in mar - tial cho - rus, Drive we the foe be-
Sing we in mar - tial cho - rus, Drive we the foe be-
fore us, yes! Hark! 'tis the trum - pet sound - ing, We
fore us, yes! Hark! 'tis the trum - pet sound - ing, We
f
pp
sf


fight for li - ber - ty! Hark! still the trum - pet
fight for li - ber - ty! Hark! still the trum - pet
fight for li - ber - ty! Hark! still the trum - pet
sf
sound - ing, We'll nev - er to the ty - rant bow; . . .
sound - ing, We'll nev - er to the ty - rant bow; . . .
sound - ing, We'll nev - er to the ty - rant bow; . . .


Hands to your swords, brave com - rades, Bright lau - rels wait your
Hands to your swords, brave com - rades, Bright lau - rels wait your
Hands to your swords, brave com - rades, Bright lau - rels wait your
f
brow, Coun - try and com-rades greet . . you,
brow, Coun - try and com-rades greet . . you,
brow, Coun - try and com-rades greet . . you,
p

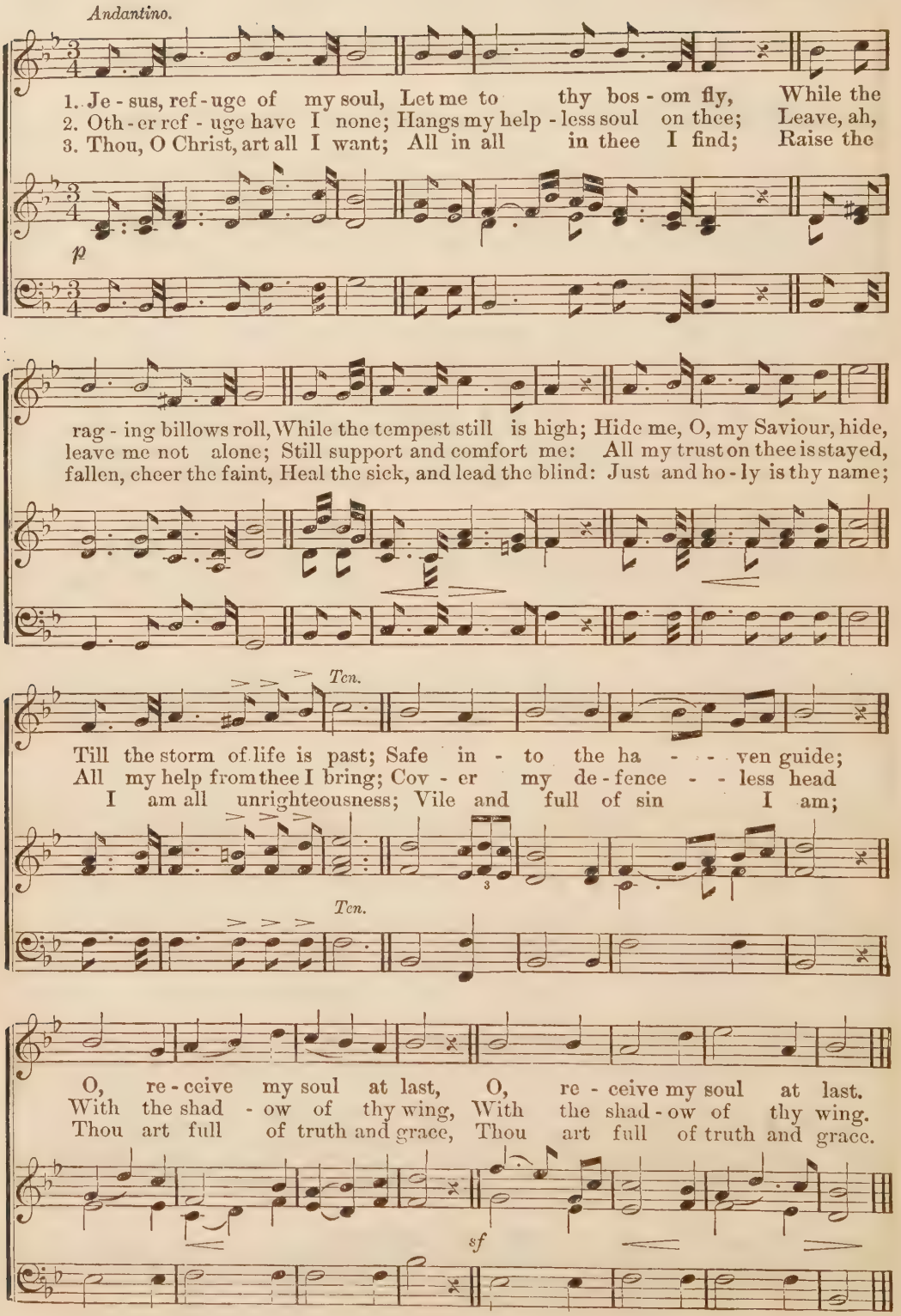

Let not thy foes de - feat you, sing we our mar - tial
Let not thy foes de - feat you, sing we our mar - tial
Let not thy foes de - feat you, sing we our mar - tial
cho - rus, See, now they fly be - fore us, yes!
cho - rus, See, now they fly be - fore us, yes!
cho - rus, See, now they fly be - fore us, yes!
sf


Hark! still the trum-pet's sound - ing, But 'tis for vic - to-
Hark! still the trum-pet's sound - ing, But 'tis for vic - to-
Hark! still the trum-pet's sound - ing, But 'tis for vic - to-
pp
sf
ry! But 'tis for vic - to - ry; . . . .
ry! But 'tis for vic - to - ry; . . . .
ry! But 'tis for vic - to - ry; . . . .
ff


List! 'tis the trum - pet sound-ing, But 'tis for vic - to-
List! 'tis the trum - pet sound-ing, But 'tis for vic - to-
List! 'tis the trum - pet sound-ing, But 'tis for vic - to-
sf sf sf sf sf sf sf
ry, ... yes, 'tis for vic - to-ry!
ry, ... yes, 'tis for vic - to-ry!
ry, ... yes, 'tis for vic - to-ry!
sf

REFUGE.

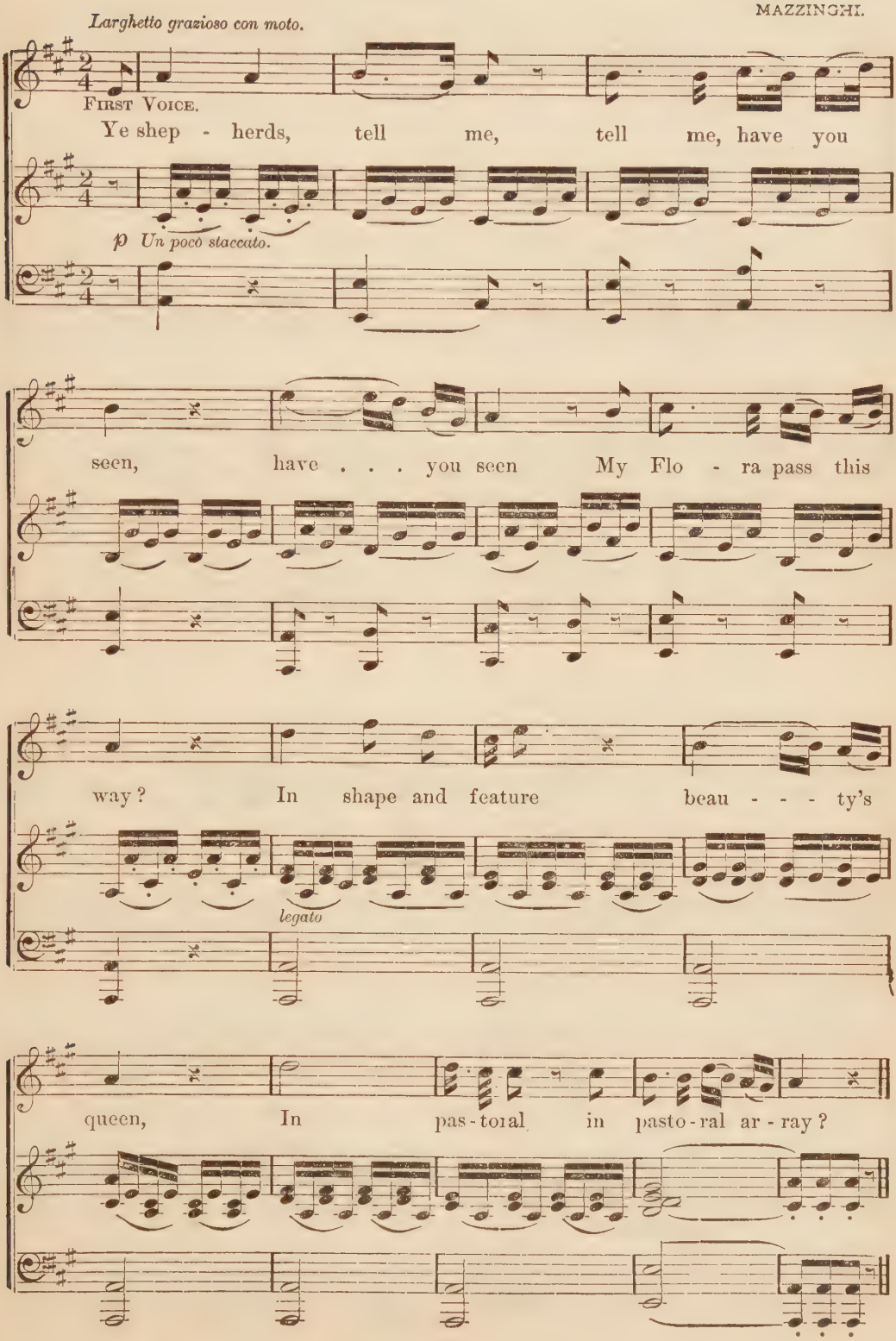
ARR. FROM ABT.

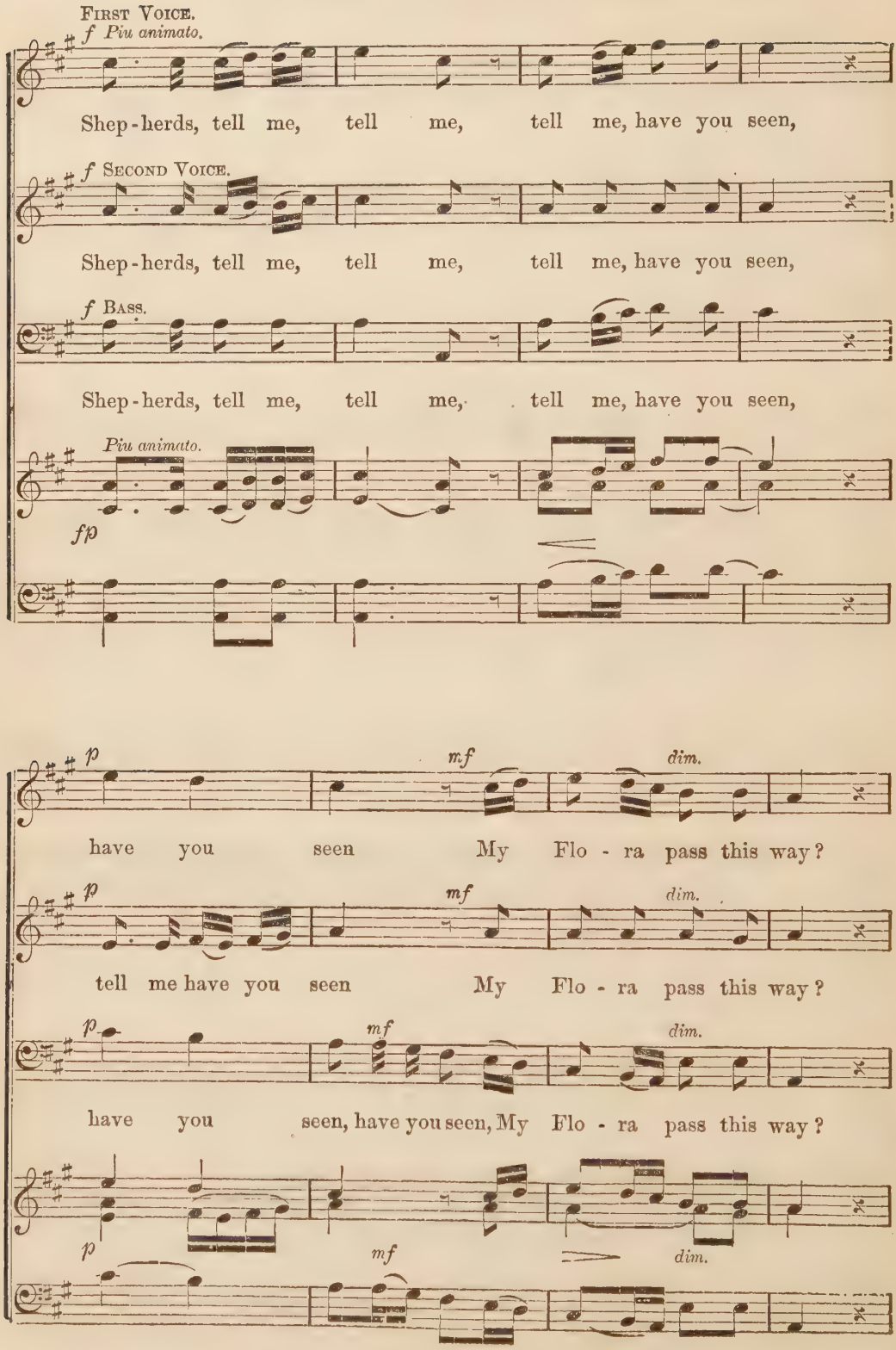


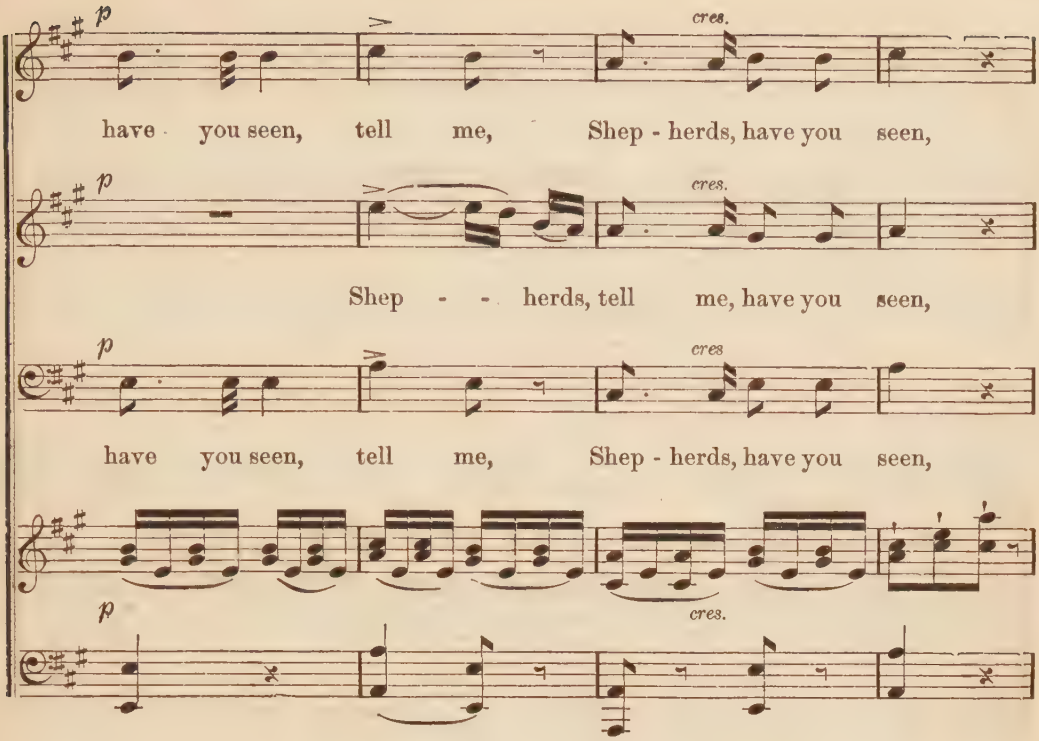
The first four lines may be sung as a Solo by a Soprano Voice if desirable.

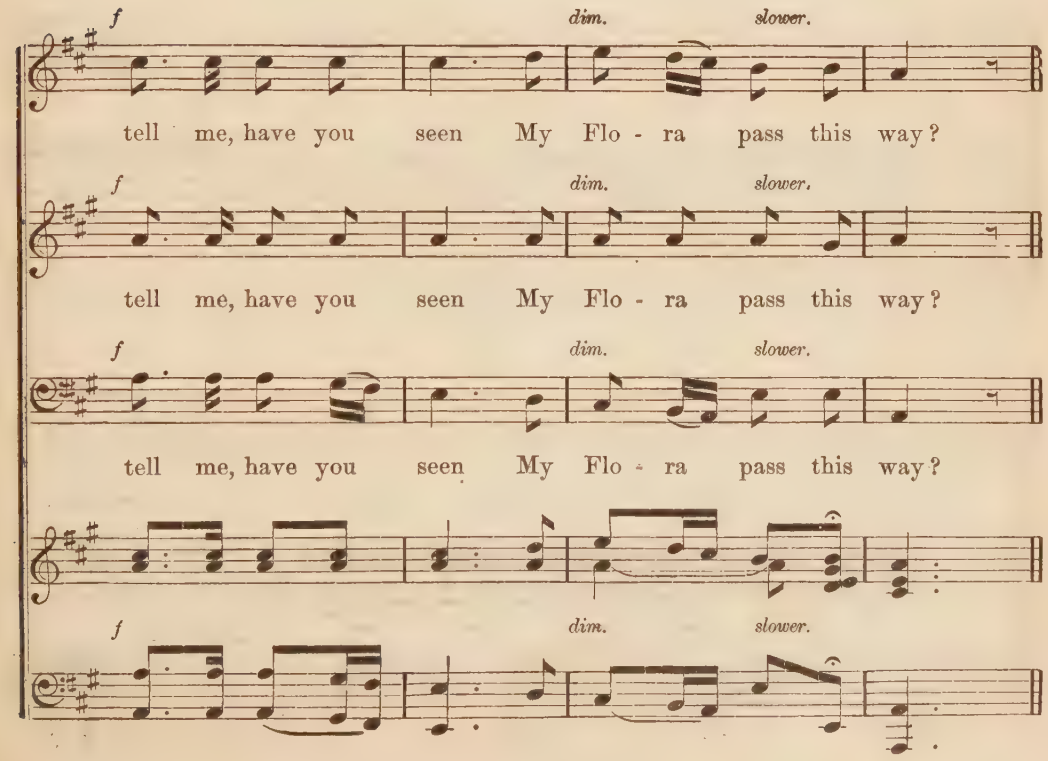
YE SHEPHERDS, TELL ME.

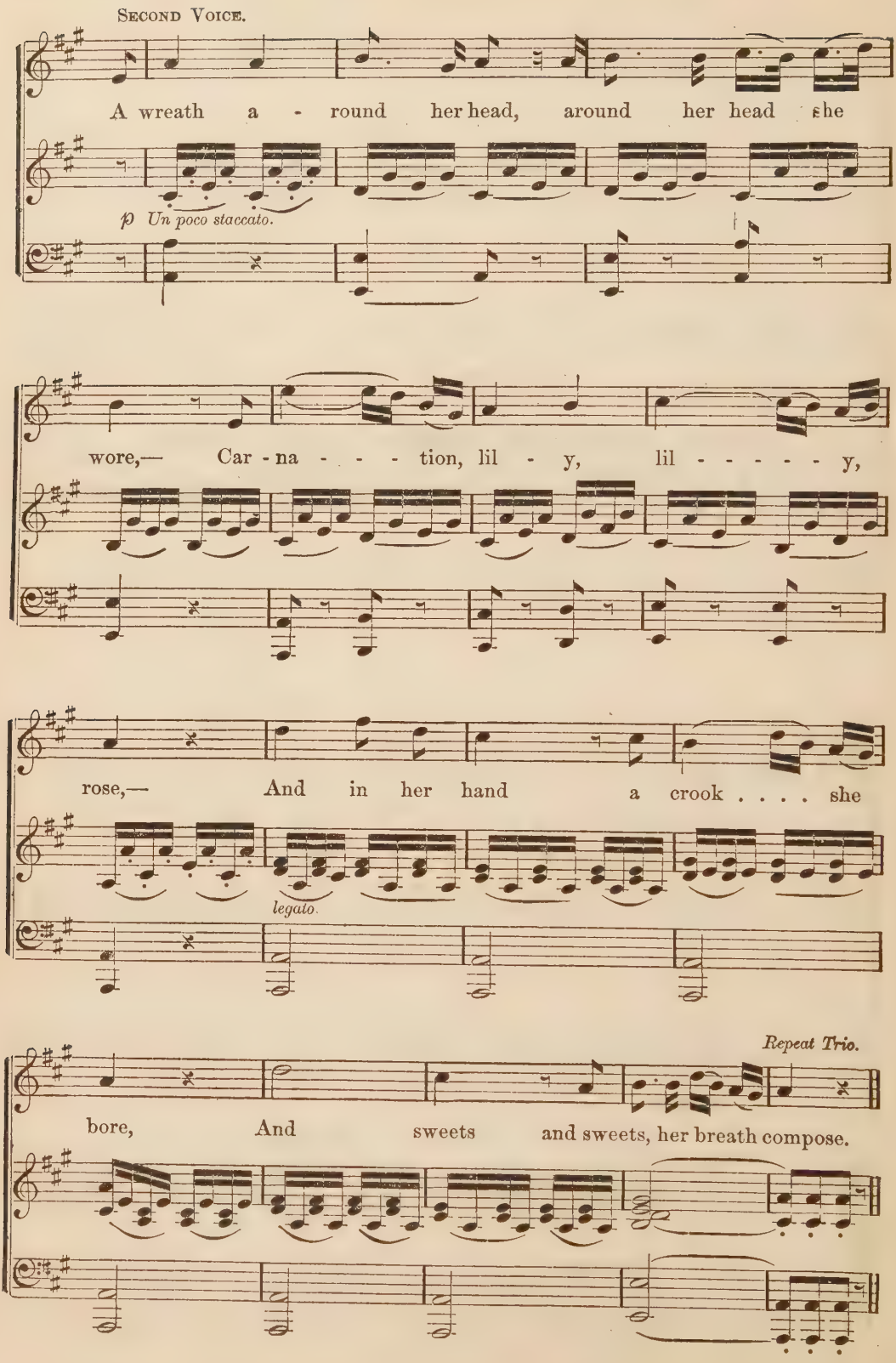
MAZZINGHI.

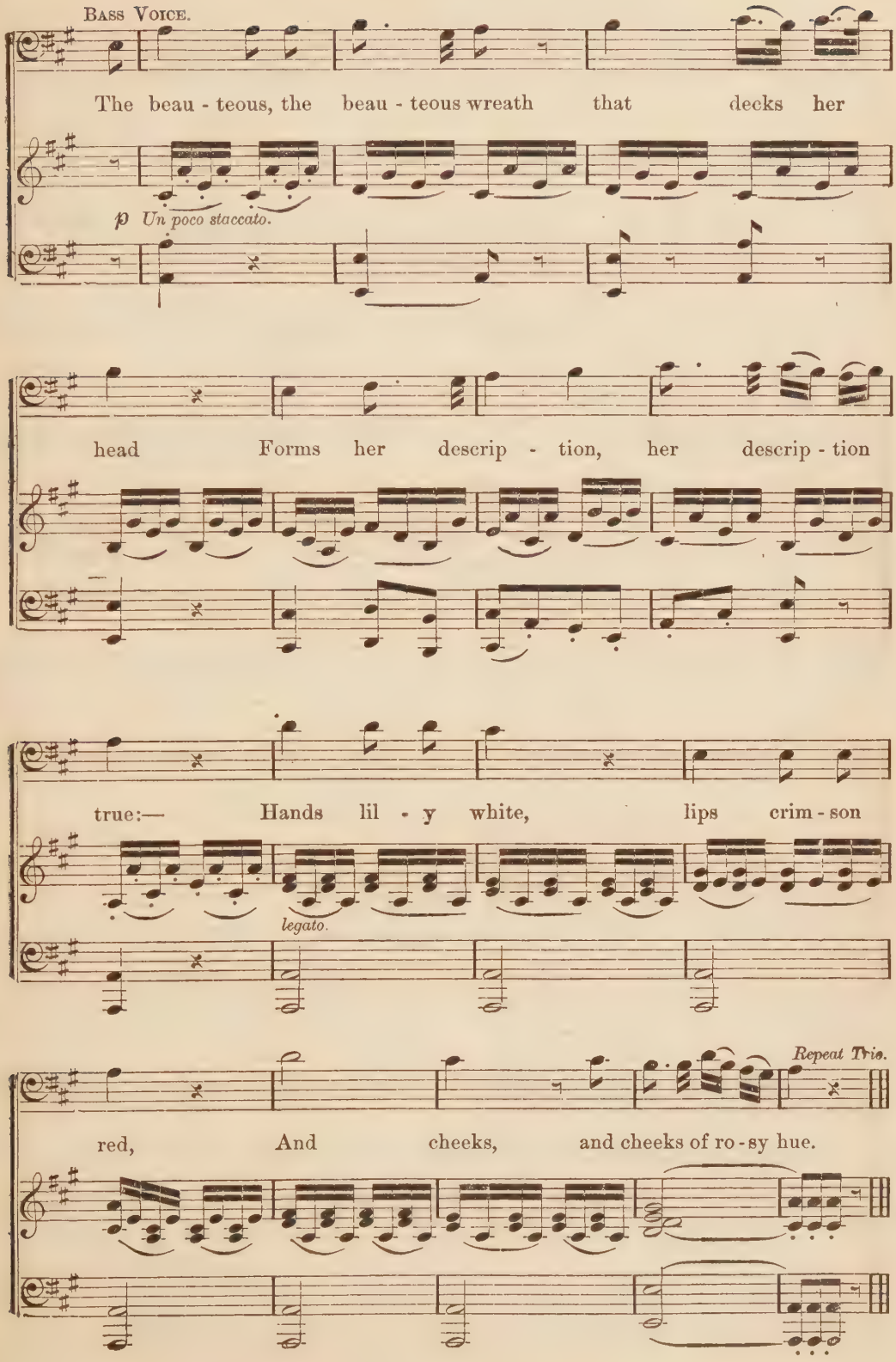



First Voice.
f Piu animato.
Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
f Second Voice.
Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
f Bass.
Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
Piu animato.
fp
p
mf
dim.
have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?
p
mf
dim.
tell me have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?
p
mf
dim.
have you seen, have you seen, My Flo - ra pass this way?
p
mf
dim.


p
cres.
have you seen, tell me, Shep - herds, have you seen,
p
cres.
Shep - - herds, tell me, have you seen,
p
cres
have you seen, tell me, Shep - herds, have you seen,
p
cres.

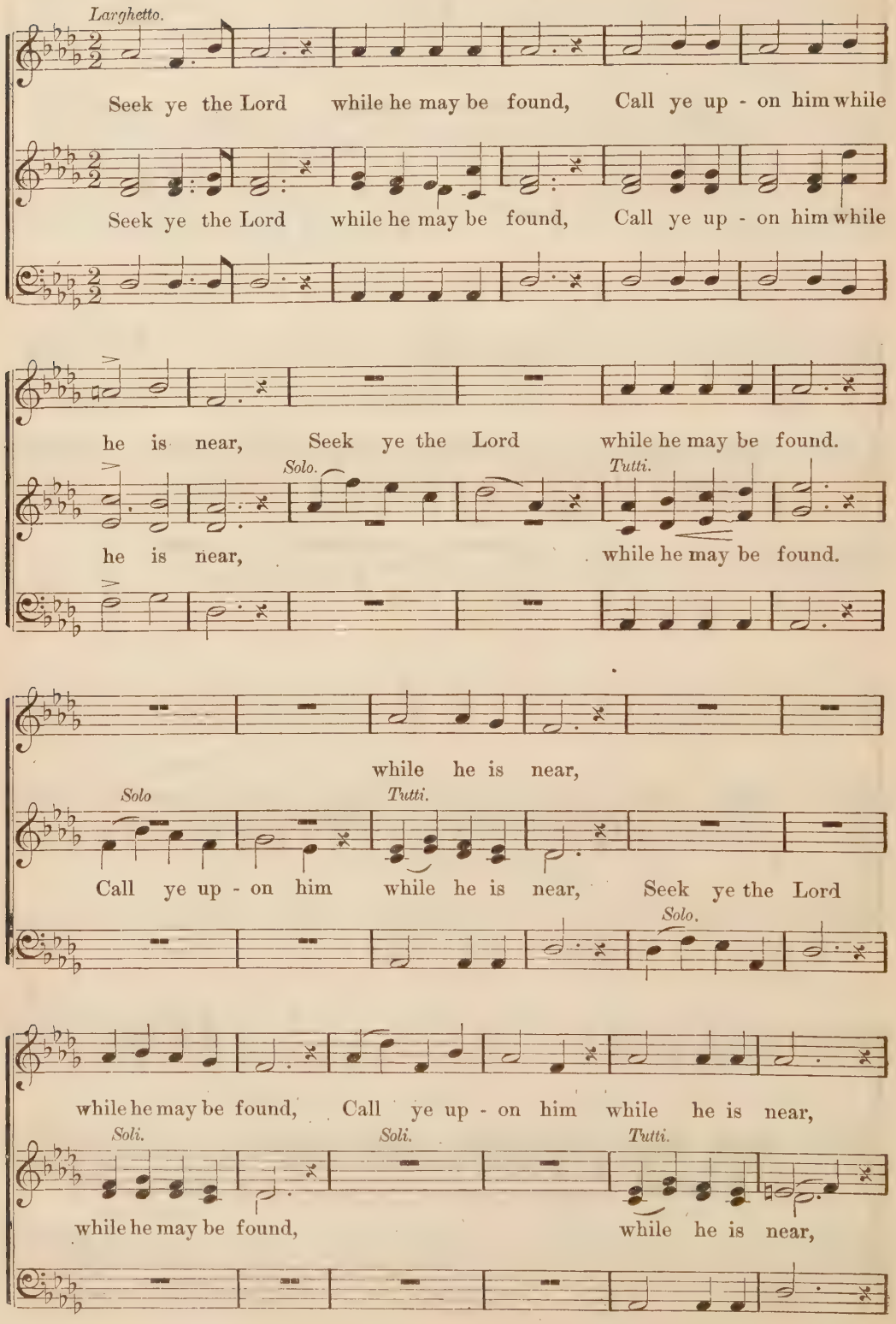

f
dim.
slower.
tell me, have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?
f
dim.
slower.
tell me, have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?
f
dim.
slower.
tell me, have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?
f
dim.
slower.

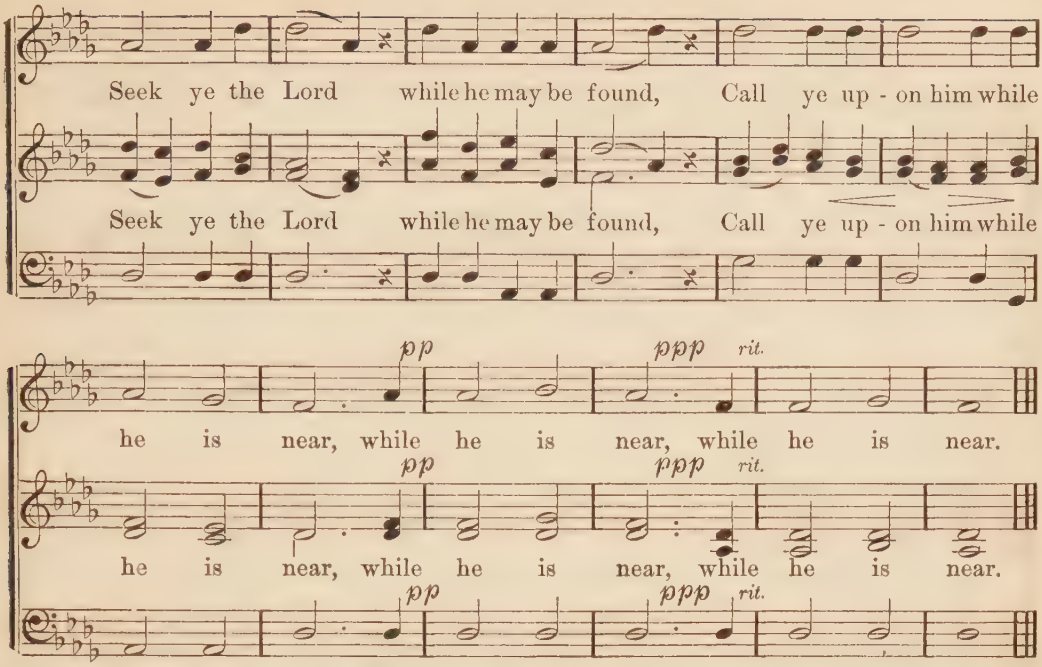

Second Voice.
A wreath a - round her head, around her head she
p Un poco staccato.
wore,— Car - na - - - - tion, lil - y, lil - - - - - y,
rose,— And in her hand a crook . . . . she
legato.
Repeat Trio.
bore, And sweets and sweets, her breath compose.


Bass Voice.
The beau - teous, the beau - teous wreath that decks her
p Un poco staccato.
head Forms her descrip - tion, her descrip - tion
true:— Hands lil - y white, lips crim - son
legato.
red, And cheeks, and cheeks of ro - sy hue.
Repeat Trio.

SEEK YE THE LORD.

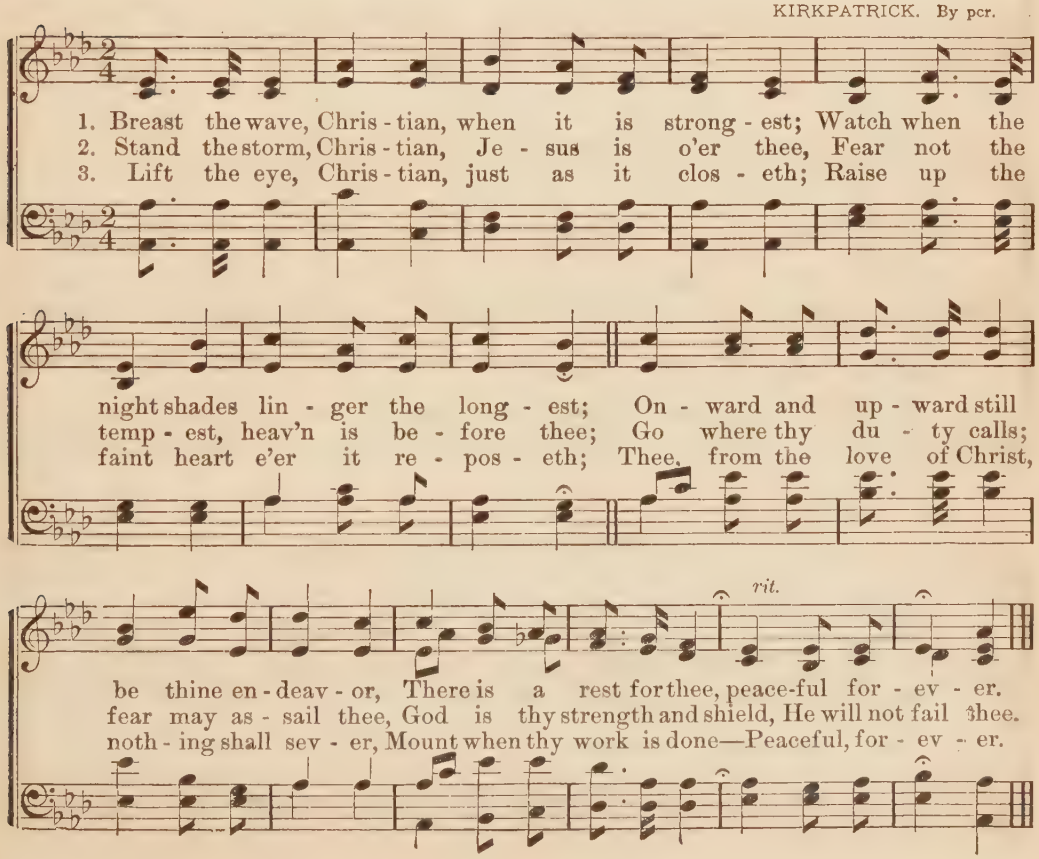
MARSHALL. By per.





BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN

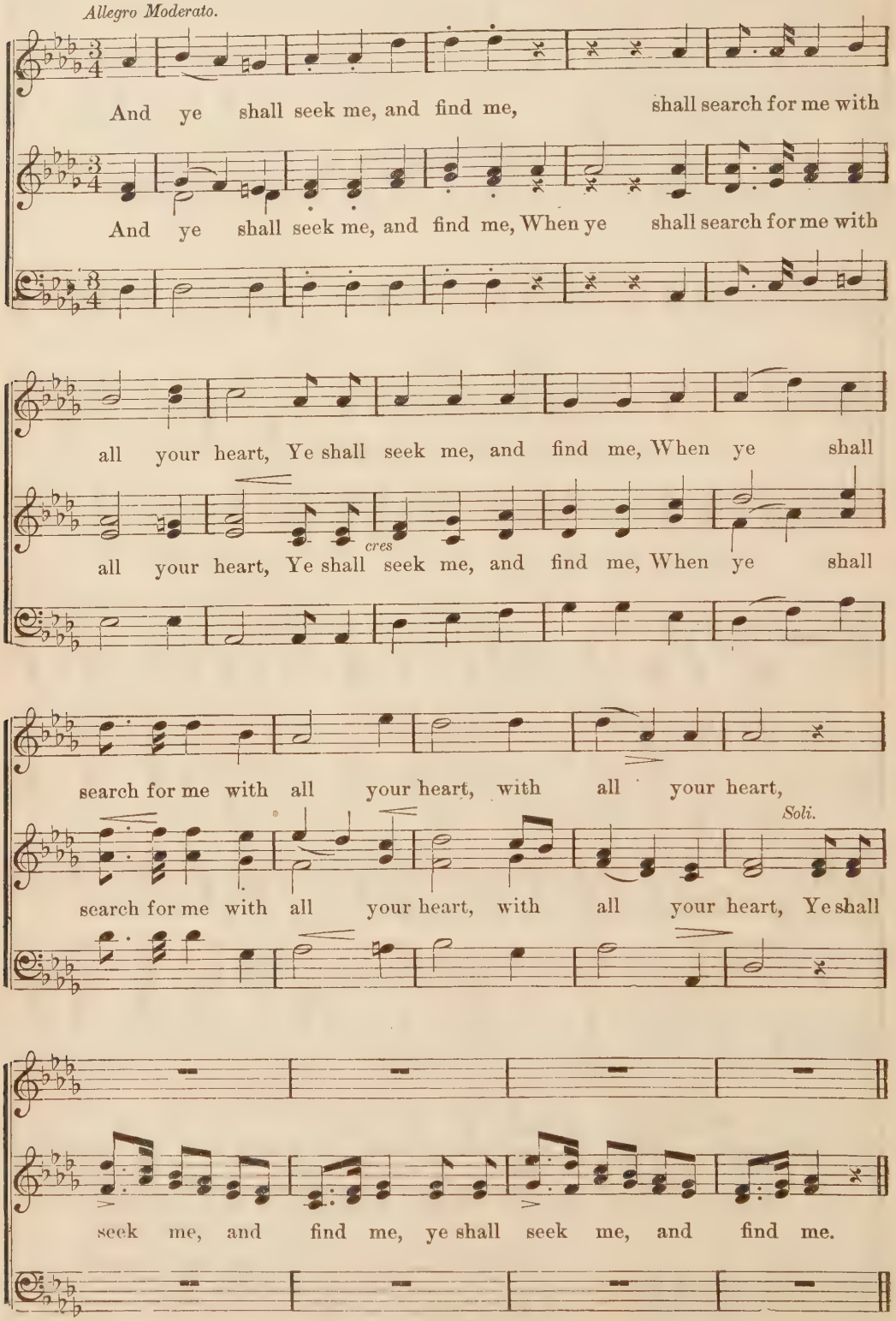
KIRKPATRICK. By per.

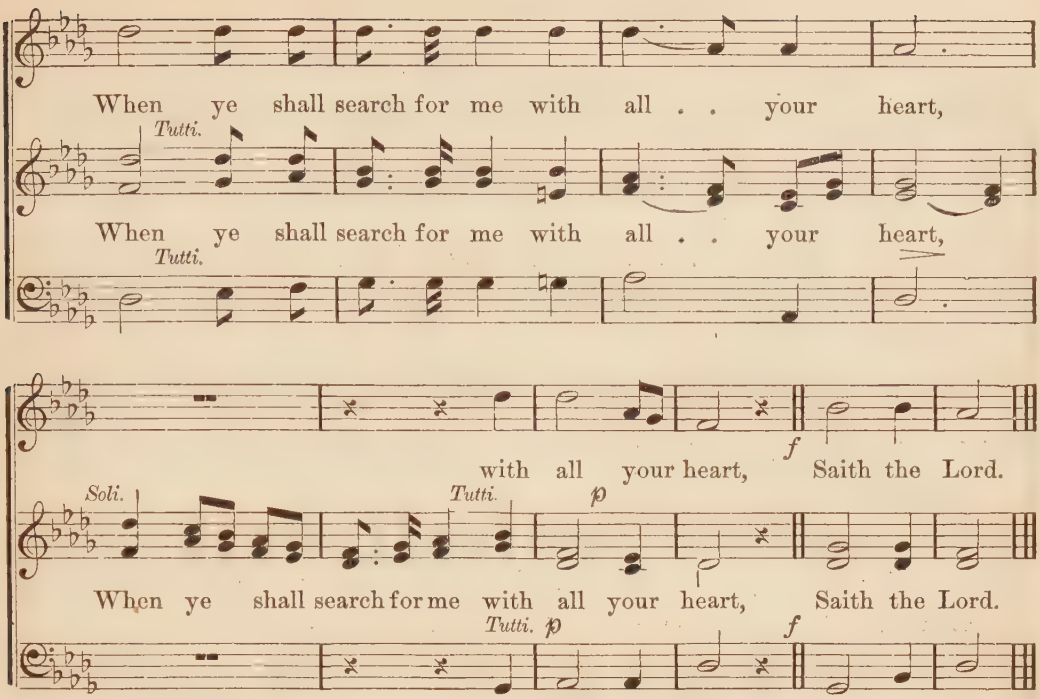


AND YE SHALL SEEK ME.

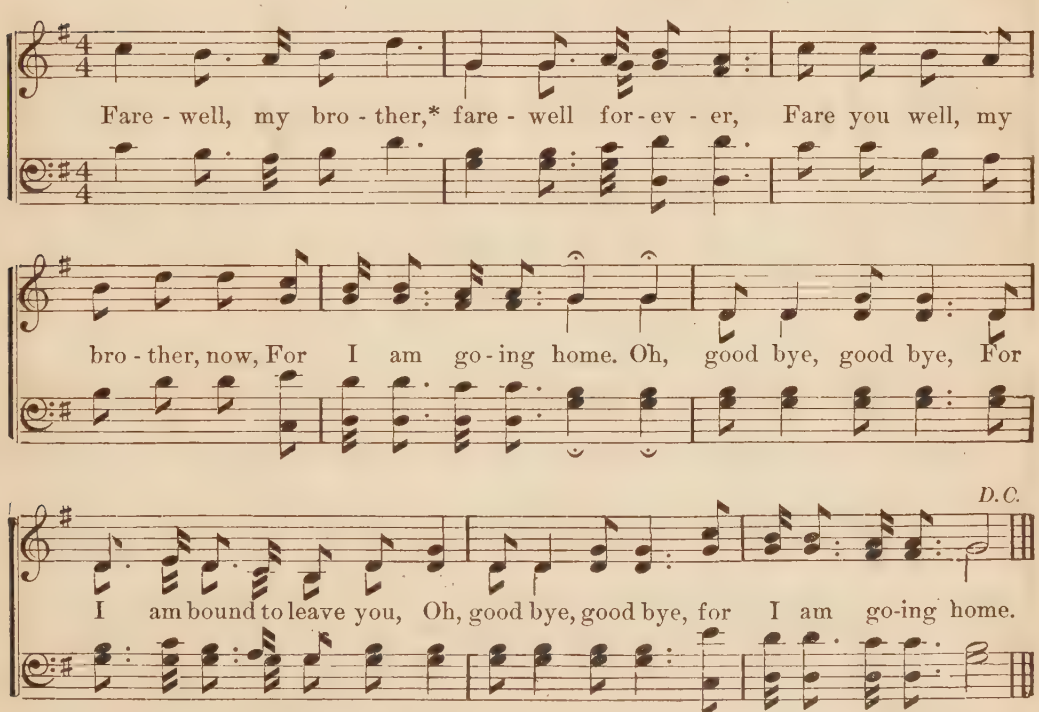
MARSHALL. By per.

Allegro Moderato.





FAREWELL, MY BROTHER.

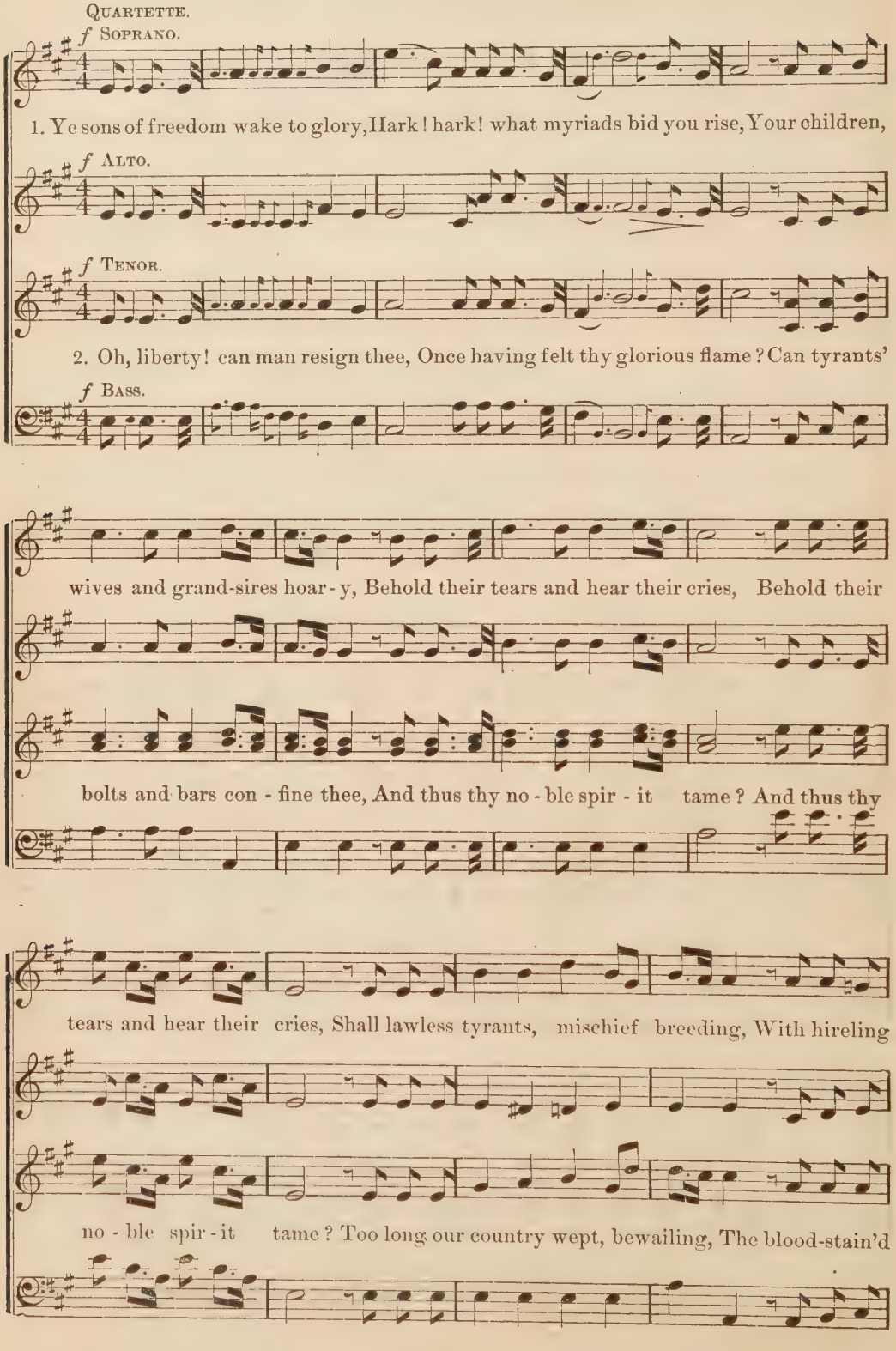


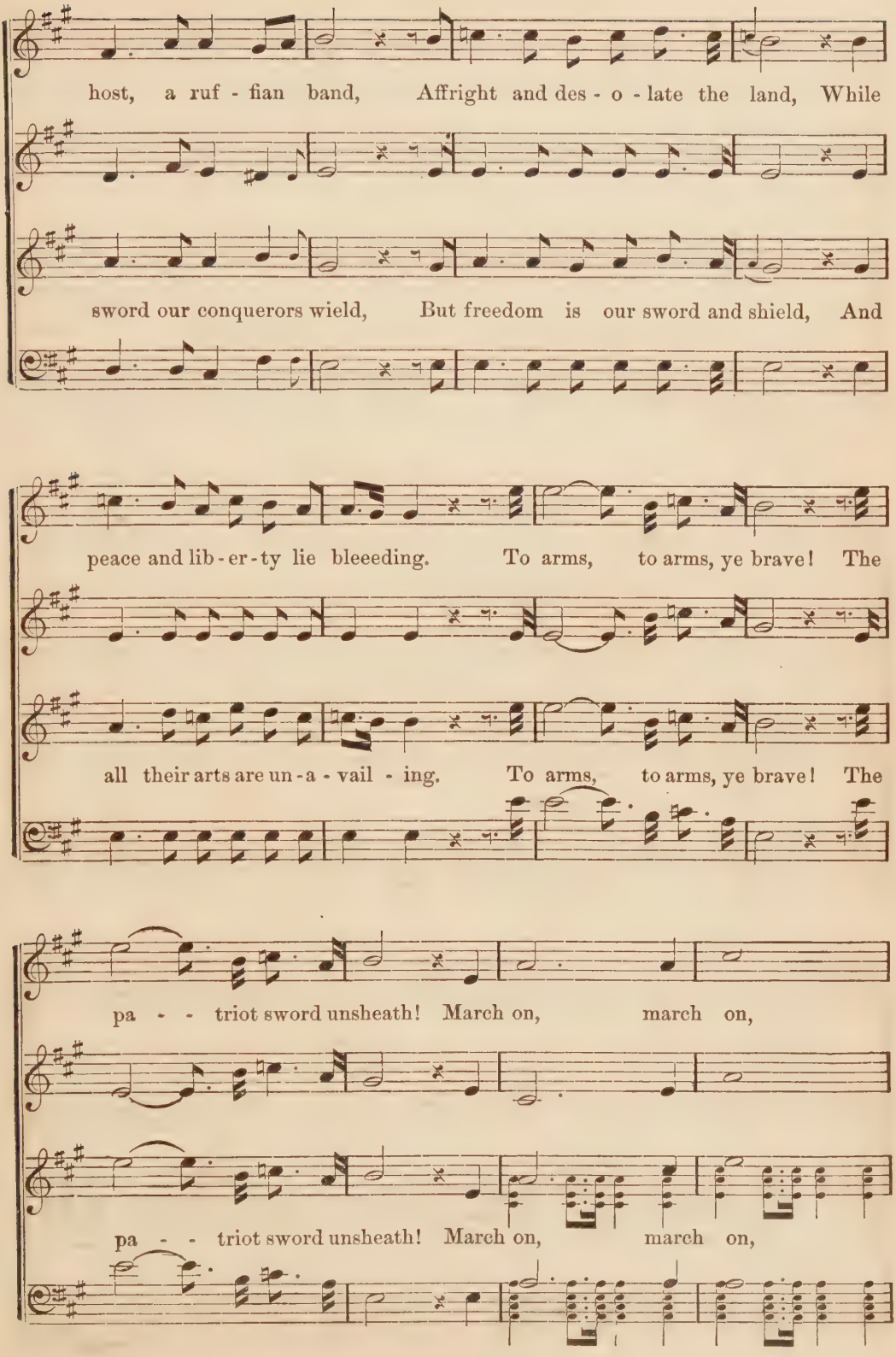
After Da Capo sing this:

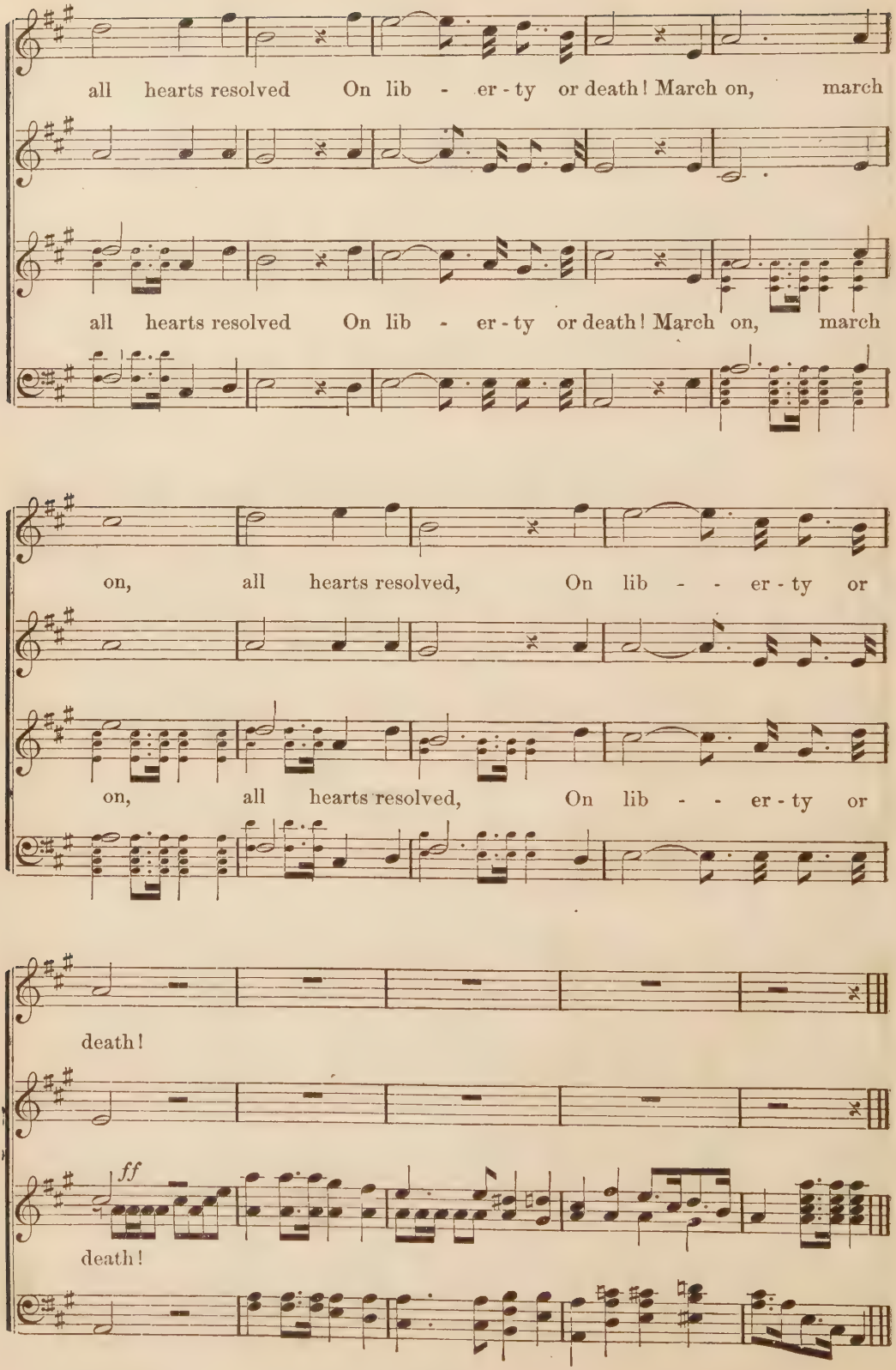
Shake hands, shake hands, for I am bound to leave you,
Oh, shake hands, &c.

* *Or sister.*

MARSEILLES HYMN.

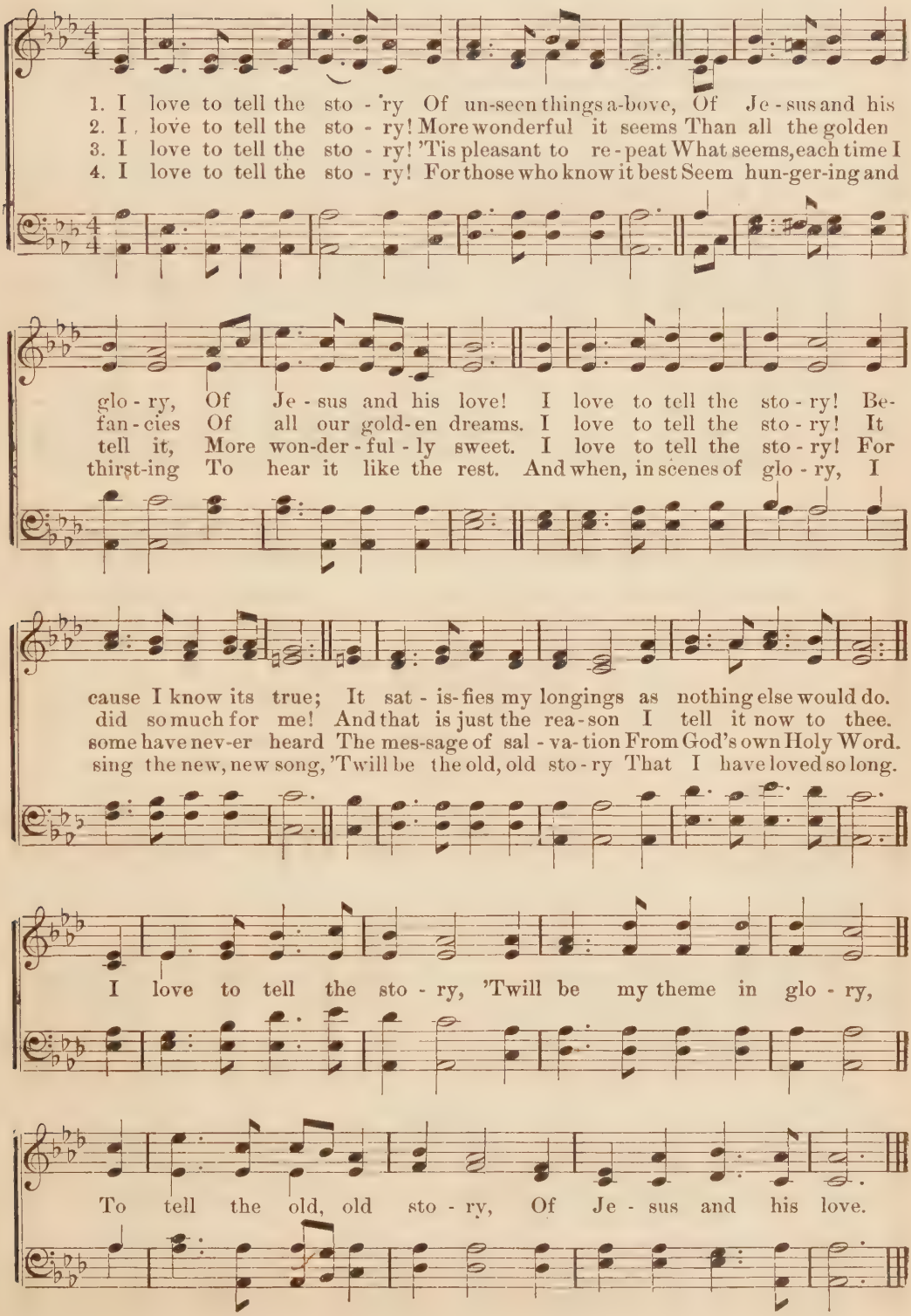



host, a ruf - fian band, Affright and des - o - late the land, While
sword our conquerors wield, But freedom is our sword and shield, And
peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeeding. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The
all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The
pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,
pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,


all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march
all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march
on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or
on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or
death!
ff
death!

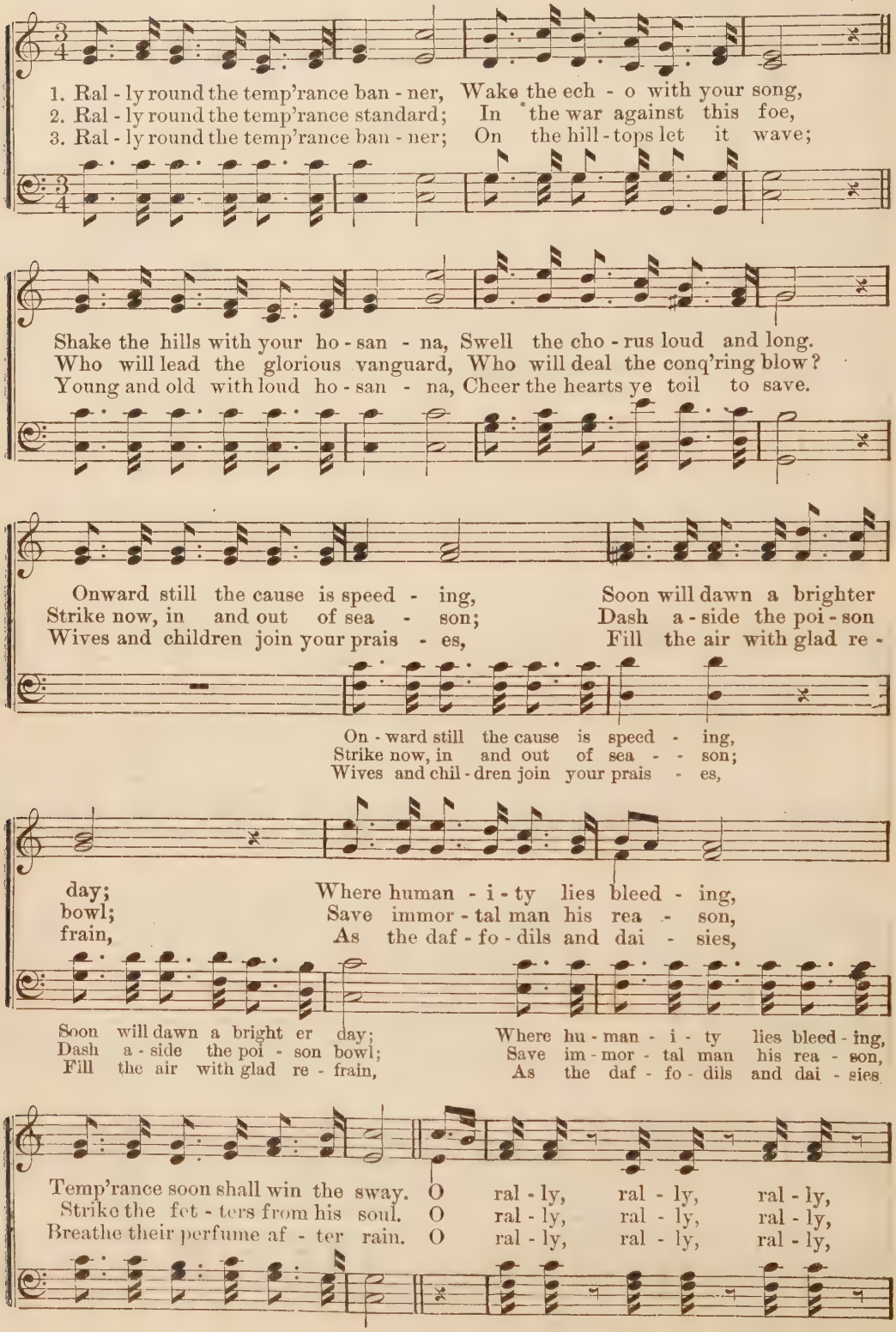
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

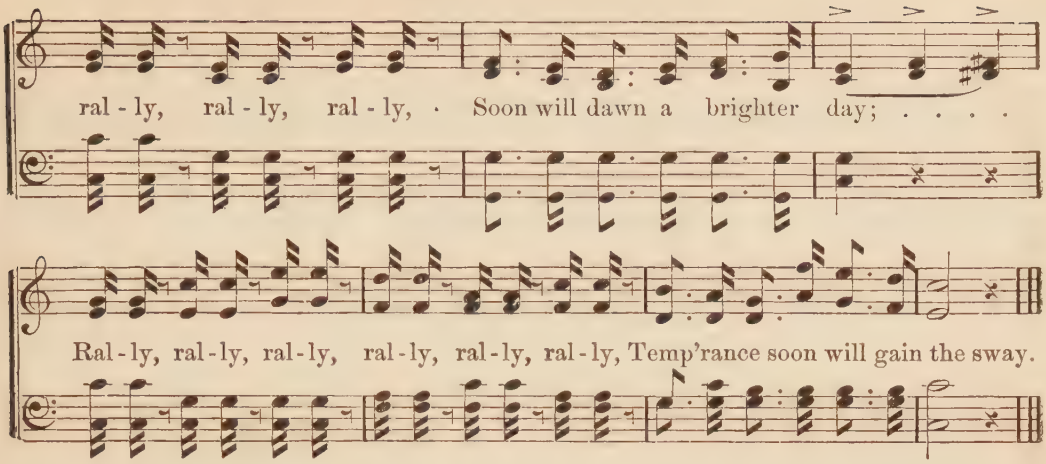
HANKEY. FISCHER. By per.



TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

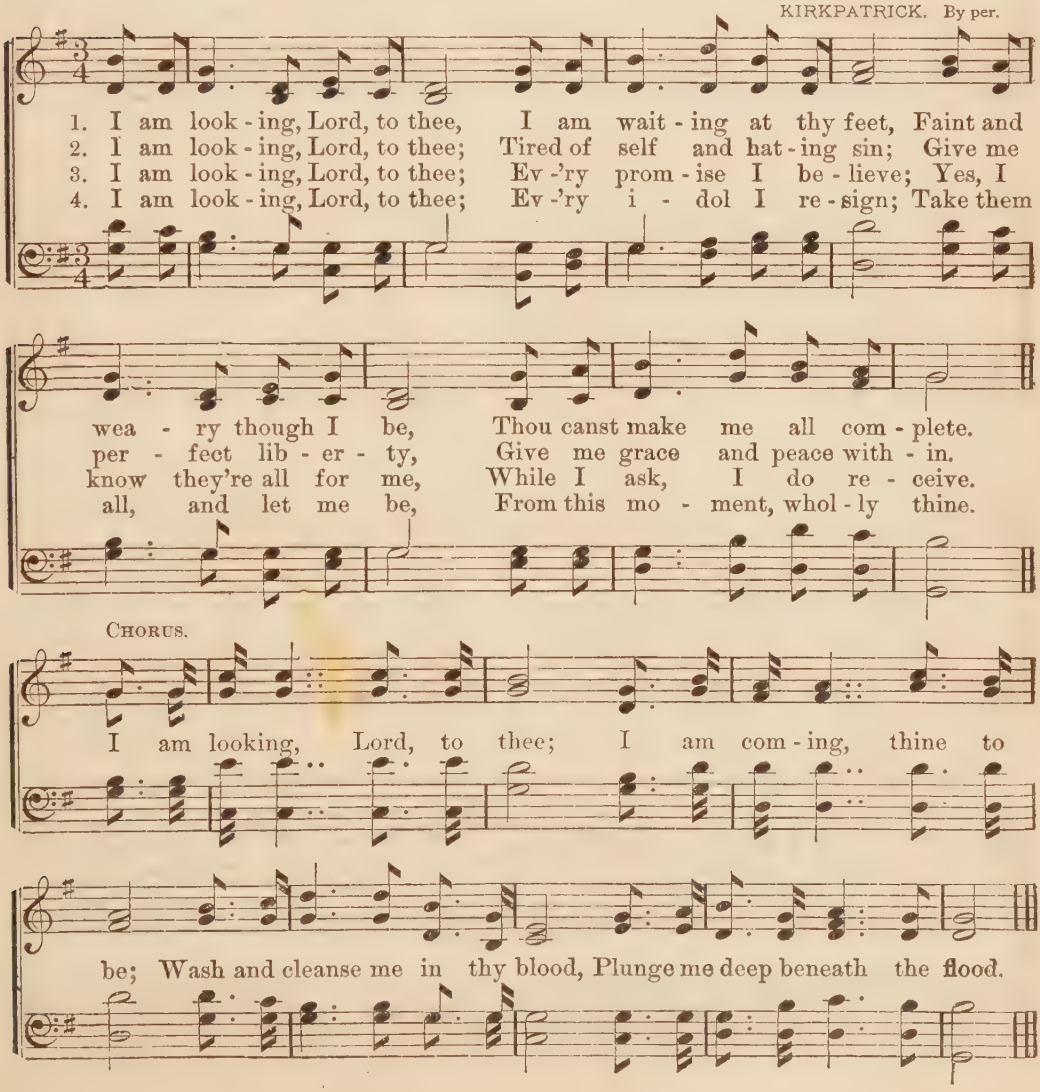
BUNGAY. KIRKPATRICK. By per.





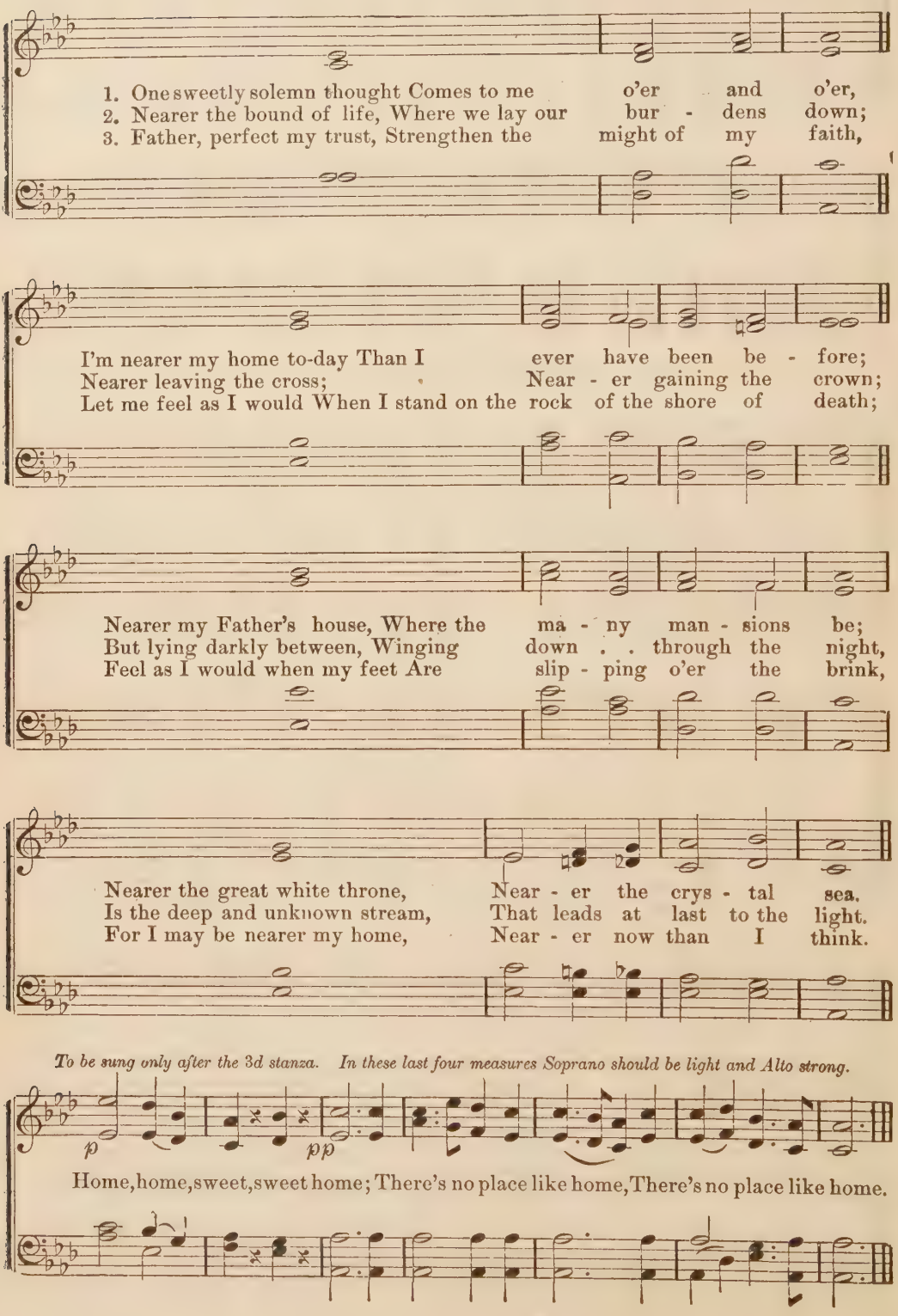
I AM LOOKING, LORD, TO THEE.

KIRKPATRICK. By per.



ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

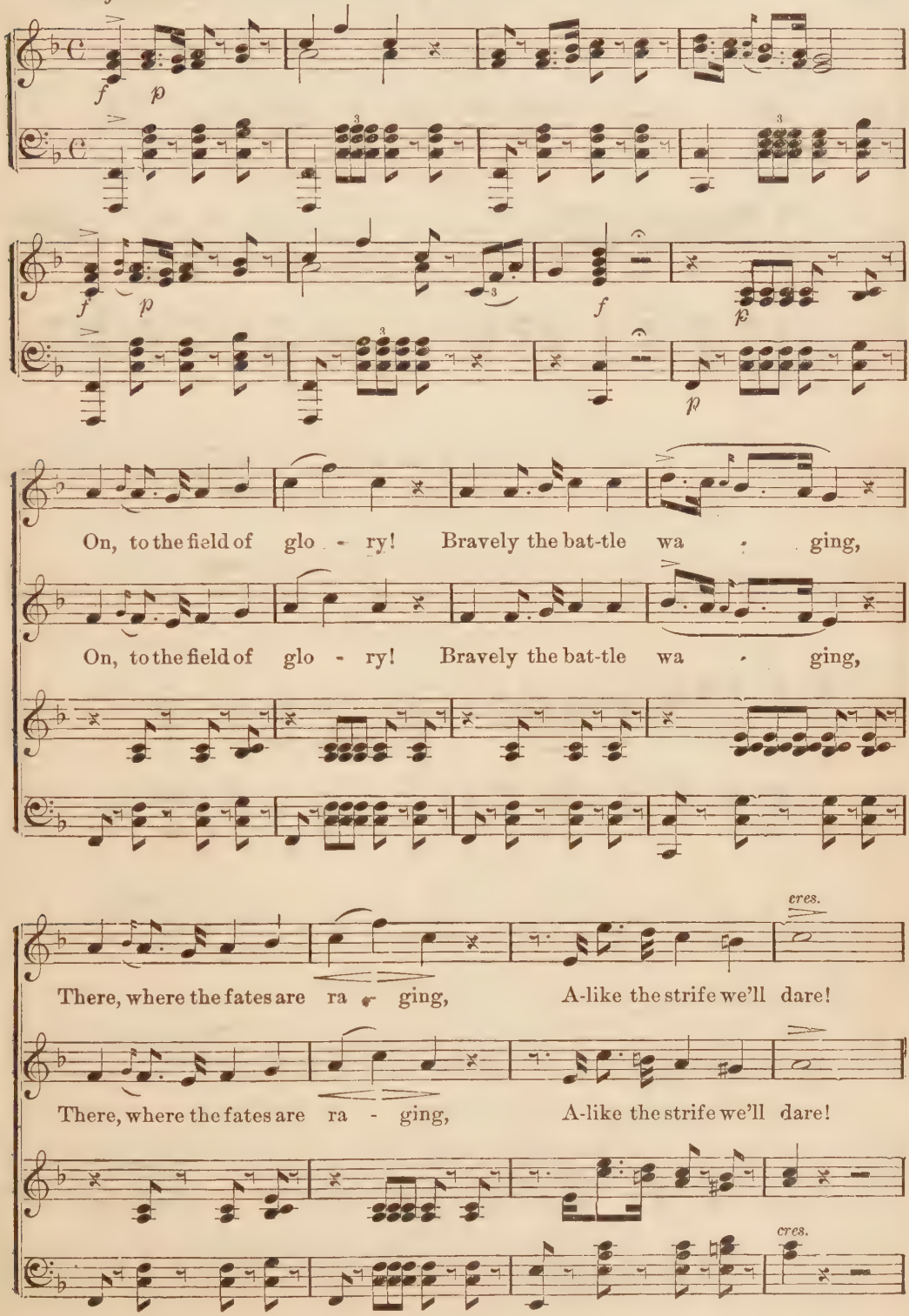
CARY. PALMER. By per.

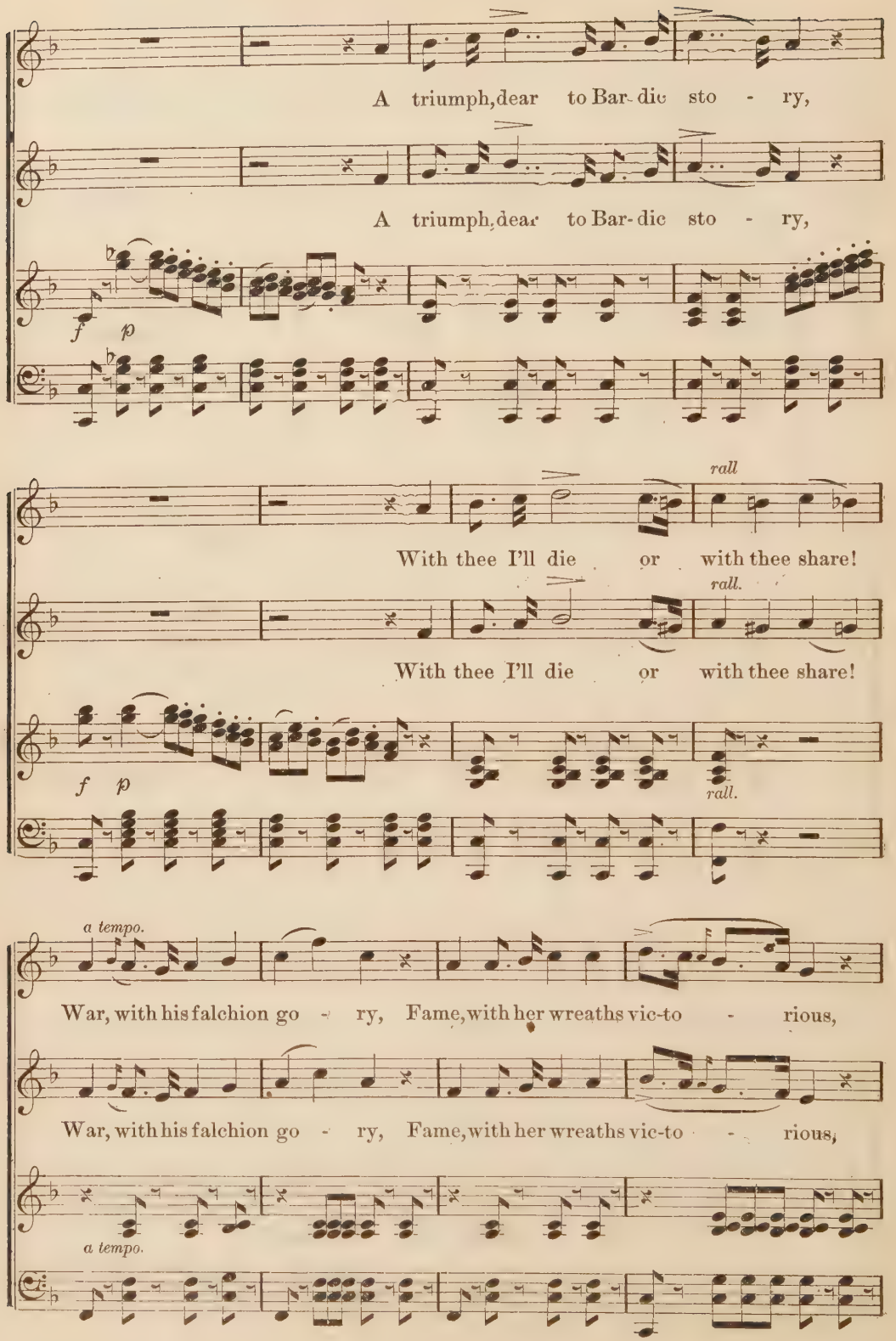


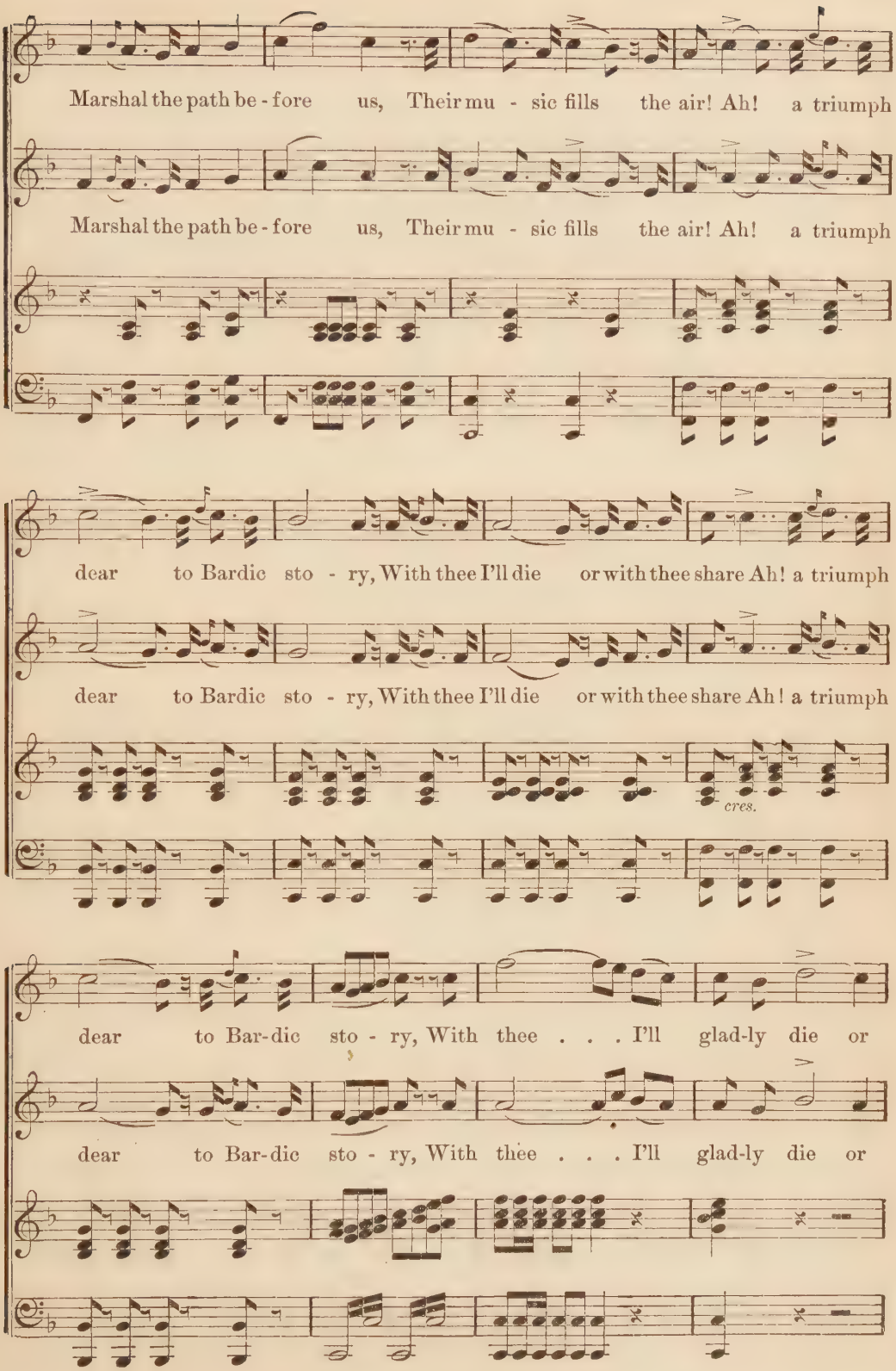
ON TO THE FIELD OF GLORY.

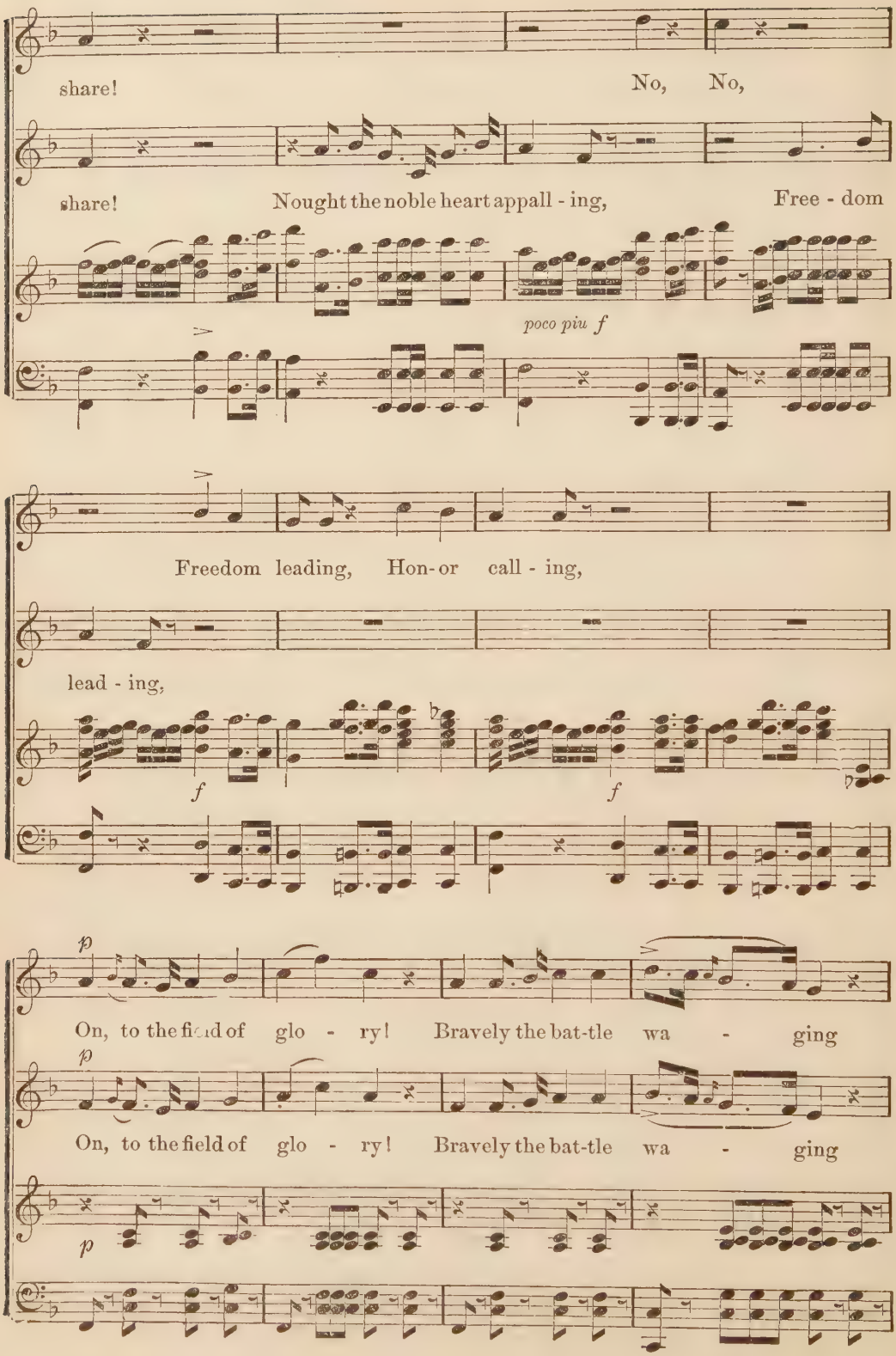
DONIZETTI.

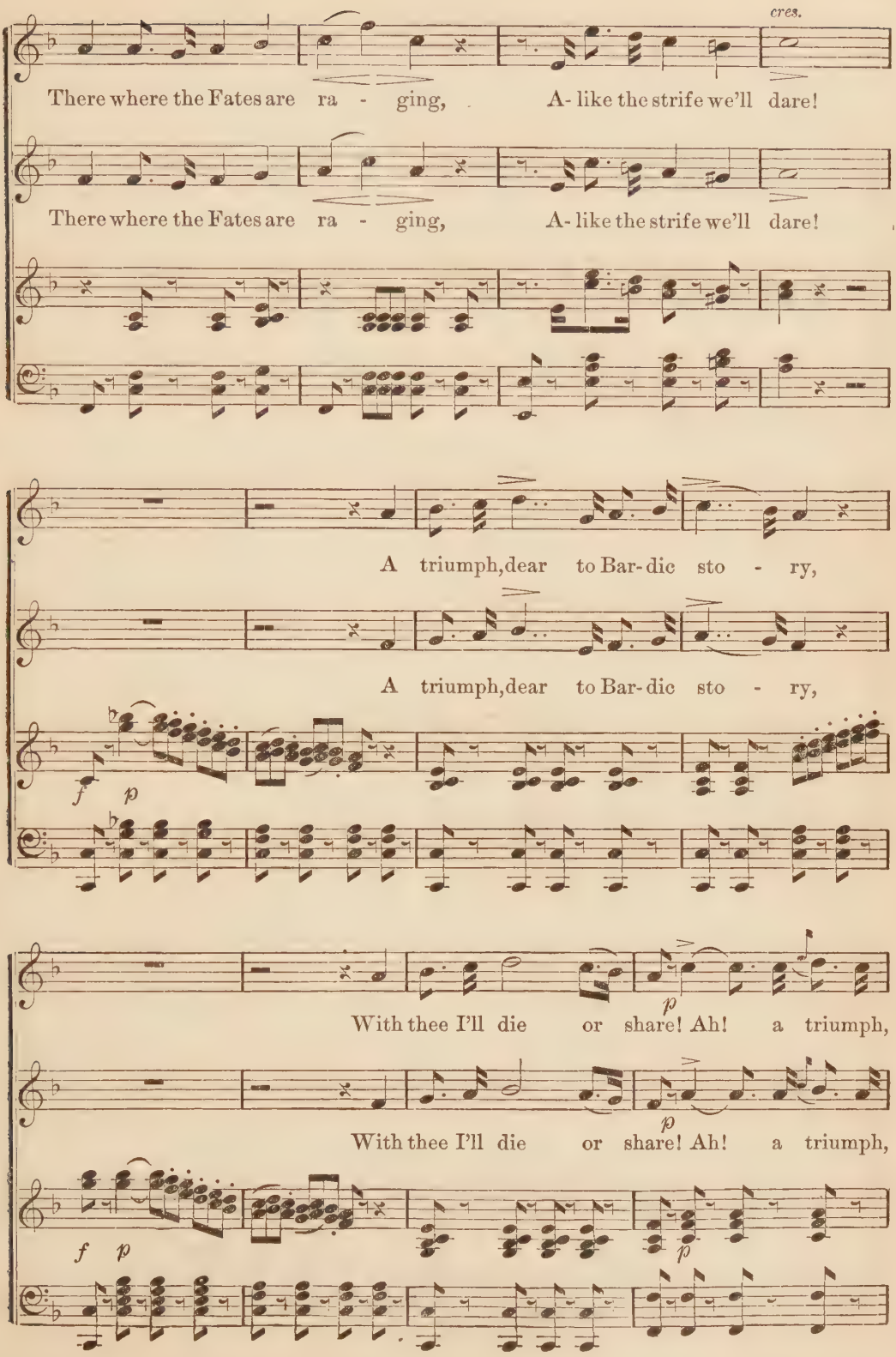
Allegro moderato.

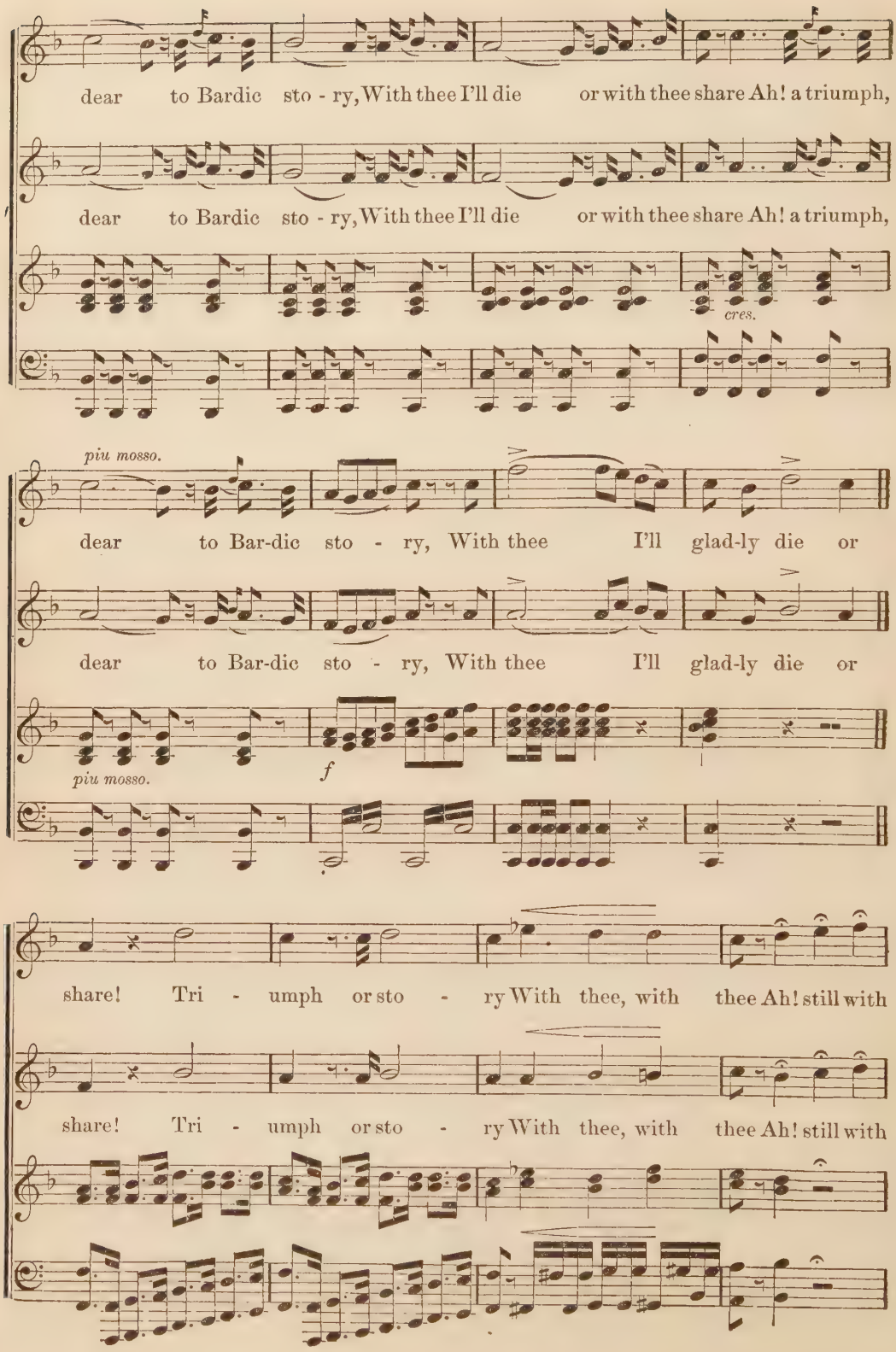


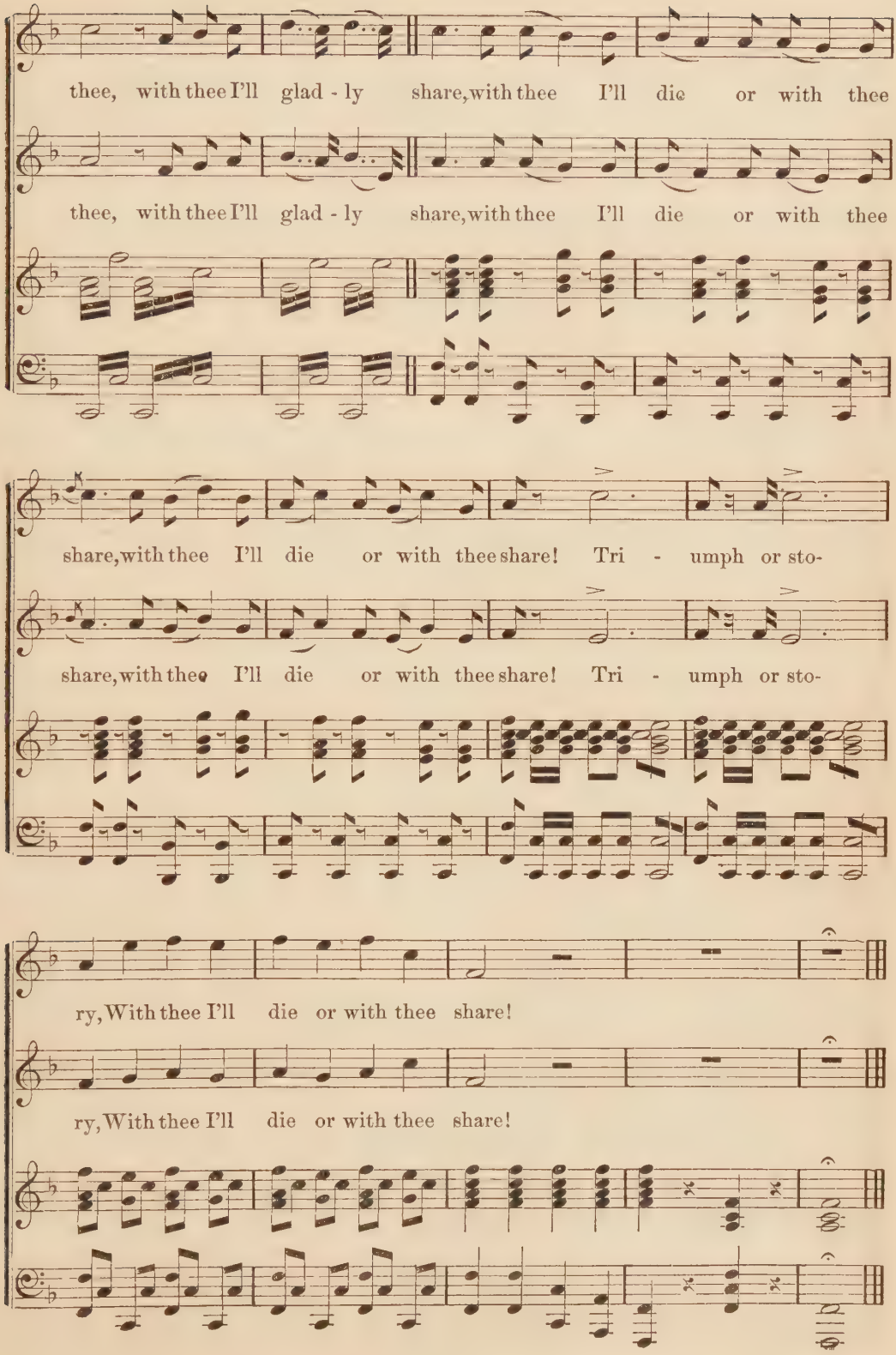

A triumph, dear to Bar-dic sto - ry,
A triumph, dear to Bar-dic sto - ry,
f p
rall
With thee I'll die or with thee share!
rall.
With thee I'll die or with thee share!
f p
rall.
a tempo.
War, with his falchion go - ry, Fame, with her wreaths vic-to - rious,
War, with his falchion go - ry, Fame, with her wreaths vic-to - rious,
a tempo.


Marshal the path be - fore us, Their mu - sic fills the air! Ah! a triumph
Marshal the path be - fore us, Their mu - sic fills the air! Ah! a triumph
dear to Bardic sto - ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share Ah! a triumph
dear to Bardic sto - ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share Ah! a triumph
cres.
dear to Bar-dic sto - ry, With thee . . . I'll glad-ly die or
dear to Bar-dic sto - ry, With thee . . . I'll glad-ly die or


share!
No, No,
share!
Nought the noble heart appall - ing,
Free - dom
poco piu f
Freedom leading, Hon-or call - ing,
lead - ing,
f
f
p
On, to the field of glo - ry! Bravely the bat-tle wa - ging
p
On, to the field of glo - ry! Bravely the bat-tle wa - ging
p

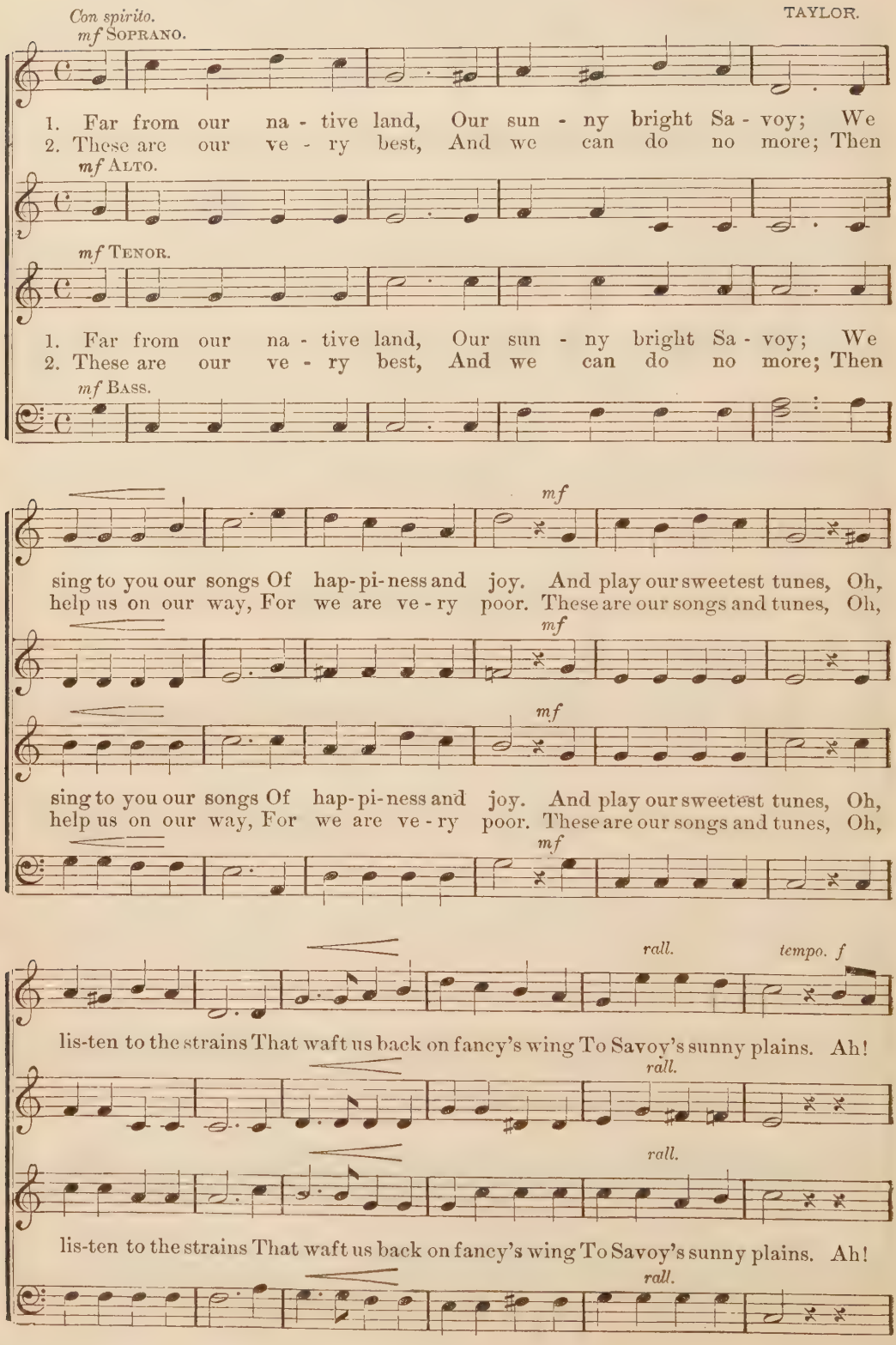

cres.
There where the Fates are ra - ging, A- like the strife we'll dare!
There where the Fates are ra - ging, A- like the strife we'll dare!
A triumph, dear to Bar-dic sto - ry,
A triumph, dear to Bar-dic sto - ry,
f p
With thee I'll die or share! Ah! a triumph,
p
With thee I'll die or share! Ah! a triumph,
p
f p
p

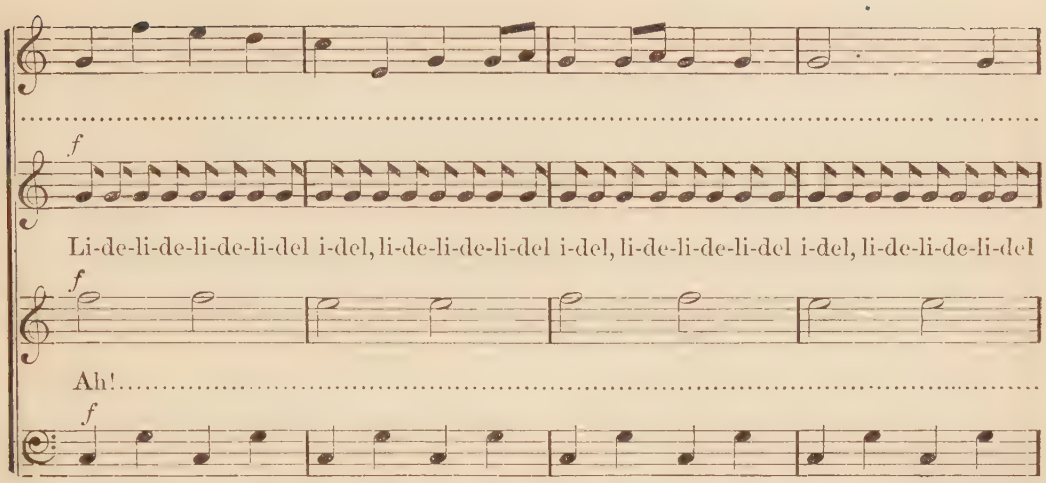

dear to Bardic sto - ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share Ah! a triumph,
dear to Bardic sto - ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share Ah! a triumph,
cres.
piu mosso.
dear to Bar-dic sto - ry, With thee I'll glad-ly die or
dear to Bar-dic sto - ry, With thee I'll glad-ly die or
piu mosso.
f
share! Tri - umph or sto - ry With thee, with thee Ah! still with
share! Tri - umph or sto - ry With thee, with thee Ah! still with

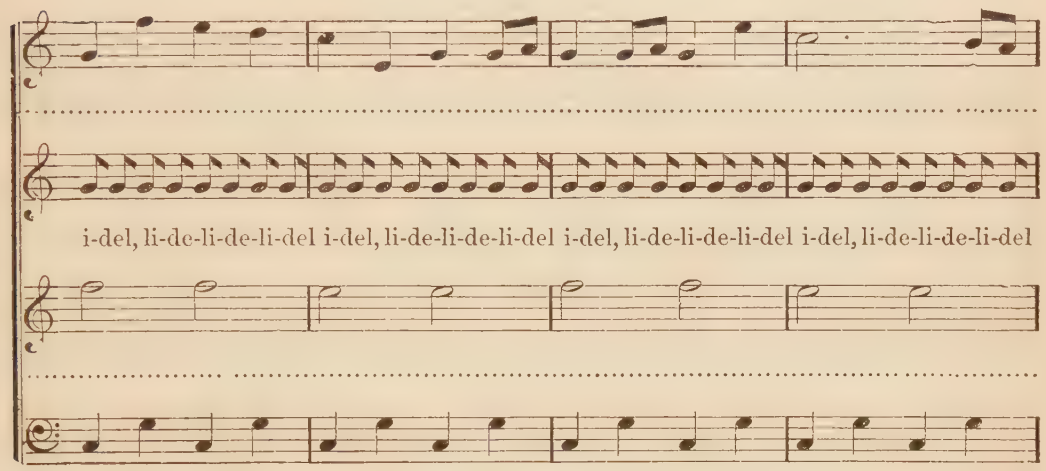

thee, with thee I'll glad - ly share, with thee I'll die or with thee
thee, with thee I'll glad - ly share, with thee I'll die or with thee
share, with thee I'll die or with thee share! Tri - umph or sto-
share, with thee I'll die or with thee share! Tri - umph or sto-
ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share!
ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share!

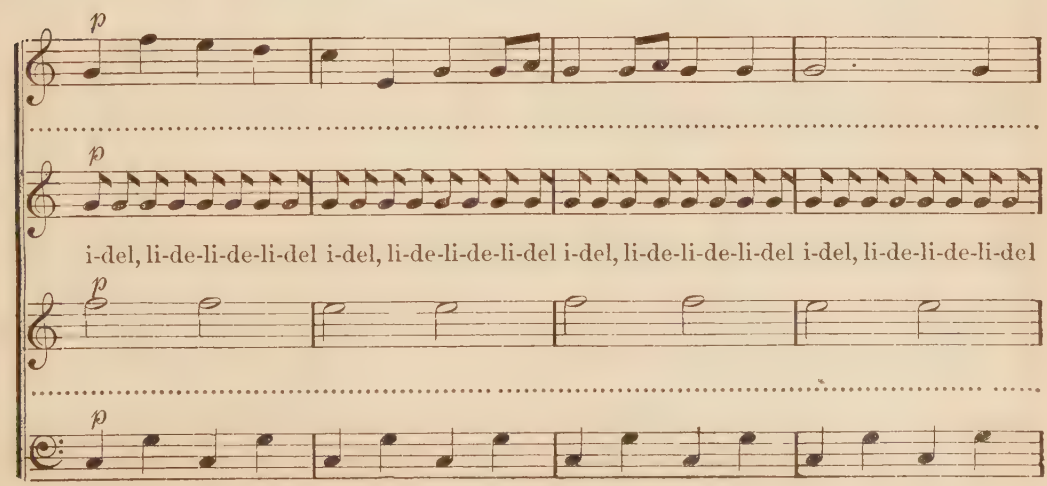
THE WANDERING SAVOYARDS.

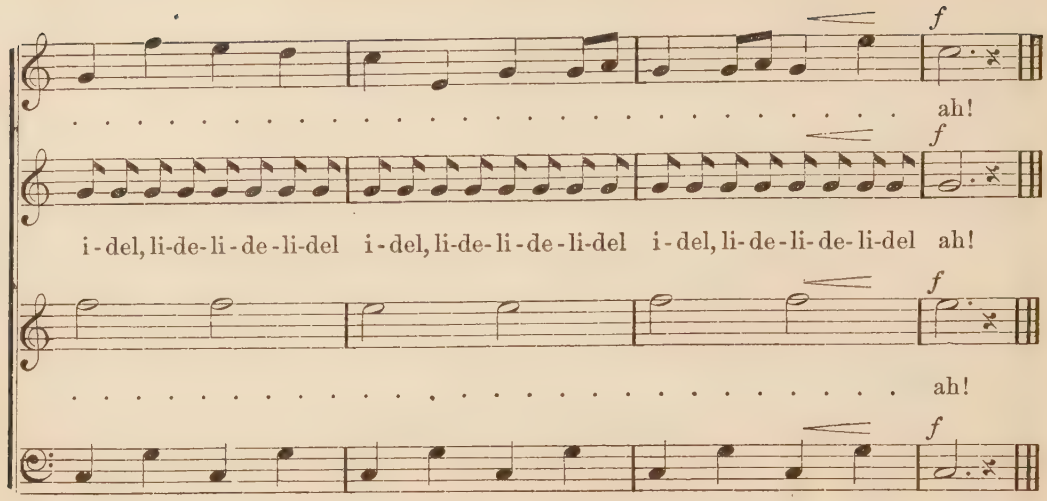
TAYLOR.




f
Li-de-li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del
f
Ah!
f


i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del


p
p
i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del
p
p



LINWOOD.

M.

Slow and soft.

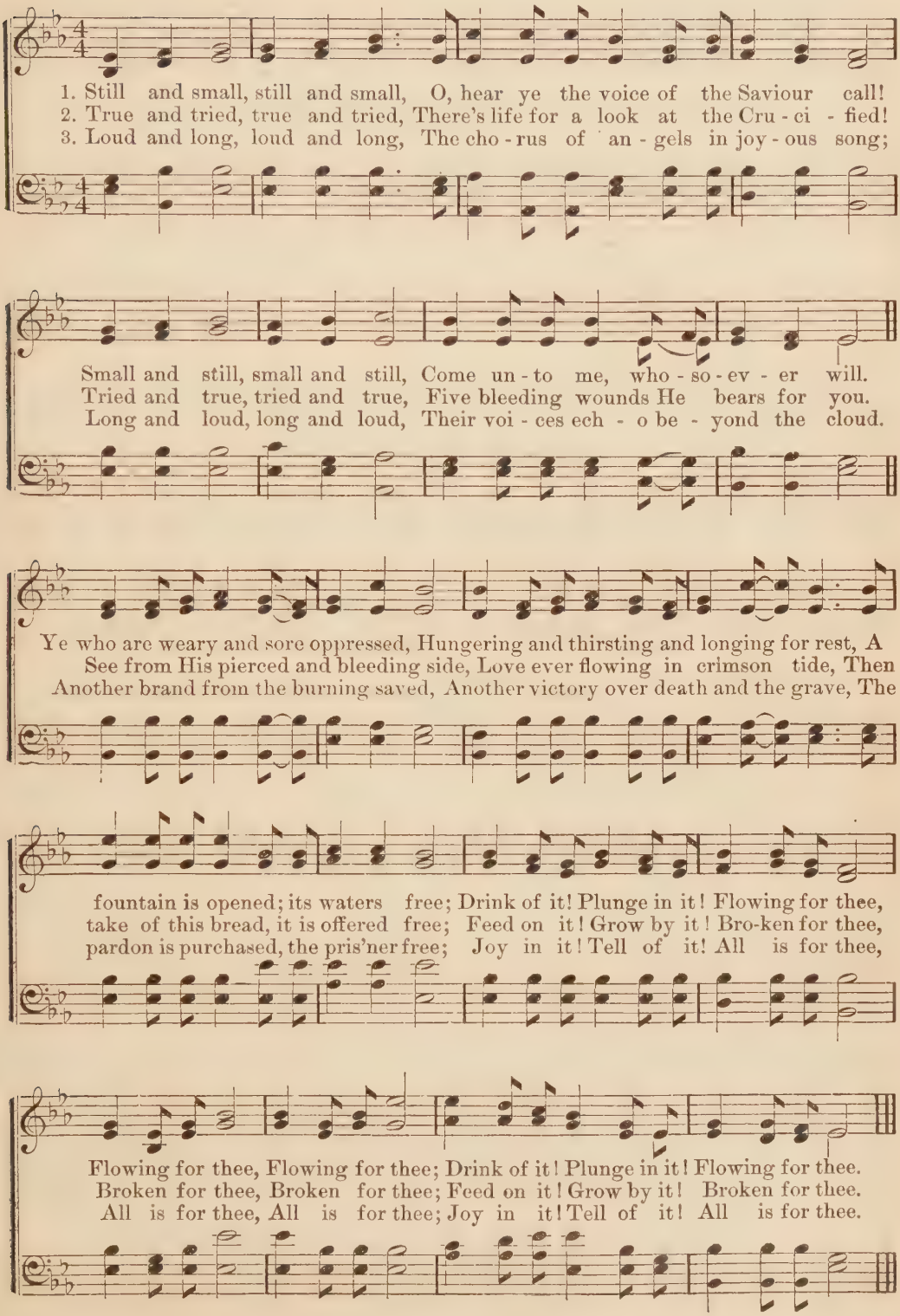
1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro-
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am
3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low

longs my days! And ev-'ry ev-'ning shall make
near my home; But he for-gives my fol-lies
for my head; While well ap-point-ed an-gels

known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.
past, He gives me strength for days to come.
keep Their watch-ful sta-tion round my bed.

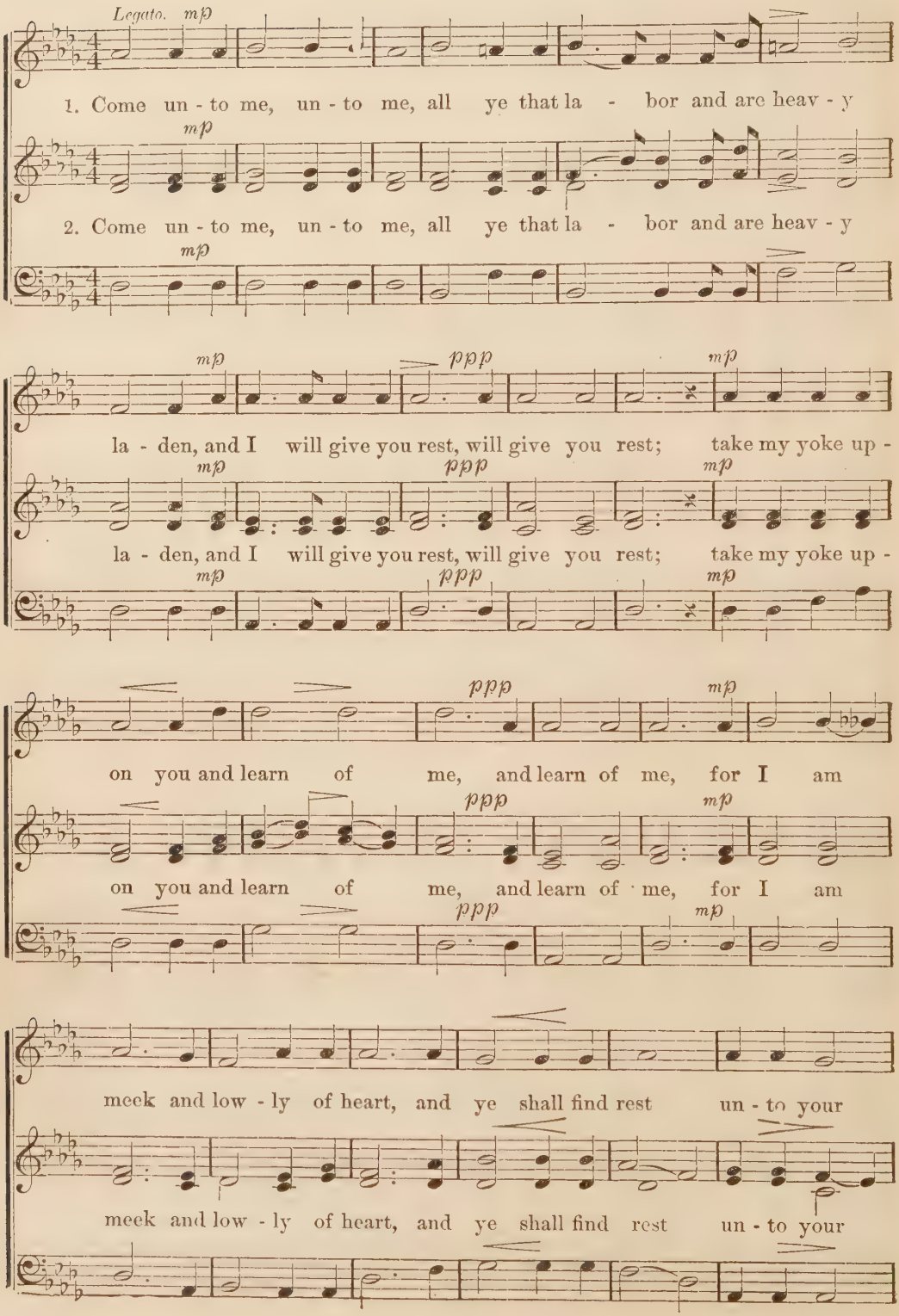
THE VOICE OF JESUS.

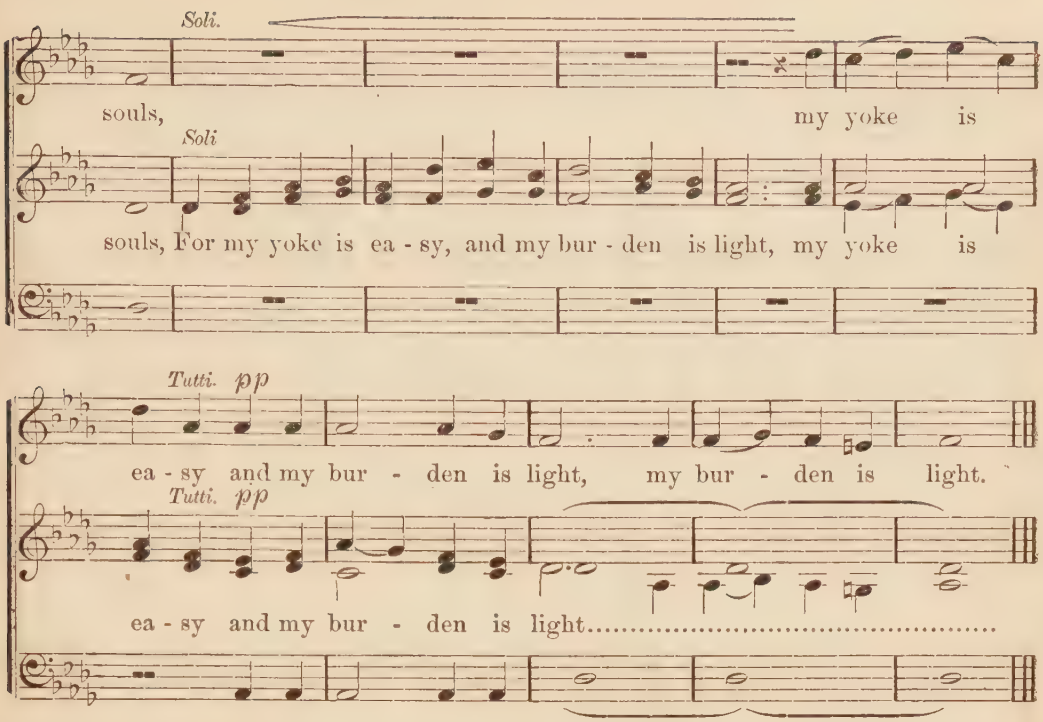
F. G. B. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



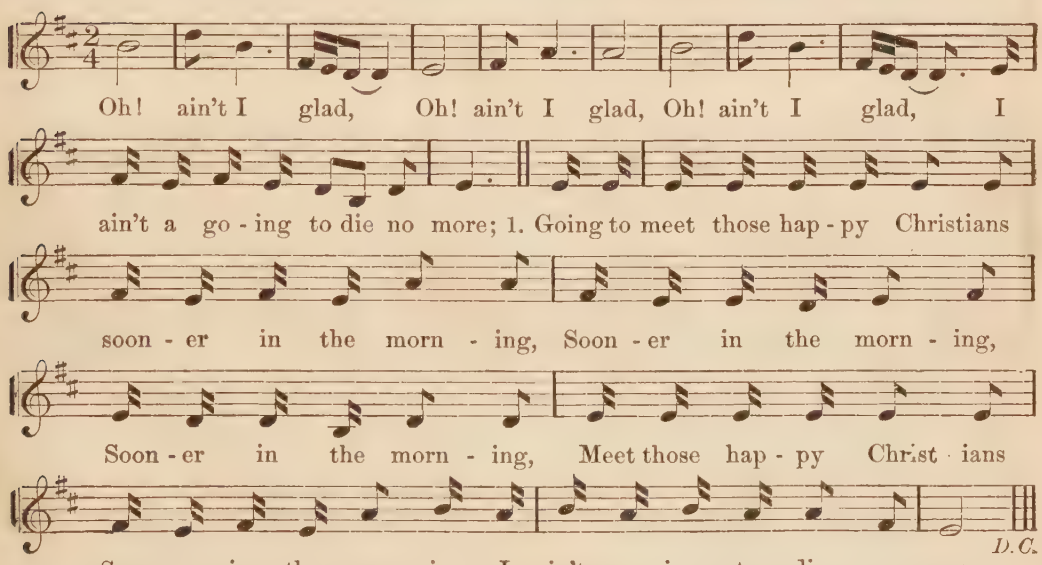
"COME UNTO ME."

MARSHALL. By per.





I AIN'T GOING TO DIE ANY MORE.



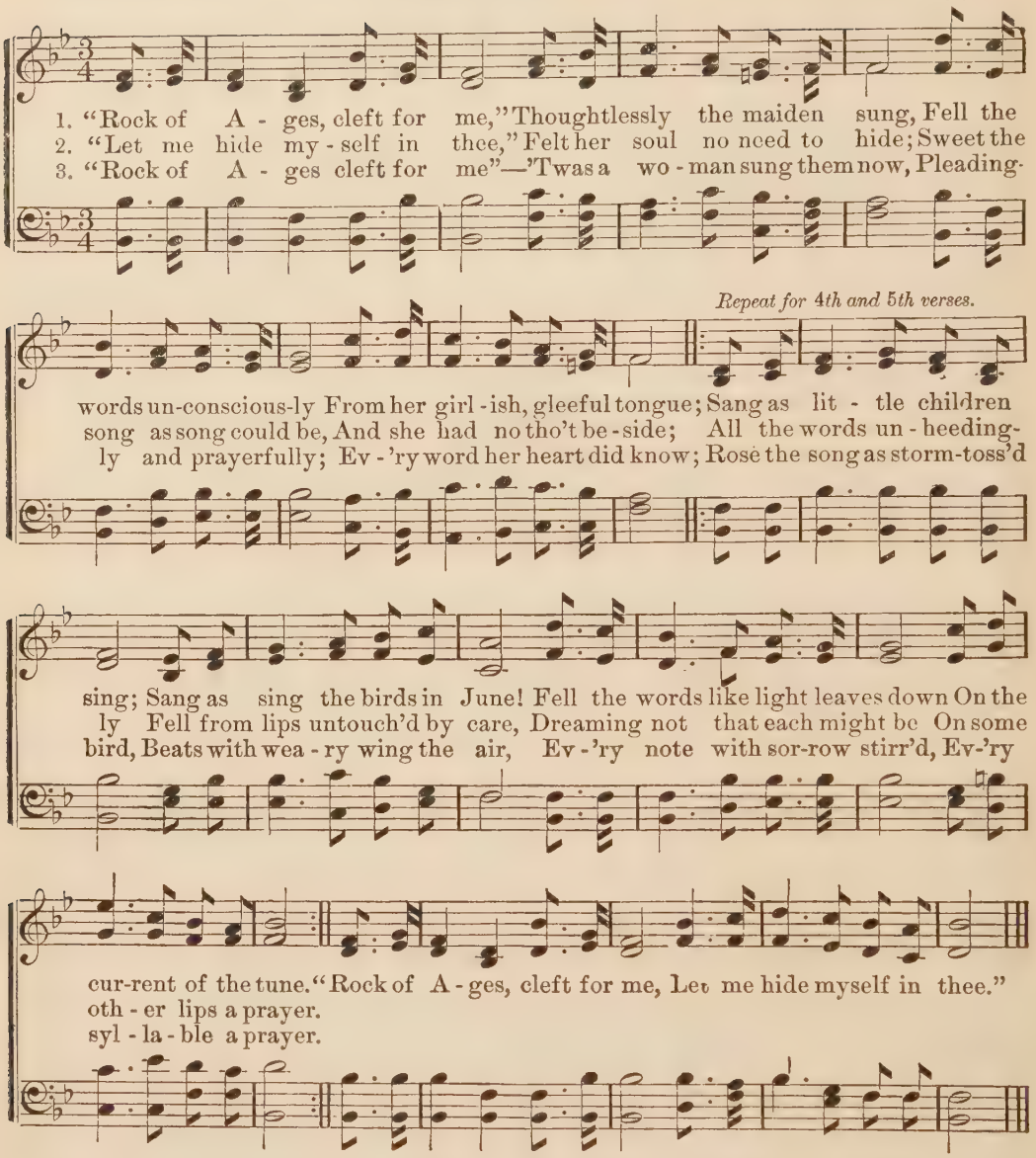
2. Going shouting home to glory sooner in the morning, &c.
Chorus.—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.

3. Going to wear a starry crown sooner in the morning, &c.
Chorus.—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.

4. We'll sing the troubles over sooner in the morning, &c.
Chorus.—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.

CLEFT FOR ME.

BRUCE. By per.



4.

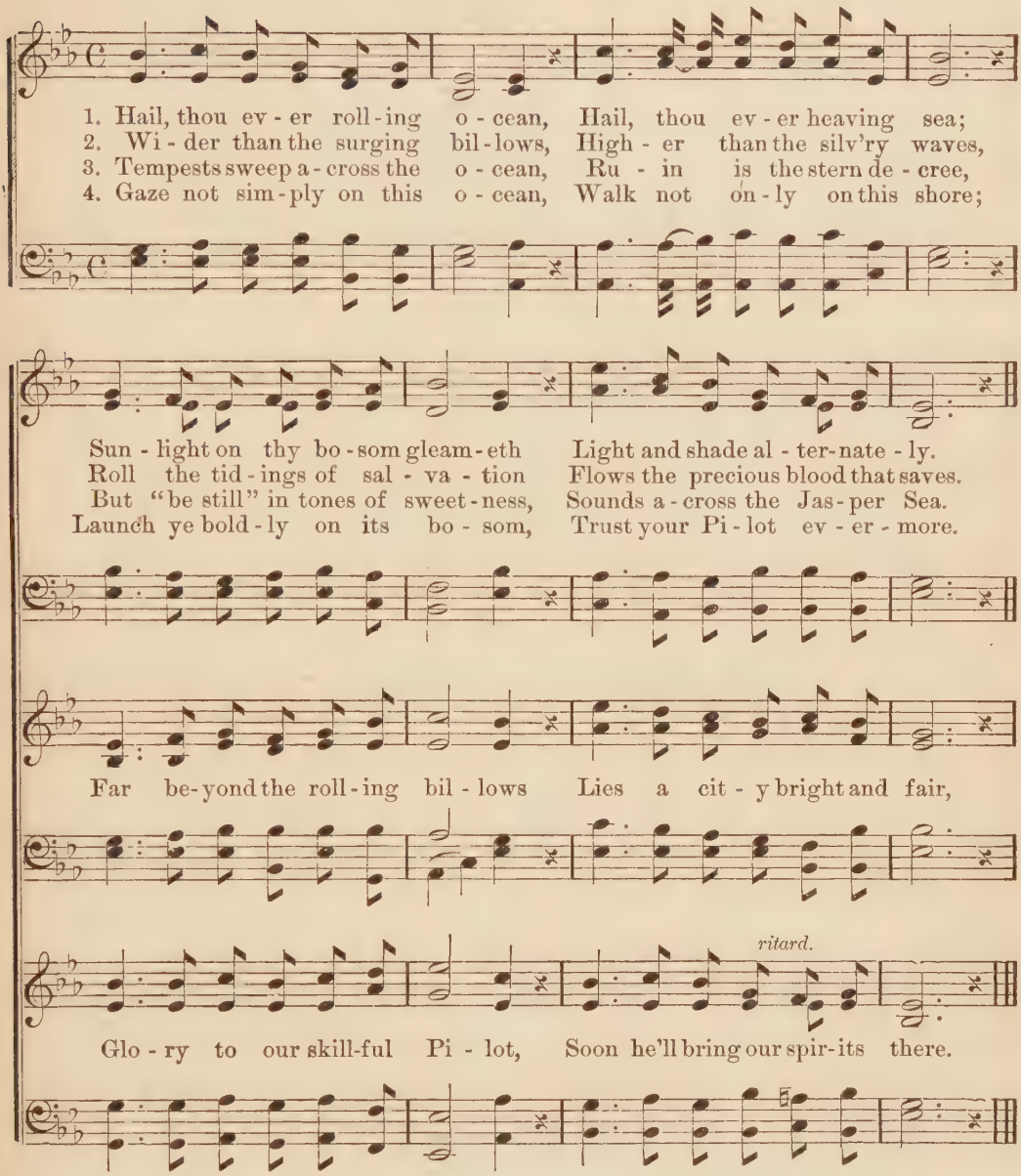
"Rock of Ages, Cleft for me,"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak, and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in thee,"
Trembling though the voice, and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing,
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing,
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

5.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above the coffin-lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid,
Nevermore, O storm tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in thee."

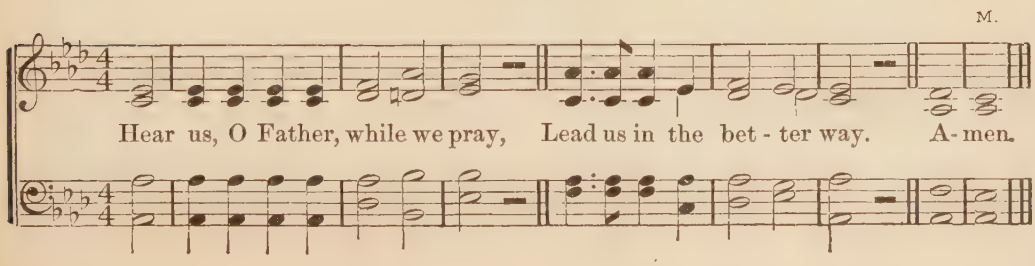
THE "OCEAN GROVE" SONG.

STOKES. BRUCE. By per.



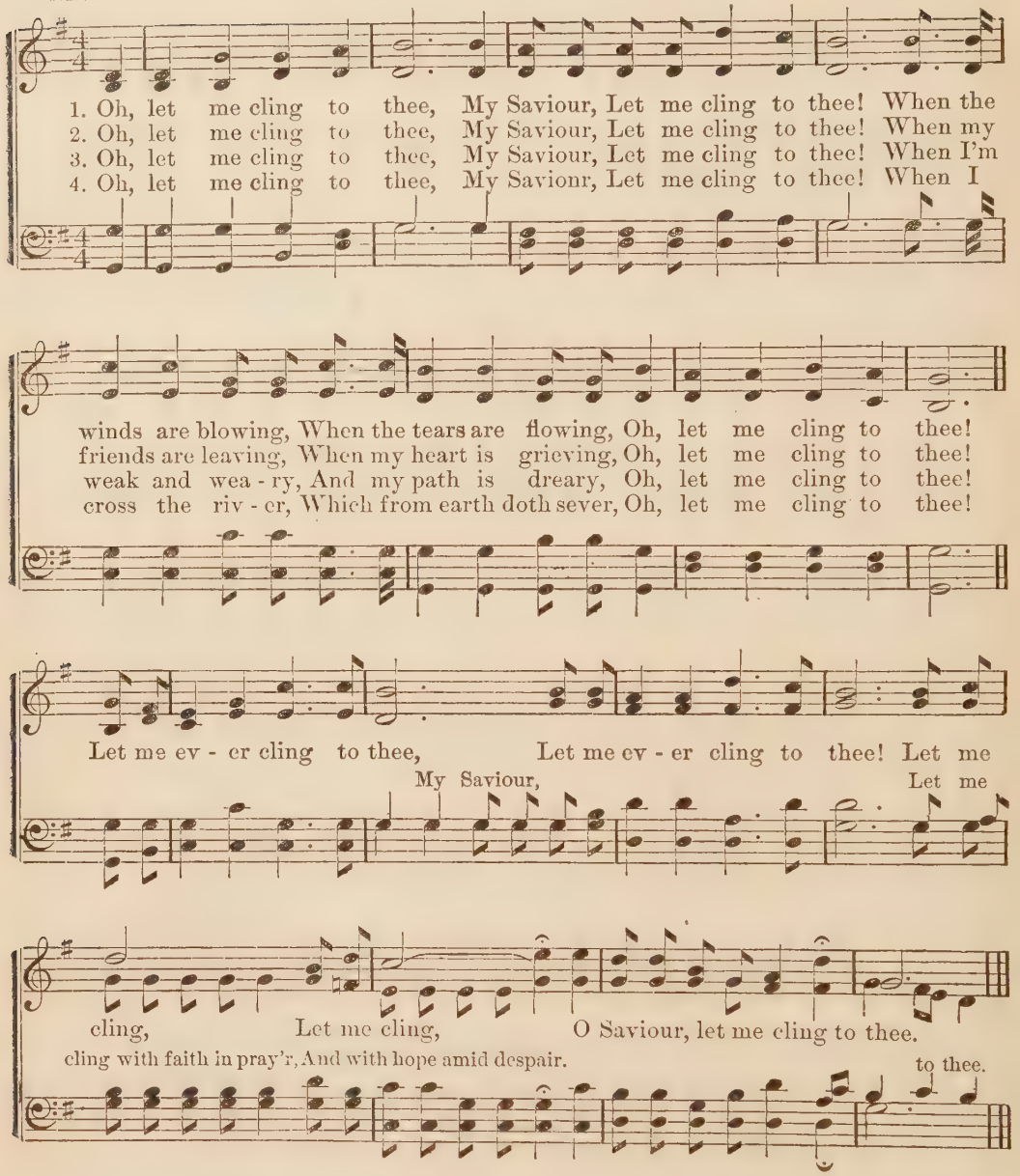
RESPONSE.

M.



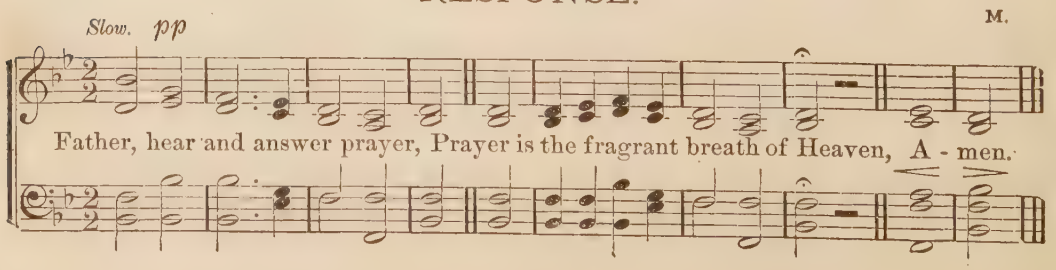
LET ME CLING TO THEE.

NEVIN. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



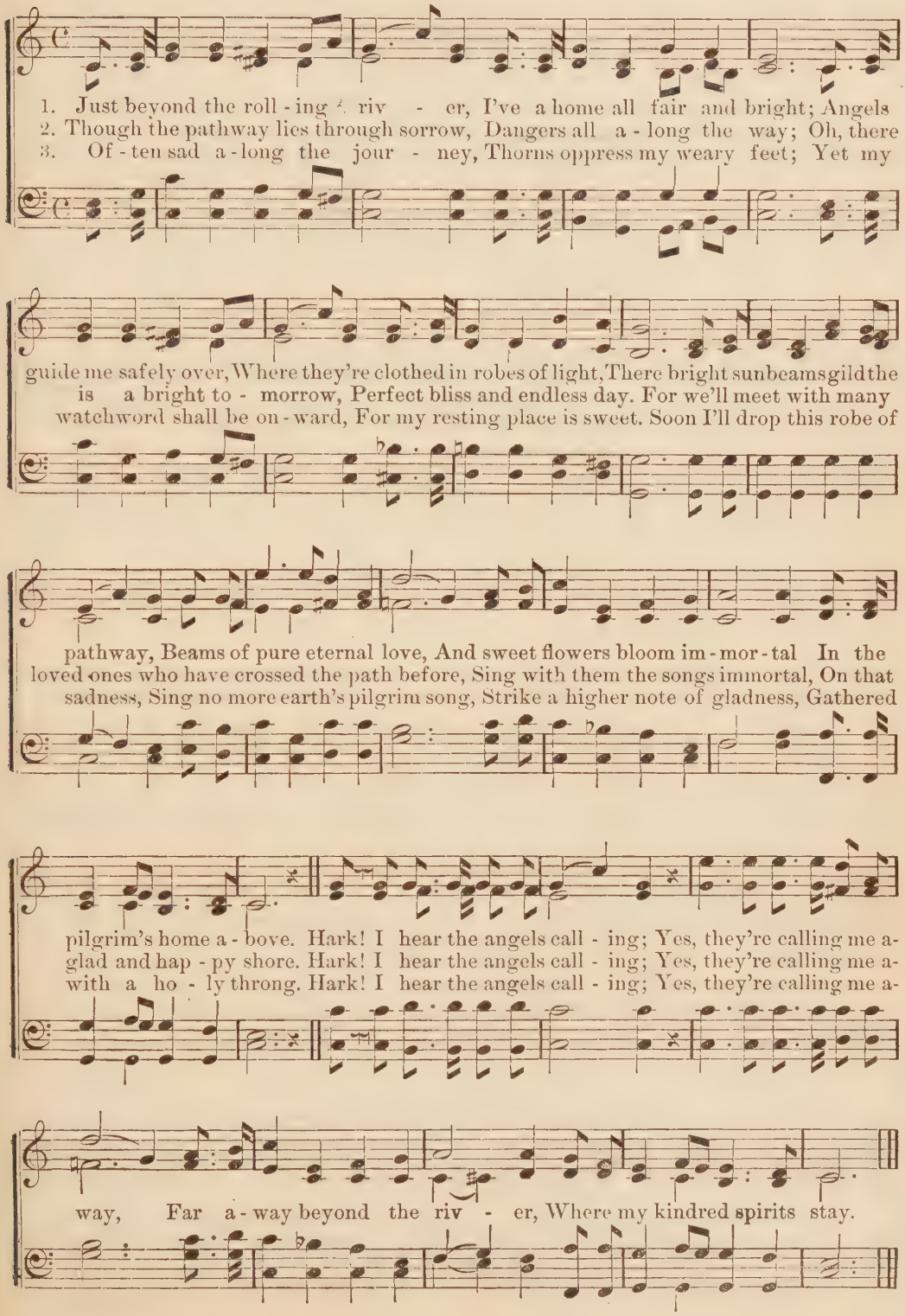
RESPONSE.

M.



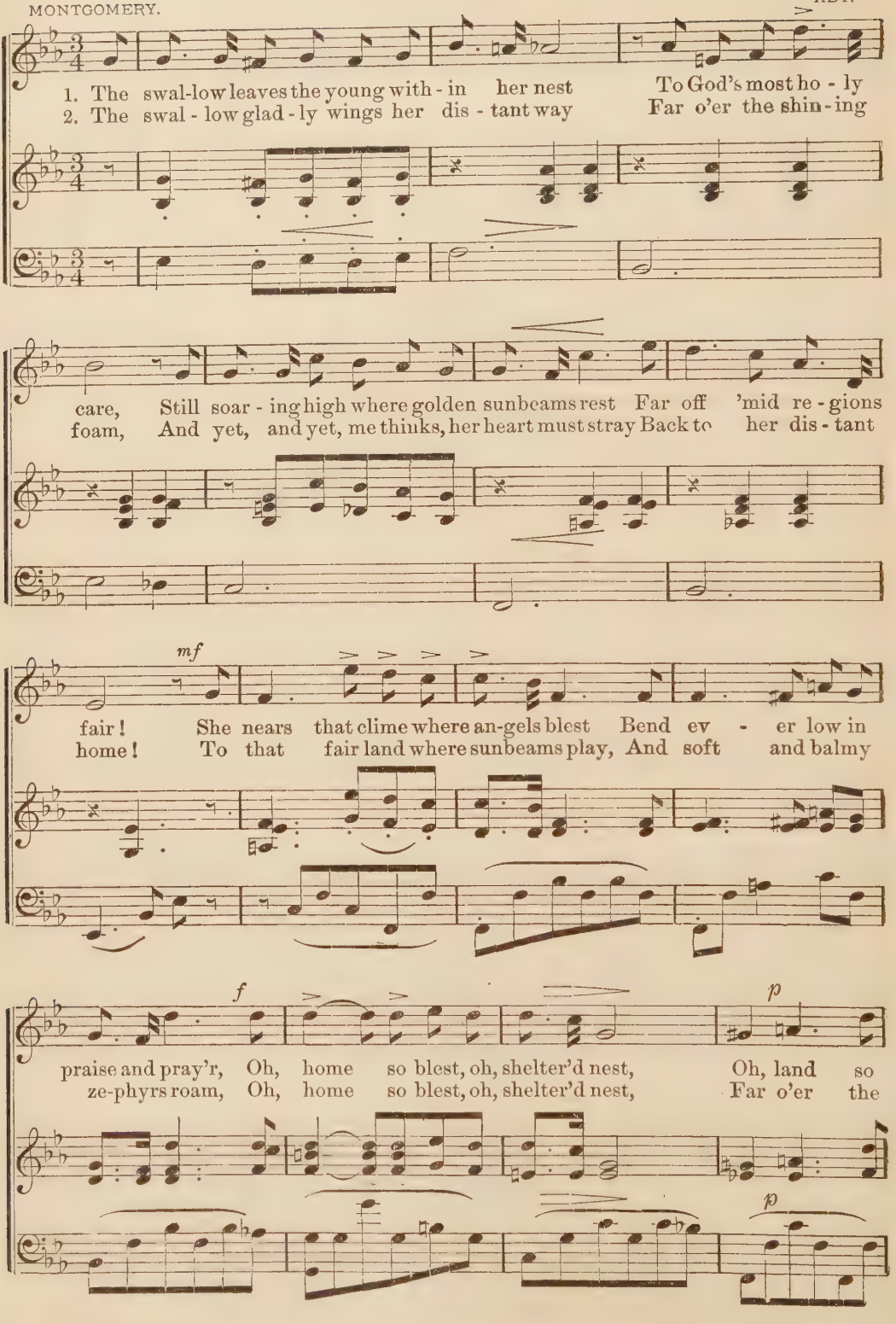
HARK! I HEAR THE ANGELS CALLING.

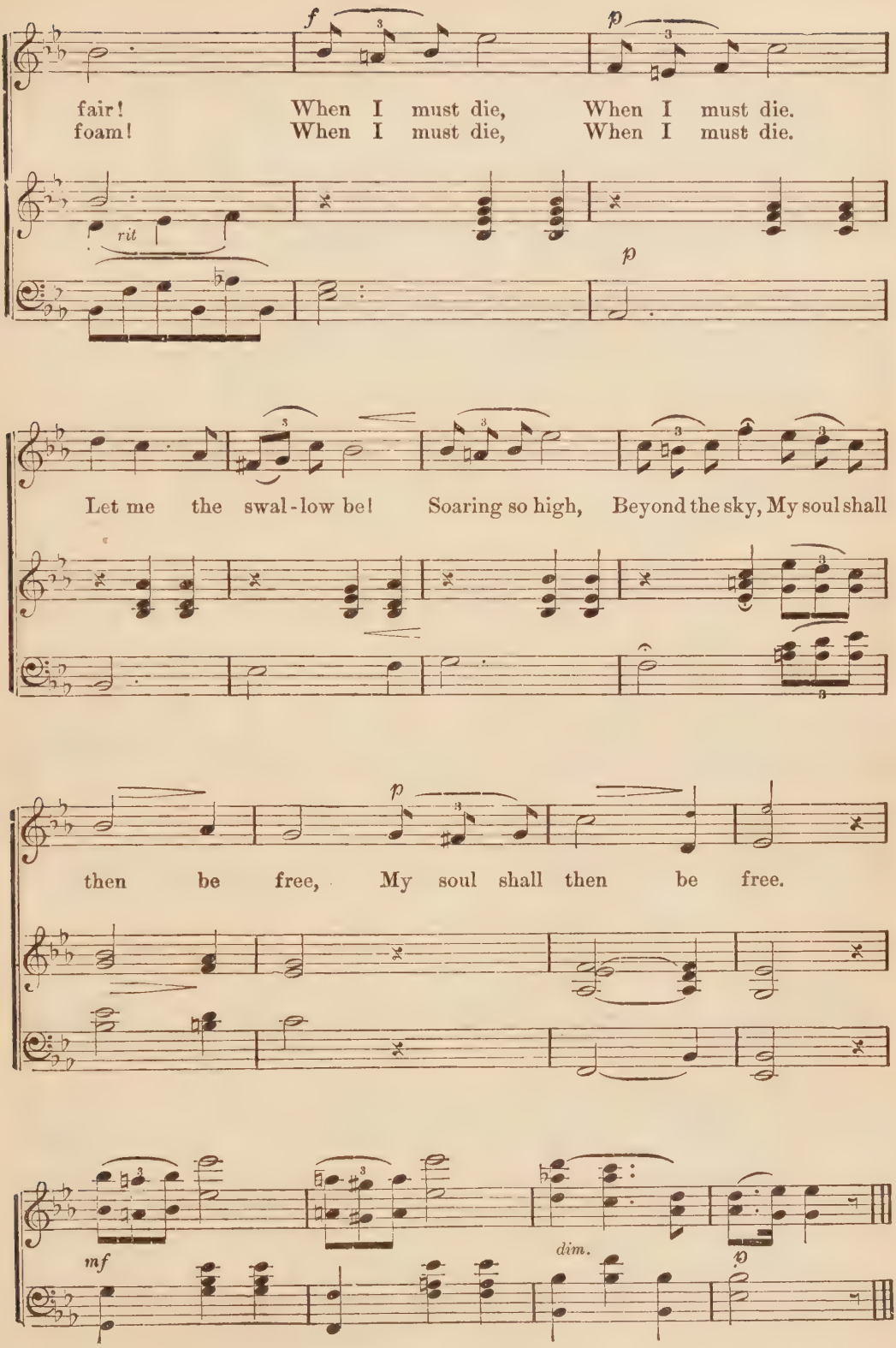
MALONEY. GEIBEL. By per.



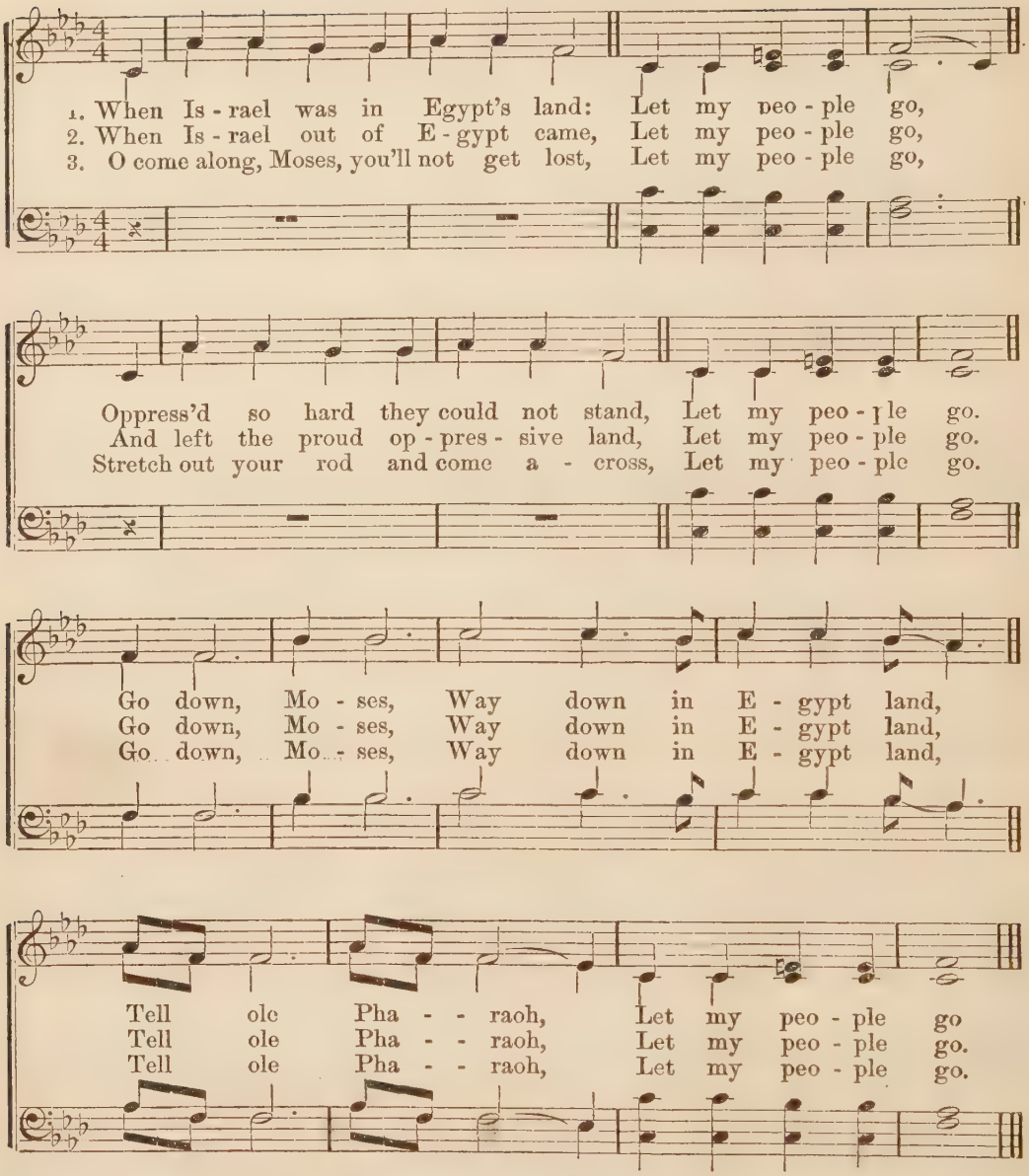
HOME SO BLEST.

MONTGOMERY. ABT.




f
p
fair! When I must die, When I must die.
foam! When I must die, When I must die.
rit
p
Let me the swal-low be! Soaring so high, Beyond the sky, My soul shall
p
then be free, My soul shall then be free.
mf
dim.
p

GO DOWN, MOSES.



4.

As Israel stood by the water side,
Let my people go,
At the command of God it did divide,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

5.

Pharaoh said he would go across,
Let my people go,
But Pharaoh and his host were lost,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

6.

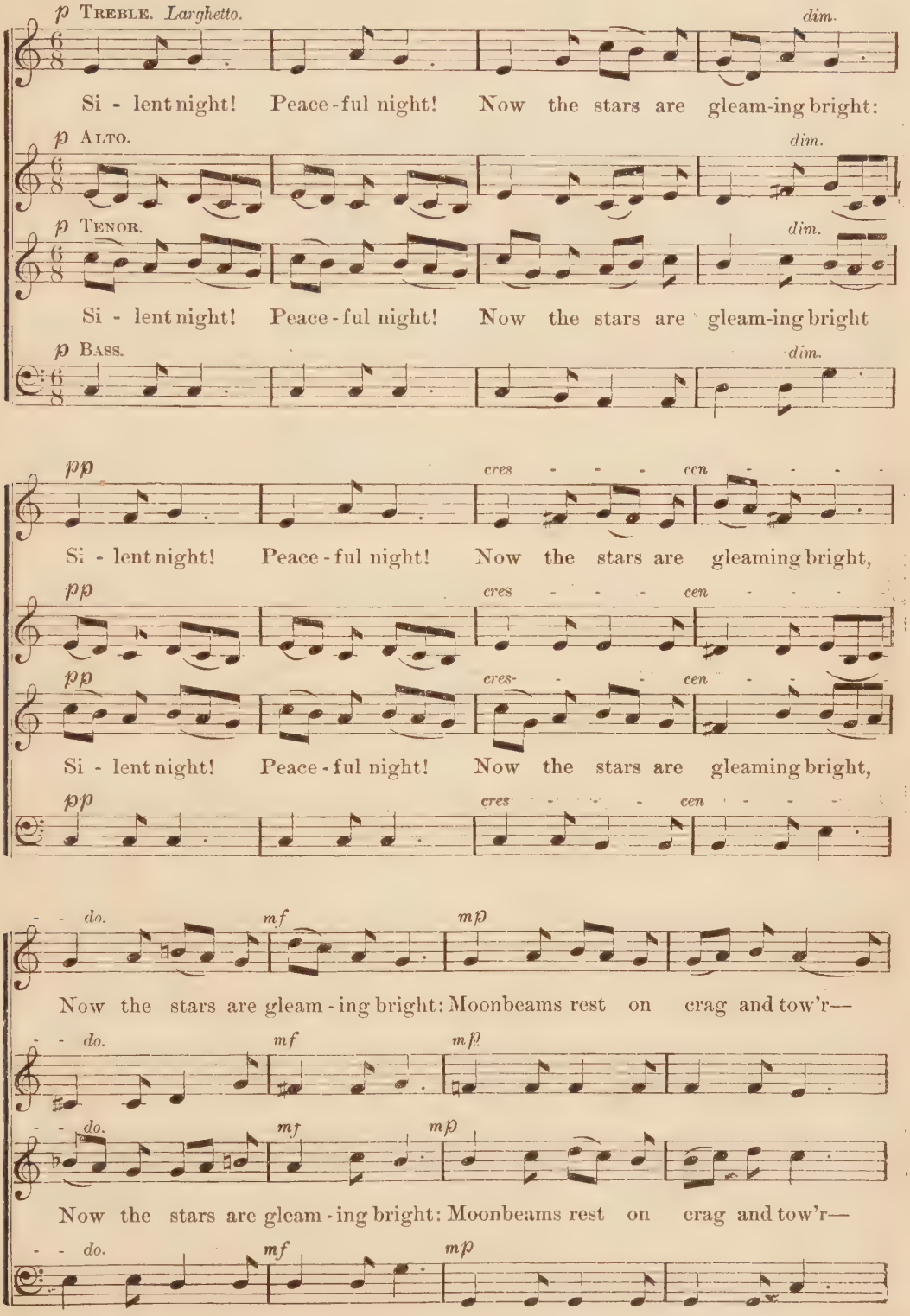
O bretheren, bretheren, you had better be [engaged,
Let my people go,
For the devil he's out on a big rampage,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

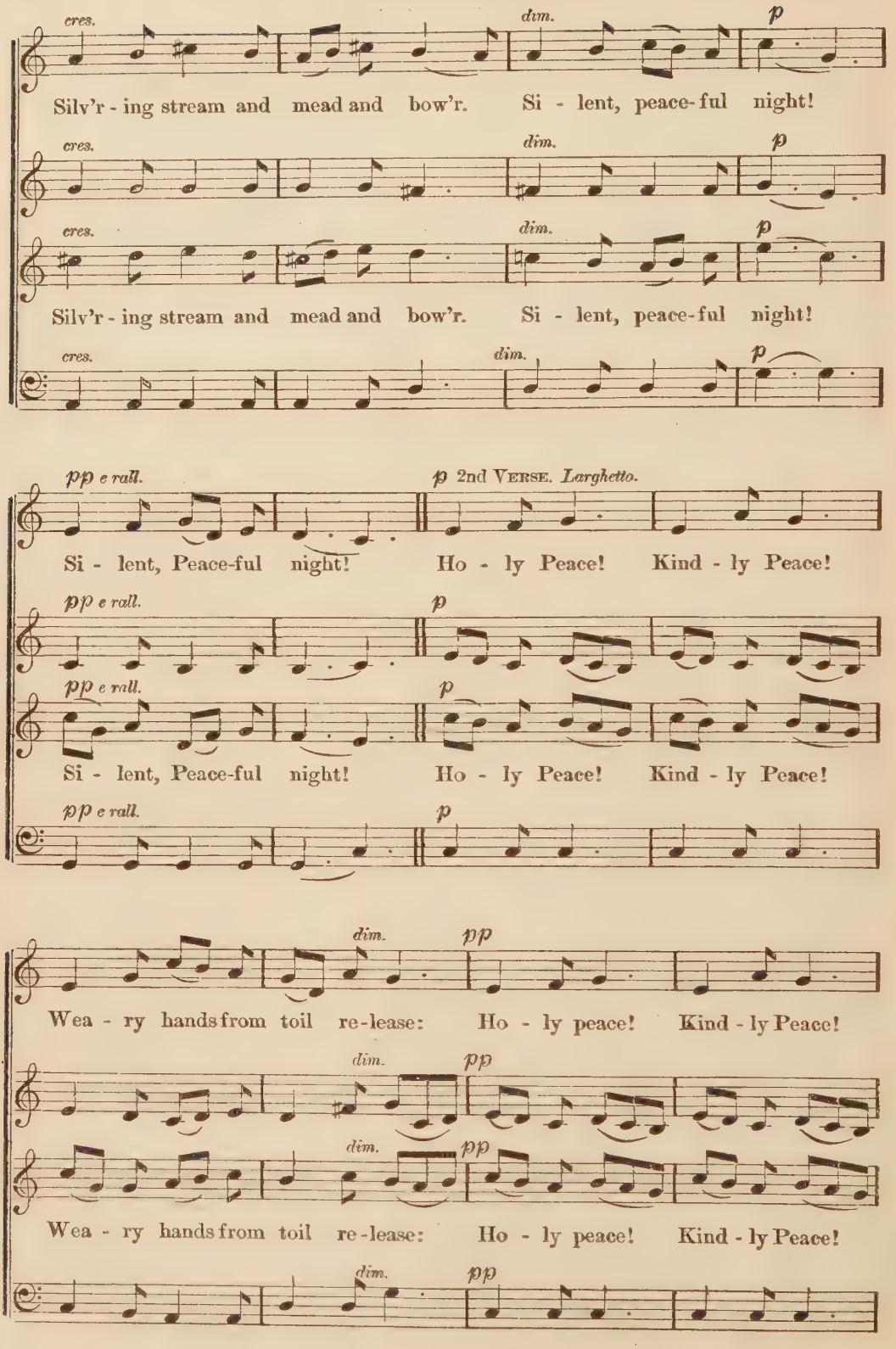
7.

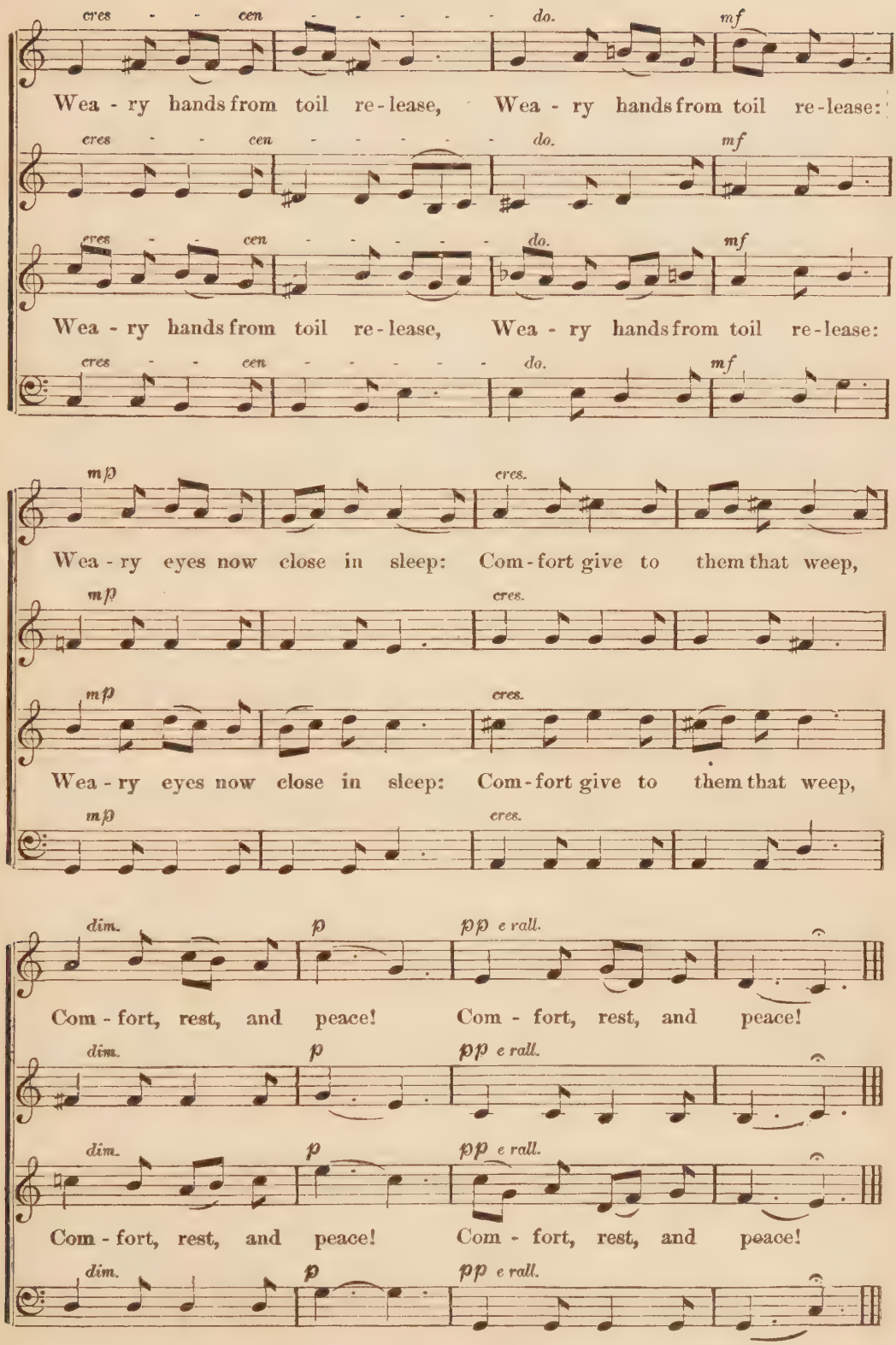
O take your shoes from off yer feet,
Let my people go,
And walk into the golden street,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

SILENT NIGHT.

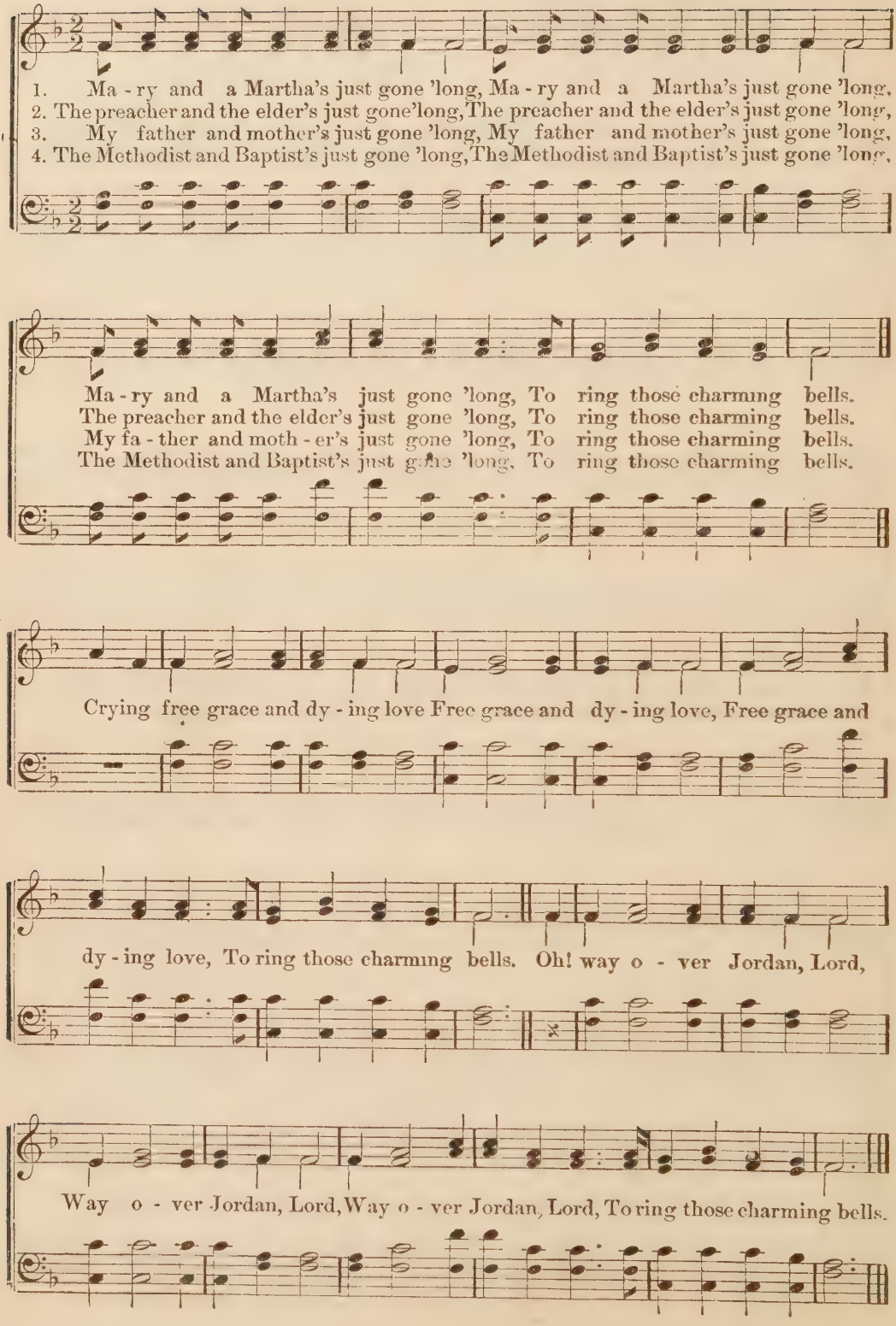
BELL. BARNBY.



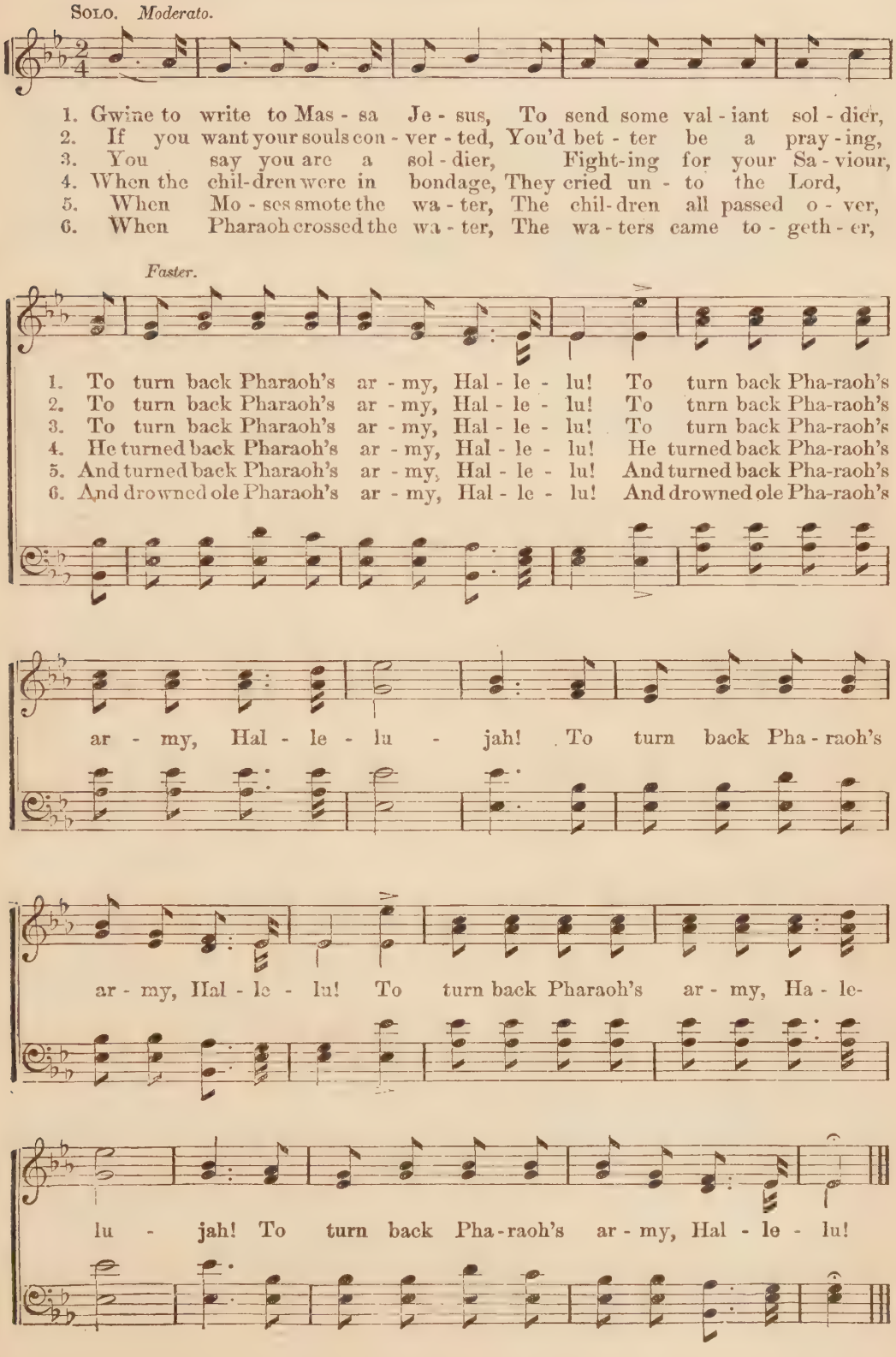

cres.
dim.
p
Silv'r - ing stream and mead and bow'r. Si - lent, peace-ful night!
cres.
dim.
p
cres.
dim.
p
Silv'r - ing stream and mead and bow'r. Si - lent, peace-ful night!
cres.
dim.
p
pp e rall.
p 2nd Verse. Larghetto.
Si - lent, Peace-ful night! Ho - ly Peace! Kind - ly Peace!
pp e rall.
p
pp e rall.
p
Si - lent, Peace-ful night! Ho - ly Peace! Kind - ly Peace!
pp e rall.
p
dim.
pp
Wea - ry hands from toil re-lease: Ho - ly peace! Kind - ly Peace!
dim.
pp
dim.
pp
Wea - ry hands from toil re-lease: Ho - ly peace! Kind - ly Peace!
dim.
pp


cres - - cen - - - - - - do. mf
Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease, Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease:
cres - - cen - - - - - - do. mf
cres - - cen - - - - - - do. mf
Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease, Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease:
cres - - cen - - - - - - do. mf
mp cres.
Wea - ry eyes now close in sleep: Com - fort give to them that weep,
mp cres.
mp cres.
Wea - ry eyes now close in sleep: Com - fort give to them that weep,
mp cres.
dim. p pp e rall.
Com - fort, rest, and peace! Com - fort, rest, and peace!
dim. p pp e rall.
dim. p pp e rall.
Com - fort, rest, and peace! Com - fort, rest, and peace!
dim. p pp e rall.

MARY AND MARTHA.

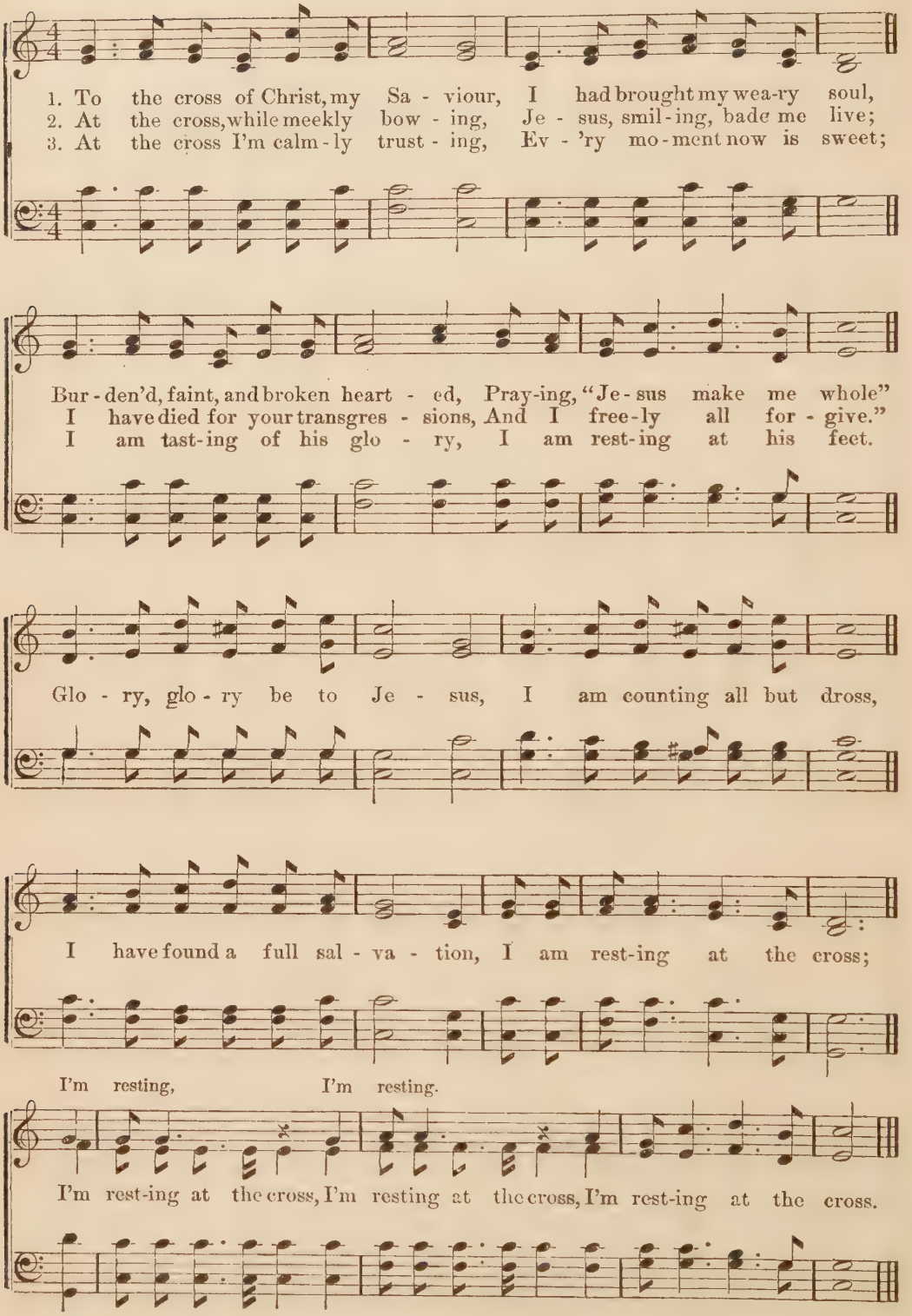


TURN BACK PHARAOH'S ARMY.

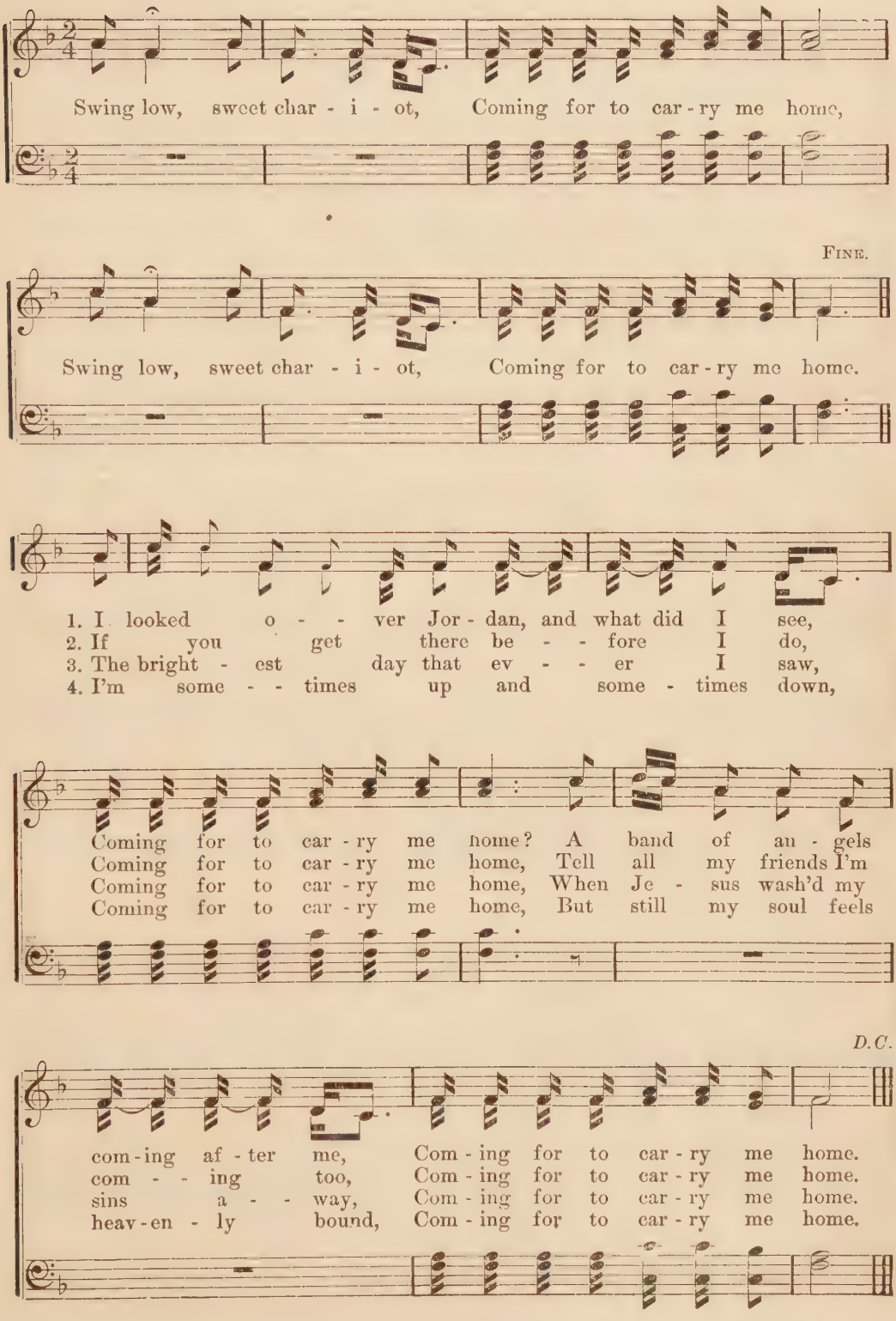


RESTING AT THE CROSS.

KIRKPATRICK. By per.

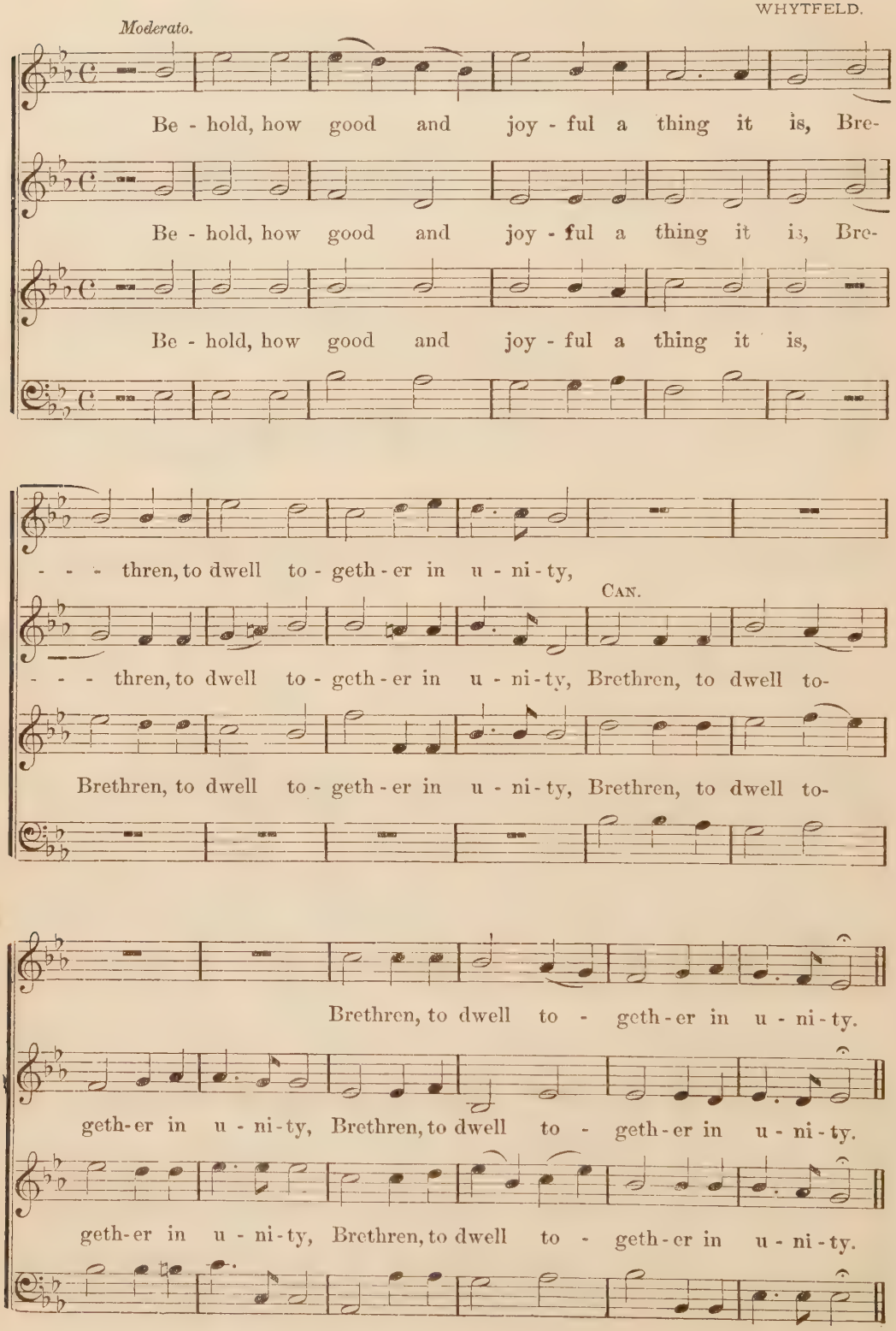


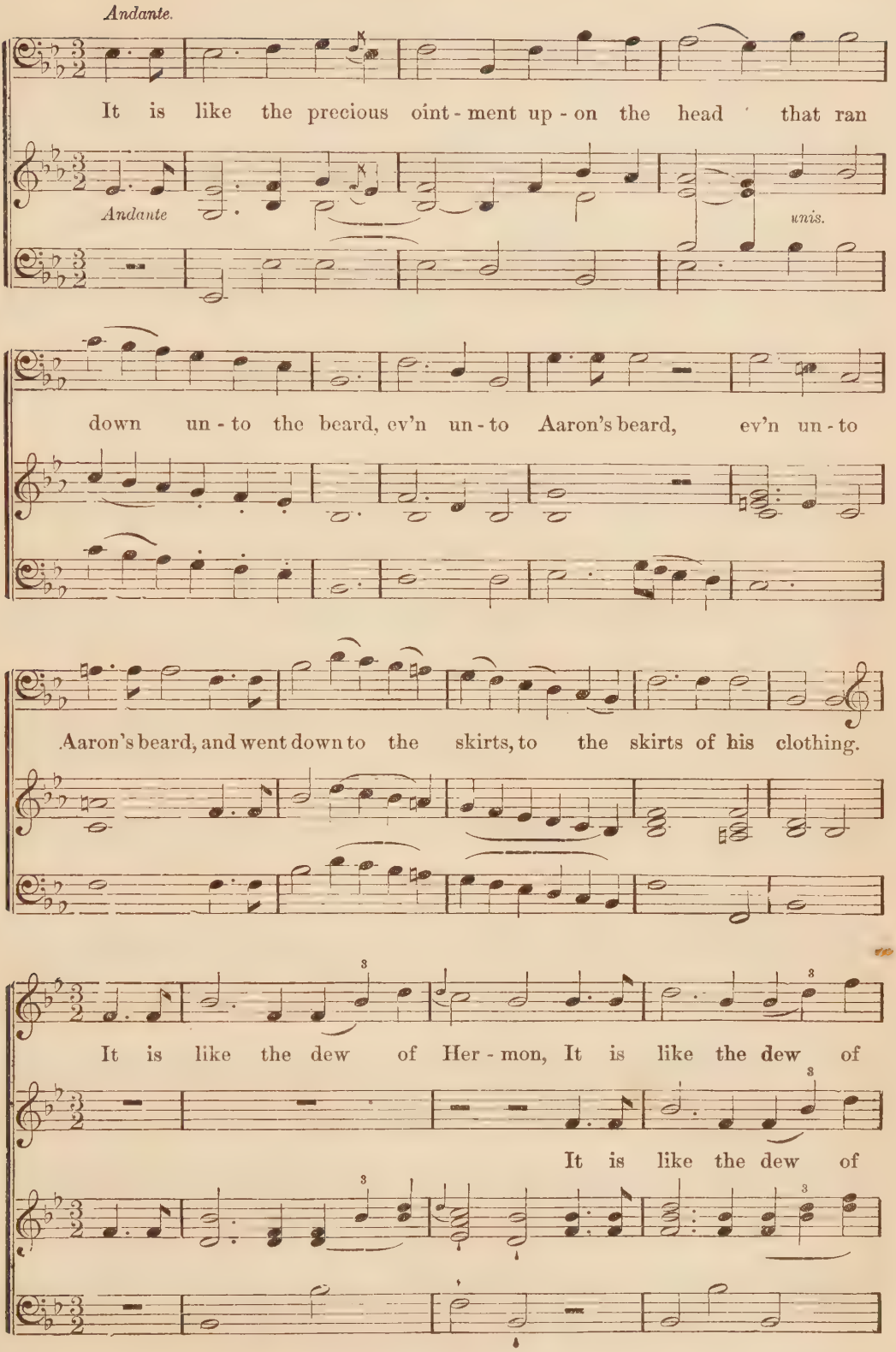
SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT.

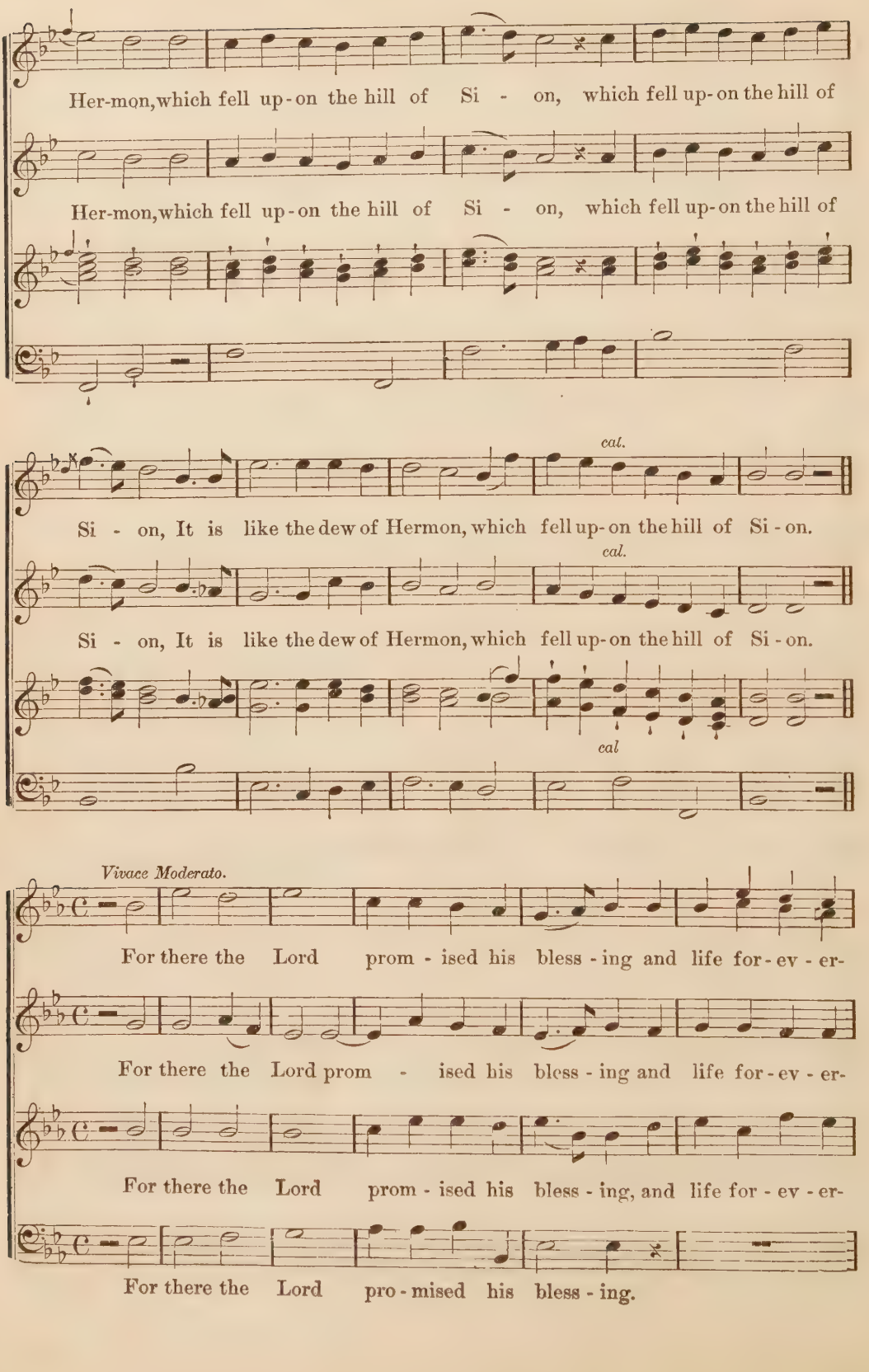


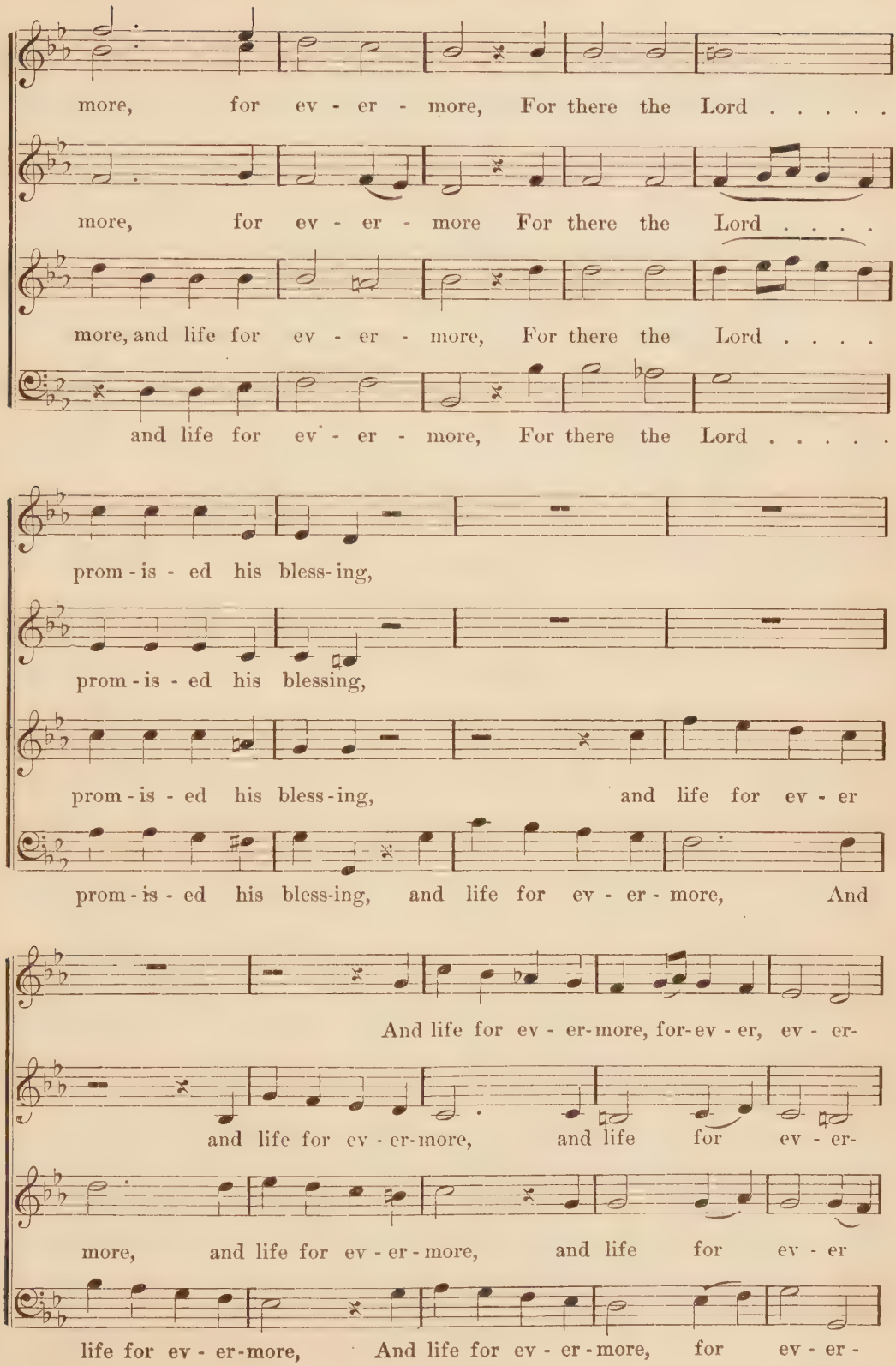
BEHOLD, HOW GOOD AND JOYFUL.

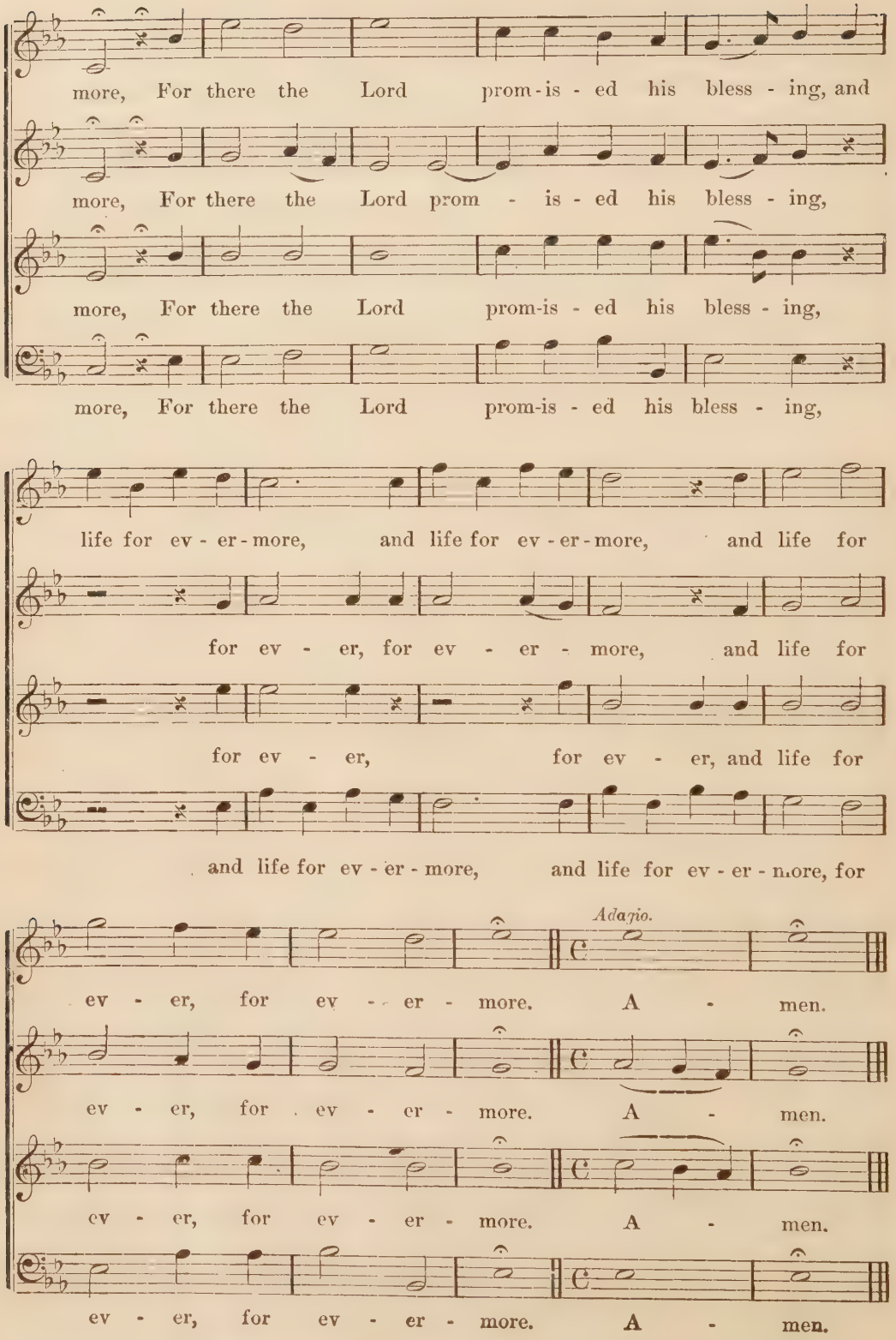
WHYTFELD.




Andante.
It is like the precious oint - ment up - on the head that ran
Andante
unis.
down un - to the beard, ev'n un - to Aaron's beard, ev'n un - to
Aaron's beard, and went down to the skirts, to the skirts of his clothing.
It is like the dew of Her - mon, It is like the dew of
It is like the dew of

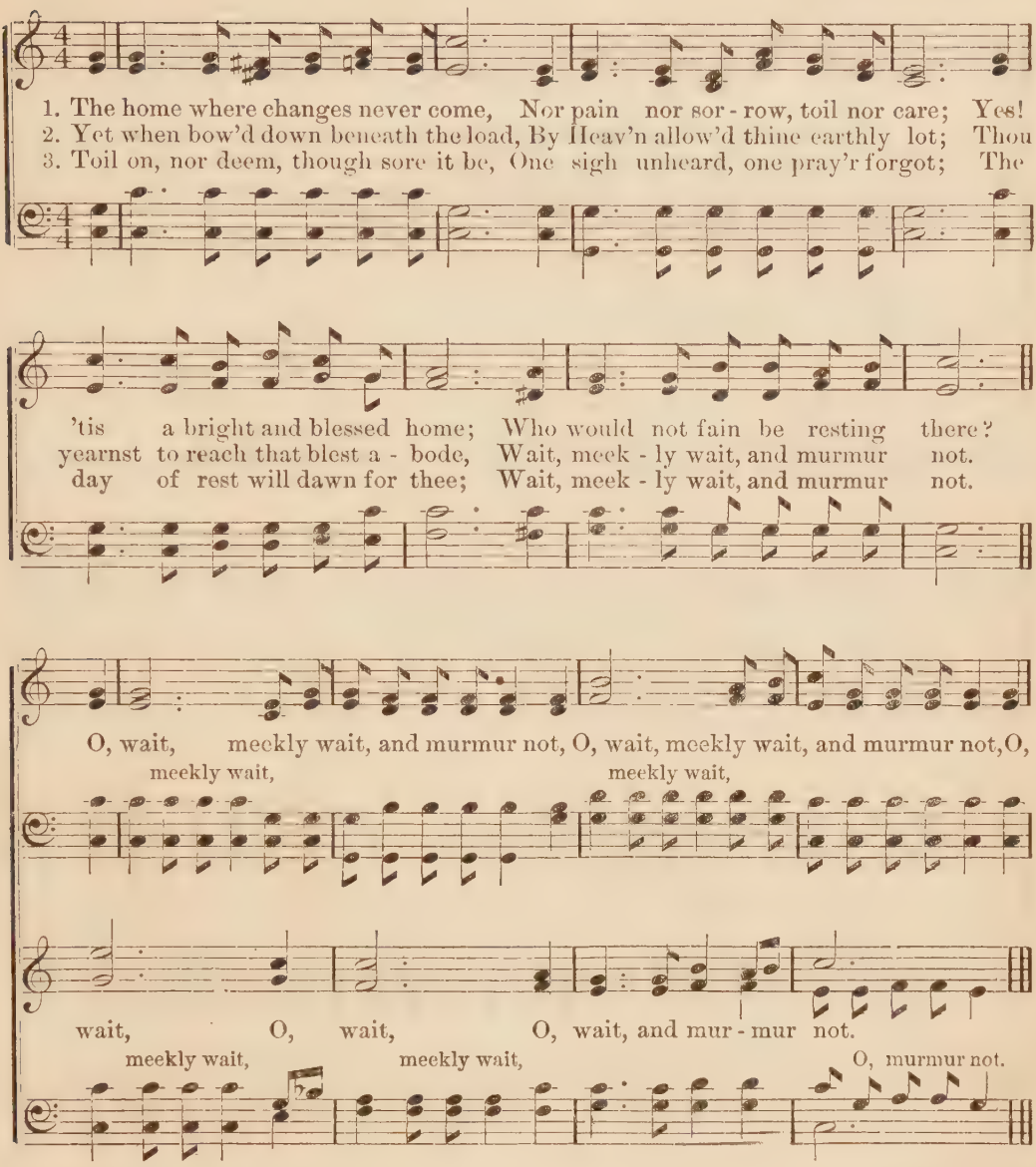

Her-mon, which fell up-on the hill of Si - on, which fell up-on the hill of
Her-mon, which fell up-on the hill of Si - on, which fell up-on the hill of
cal.
Si - on, It is like the dew of Hermon, which fell up-on the hill of Si-on.
cal.
Si - on, It is like the dew of Hermon, which fell up-on the hill of Si-on.
cal
Vivace Moderato.
For there the Lord prom - ised his bless - ing and life for-ev - er-
For there the Lord prom - ised his bless - ing and life for-ev - er-
For there the Lord prom - ised his bless - ing, and life for - ev - er-
For there the Lord pro - mised his bless - ing.


more, for ev - er - more, For there the Lord . . . . .
more, for ev - er - more For there the Lord . . . .
more, and life for ev - er - more, For there the Lord . . . .
and life for ev - er - more, For there the Lord . . . . .
prom - is - ed his bless - ing,
prom - is - ed his blessing,
prom - is - ed his bless - ing, and life for ev - er
prom - is - ed his bless-ing, and life for ev - er - more, And
And life for ev - er-more, for-ev - er, ev - er-
and life for ev - er-more, and life for ev - er-
more, and life for ev - er - more, and life for ev - er
life for ev - er-more, And life for ev - er - more, for ev - er -


more, For there the Lord prom-is - ed his bless - ing, and
more, For there the Lord prom - is - ed his bless - ing,
more, For there the Lord prom-is - ed his bless - ing,
more, For there the Lord prom-is - ed his bless - ing,
life for ev - er - more, and life for ev - er - more, and life for
for ev - er, for ev - er - more, and life for
for ev - er, for ev - er, and life for
and life for ev - er - more, and life for ev - er - more, for
Adagio.
ev - er, for ev - er - more. A - men.
ev - er, for ev - er - more. A - men.
ev - er, for ev - er - more. A - men.
ev - er, for ev - er - more. A - men.

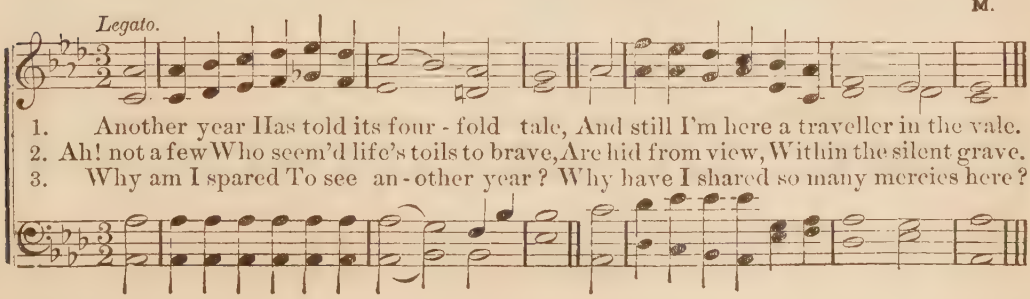
WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

KIRKPATRICK. By per.



THE OLD YEAR.

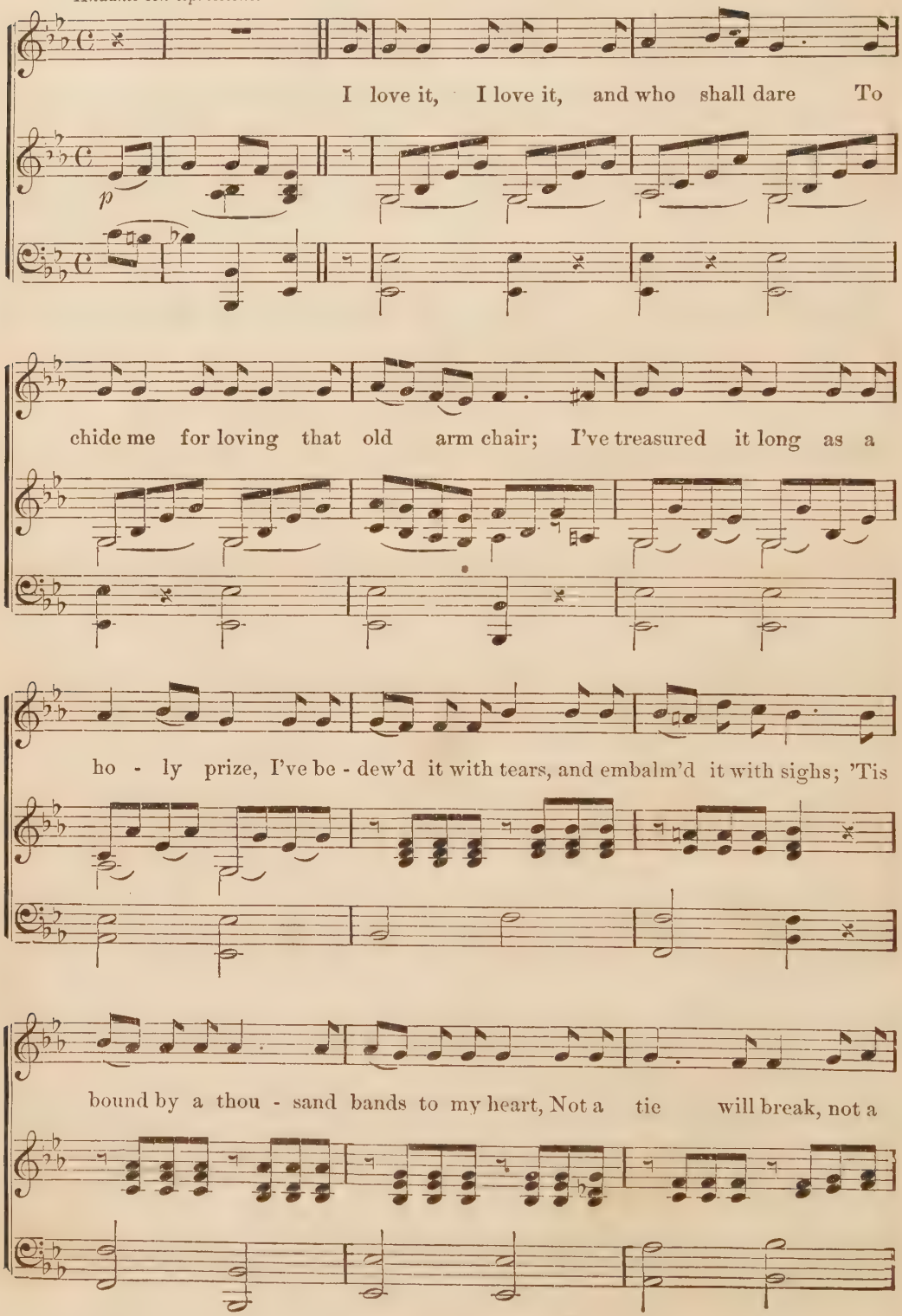
M.

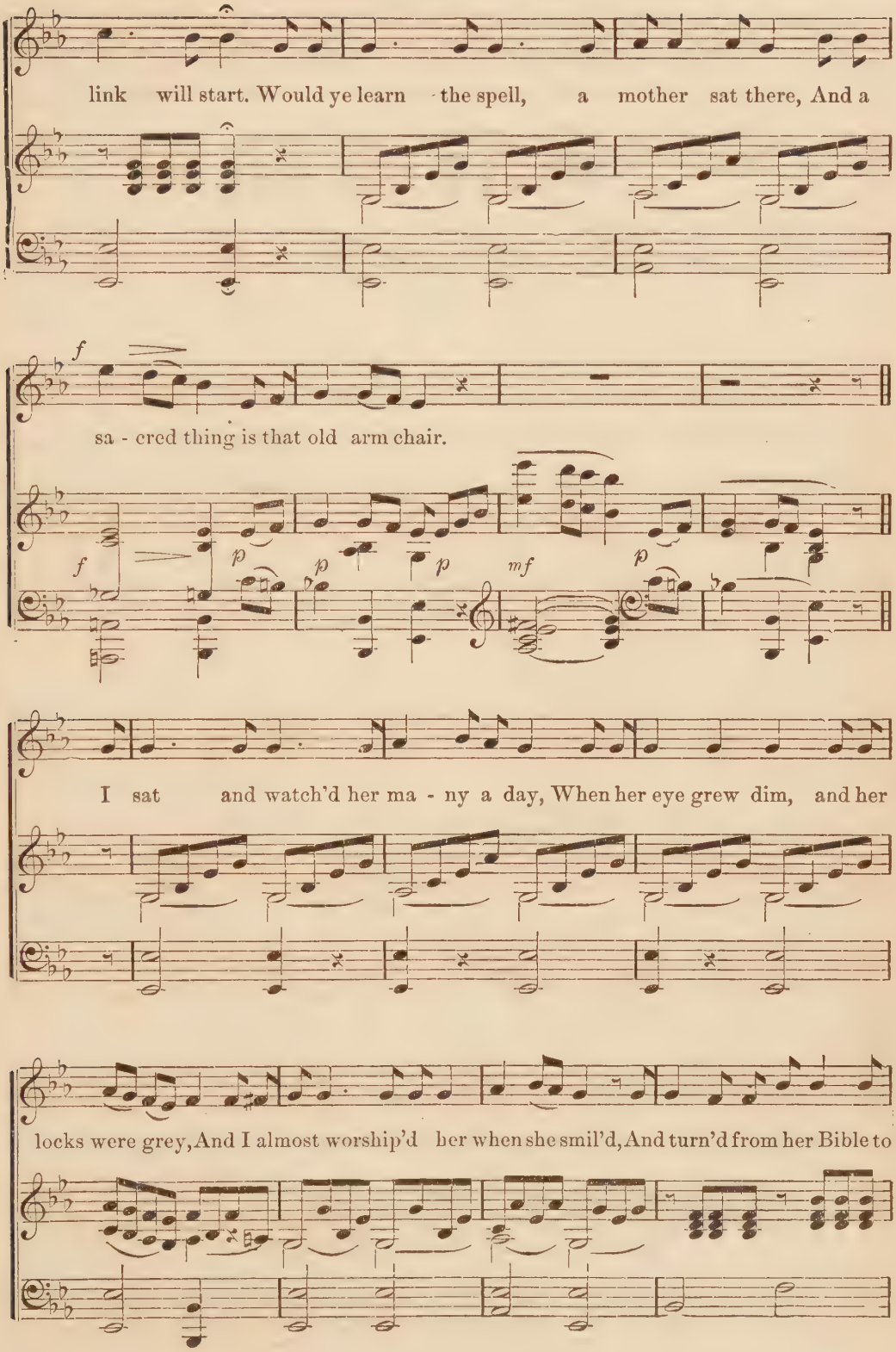


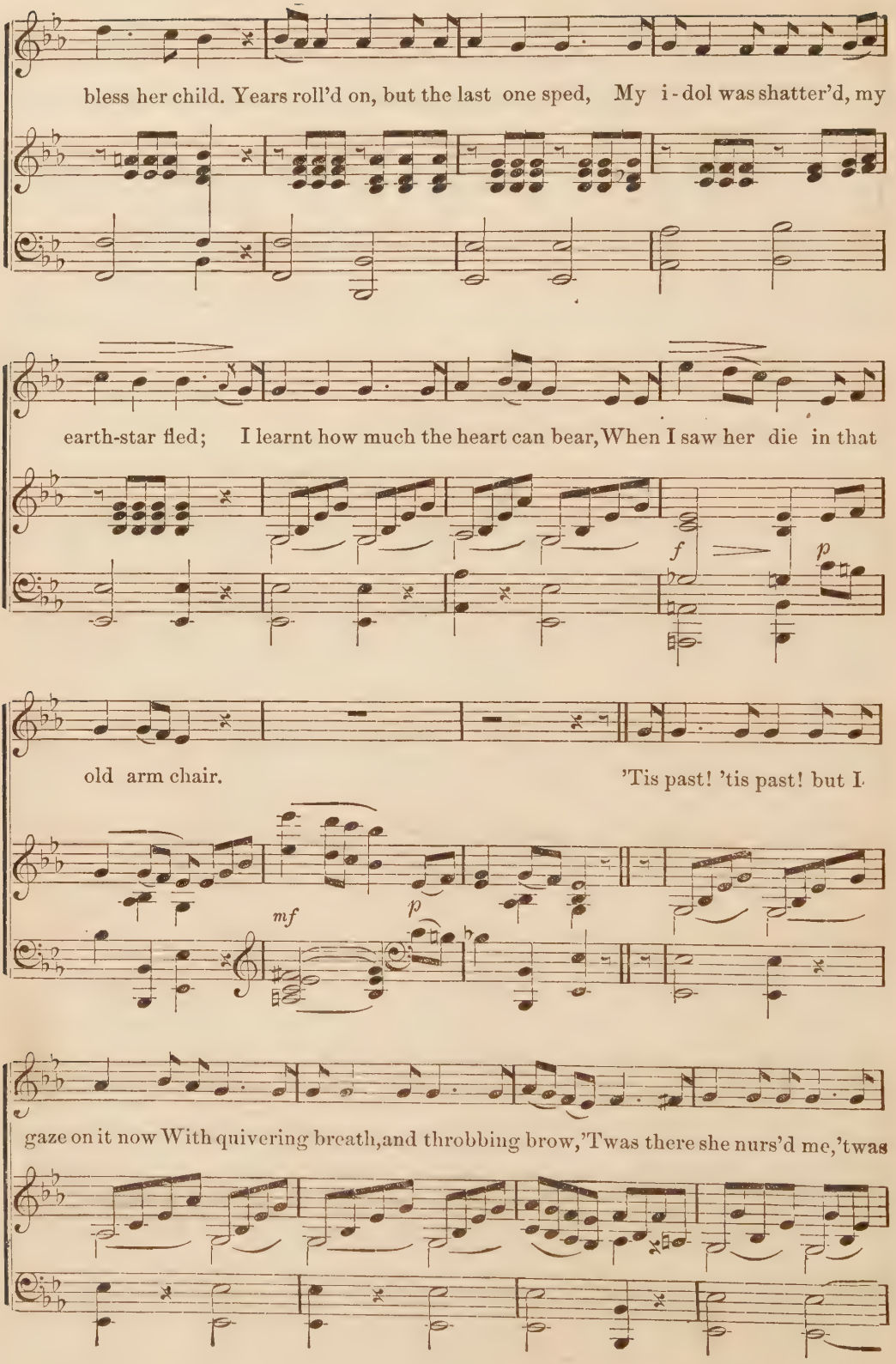
THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

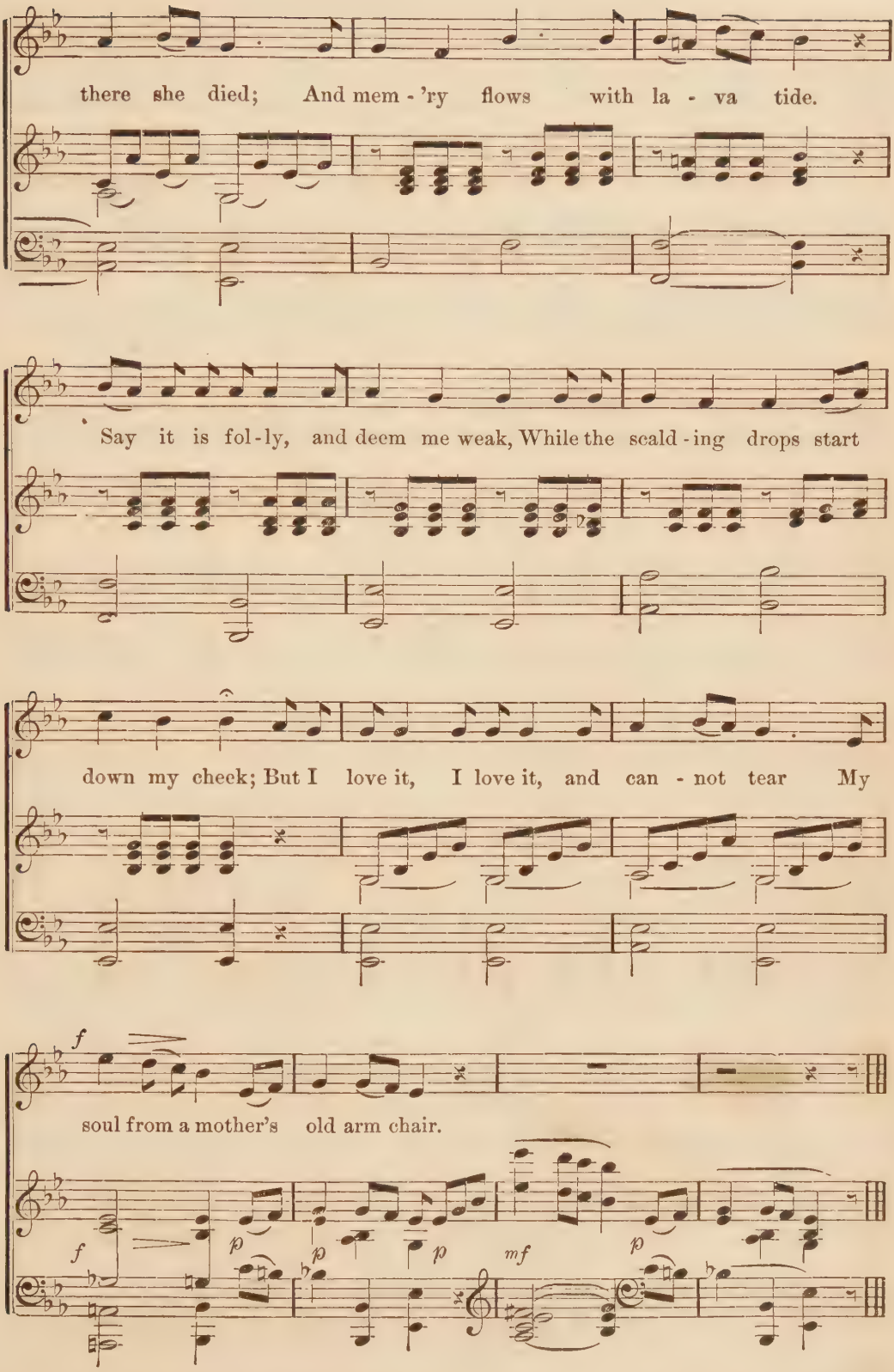
COOKE. RUSSELL. By per.

Andante con espressione.



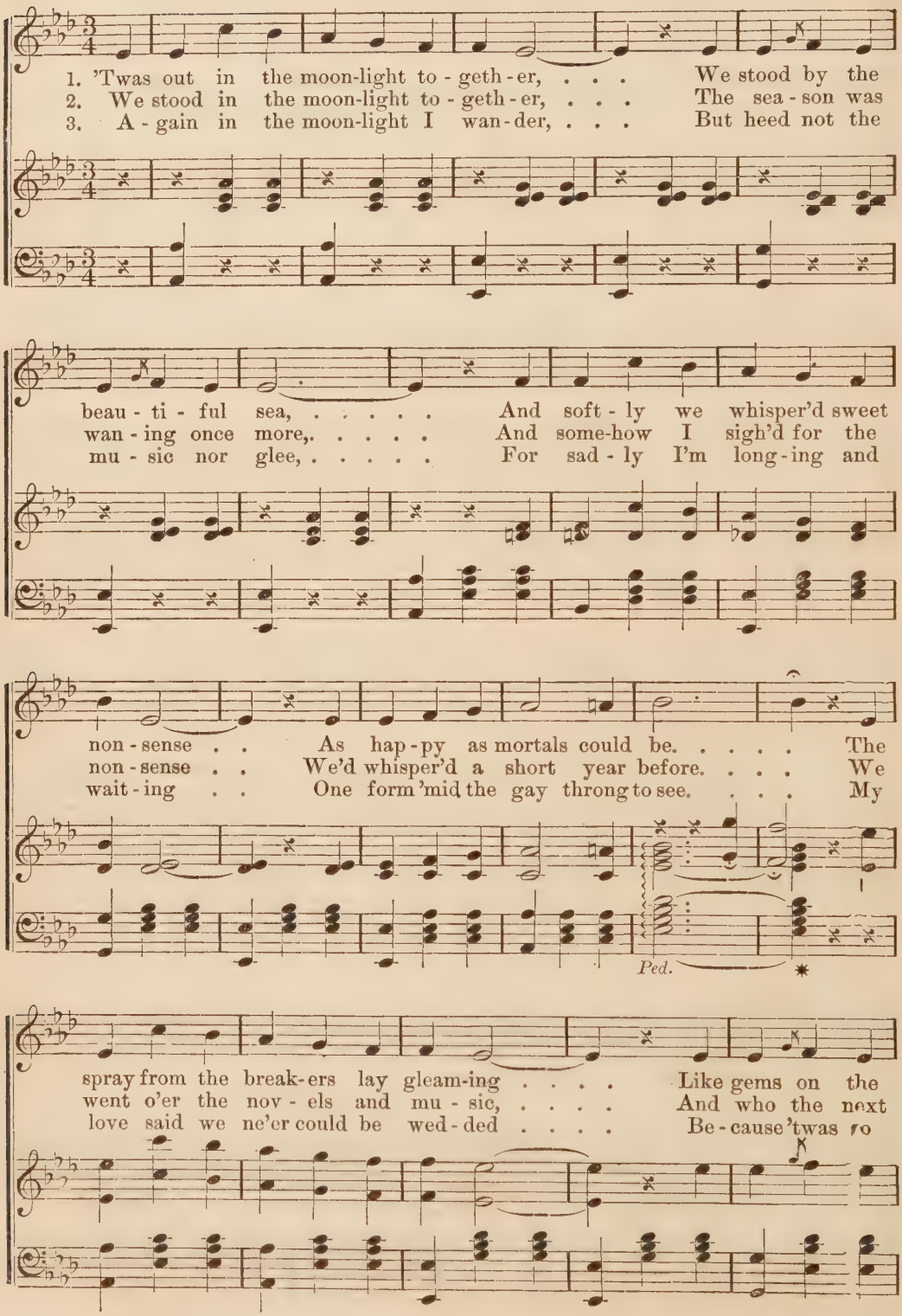

link will start. Would ye learn the spell, a mother sat there, And a
f
sa - cred thing is that old arm chair.
f
p
p
p
mf
p
I sat and watch'd her ma - ny a day, When her eye grew dim, and her
locks were grey, And I almost worship'd her when she smil'd, And turn'd from her Bible to

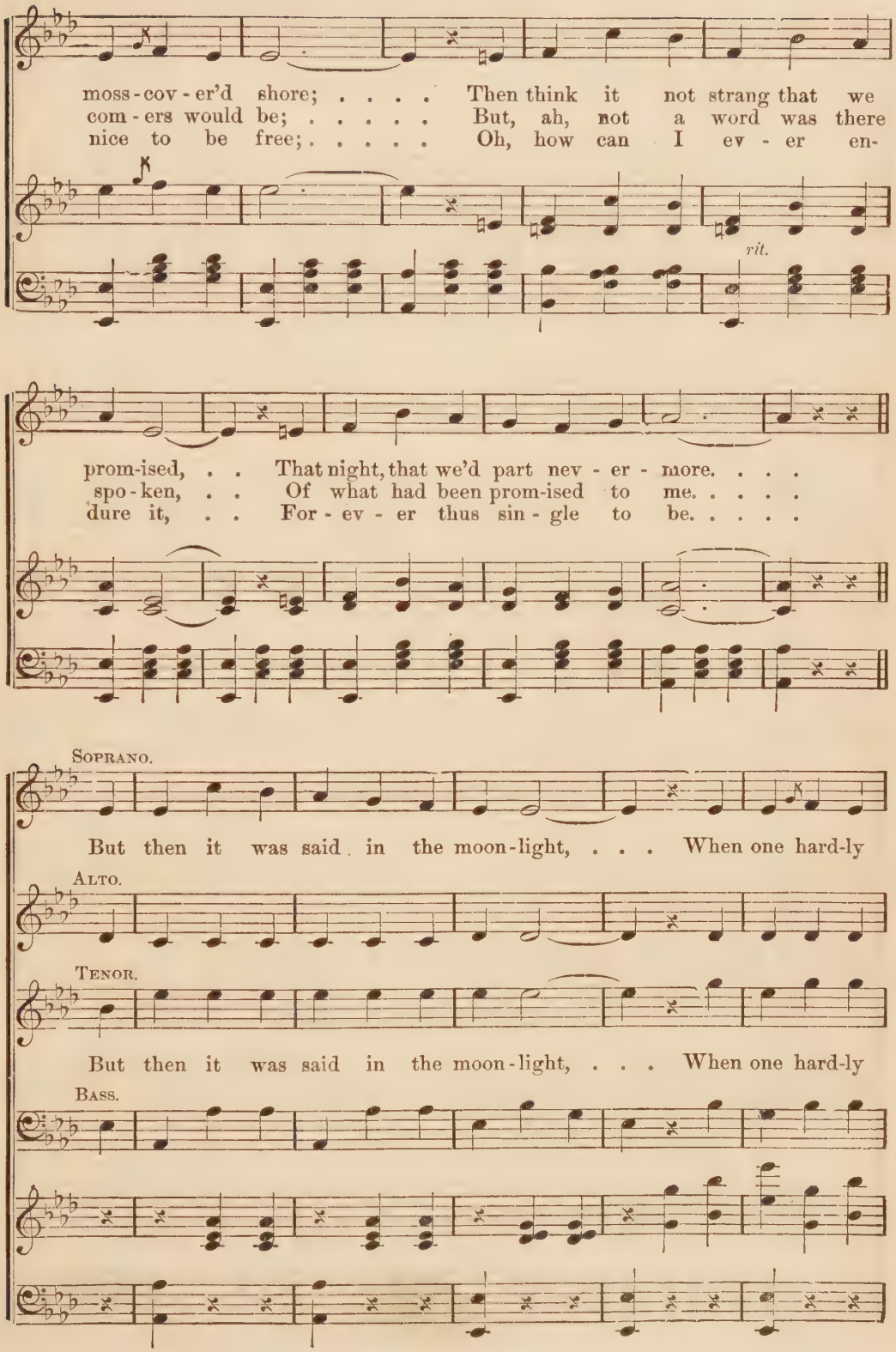

bless her child. Years roll'd on, but the last one sped, My i-dol was shatter'd, my
earth-star fled; I learnt how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that
f
p
old arm chair. 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I
mf
p
gaze on it now With quivering breath, and throbbing brow, 'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas

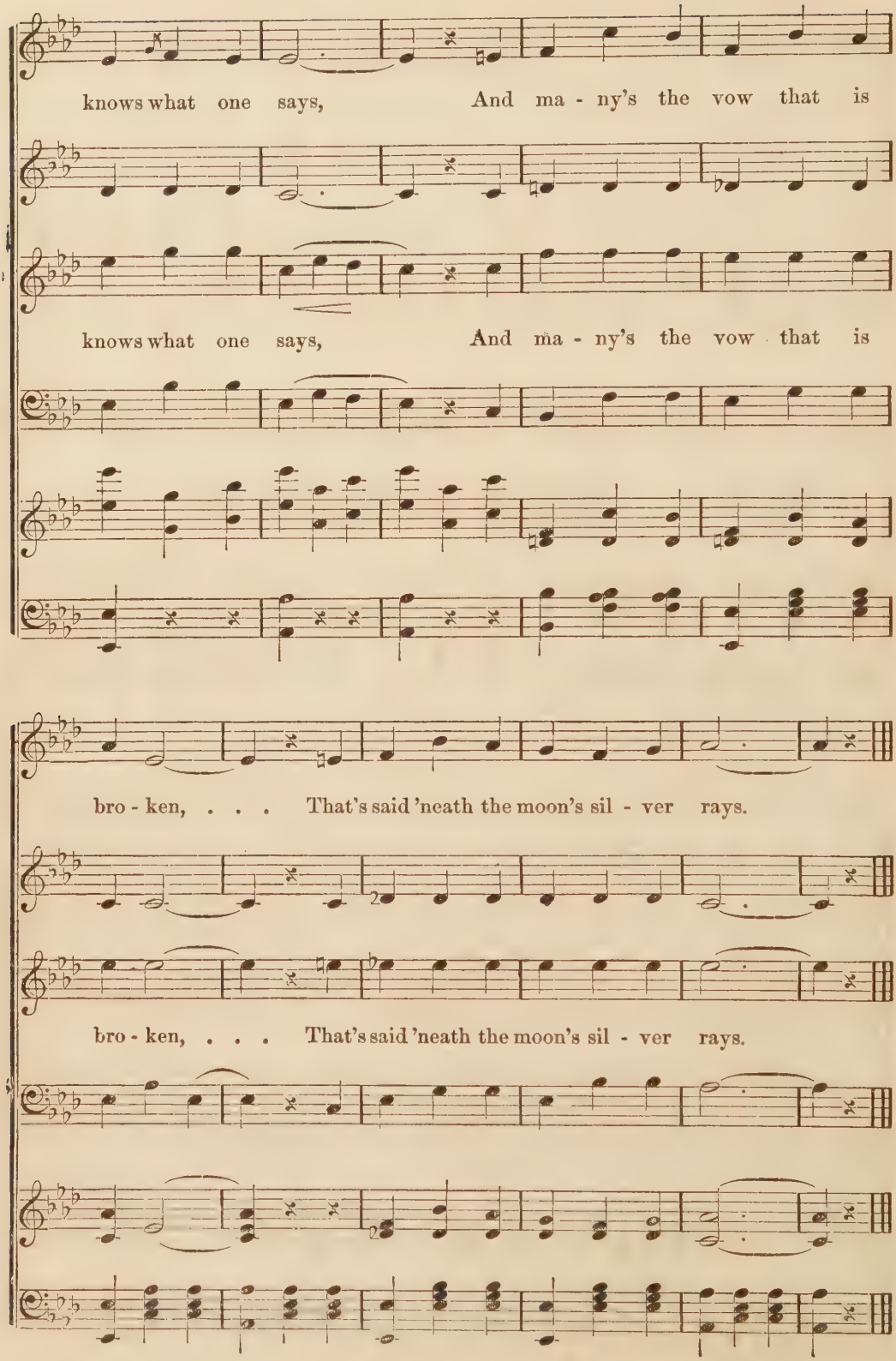

there she died; And mem - 'ry flows with la - va tide.
Say it is fol-ly, and deem me weak, While the scald-ing drops start
down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and can - not tear My
f
soul from a mother's old arm chair.
f
p
p
p
mf
p

OUT IN THE MOONLIGHT.

VICKERS. DOUGHERTY. By per.



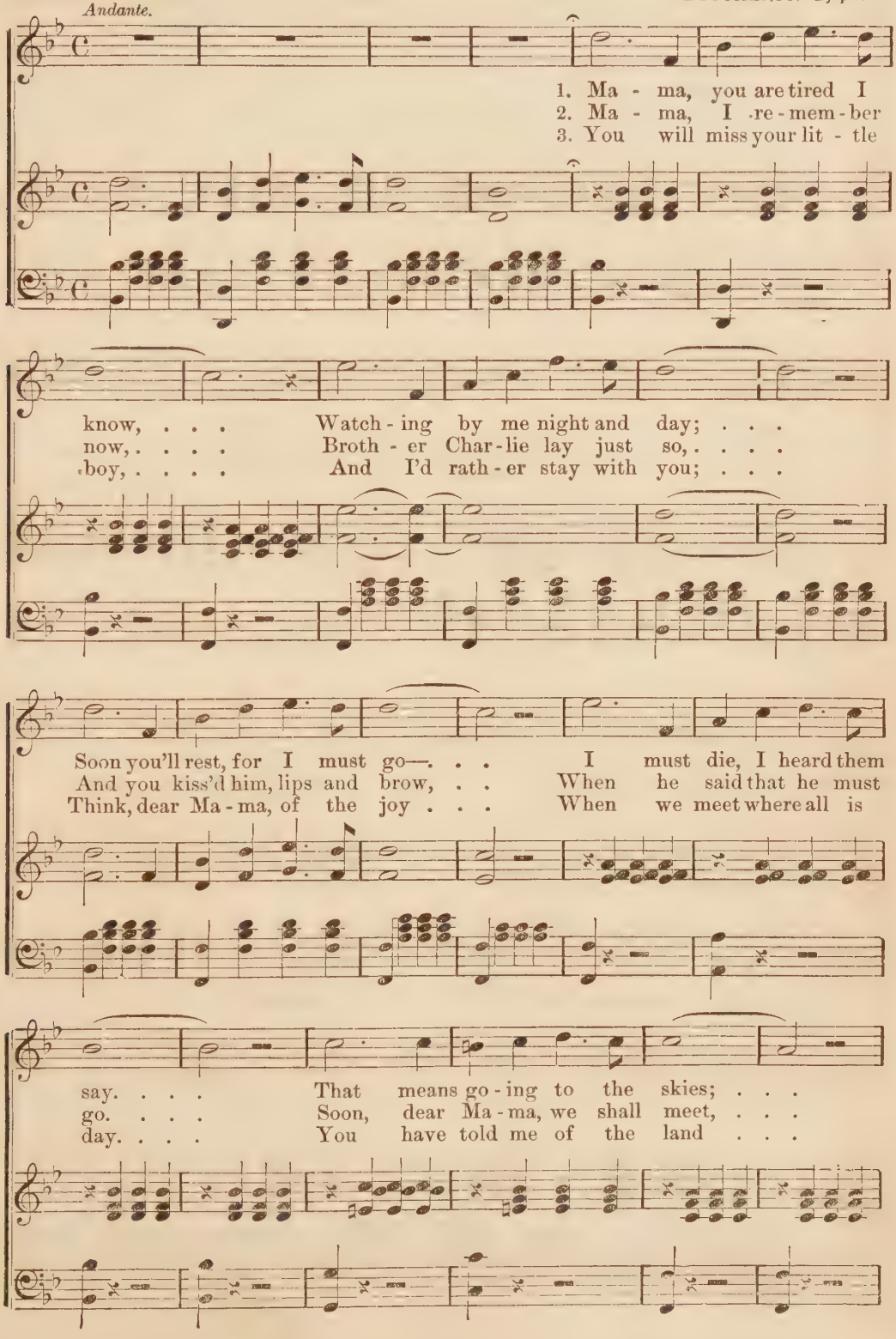

moss-cov-er'd shore; . . . . Then think it not strang that we
com-ers would be; . . . . . But, ah, not a word was there
nice to be free; . . . . . Oh, how can I ev-er en-
rit.
prom-ised, . . That night, that we'd part nev-er-more. . . .
spo-ken, . . Of what had been prom-ised to me. . . . .
dure it, . . For-ev-er thus sin-gle to be. . . . .
Soprano.
But then it was said in the moon-light, . . . When one hard-ly
Alto.
Tenor.
But then it was said in the moon-light, . . . When one hard-ly
Bass.

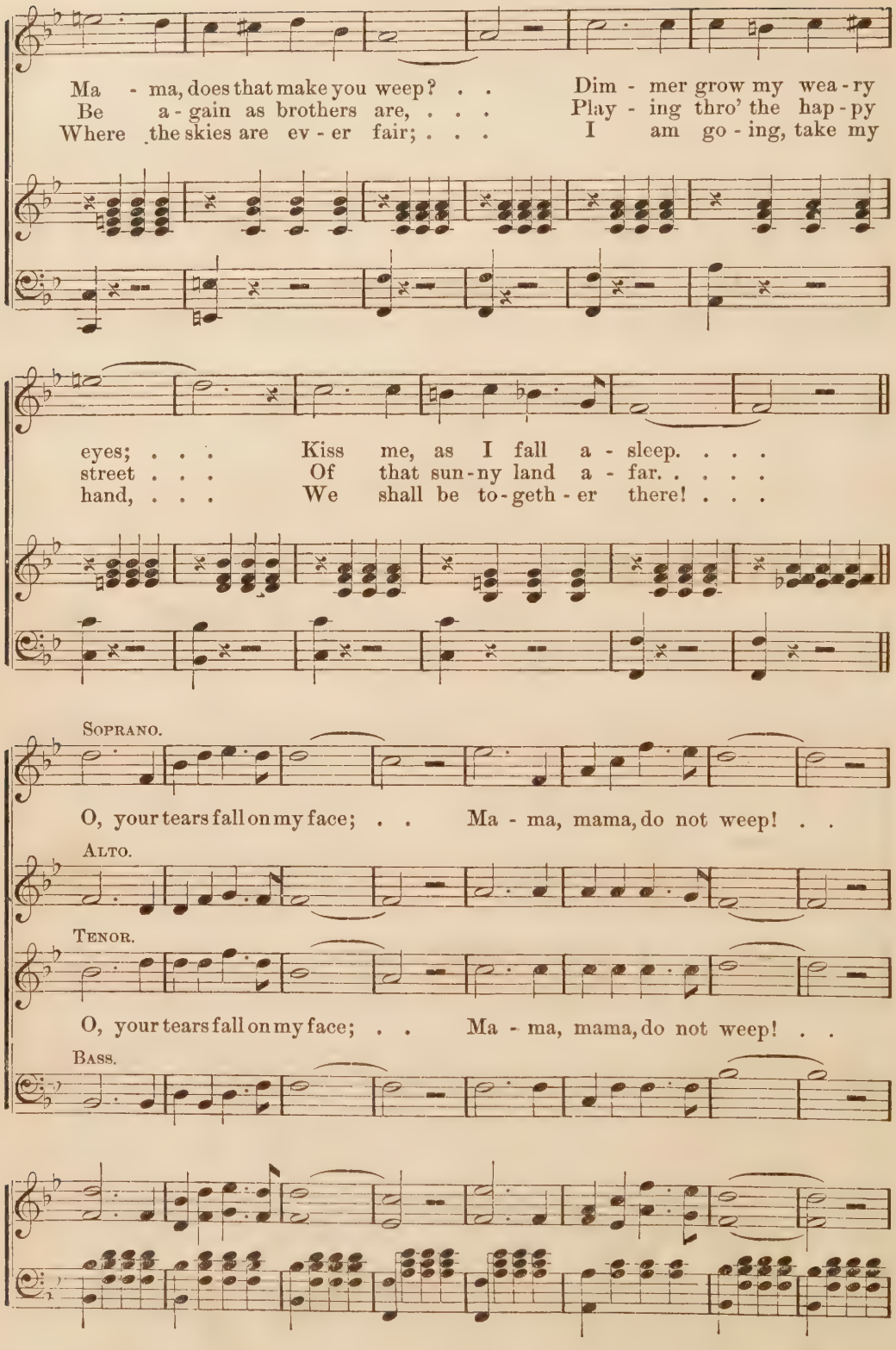

knows what one says, And ma - ny's the vow that is
knows what one says, And ma - ny's the vow that is
bro - ken, . . . That's said 'neath the moon's sil - ver rays.
bro - ken, . . . That's said 'neath the moon's sil - ver rays.

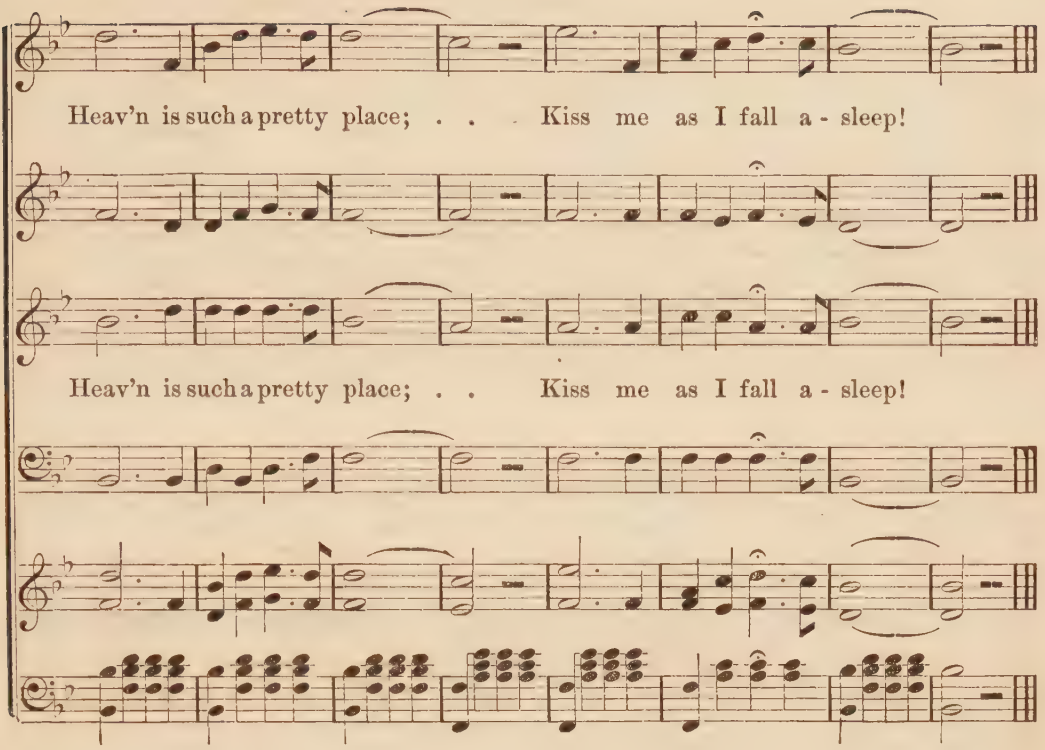
KISS ME, AS I FALL ASLEEP.

BIRDSEYE. DOUGHERTY. By per.

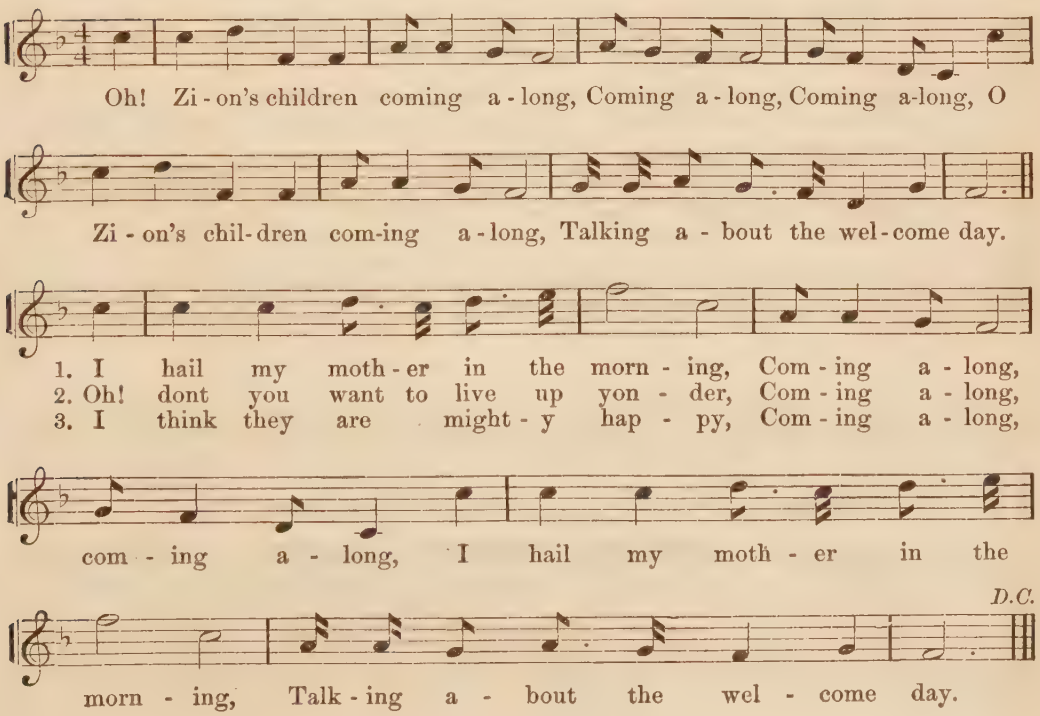
Andante.




Ma - ma, does that make you weep? . . Dim - mer grow my wea - ry
Be a - gain as brothers are, . . . Play - ing thro' the hap - py
Where the skies are ev - er fair; . . . I am go - ing, take my
eyes; . . . Kiss me, as I fall a - sleep. . . .
street . . . Of that sun - ny land a - far. . . . .
hand, . . . We shall be to - geth - er there! . . .
Soprano.
O, your tears fall on my face; . . Ma - ma, mama, do not weep! . .
Alto.
Tenor.
O, your tears fall on my face; . . Ma - ma, mama, do not weep! . .
Bass.



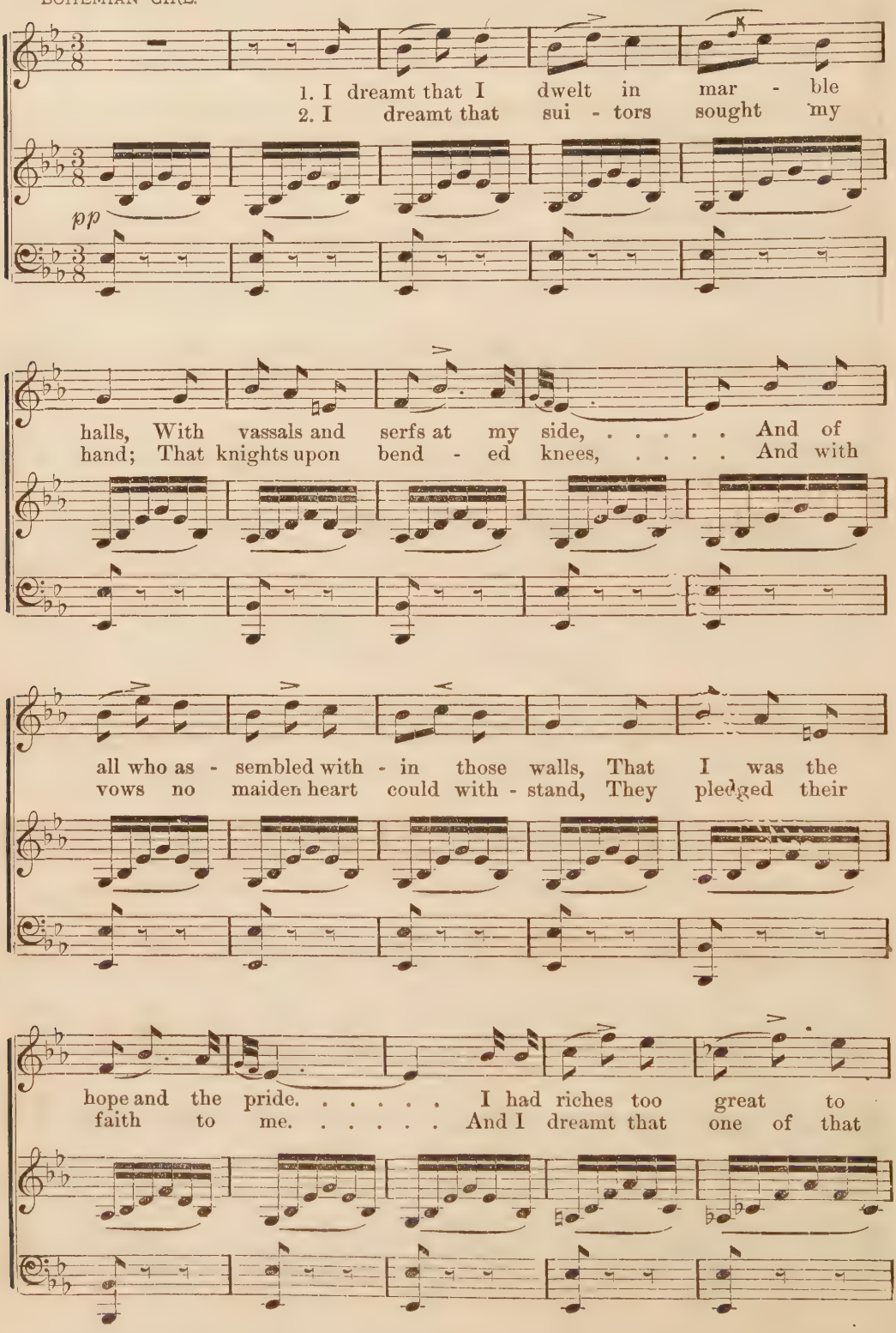
ZION'S CHILDREN.

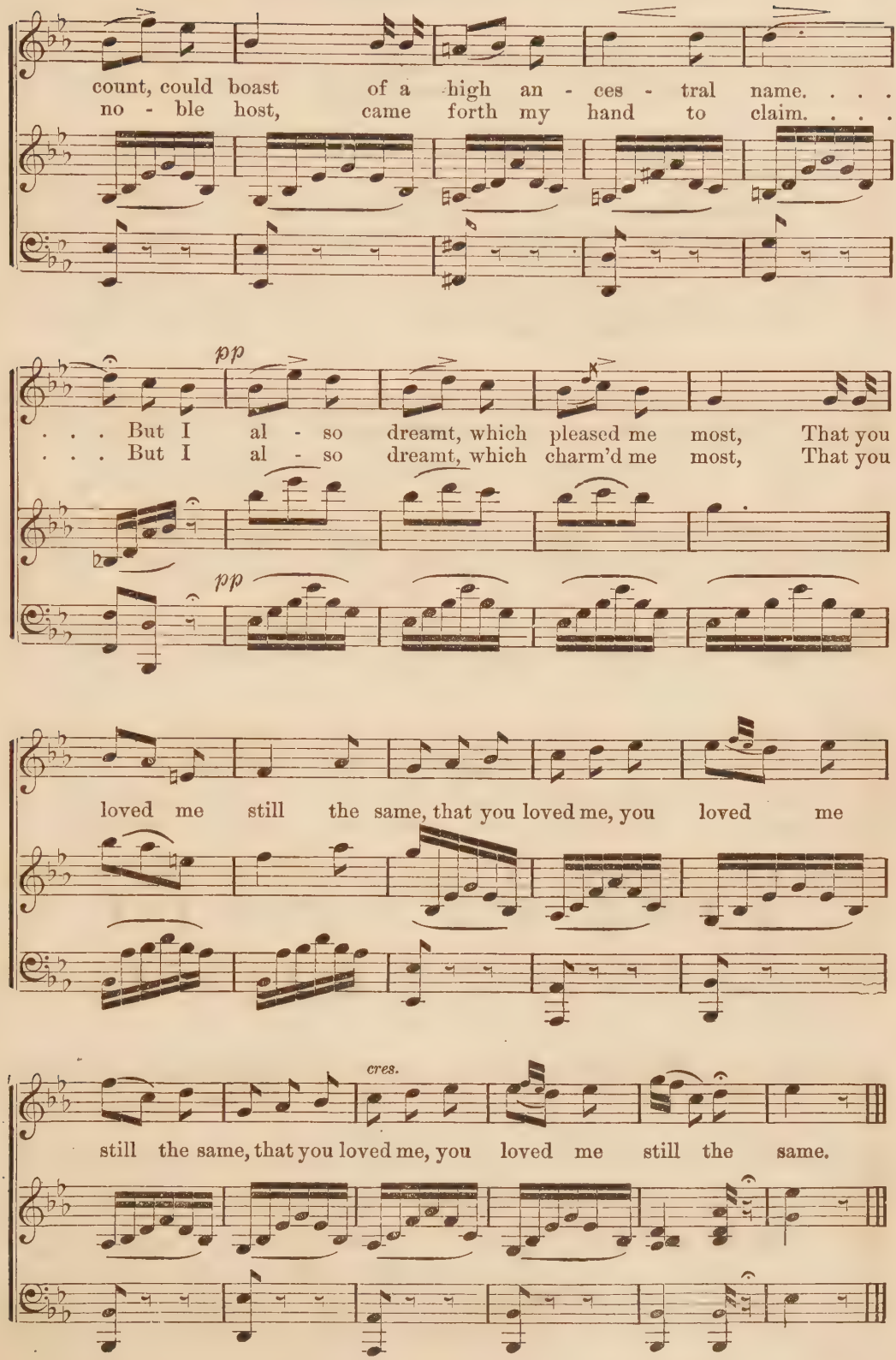


I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

"BOHEMIAN GIRL."

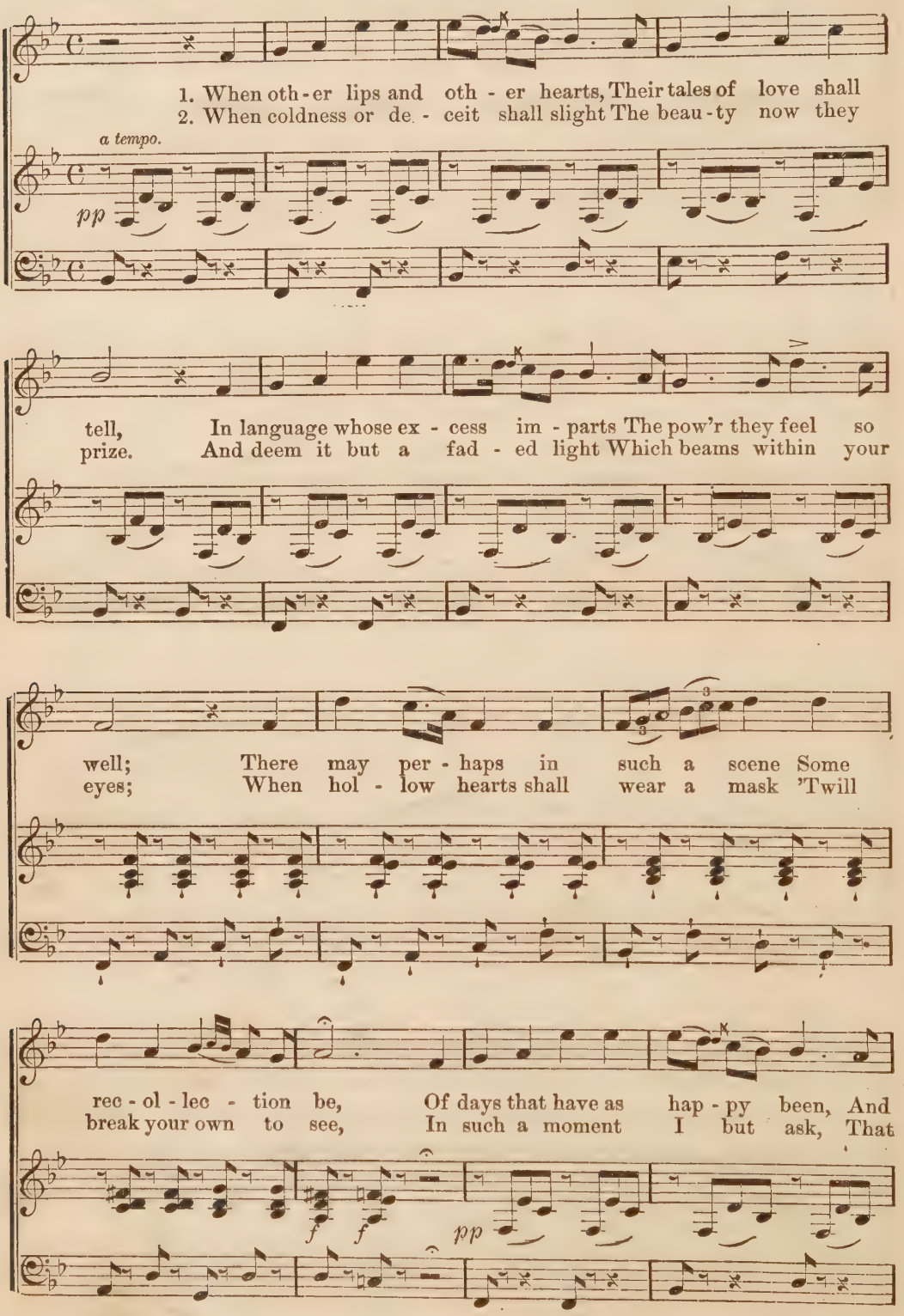
BALFE.

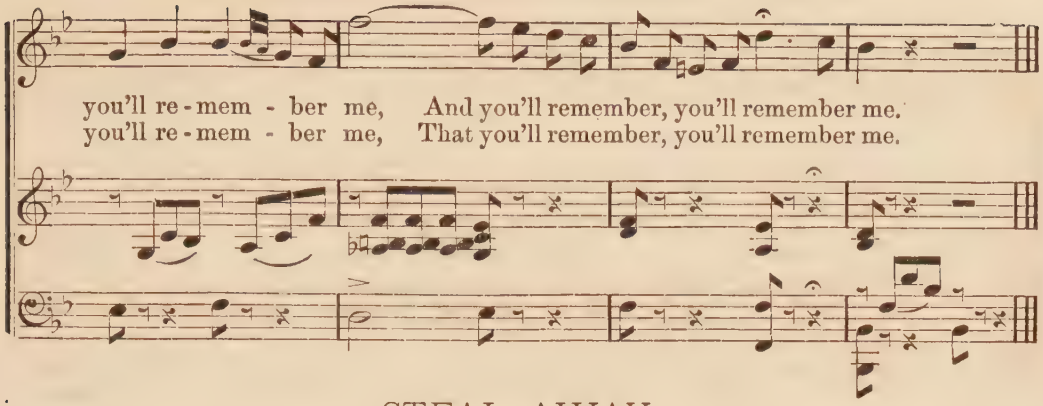



count, could boast of a high an - ces - tral name. . . .
no - ble host, came forth my hand to claim. . . .
pp
. . . But I al - so dreamt, which pleased me most, That you
. . . But I al - so dreamt, which charm'd me most, That you
pp
loved me still the same, that you loved me, you loved me
cres.
still the same, that you loved me, you loved me still the same.

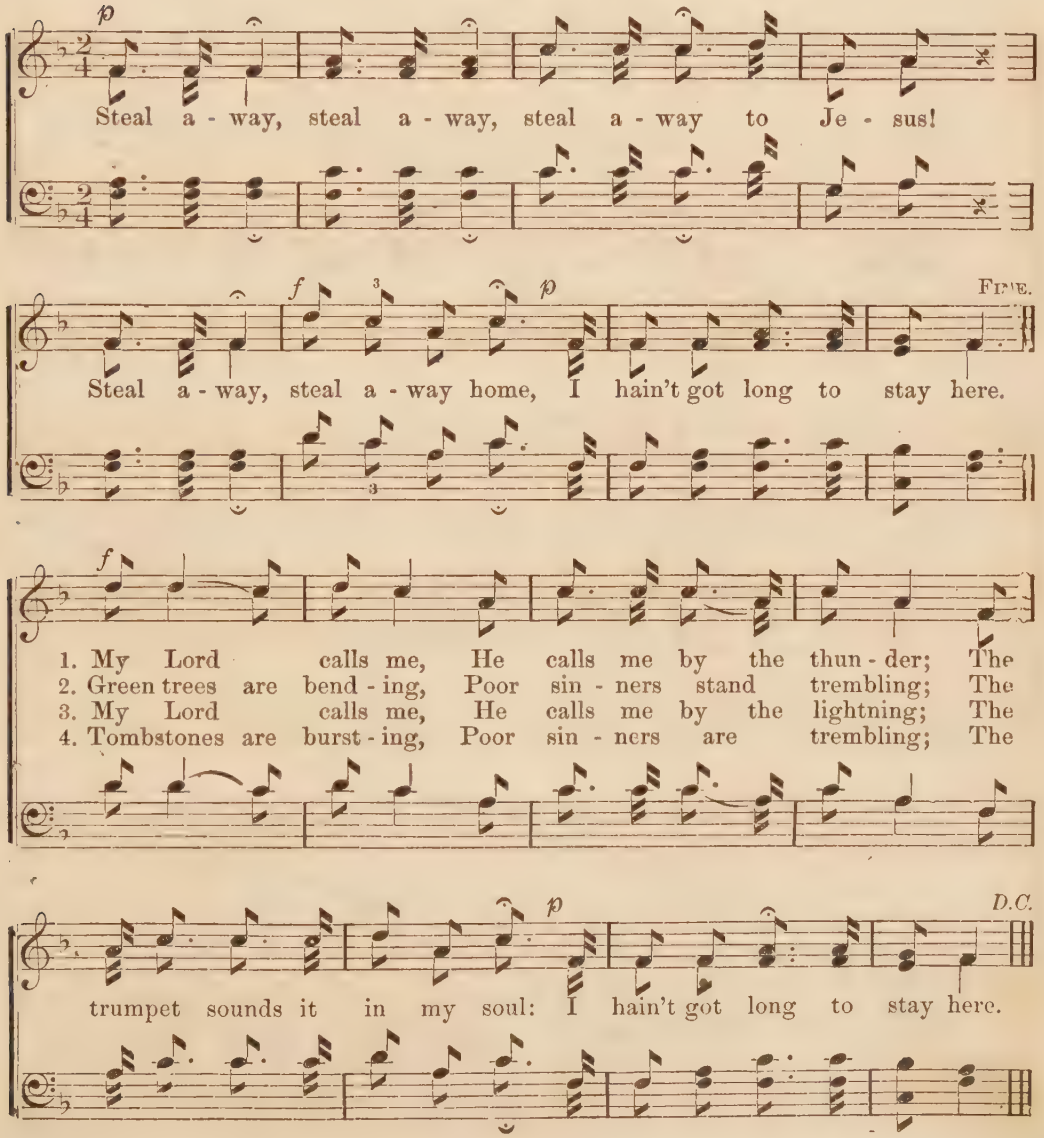
THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

"BOHEMIAN GIRL." BALFE.



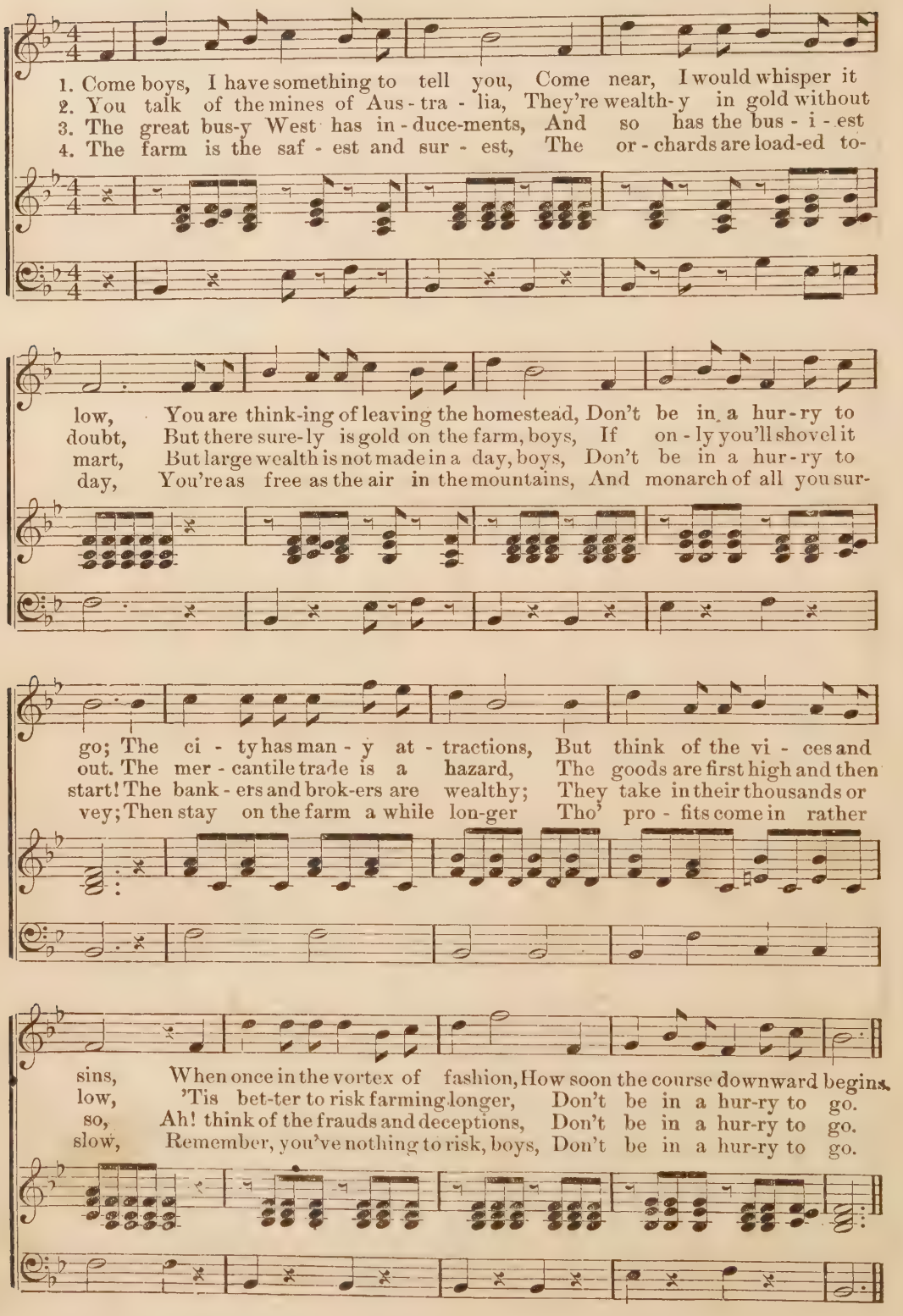

you'll re - mem - ber me, And you'll remember, you'll remember me.
you'll re - mem - ber me, That you'll remember, you'll remember me.

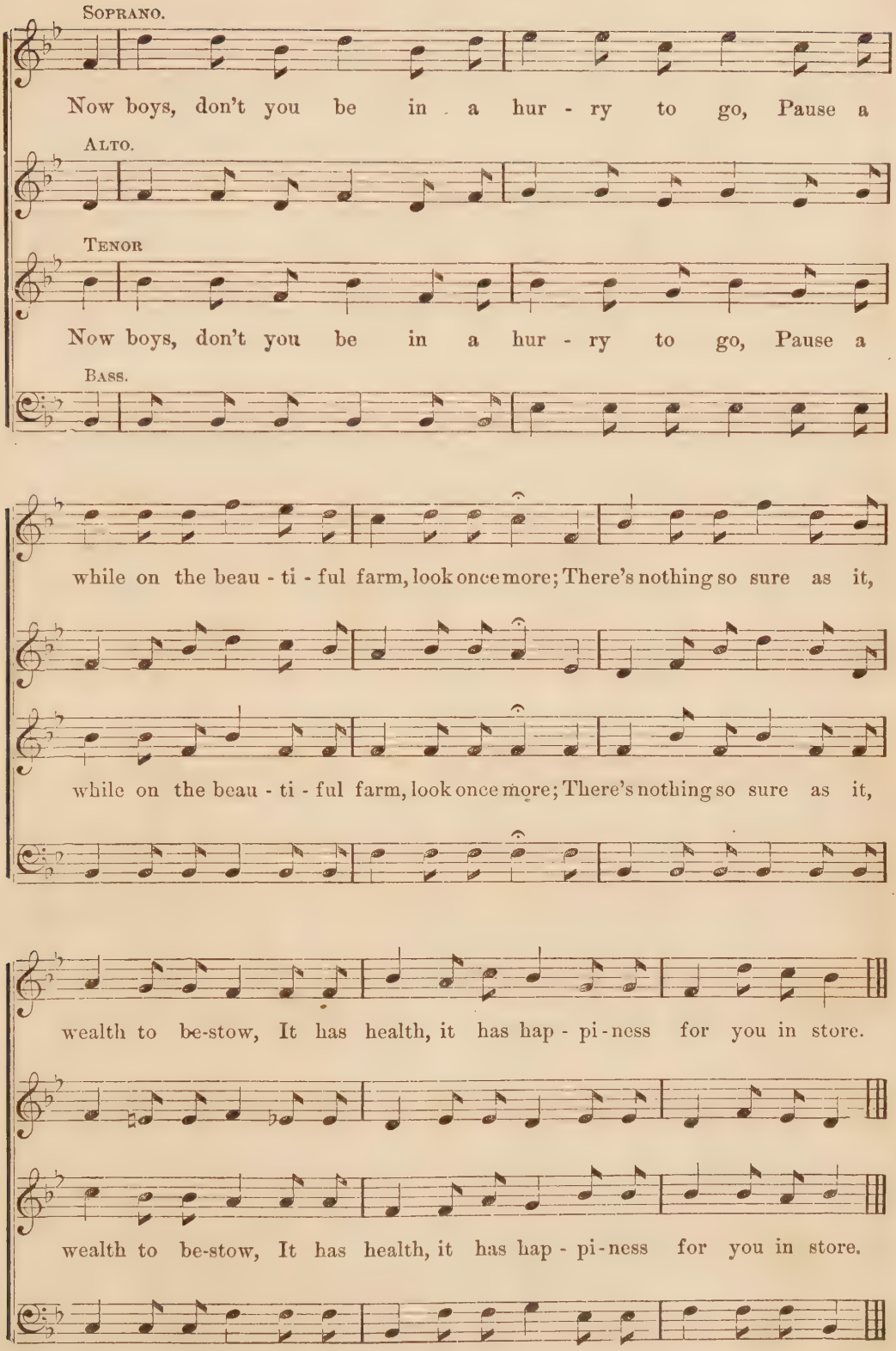
STEAL AWAY.


p
Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!
f
p
FINE.
Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I hain't got long to stay here.
f
1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand trembling; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning; The
4. Tombstones are burst - ing, Poor sin - ners are trembling; The
p
D.C.
trumpet sounds it in my soul: I hain't got long to stay here.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM, BOYS.

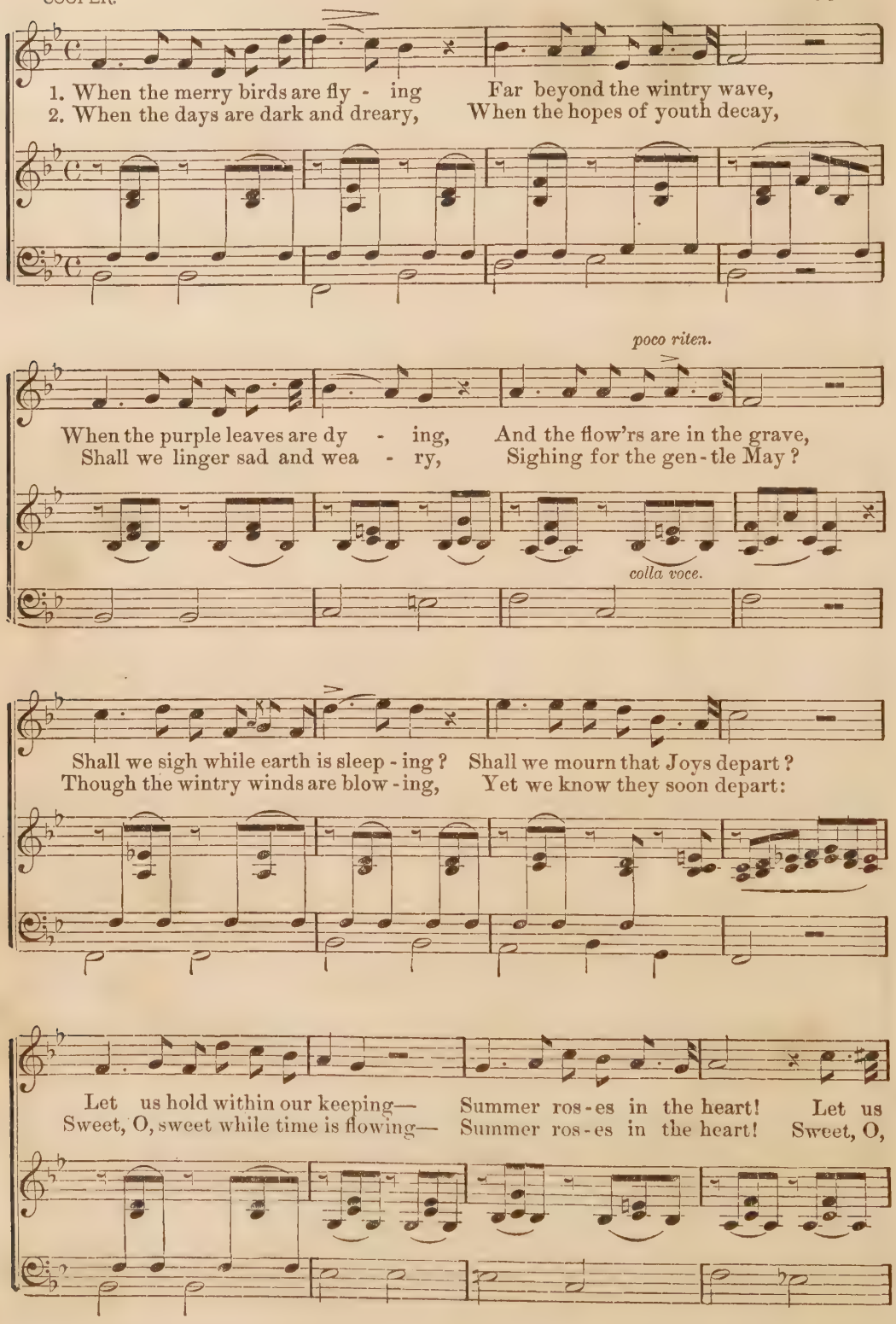
W. W. P. By per.

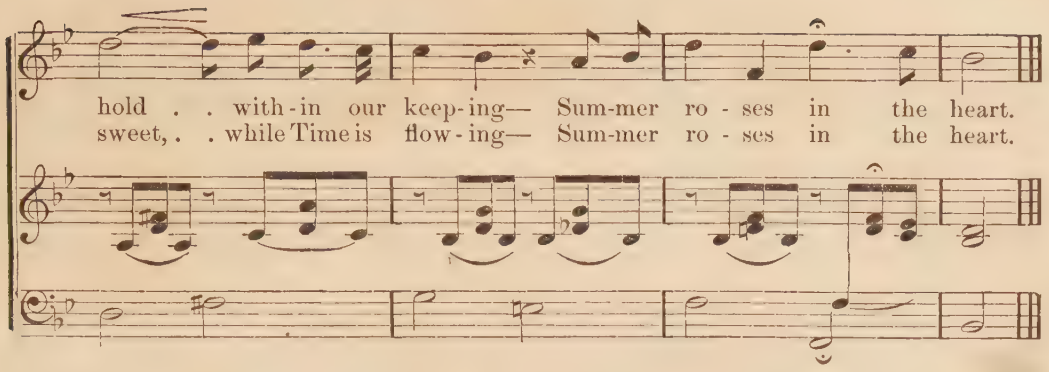



Soprano.
Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a
Alto.
Tenor
Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a
Bass.
while on the beau - ti - ful farm, look once more; There's nothing so sure as it,
while on the beau - ti - ful farm, look once more; There's nothing so sure as it,
wealth to be-stow, It has health, it has hap - pi - ness for you in store.
wealth to be-stow, It has health, it has hap - pi - ness for you in store.

SUMMER ROSES IN THE HEART.

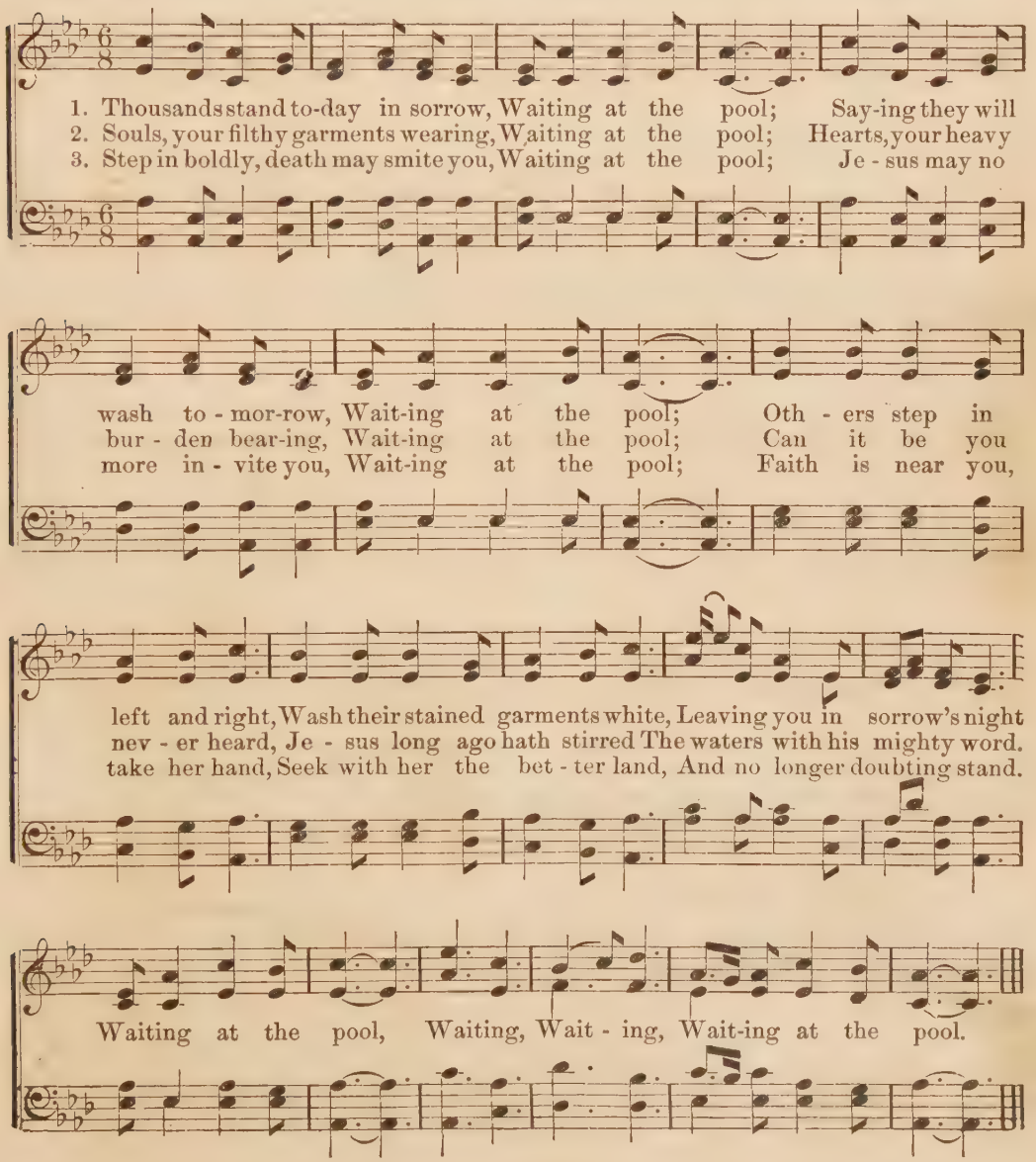
COOPER. THOMAS. By per.



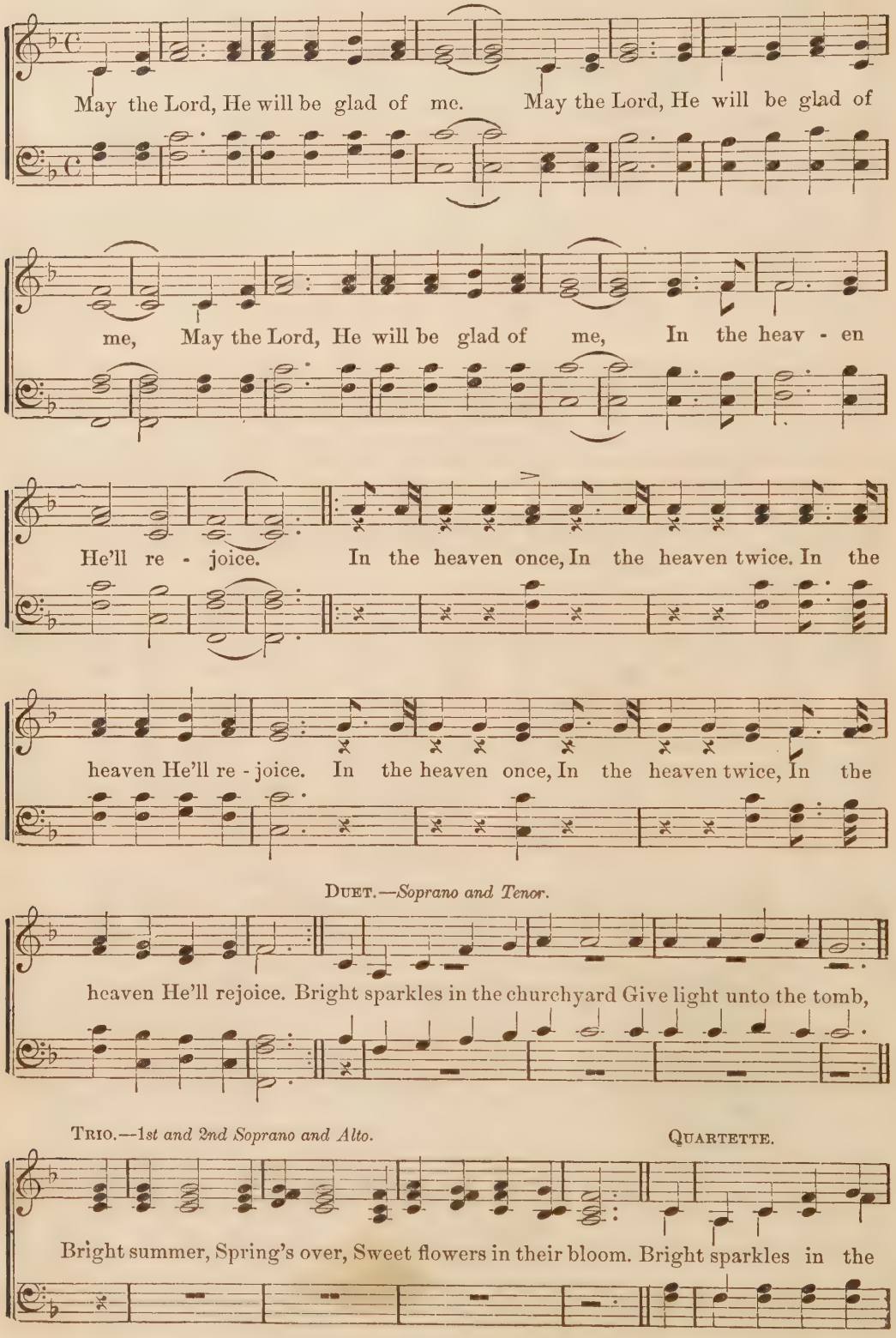


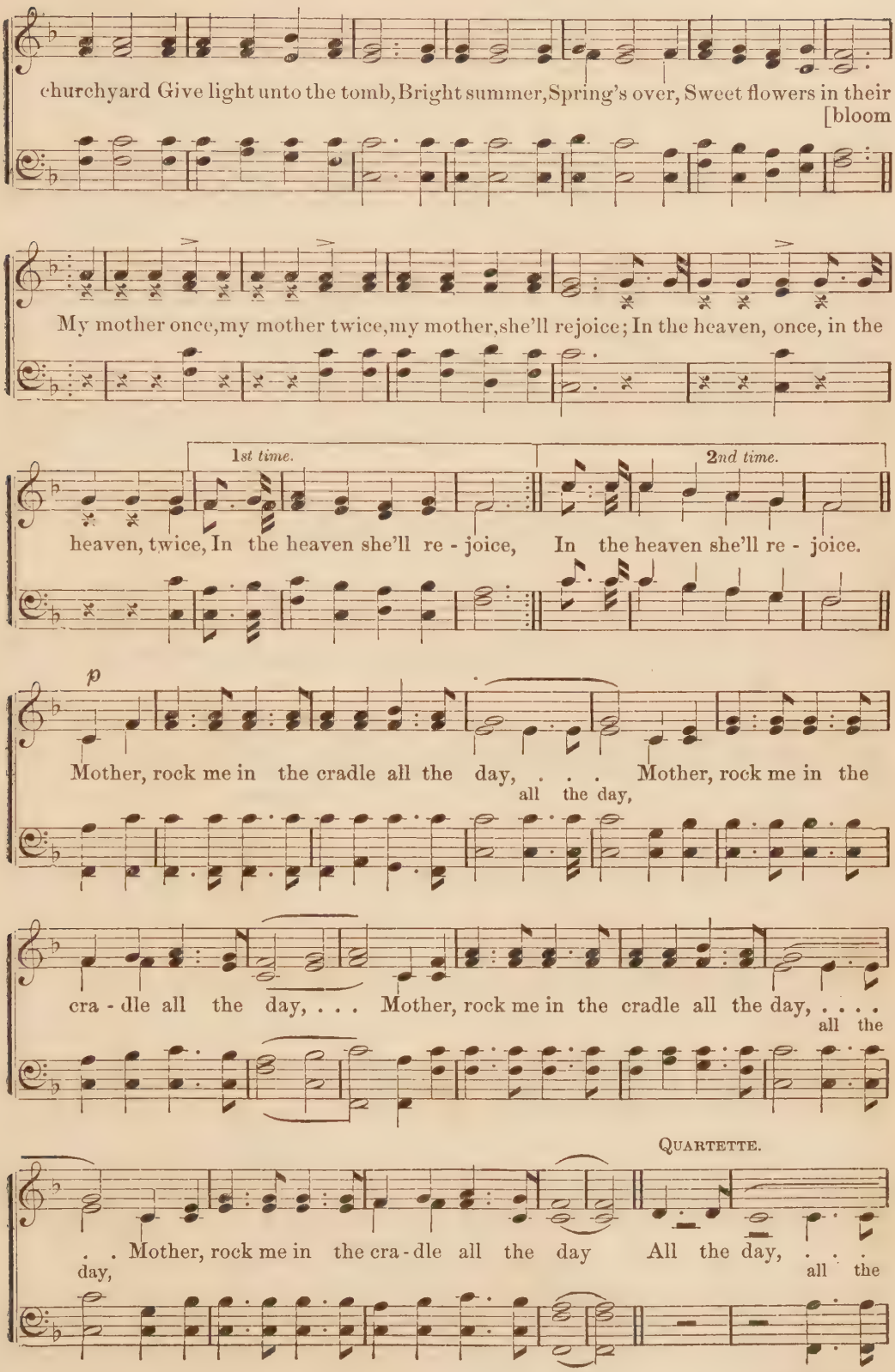
WAITING AT THE POOL.

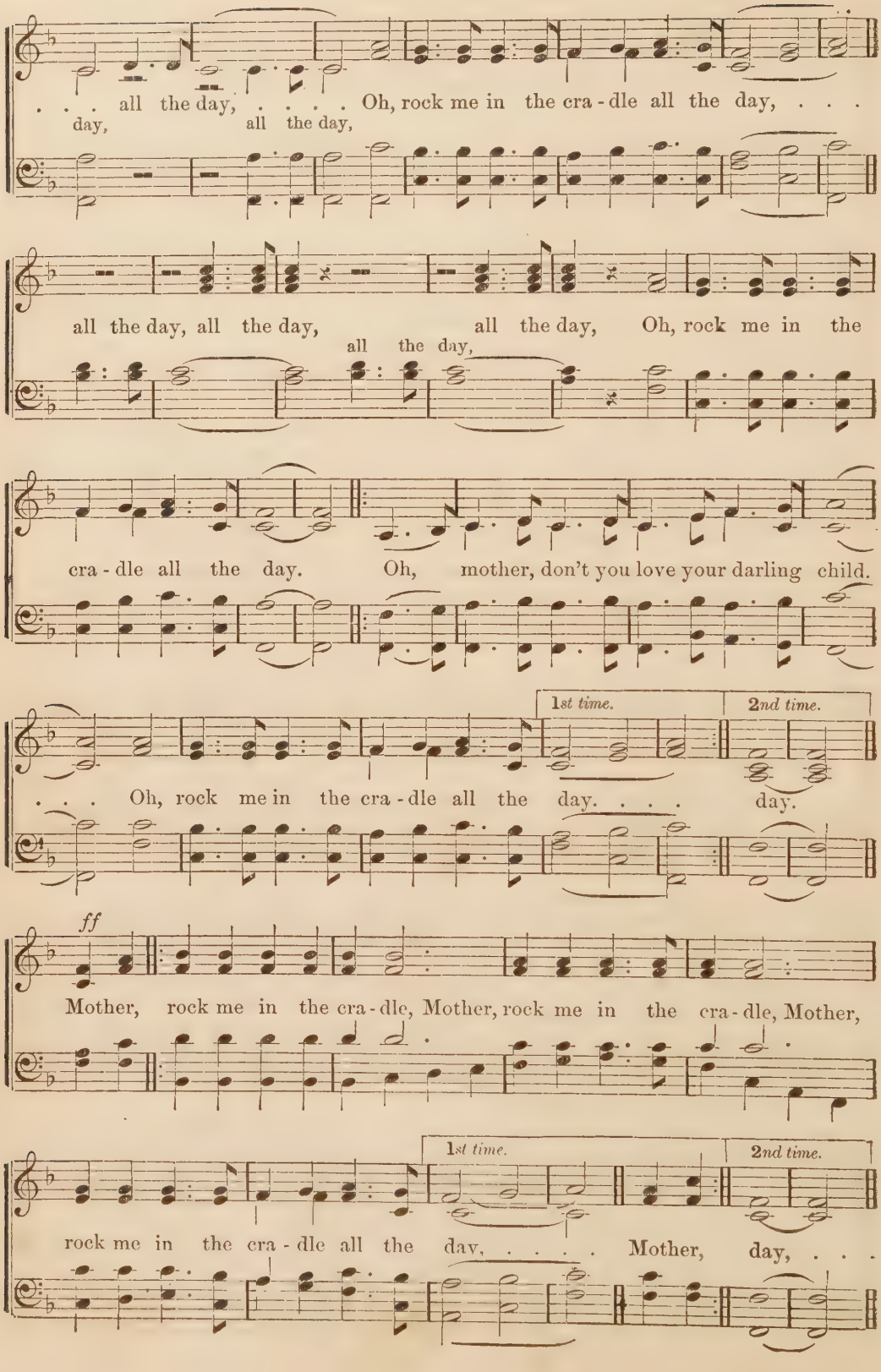
HOUGH. FISCHER. By per,

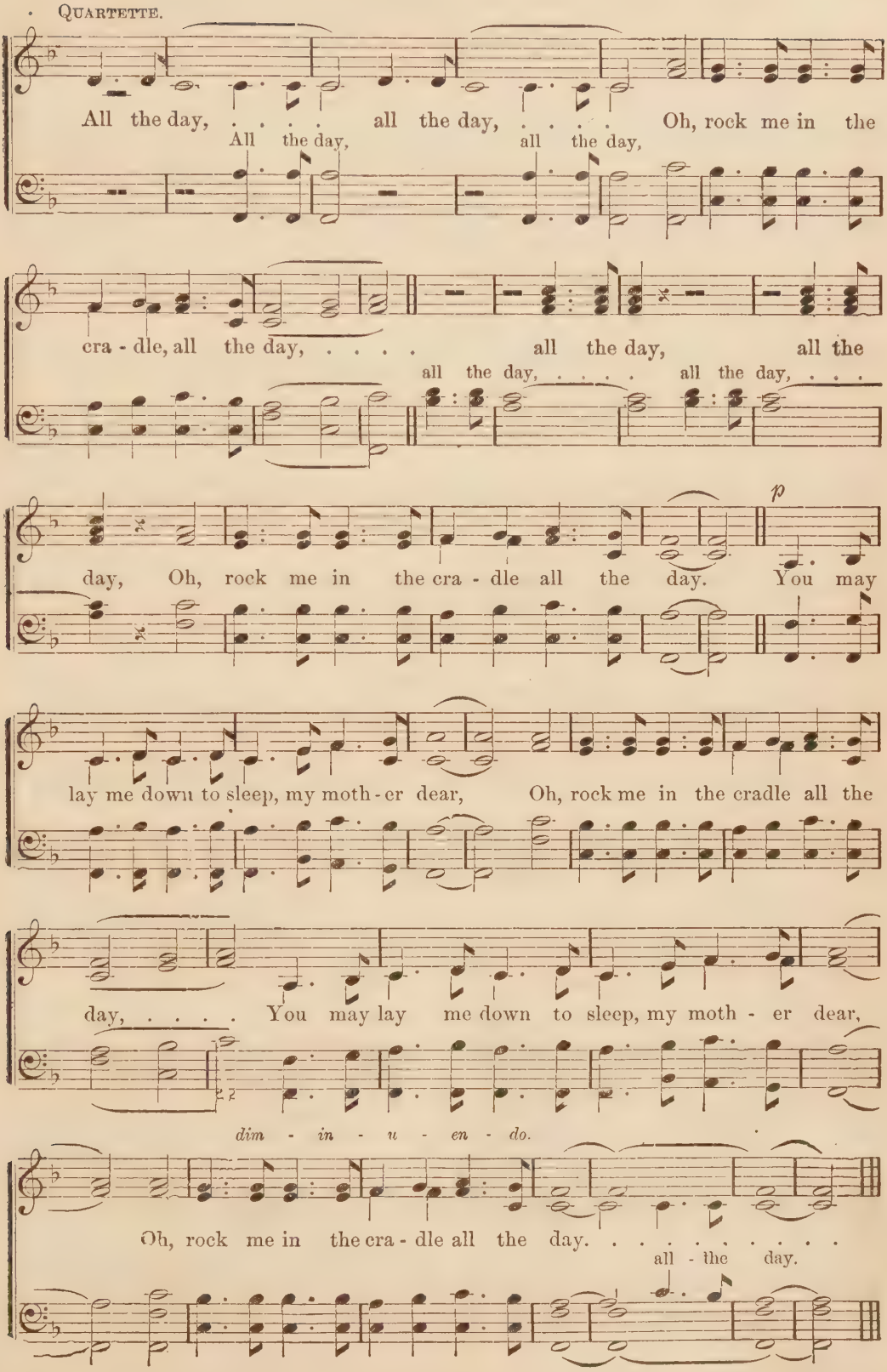


BRIGHT SPARKLES IN THE CHURCHYARD.



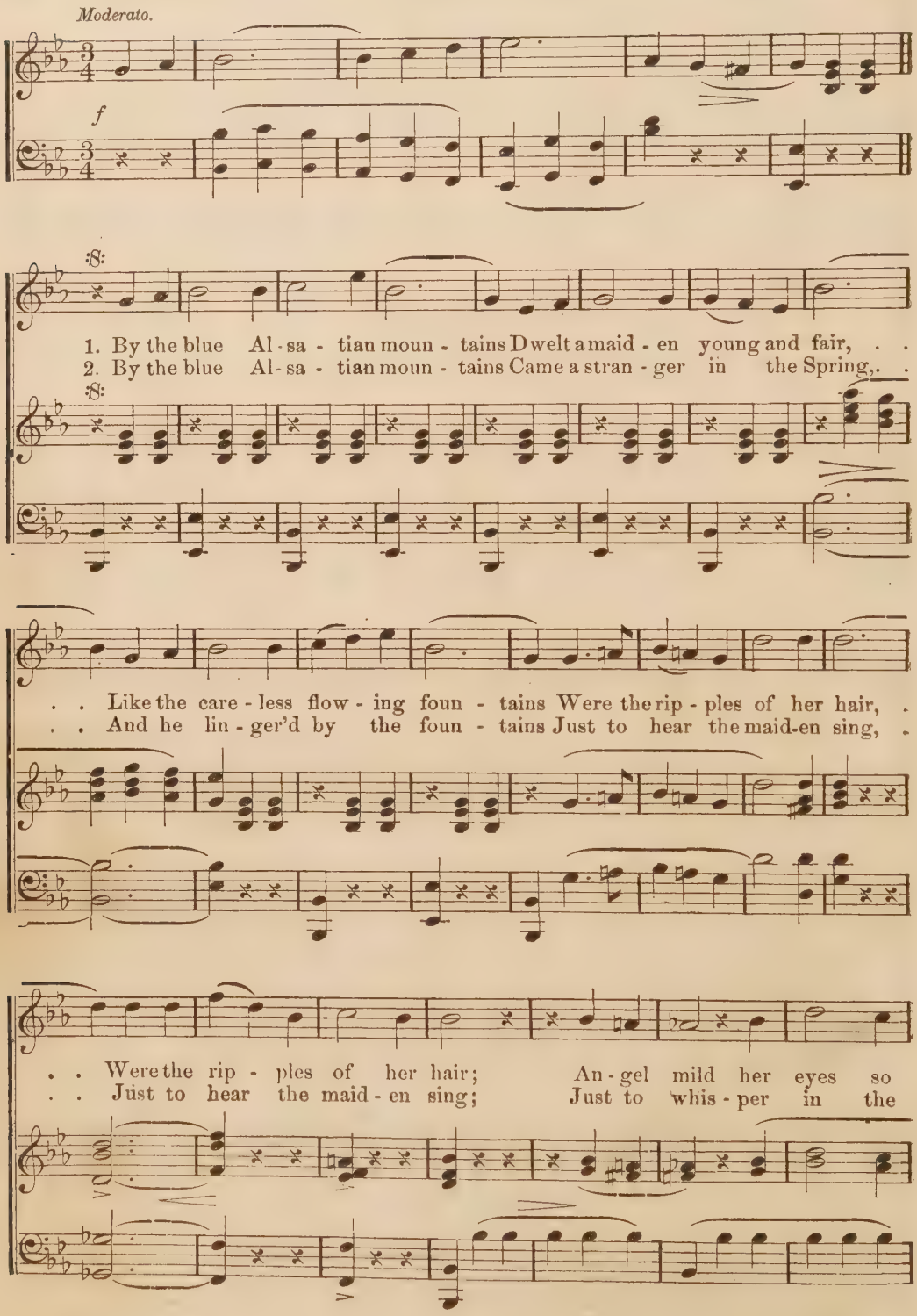

churchyard Give light unto the tomb, Bright summer, Spring's over, Sweet flowers in their [bloom
My mother once, my mother twice, my mother, she'll rejoice; In the heaven, once, in the
1st time.
2nd time.
heaven, twice, In the heaven she'll re - joice, In the heaven she'll re - joice.
p
Mother, rock me in the cradle all the day, . . . Mother, rock me in the
all the day,
cra - dle all the day, . . . Mother, rock me in the cradle all the day, ...
all the
Quartette.
. . Mother, rock me in the cra - dle all the day All the day, . . .
day,
all the

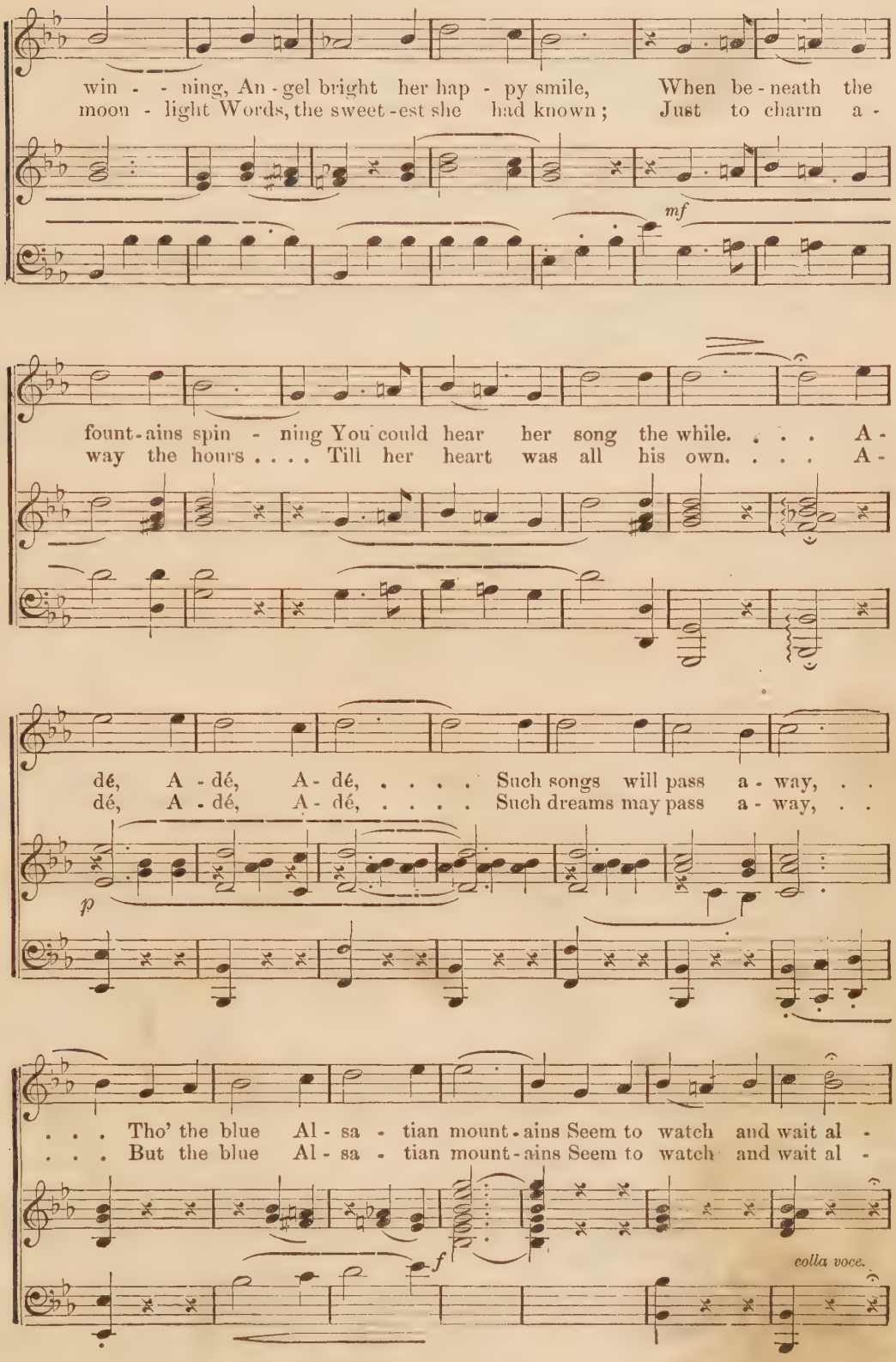

. . . all the day, ... Oh, rock me in the cra - dle all the day, . . .
day, all the day,
all the day, all the day, all the day, Oh, rock me in the
all the day,
cra - dle all the day. Oh, mother, don't you love your darling child.
1st time.
2nd time.
. . . Oh, rock me in the cra - dle all the day. . . . day.
ff
Mother, rock me in the cra - dle, Mother, rock me in the cra - dle, Mother,
1st time.
2nd time.
rock me in the cra - dle all the day, ... Mother, day, . . .

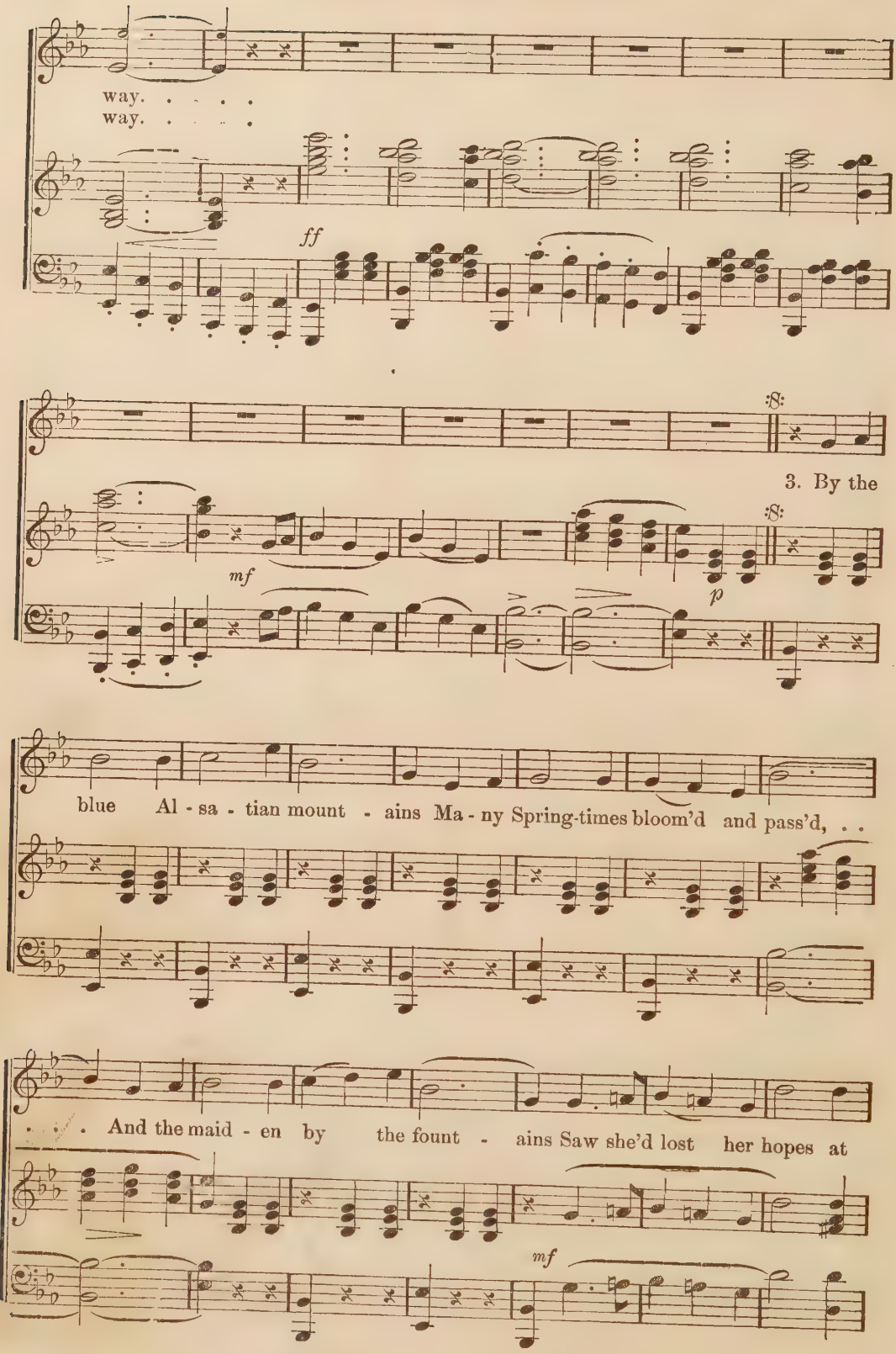

QUARTETTE.
All the day, ... all the day, ... Oh, rock me in the
All the day, all the day,
cra - dle, all the day, ... all the day, all the
all the day, ... all the day, ...
day, Oh, rock me in the cra - dle all the day. You may
p
lay me down to sleep, my moth - er dear, Oh, rock me in the cradle all the
day, ... You may lay me down to sleep, my moth - er dear,
dim - in - u - en - do.
Oh, rock me in the cra - dle all the day. . . . . .
all - the day.

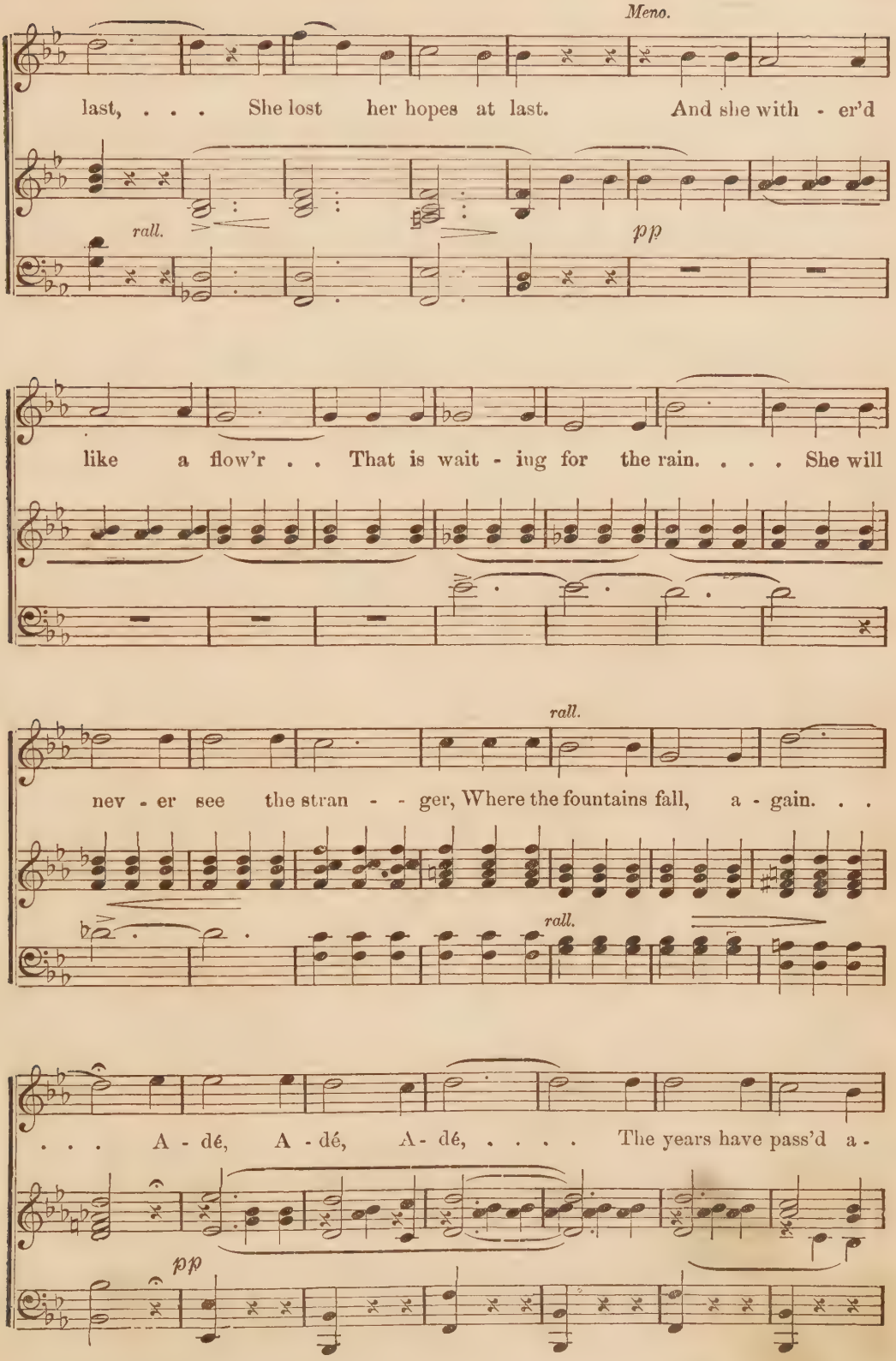
THE BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.

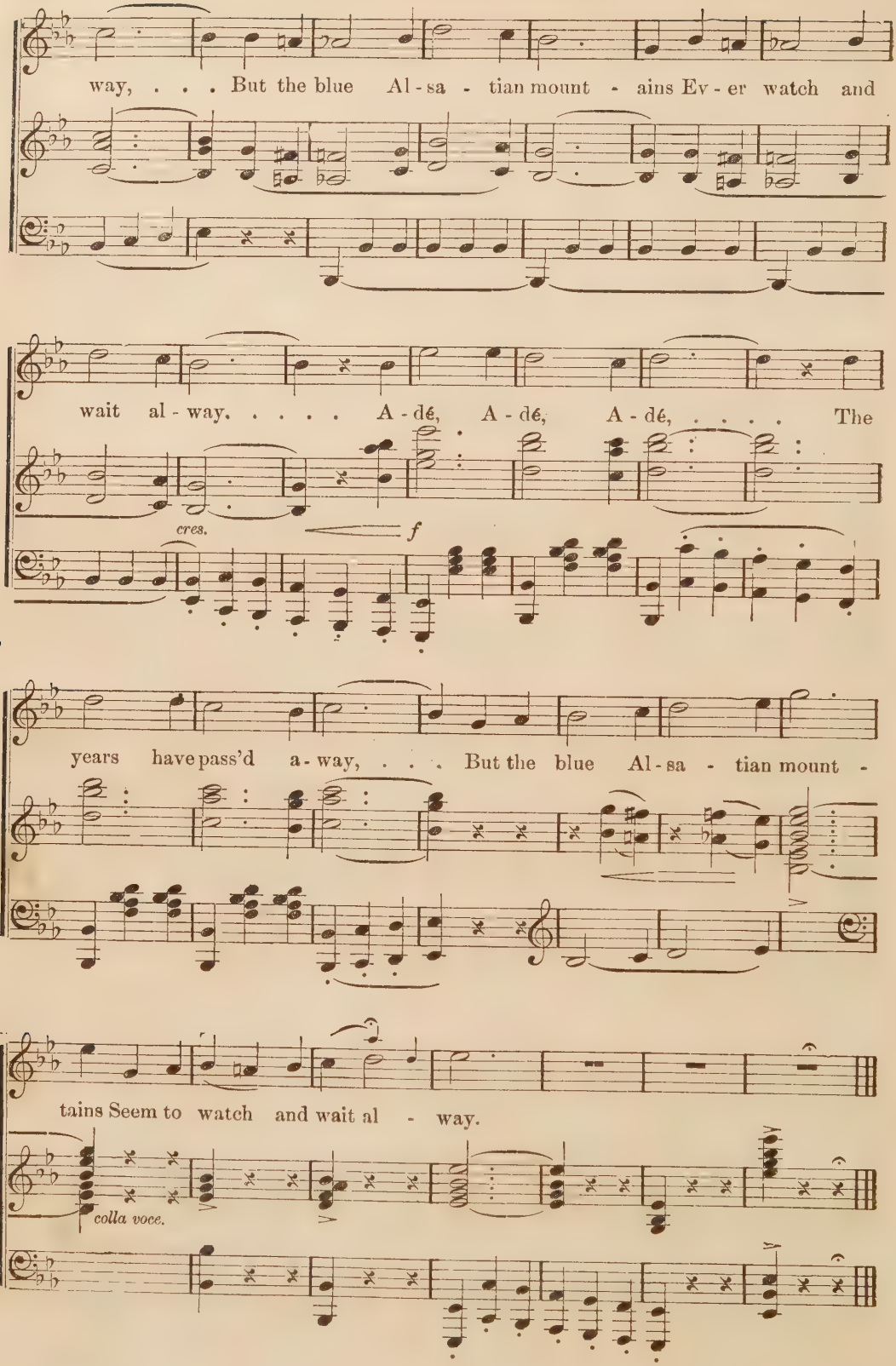
CLARIBEL. ADAMS.




win - - ning, An - gel bright her hap - py smile, When be - neath the
moon - light Words, the sweet - est she had known; Just to charm a -
mf
fount - ains spin - ning You could hear her song the while. . . . A -
way the hours . . . . Till her heart was all his own. . . . A -
dé, A - dé, A - dé, ... Such songs will pass a - way, . .
dé, A - dé, A - dé, ... Such dreams may pass a - way, . .
p
. . . Tho' the blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains Seem to watch and wait al -
. . . But the blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains Seem to watch and wait al -
f
colla voce.

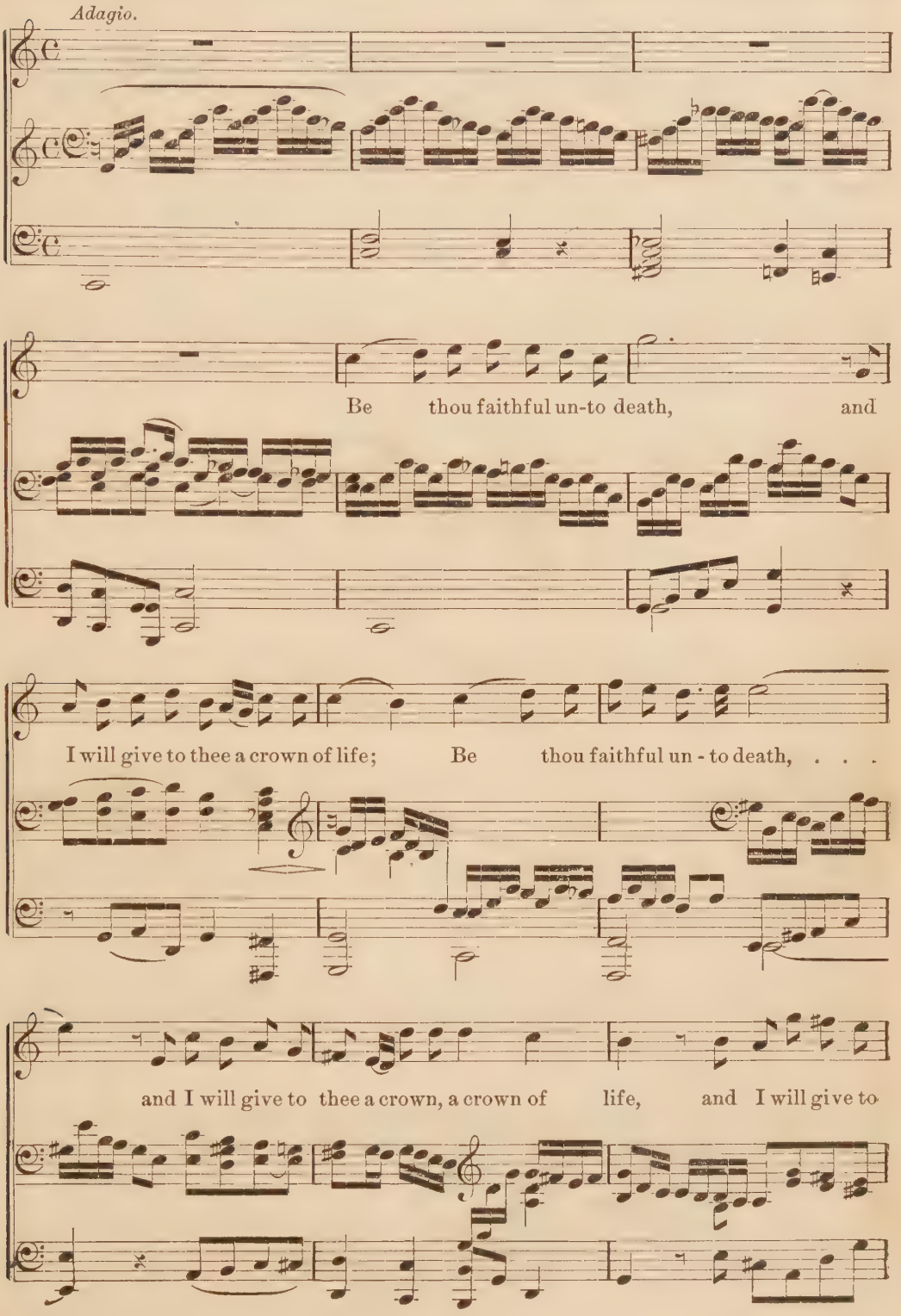

way.
way.
ff
3. By the
mf
p
blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains Ma - ny Spring-times bloom'd and pass'd, . .
. . . And the maid - en by the fount - ains Saw she'd lost her hopes at
mf

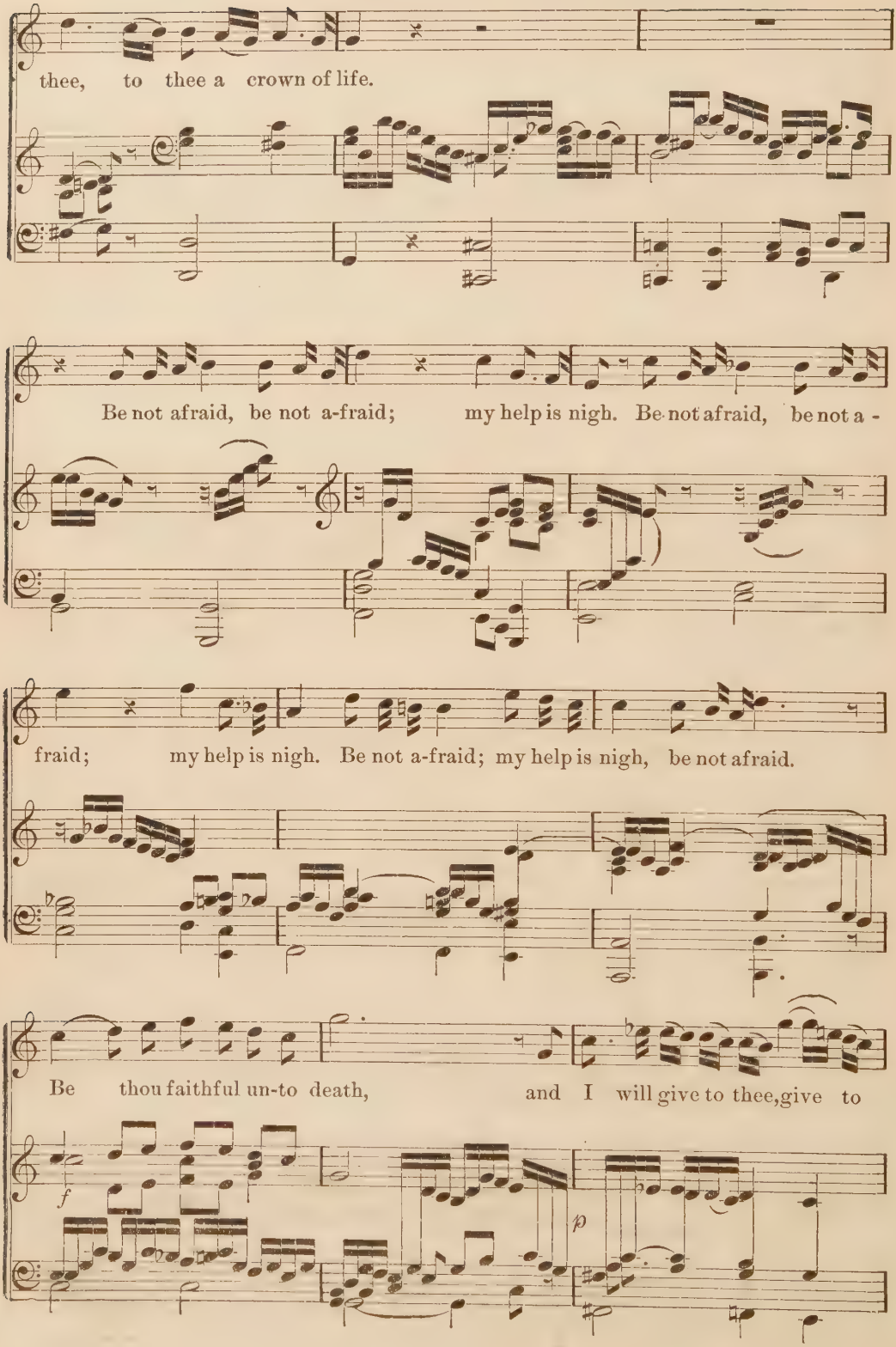

Meno.
last, . . . She lost her hopes at last. And she with - er'd
rall.
pp
like a flow'r . . That is wait - ing for the rain. . . . She will
rall.
nev - er see the stran - - ger, Where the fountains fall, a - gain. . .
rall.
. . . A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, ... The years have pass'd a -
pp

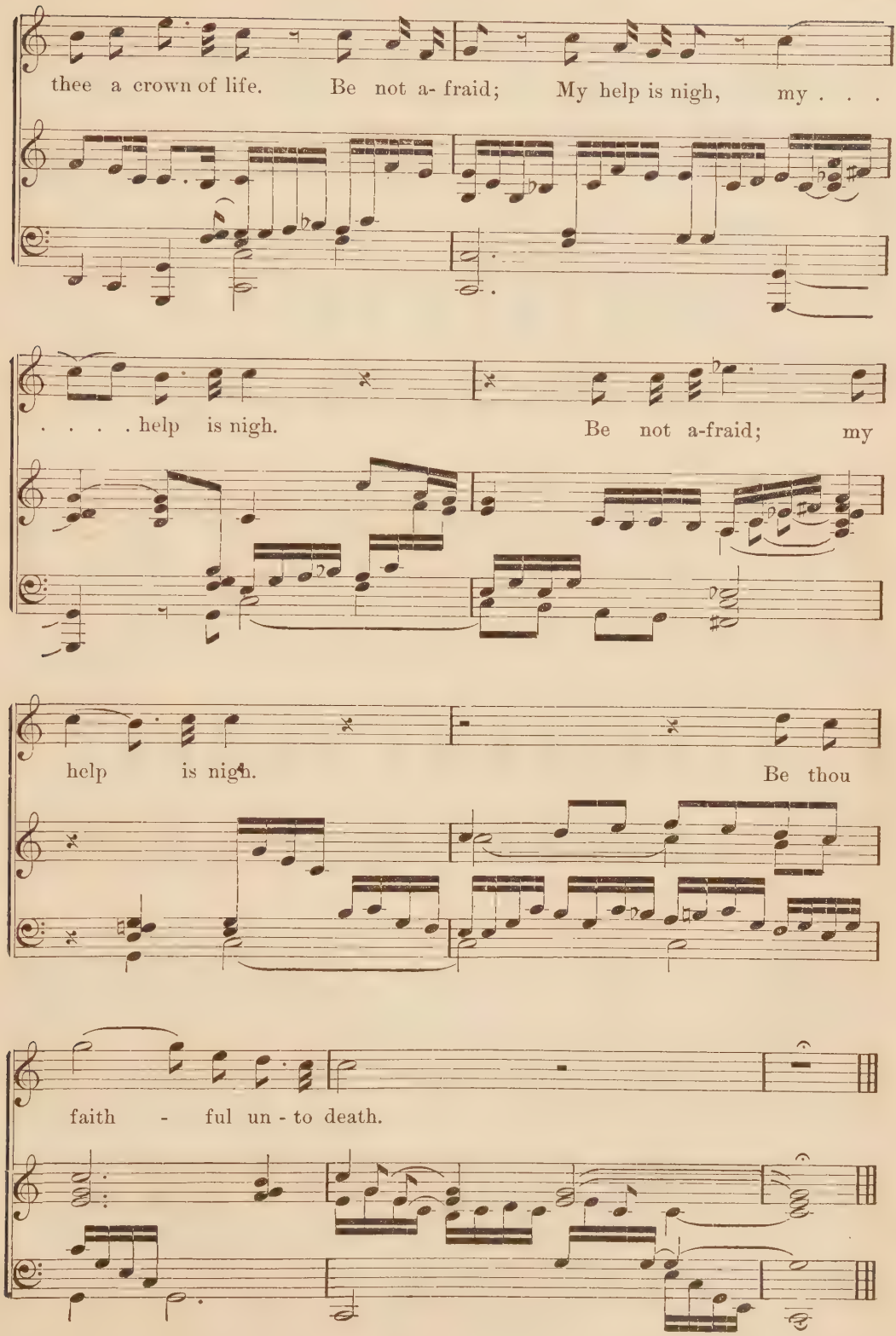

way, . . . But the blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains Ev - er watch and
wait al - way. . . . . A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, ... The
cres.
f
years have pass'd a - way, . . . But the blue Al - sa - tian mount -
tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.
colla voce.

BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

FROM ST. PAUL. MENDELSSOHN.

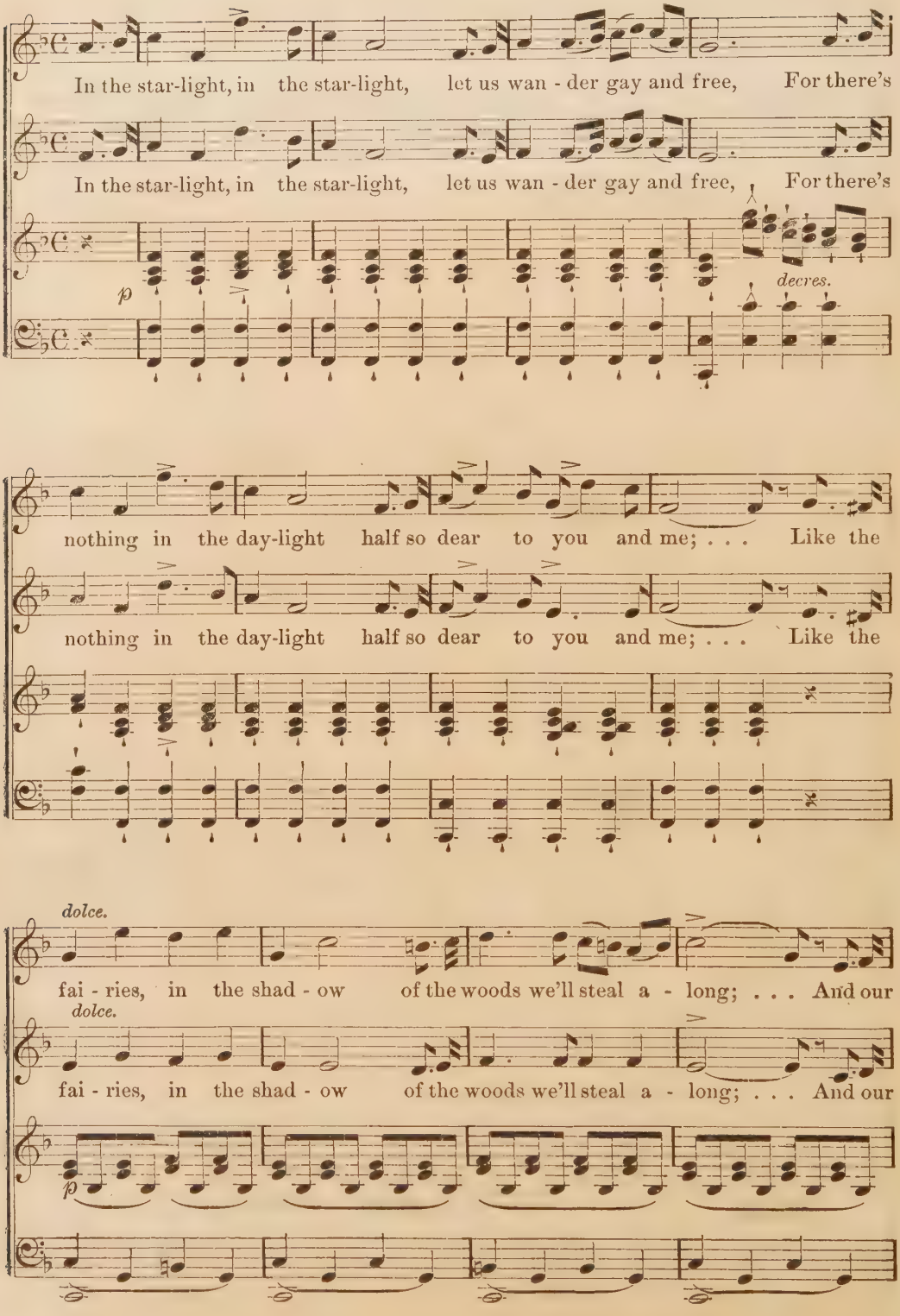


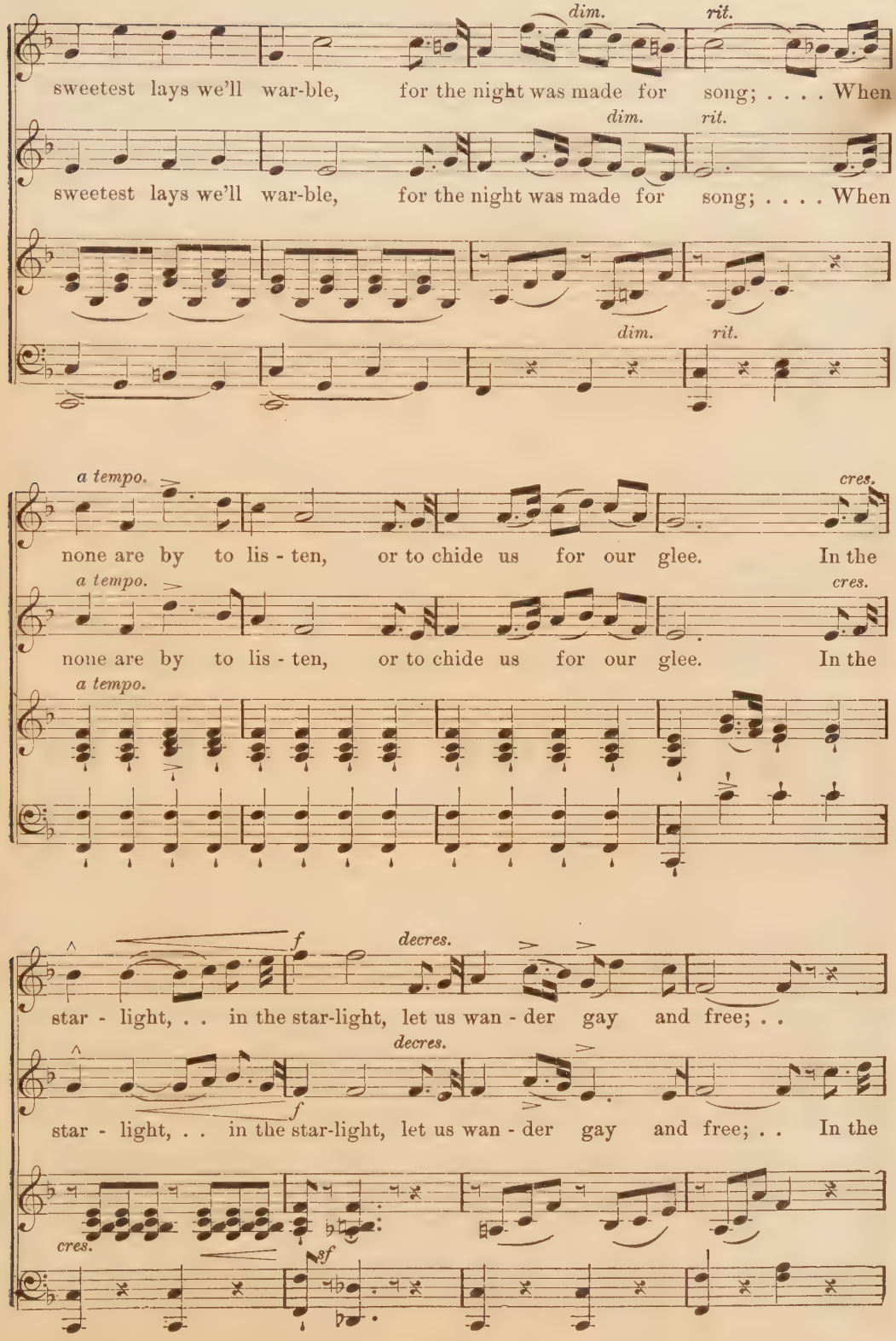

thee, to thee a crown of life.
Be not afraid, be not a-fraid; my help is nigh. Be not afraid, be not a -
fraid; my help is nigh. Be not a-fraid; my help is nigh, be not afraid.
Be thou faithful un-to death, and I will give to thee, give to
f
p

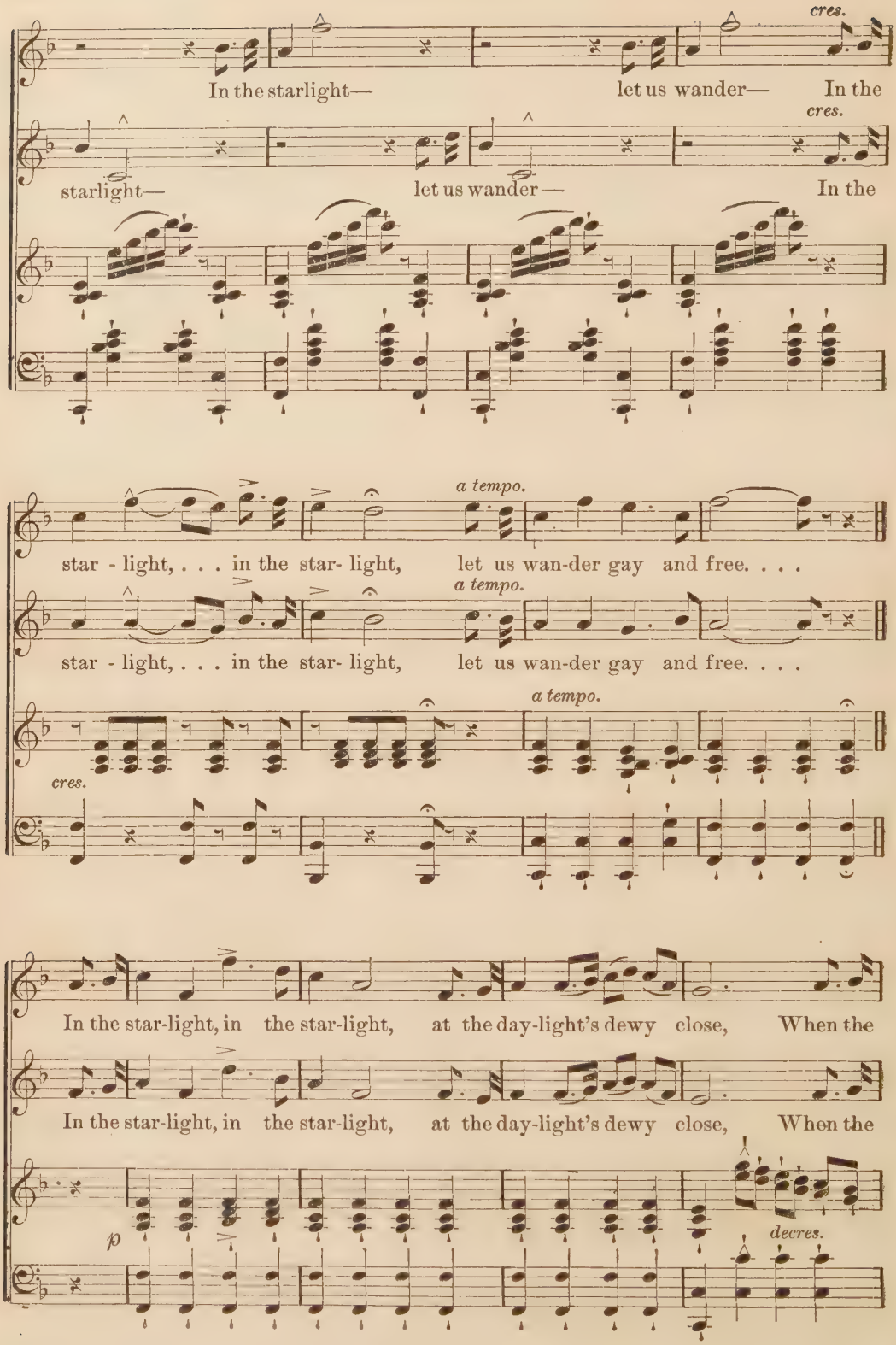

thee a crown of life. Be not a- fraid; My help is nigh, my . . .
. . . . help is nigh. Be not a-fraid; my
help is nigh. Be thou
faith - ful un - to death.

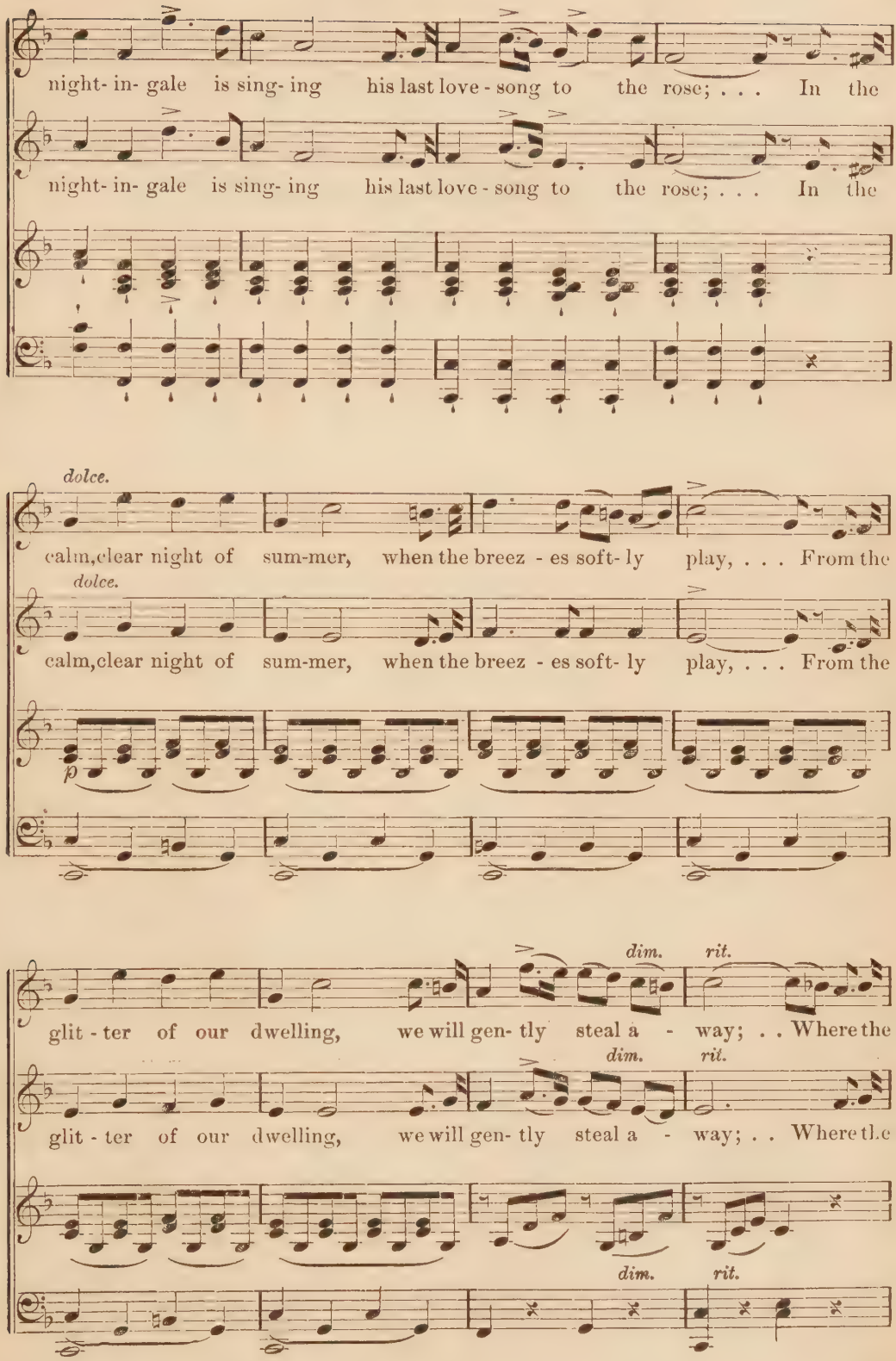
IN THE STARLIGHT.

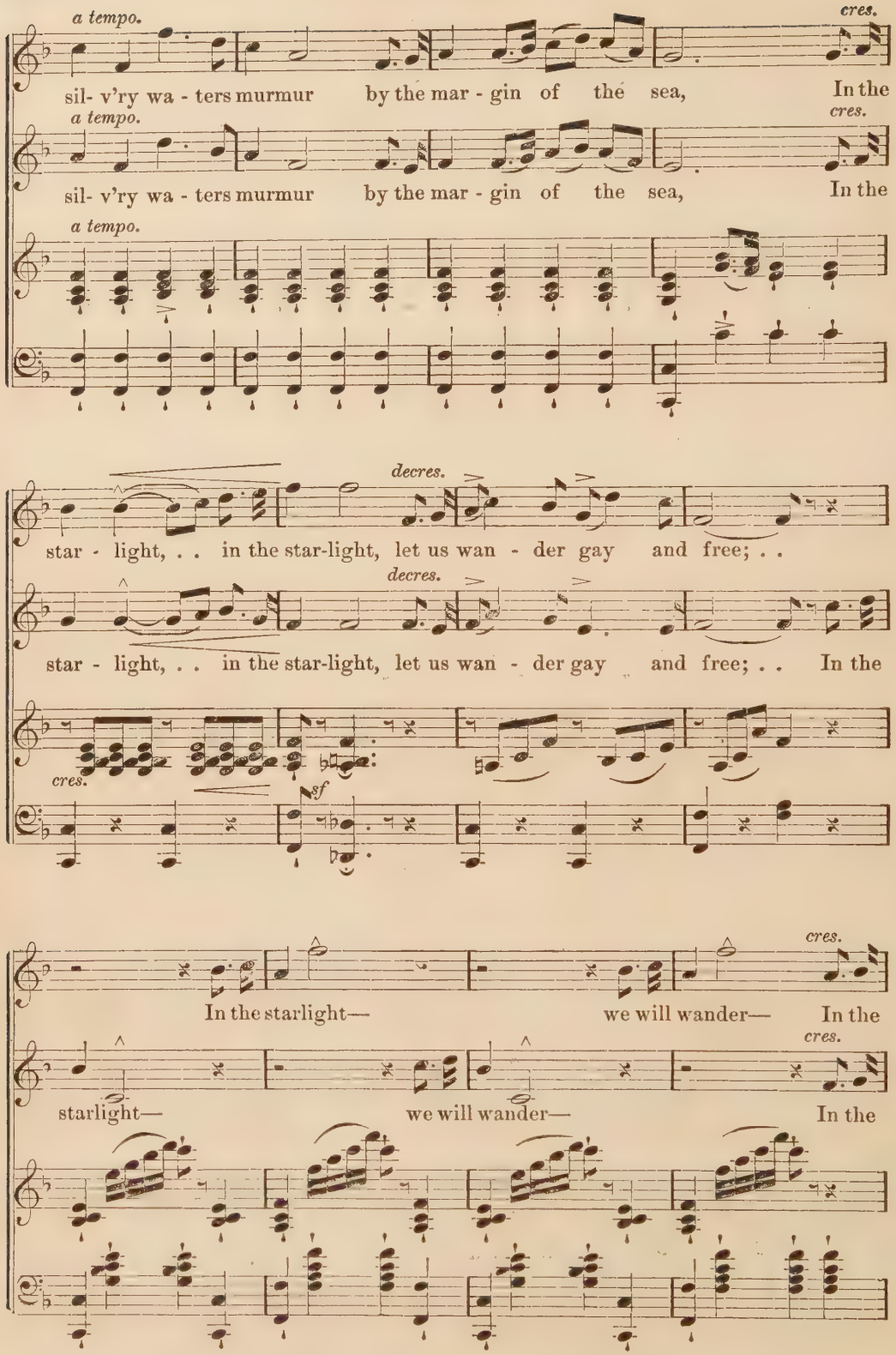
CARPENTER. GLOVER.

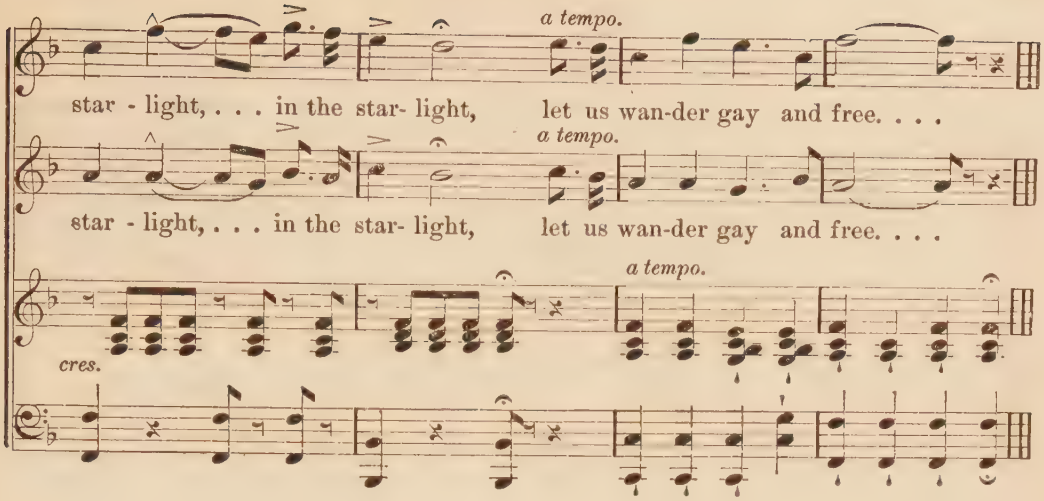



dim.
rit.
sweetest lays we'll war-ble, for the night was made for song; . . . . When
dim.
rit.
sweetest lays we'll war-ble, for the night was made for song; . . . . When
dim.
rit.
a tempo.
cres.
none are by to lis - ten, or to chide us for our glee. In the
a tempo.
cres.
none are by to lis - ten, or to chide us for our glee. In the
a tempo.
f
decres.
star - light, . . in the star-light, let us wan - der gay and free; . .
decres.
f
star - light, . . in the star-light, let us wan - der gay and free; . . In the
cres.
sf


cres.
In the starlight— let us wander— In the
cres.
starlight— let us wander— In the
a tempo.
star - light, . . . in the star- light, let us wan-der gay and free. . . .
a tempo.
star - light, . . . in the star- light, let us wan-der gay and free. . . .
a tempo.
cres.
In the star-light, in the star-light, at the day-light's dewy close, When the
In the star-light, in the star-light, at the day-light's dewy close, When the
p
decres.

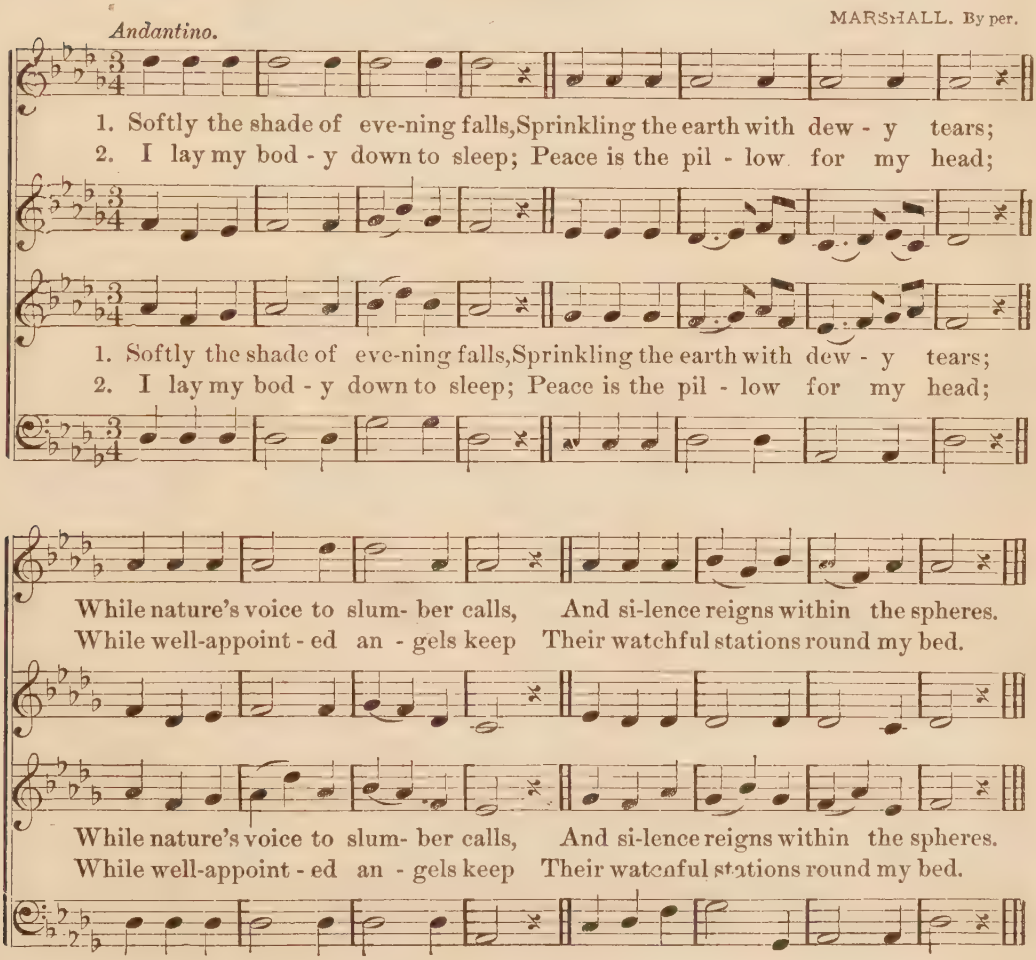

night- in- gale is sing- ing his last love - song to the rose; . . . In the
night- in- gale is sing- ing his last love - song to the rose; . . . In the
dolce.
calm, clear night of sum-mer, when the breez - es soft- ly play, . . . From the
dolce.
calm, clear night of sum-mer, when the breez - es soft- ly play, . . . From the
p
dim.
rit.
glit - ter of our dwelling, we will gen- tly steal a - way; . . Where the
dim.
rit.
glit - ter of our dwelling, we will gen- tly steal a - way; . . Where the
dim.
rit.


a tempo.
cres.
sil- v'ry wa - ters murmur by the mar - gin of the sea, In the
a tempo.
cres.
sil- v'ry wa - ters murmur by the mar - gin of the sea, In the
a tempo.
decres.
star - light, . . in the star-light, let us wan - der gay and free; . .
decres.
star - light, . . in the star-light, let us wan - der gay and free; . . In the
cres.
sf
cres.
In the starlight— we will wander— In the
cres.
starlight— we will wander— In the



BABBIDGE.

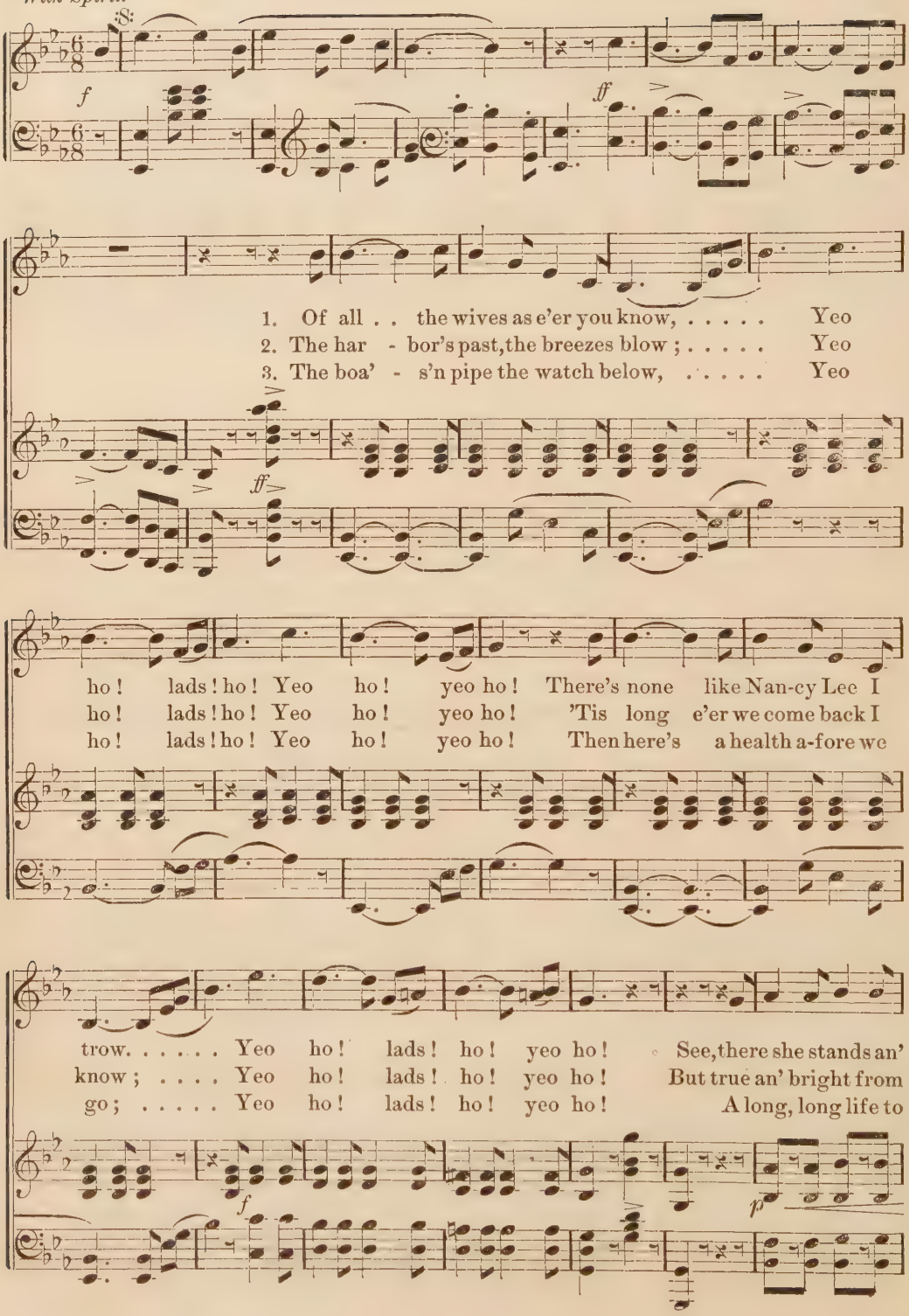
MARSHALL. By per.

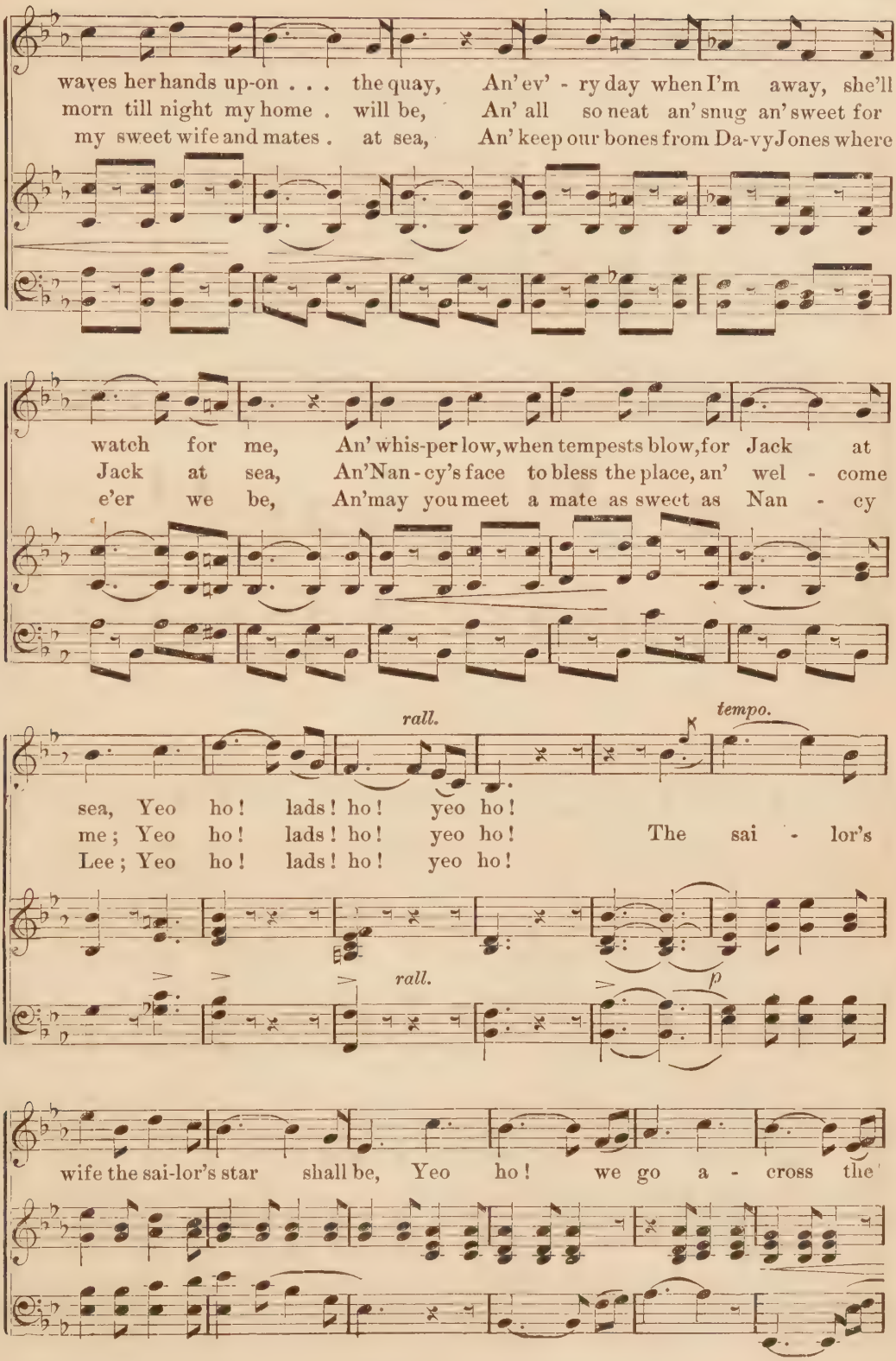


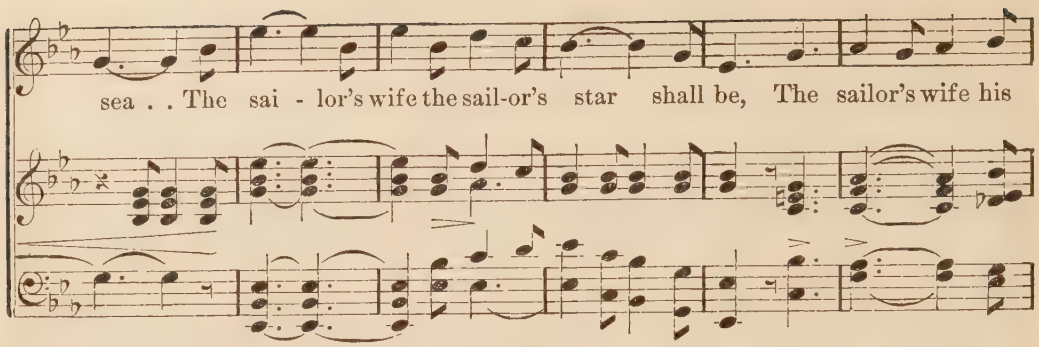
NANCY LEE.

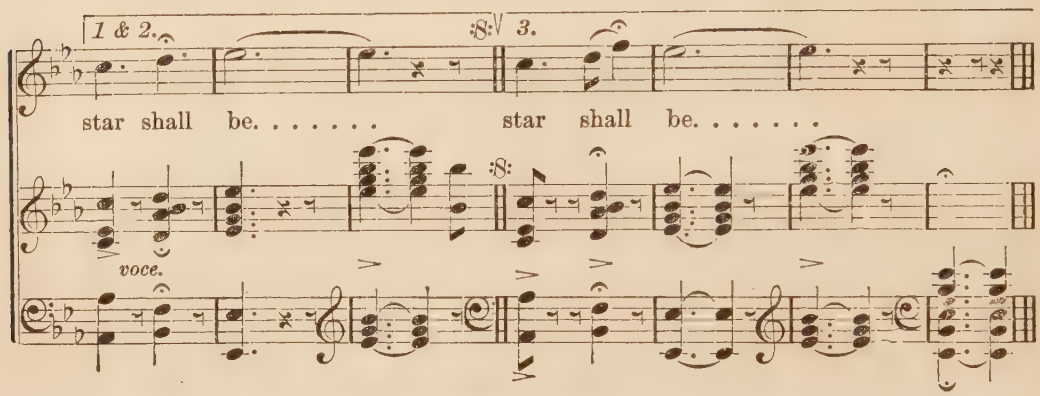
WEATHERLY. ADAMS.

With Spirit.



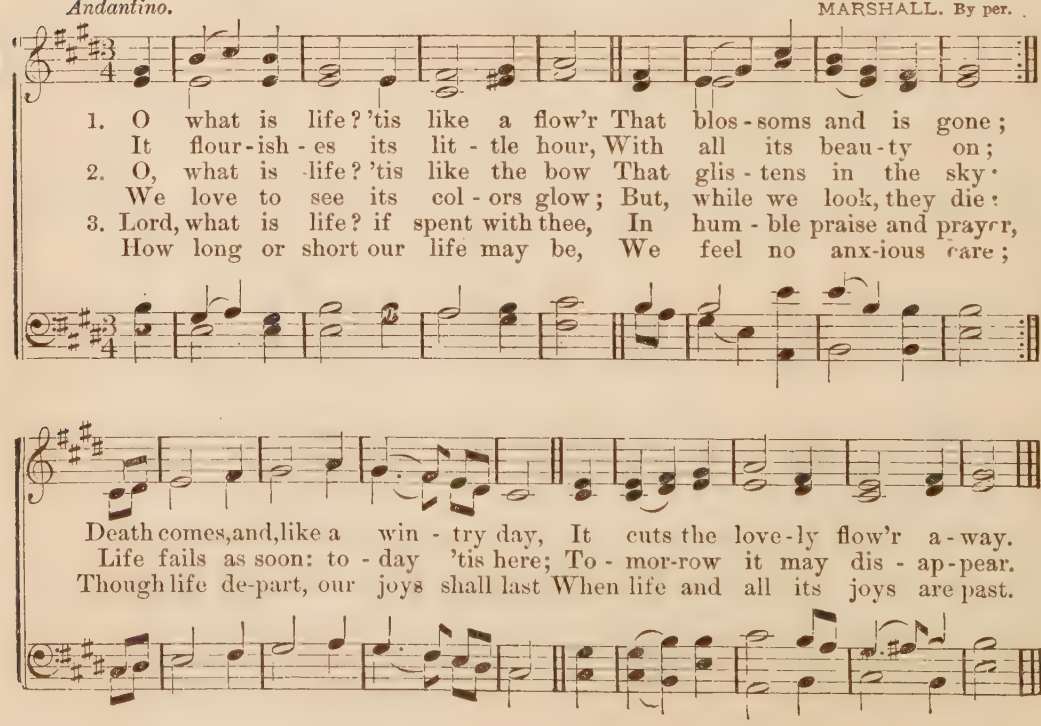

waves her hands up-on . . . the quay, An' ev' - ry day when I'm away, she'll
morn till night my home . will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for
my sweet wife and mates . at sea, An' keep our bones from Da-vy Jones where
watch for me, An' whis-per low, when tempests blow, for Jack at
Jack at sea, An' Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come
e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy
rall.
tempo.
sea, Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho!
me; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The sai - lor's
Lee; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho!
rall.
p
wife the sai-lor's star shall be, Yeo ho! we go a - cross the





WILLCOTT.

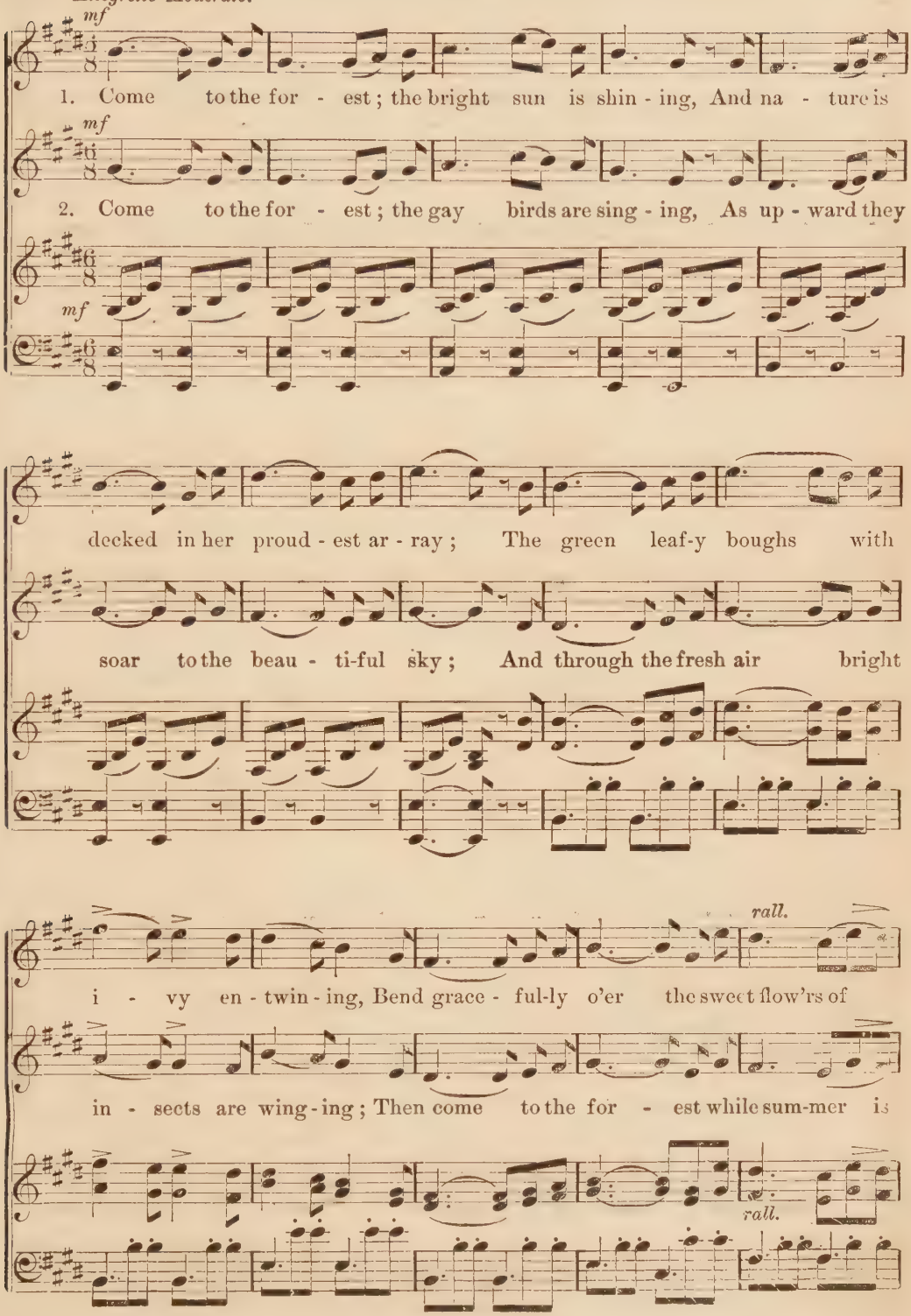
Andantino. MARSHALL. By per.

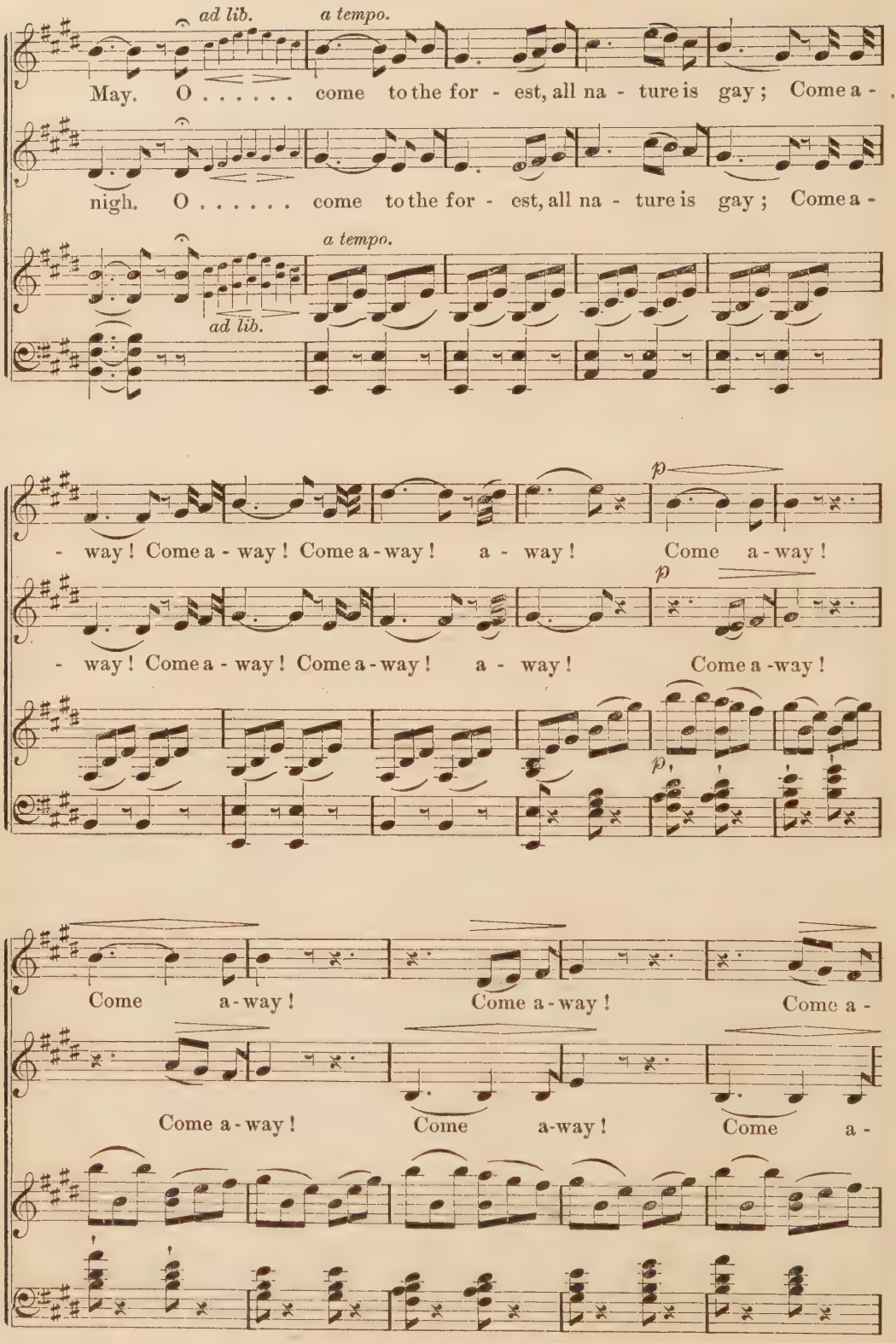


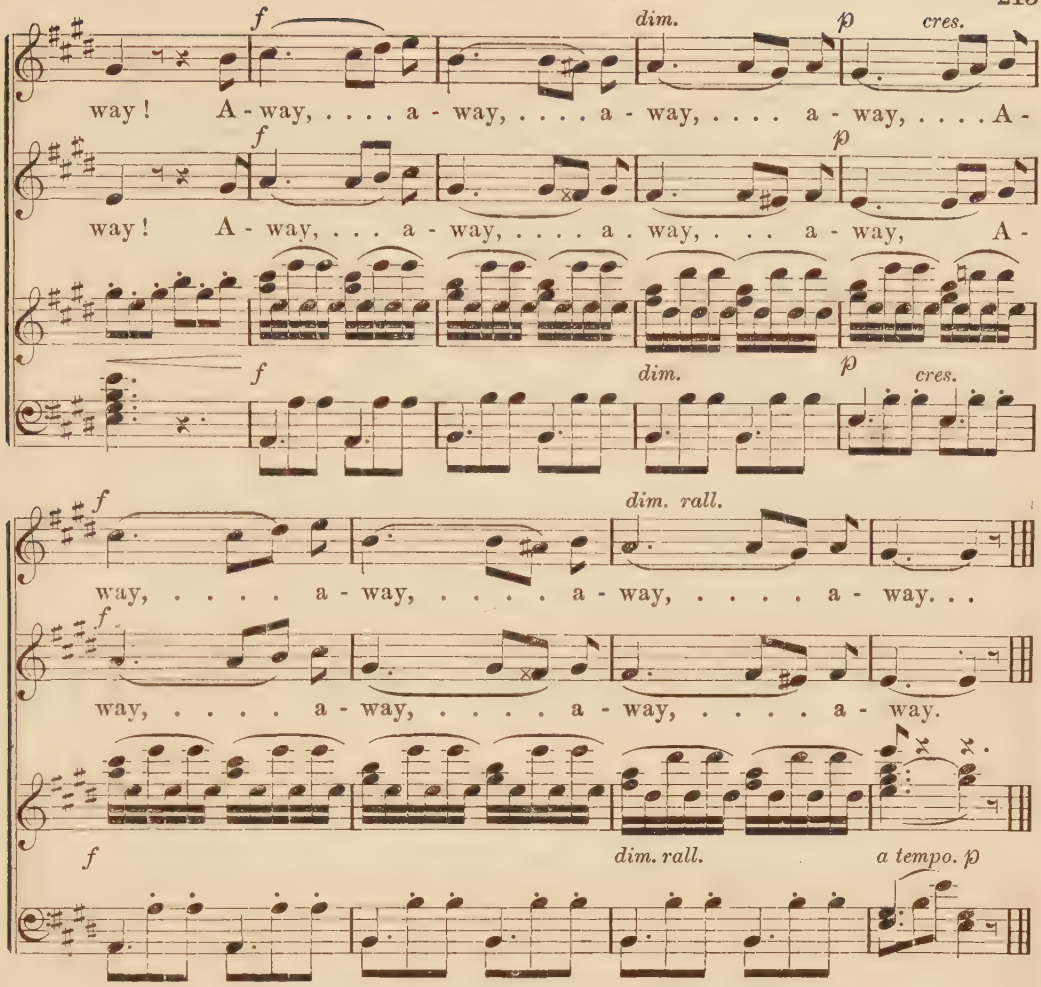
COME TO THE FOREST.

TUCKER. BRICHER.

Allegretto Moderato.

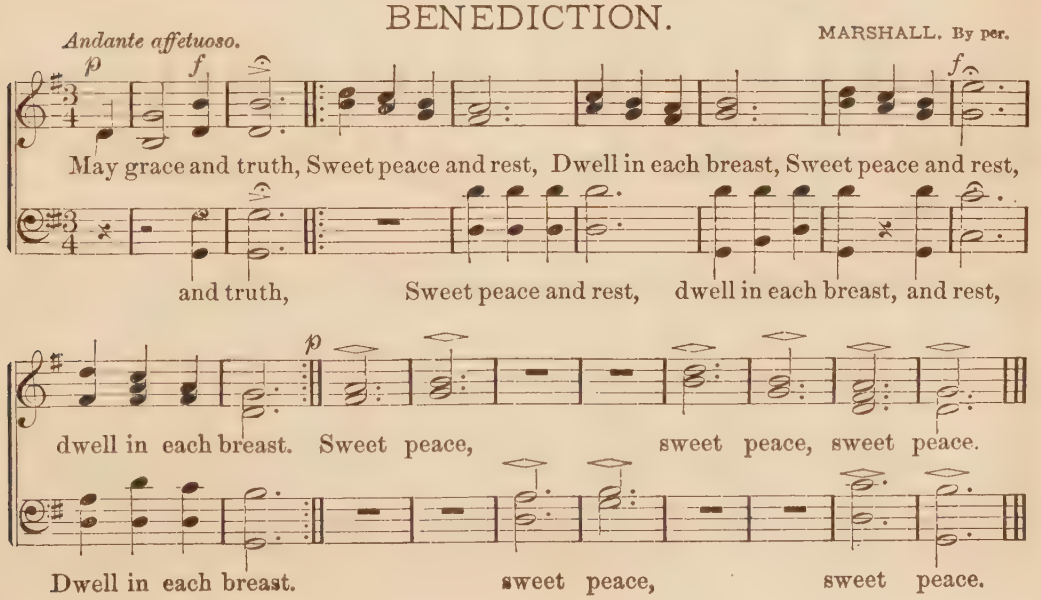



ad lib.
a tempo.
May. O . . . . . come to the for - est, all na - ture is gay; Come a -
nigh. O . . . . . come to the for - est, all na - ture is gay; Come a -
a tempo.
ad lib.
p
- way! Come a - way! Come a - way! a - way! Come a - way!
p
- way! Come a - way! Come a - way! a - way! Come a - way!
p
Come a - way! Come a - way! Come a -
Come a - way! Come a - way! Come a -



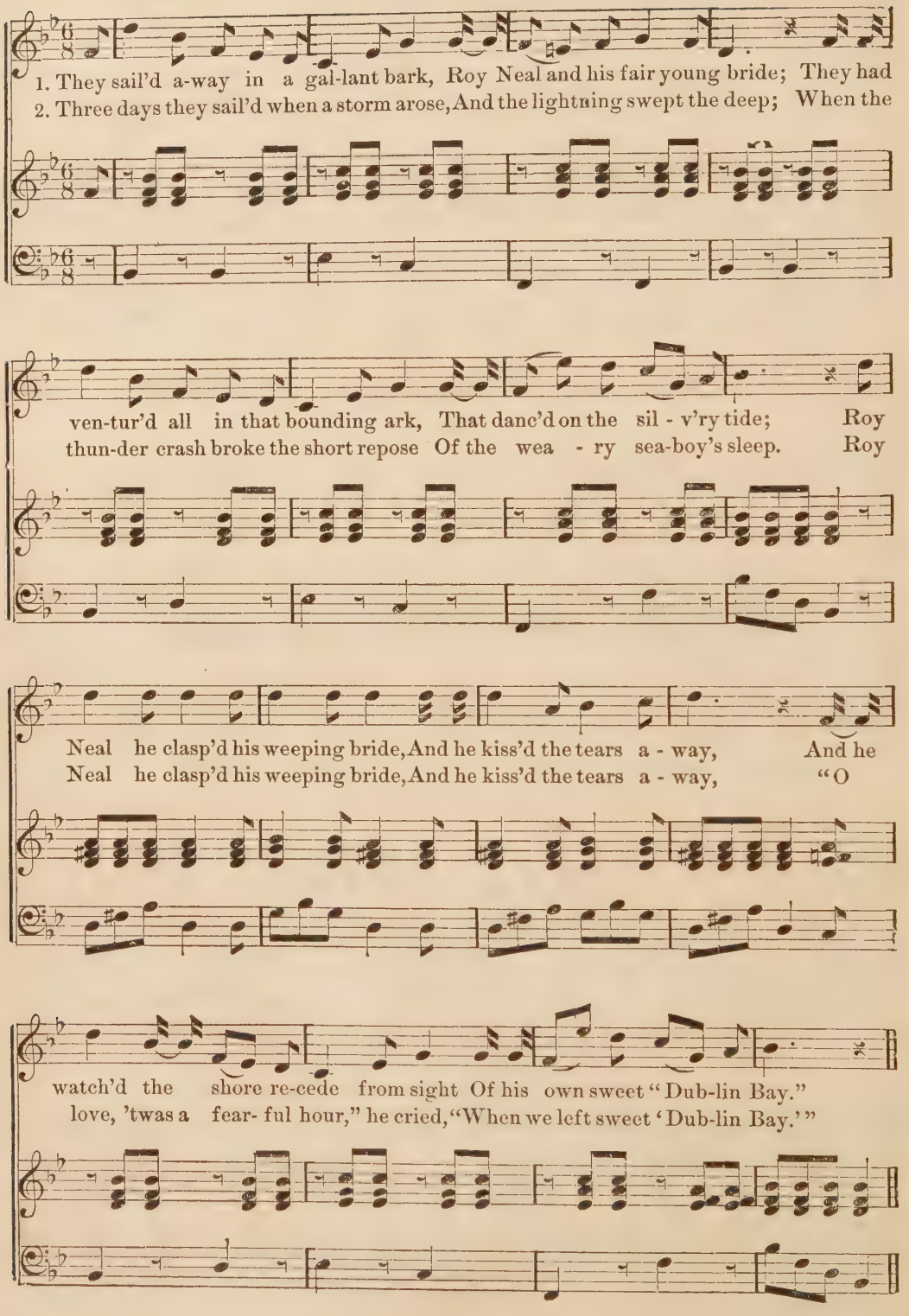
BENEDICTION.

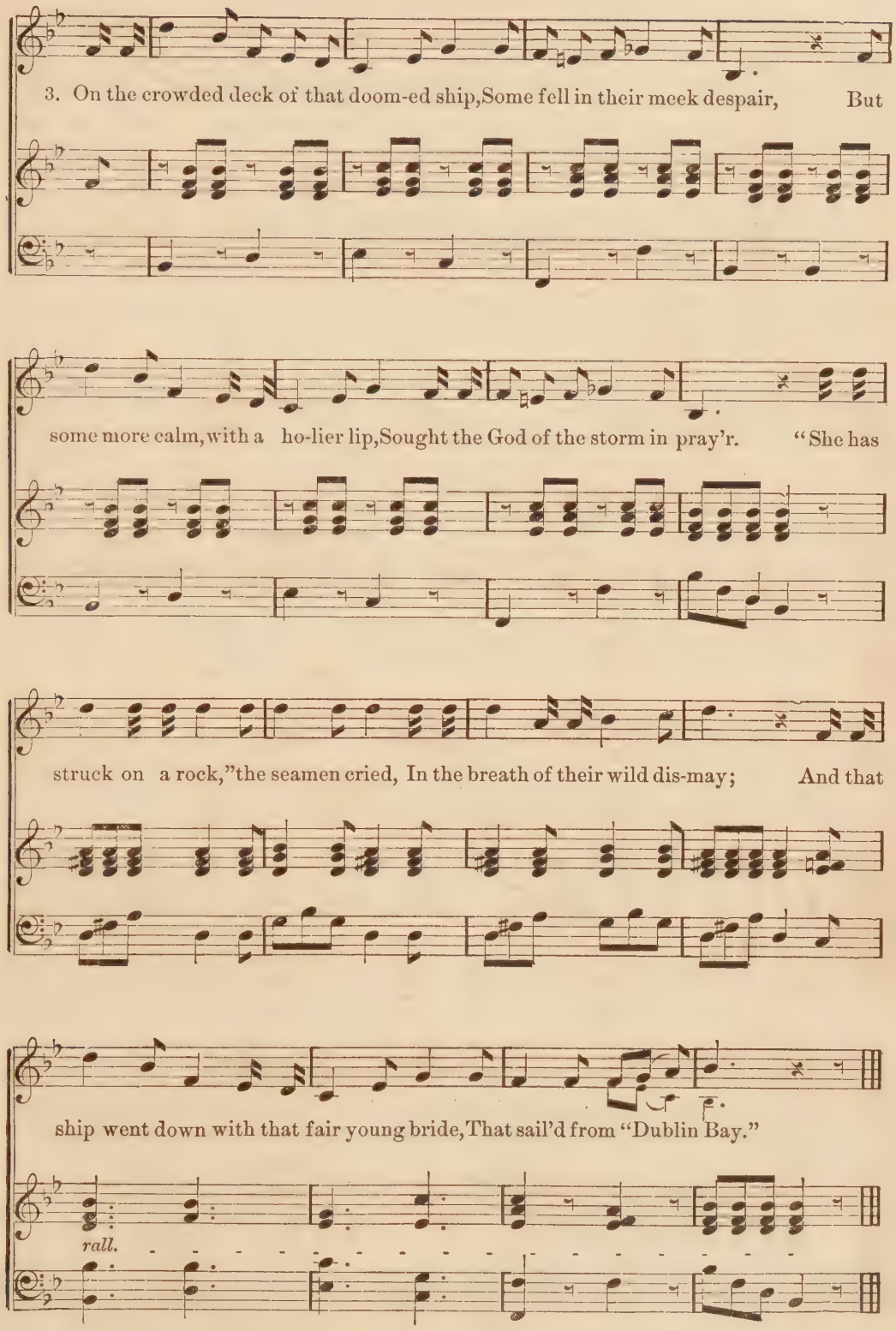
MARSHALL. By per.



DUBLIN BAY.

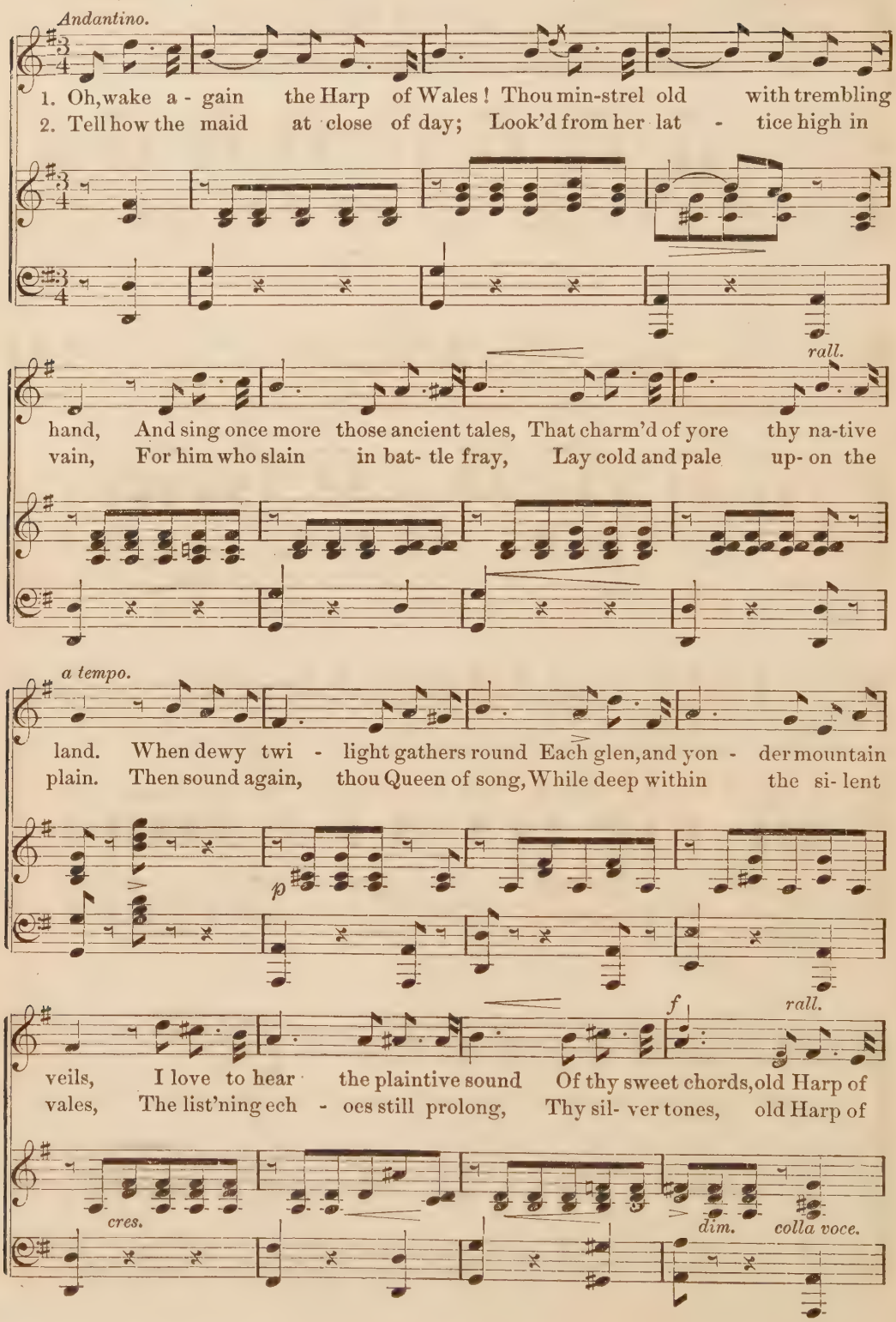
CRAWFORD. BARKER

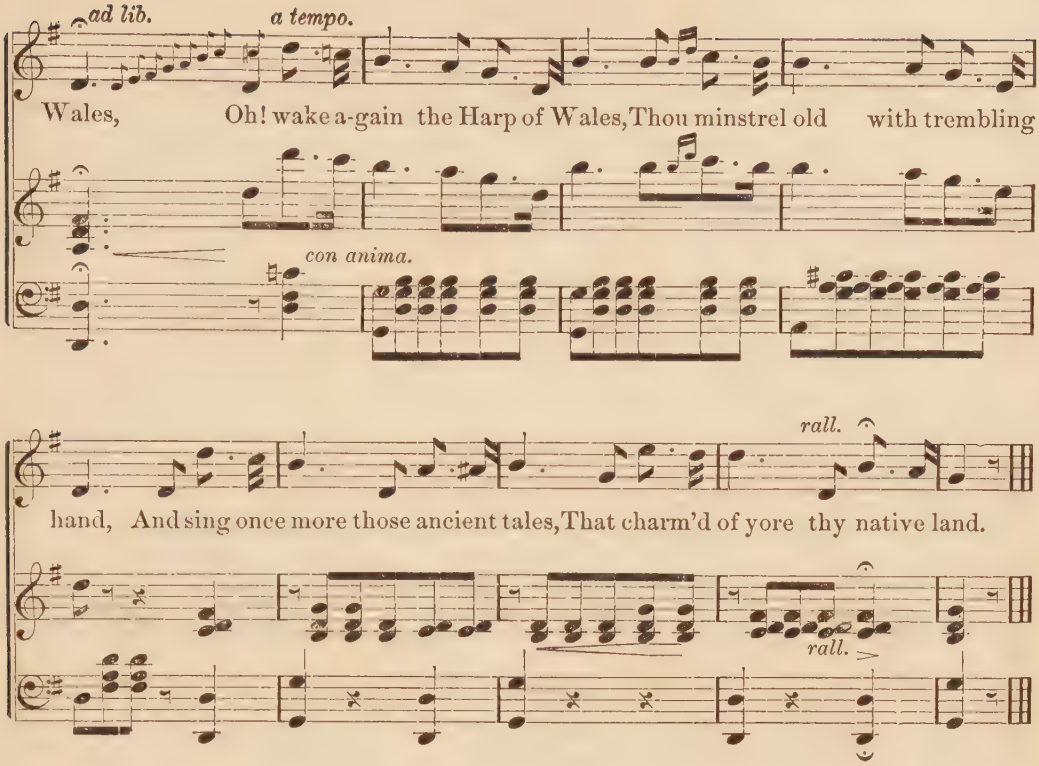



3. On the crowded deck of that doom-ed ship,Some fell in their meek despair, But
some more calm, with a ho-lier lip,Sought the God of the storm in pray'r. "She has
struck on a rock,"the seamen cried, In the breath of their wild dis-may; And that
ship went down with that fair young bride,That sail'd from "Dublin Bay."
rall.

THE HARP OF WALES.

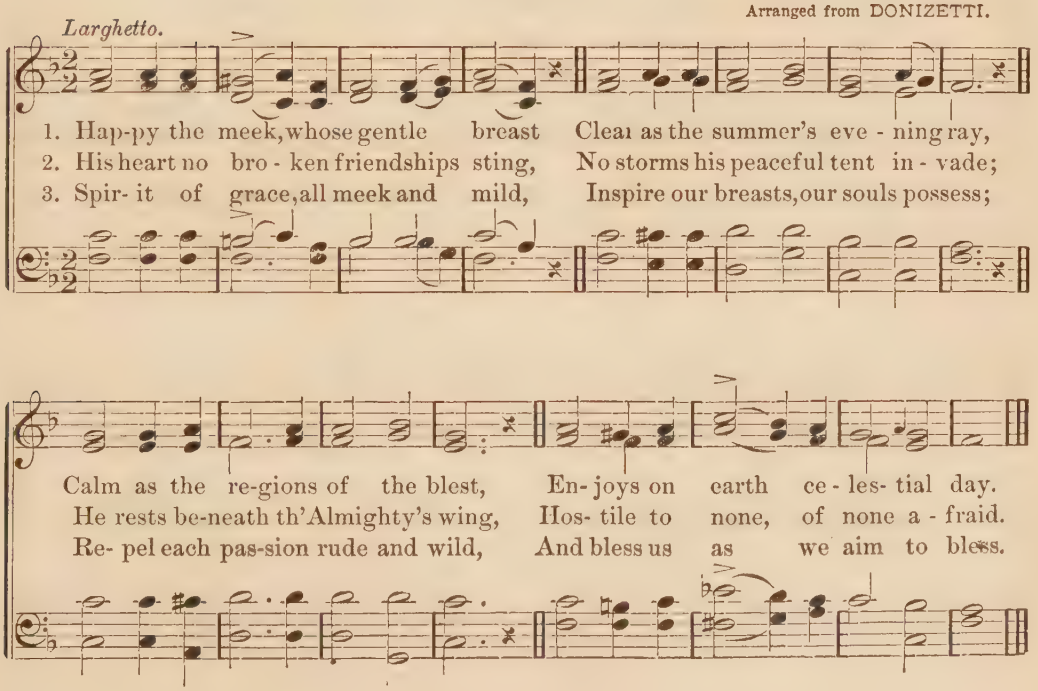
GILBERTSON. RICHARDS.





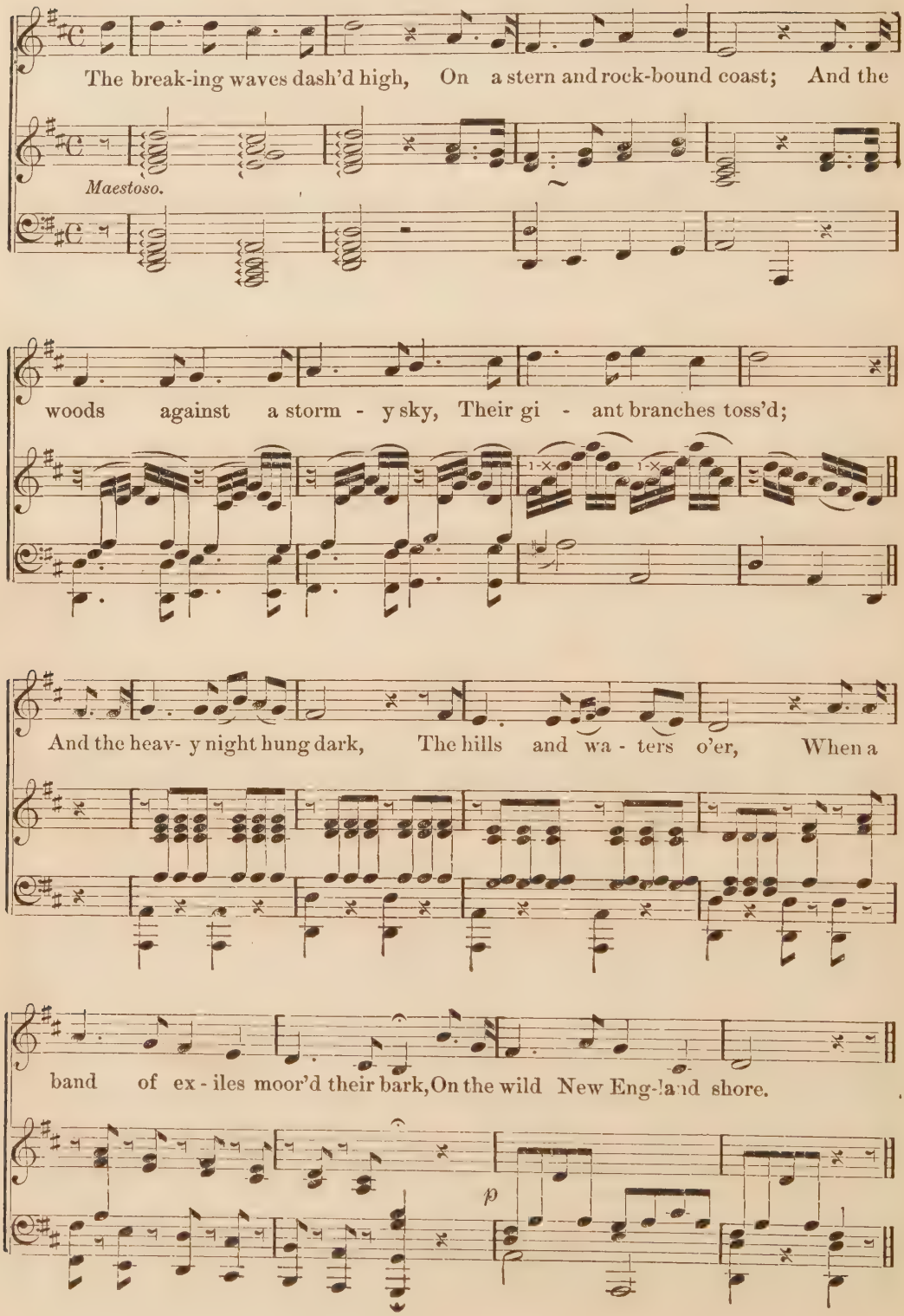
DANA.

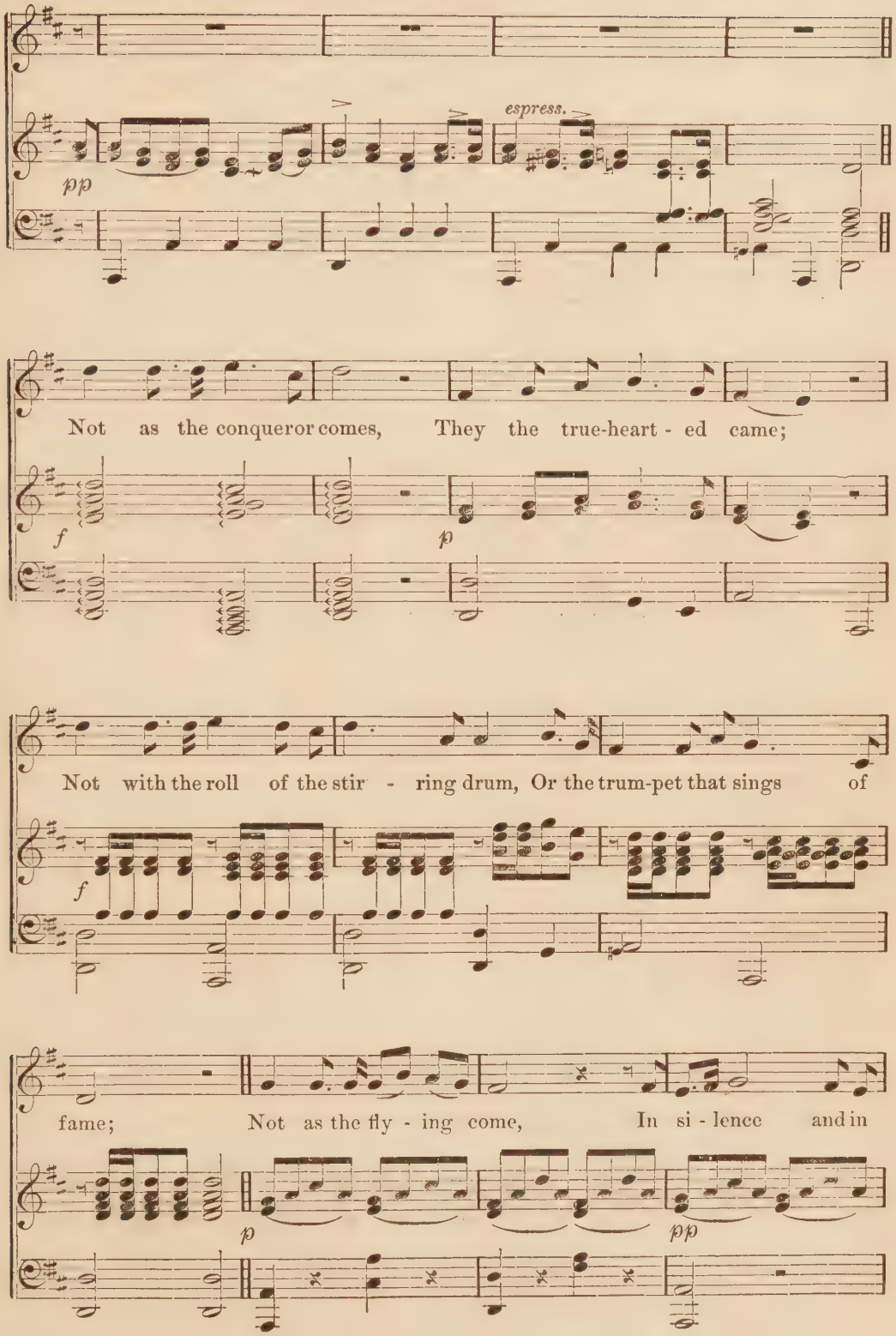
Arranged from DONIZETTI.

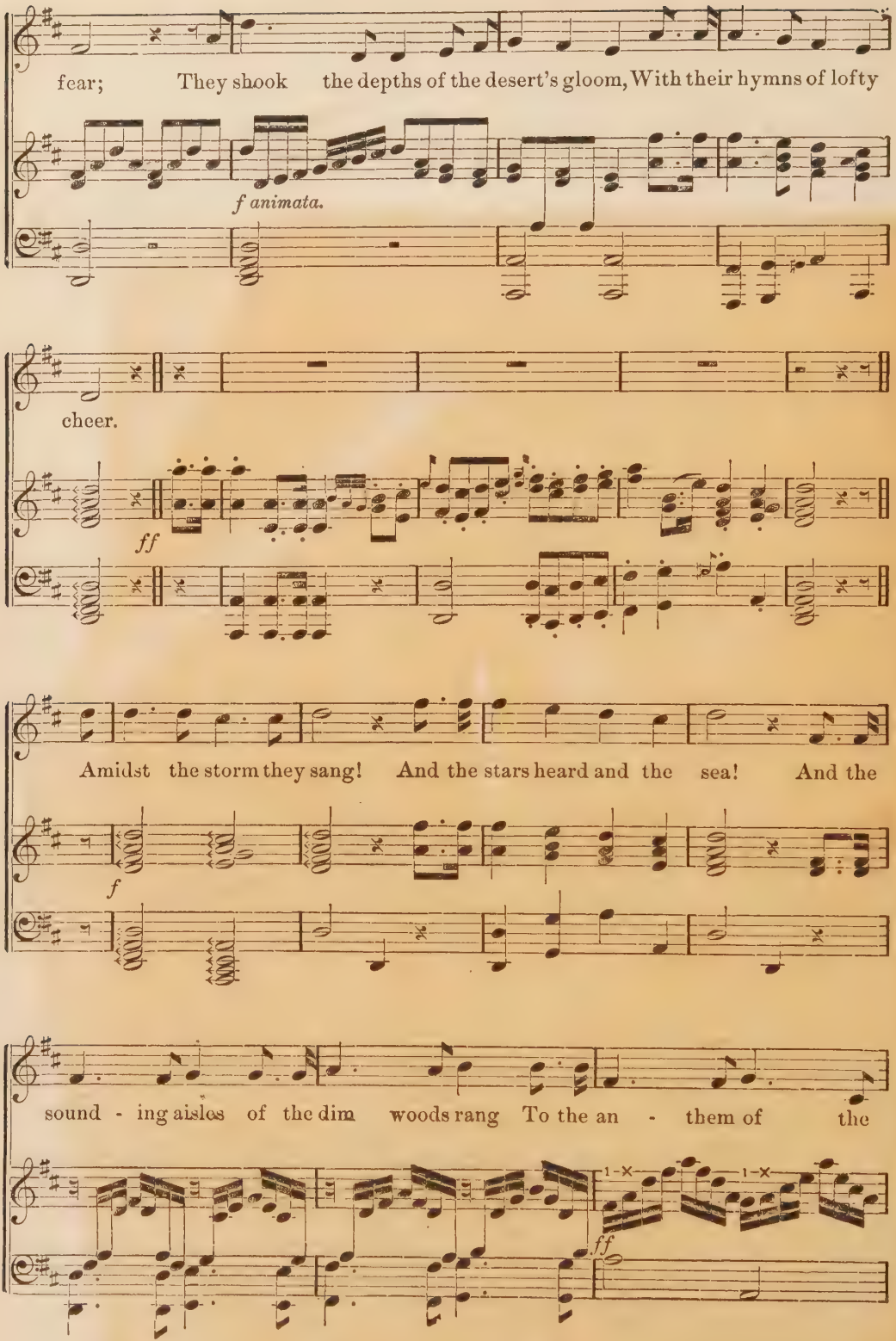


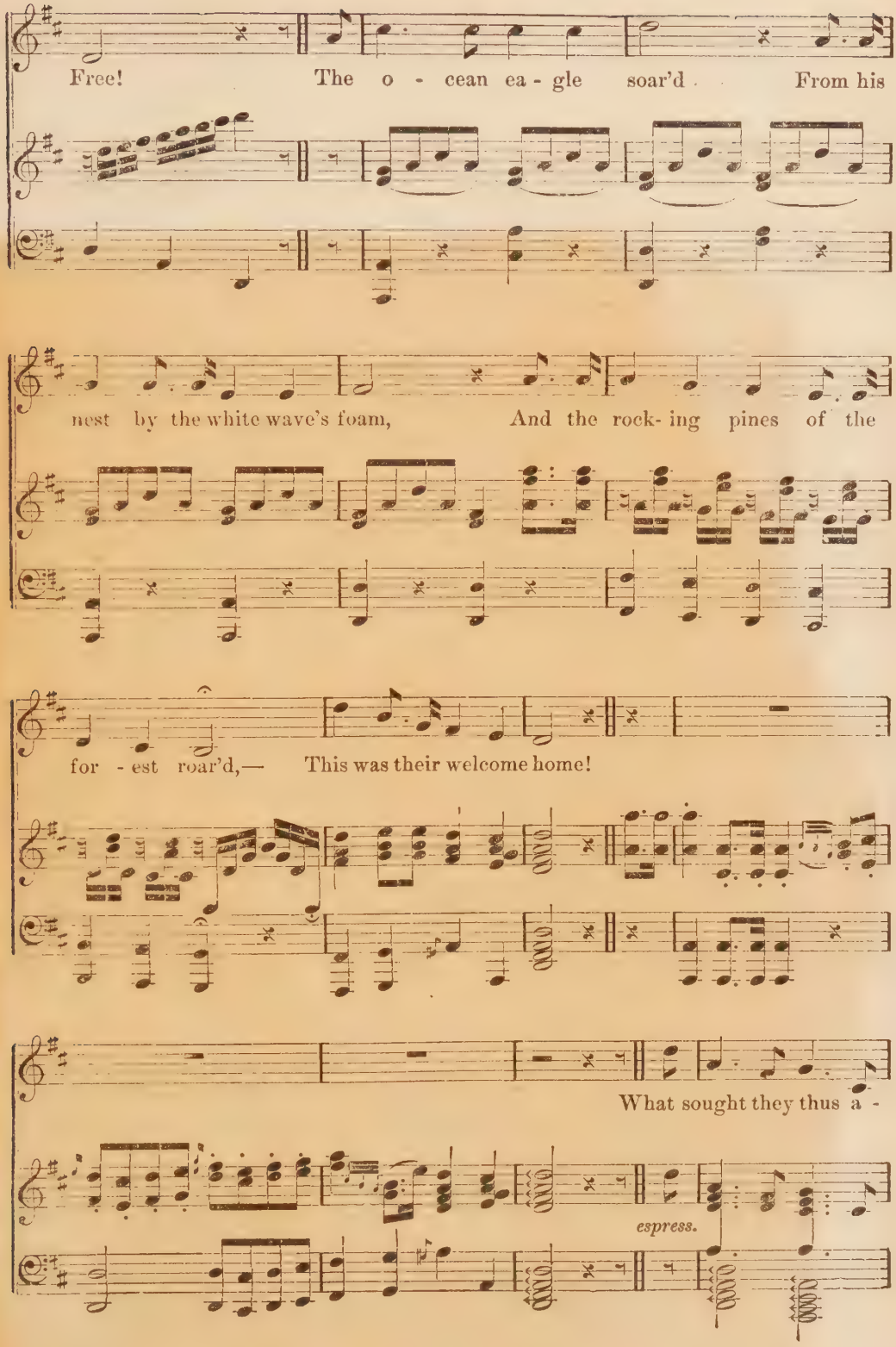
THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

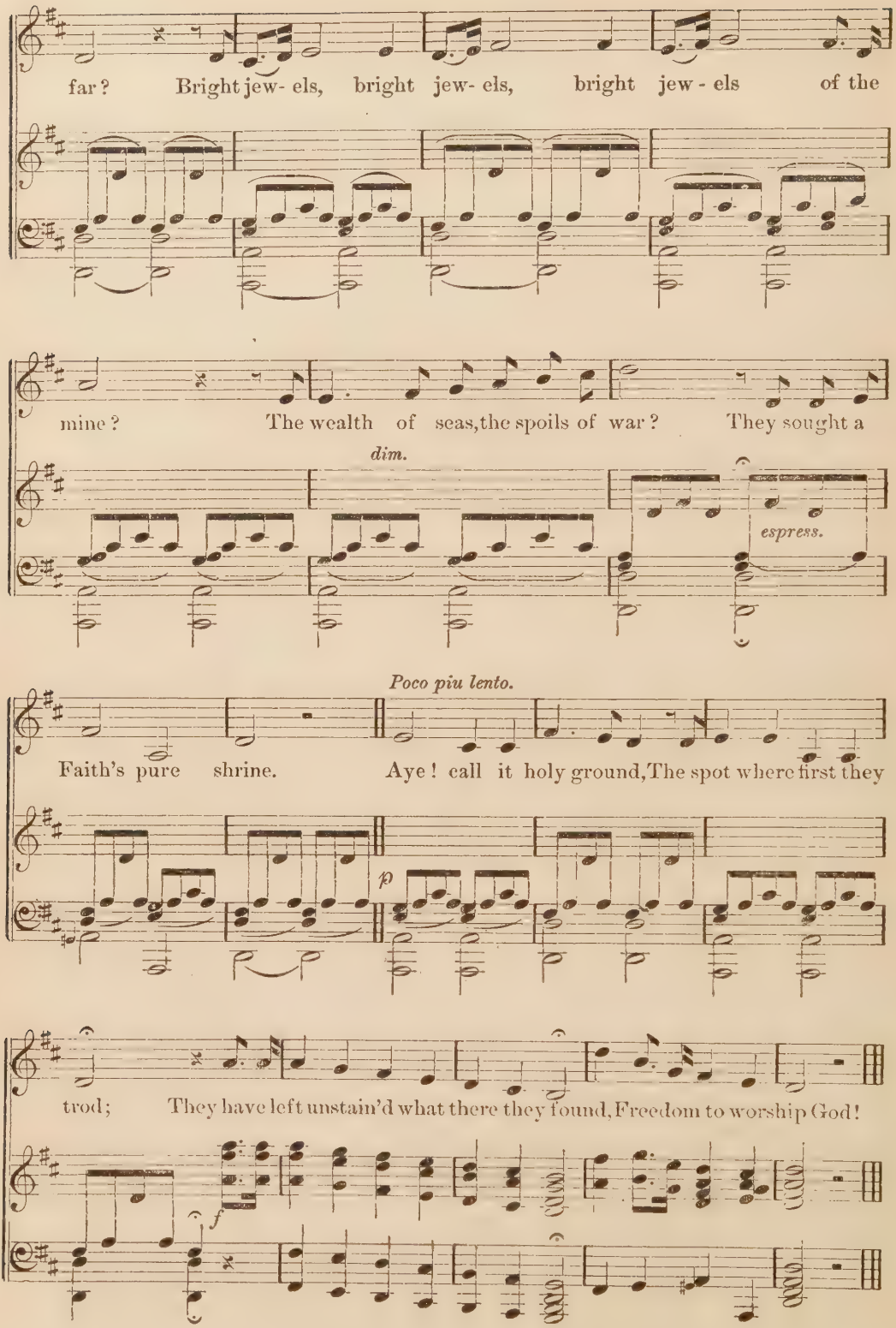
HEMANS. BROWN.




espress.
pp
Not as the conqueror comes, They the true-heart - ed came;
f
p
Not with the roll of the stir - ring drum, Or the trum-pet that sings of
f
fame; Not as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in
p
pp

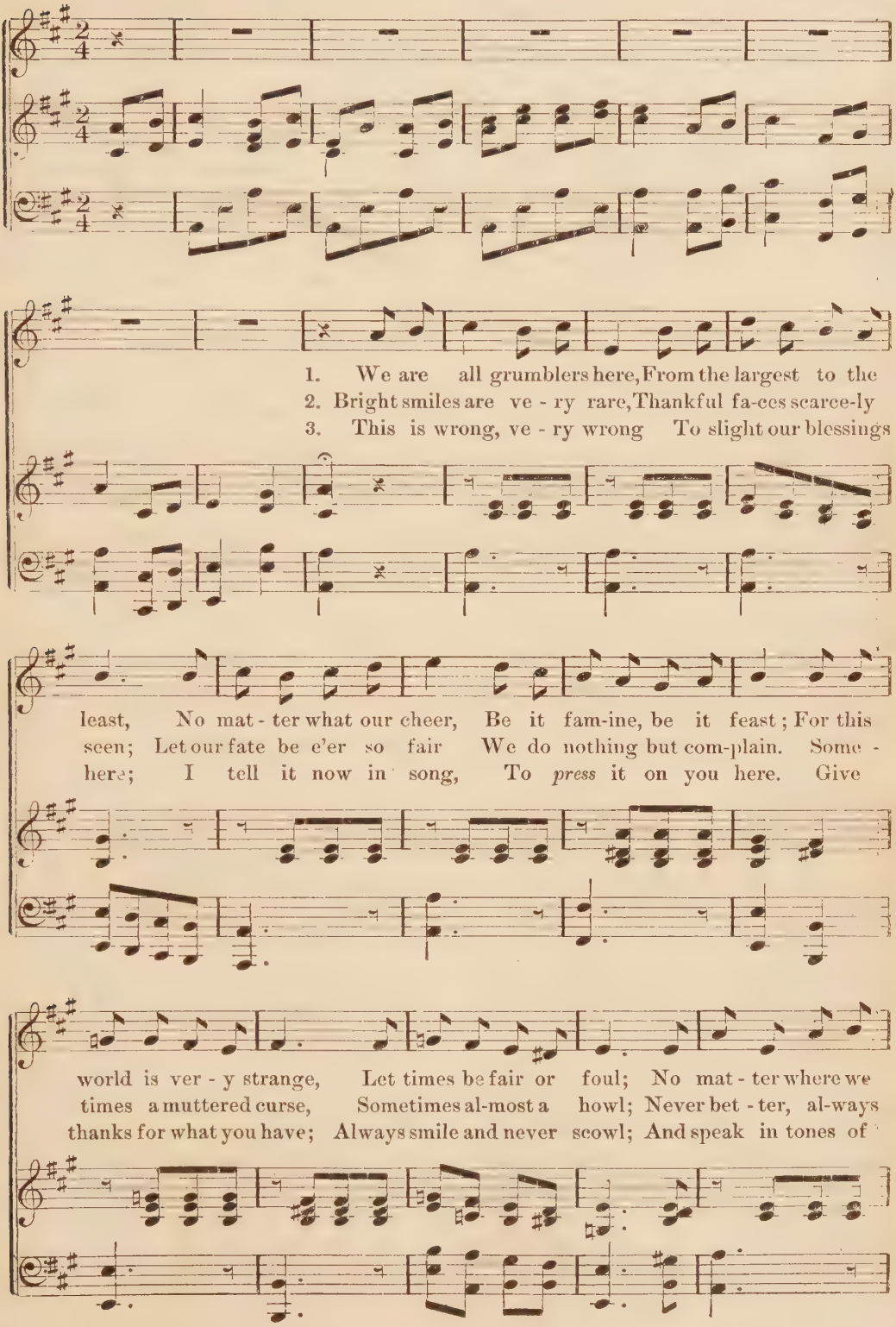

fear; They shook the depths of the desert's gloom, With their hymns of lofty
f animata.
cheer.
ff
Amidst the storm they sang! And the stars heard and the sea! And the
f
sound - ing aisles of the dim woods rang To the an - them of the
1-X
1-X
ff

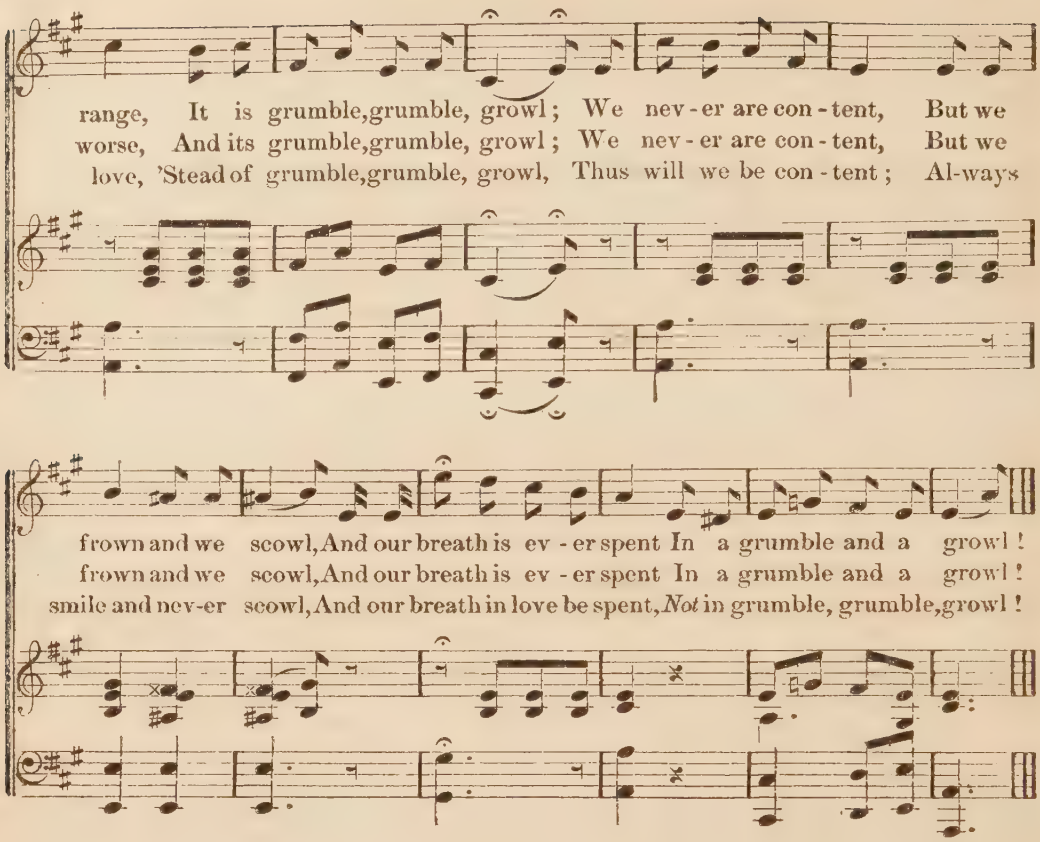

Free! The o - cean ea - gle soar'd From his
nest by the white wave's foam, And the rock- ing pines of the
for - est roar'd,— This was their welcome home!
What sought they thus a -
espress.


far? Bright jew- els, bright jew- els, bright jew - els of the
mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a
dim.
espress.
Poco piu lento.
Faith's pure shrine. Aye! call it holy ground, The spot where first they
p
trod; They have left unstain'd what there they found, Freedom to worship God!
f

GRUMBLE, GRUMBLE, GROWL!

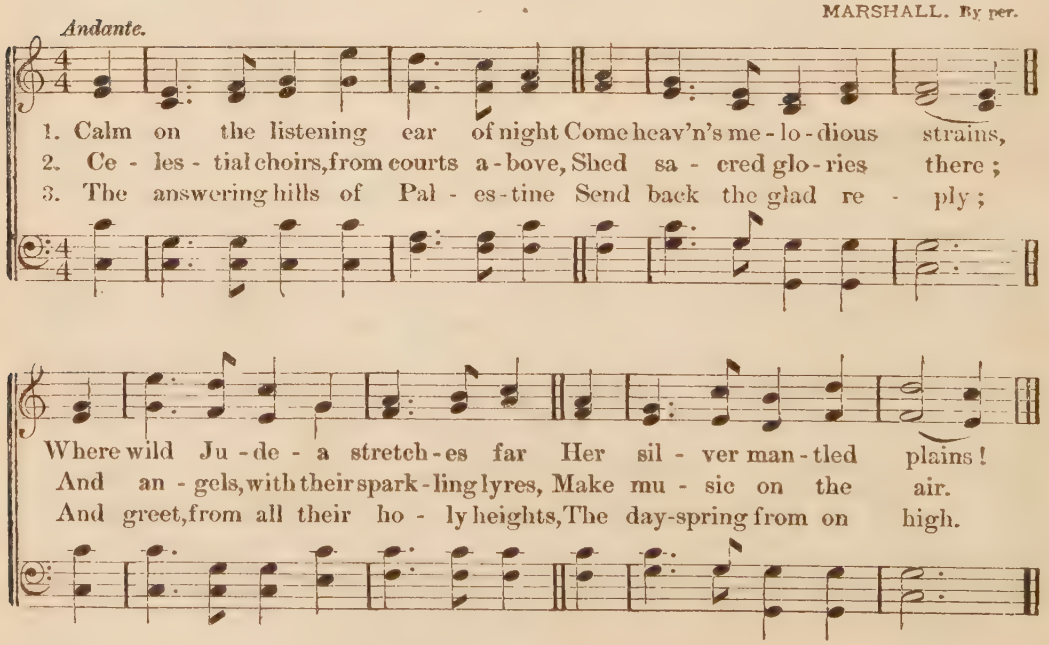
PHILLIPS.





SEARS.

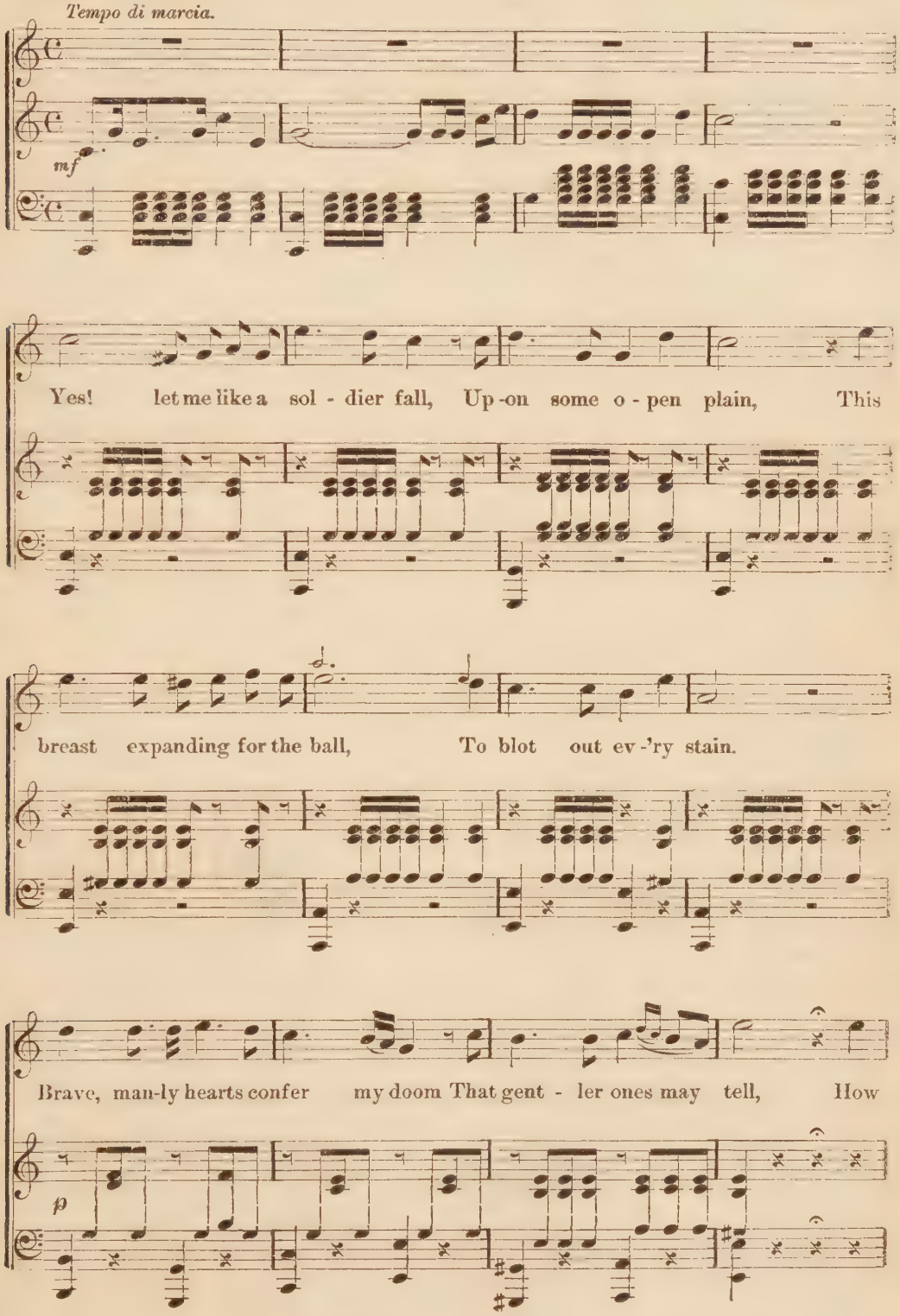
MARSHALL. By per.

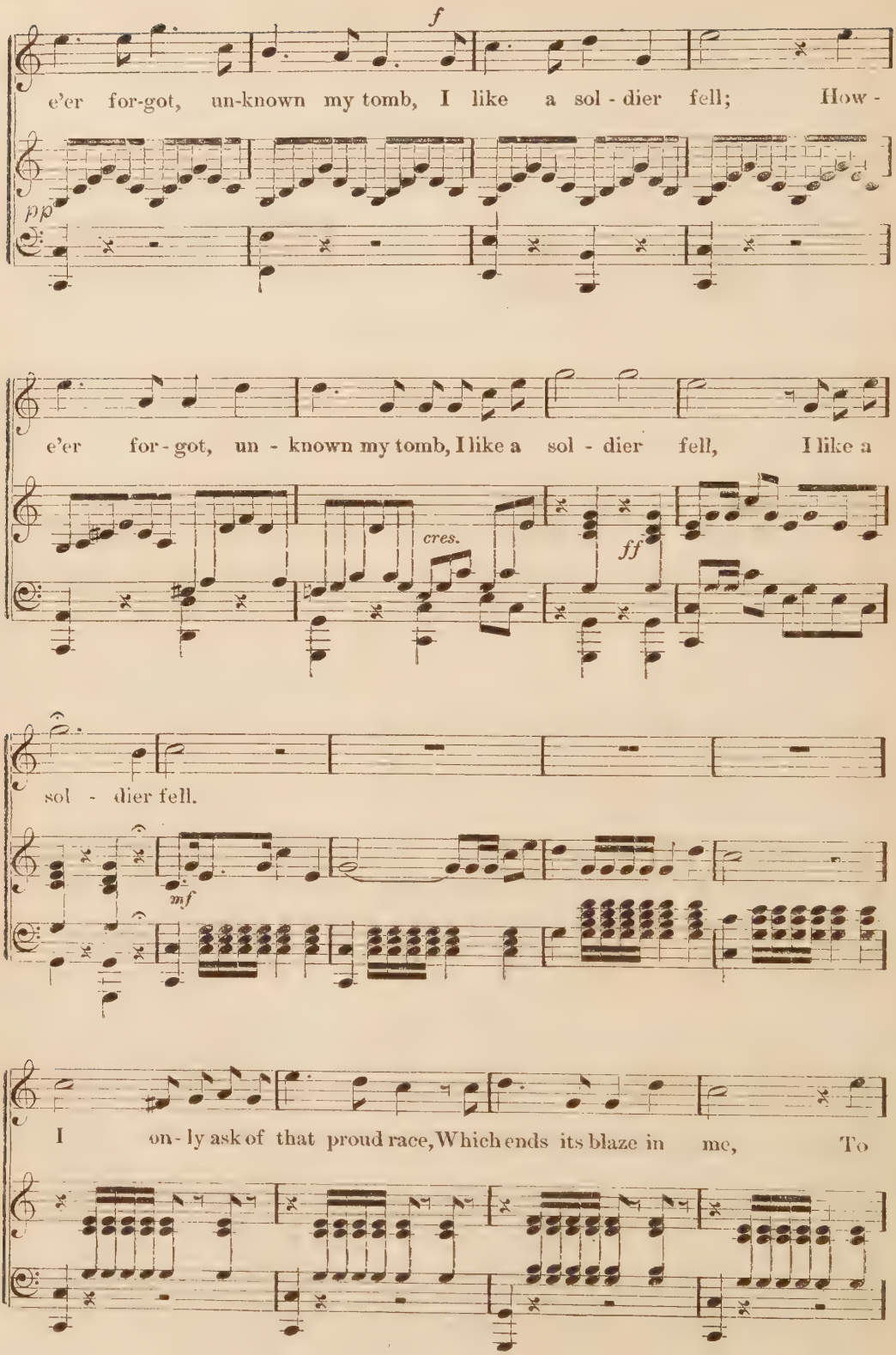


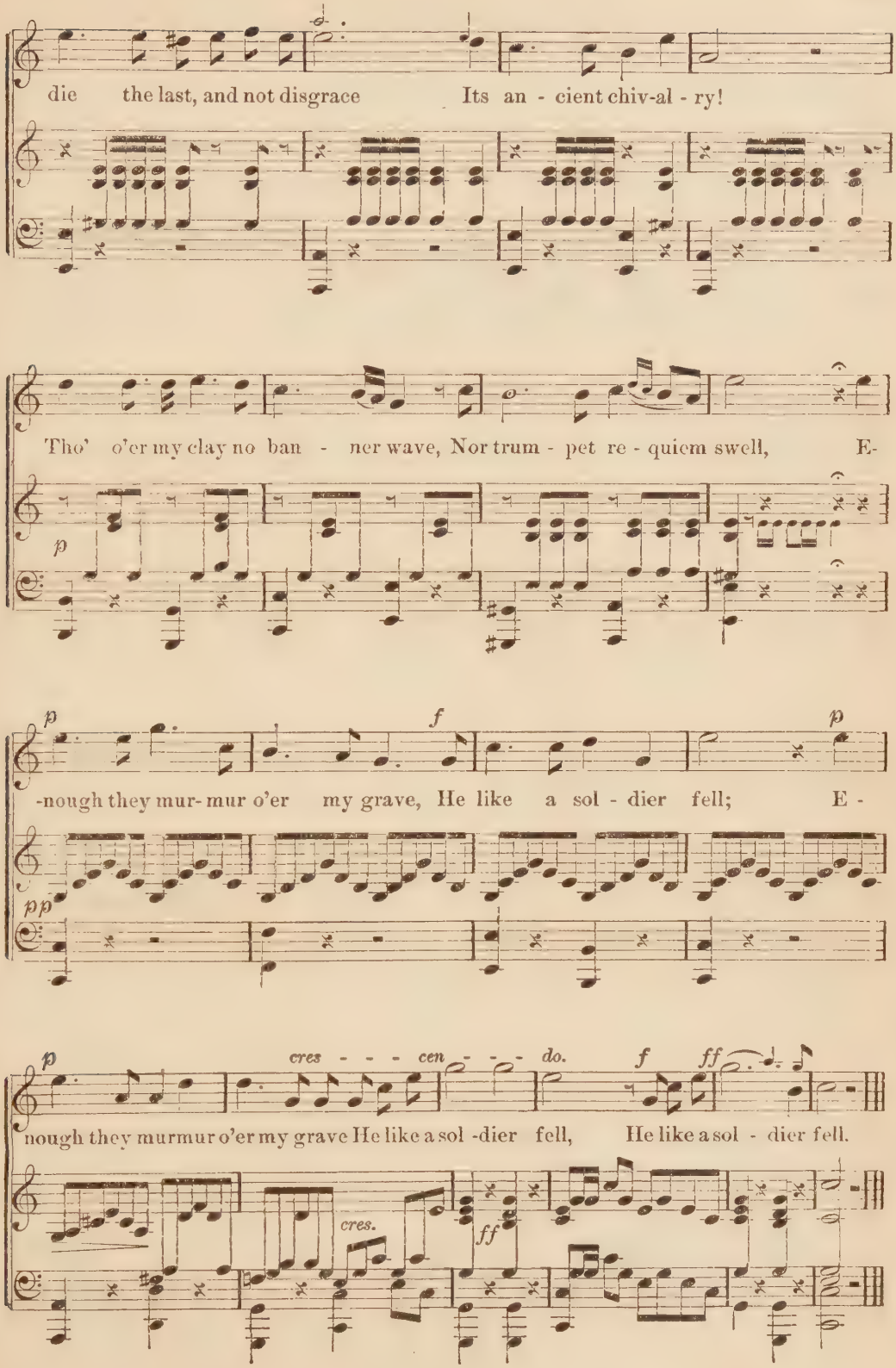
YES! LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

MARITANA. WALLACE.

Tempo di marcia.

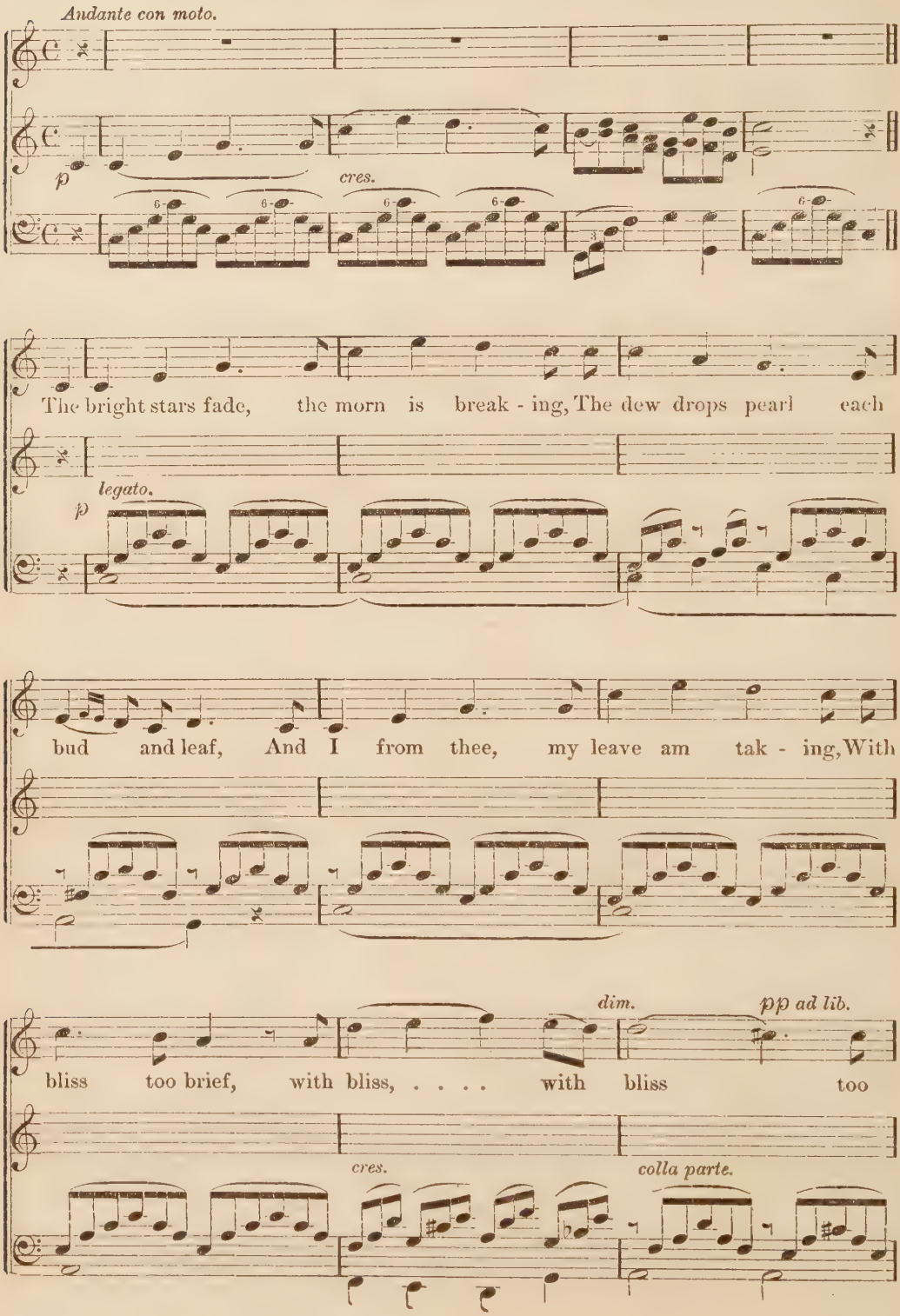


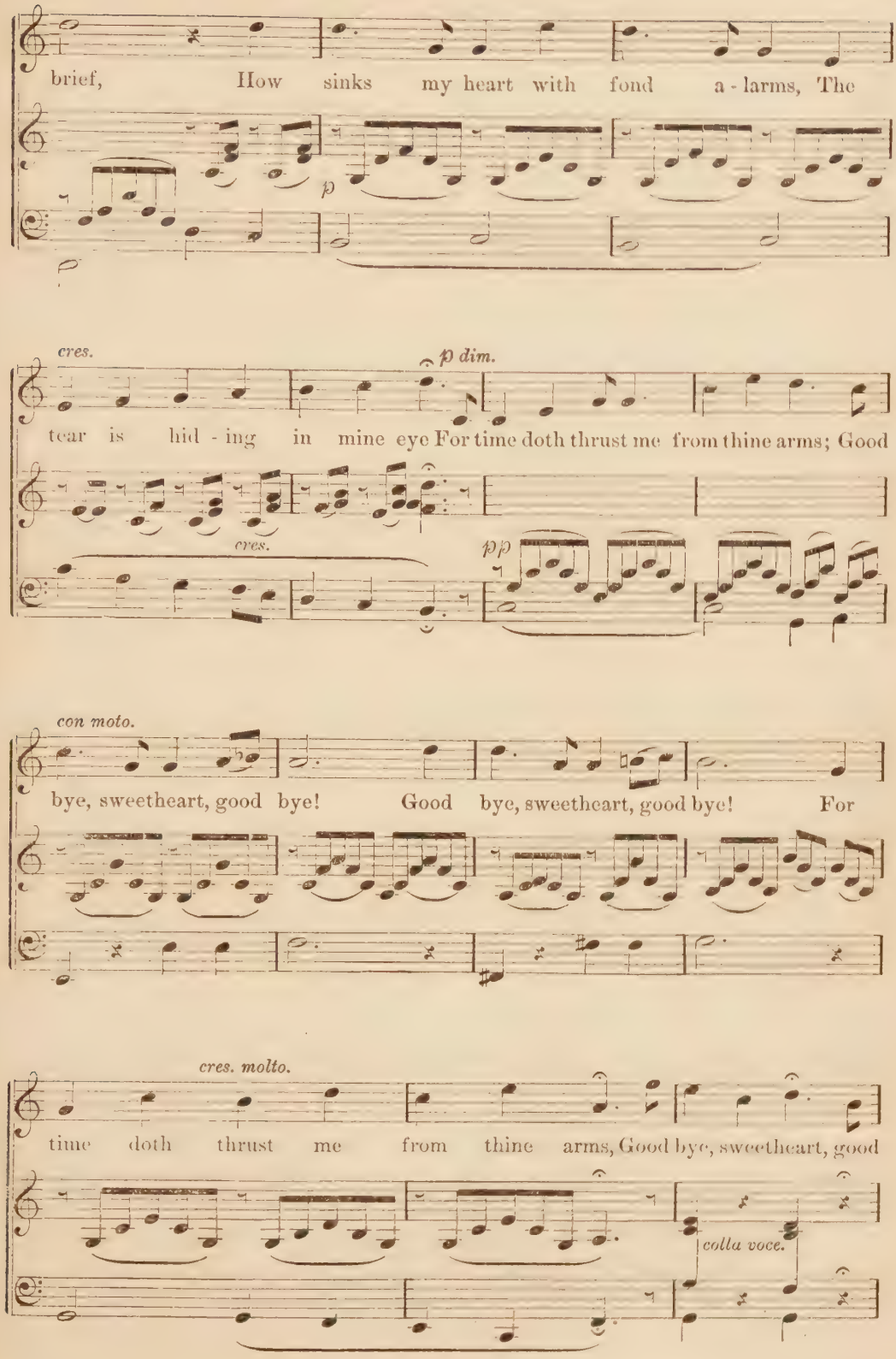

f
e'er for-got, un-known my tomb, I like a sol - dier fell; How -
pp
e'er for - got, un - known my tomb, I like a sol - dier fell, I like a
cres.
ff
sol - dier fell.
mf
I on - ly ask of that proud race, Which ends its blaze in me, To

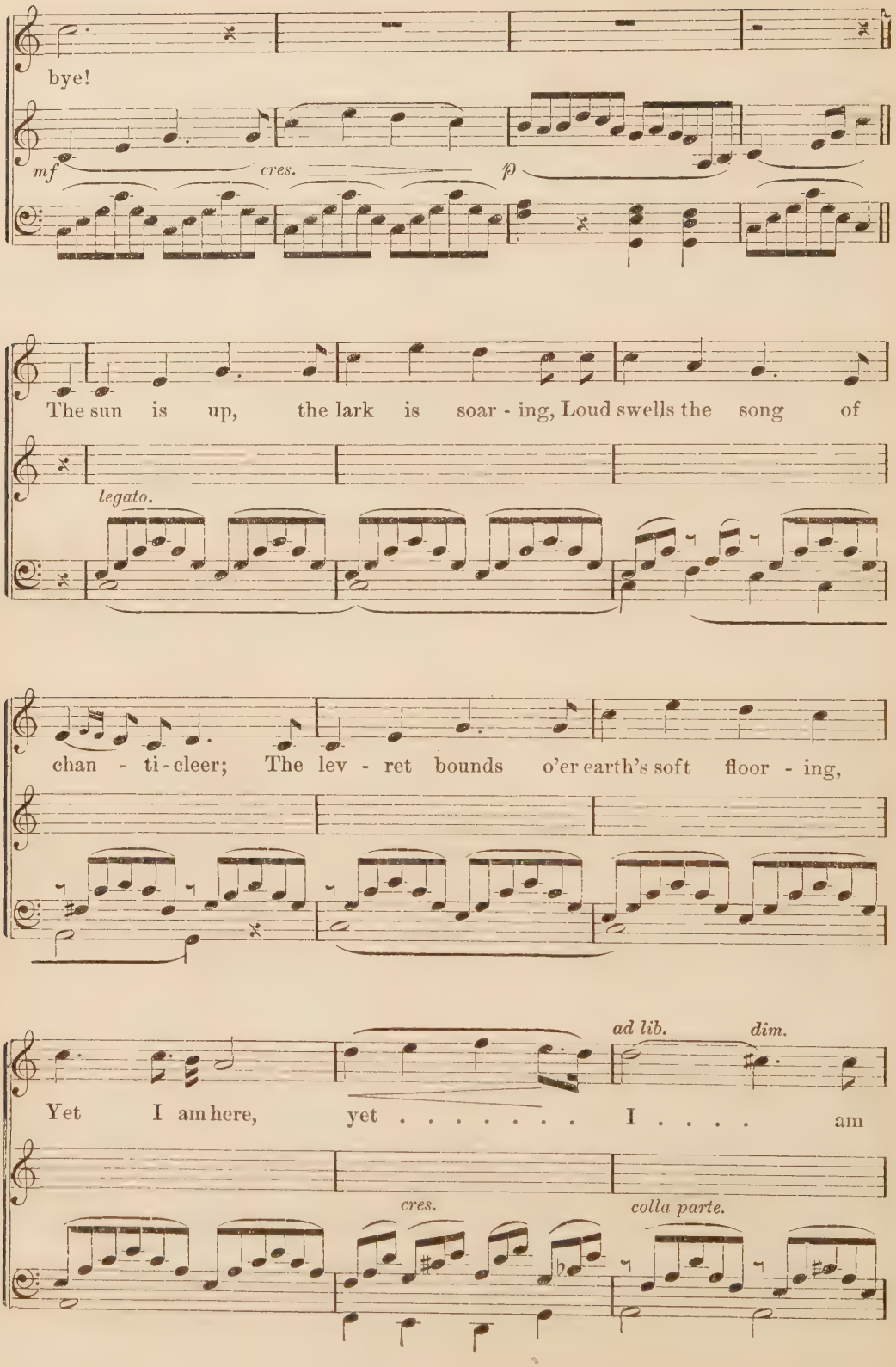

die the last, and not disgrace Its an - cient chiv-al - ry!
Tho' o'er my clay no ban - ner wave, Nor trum - pet re - quiem swell, E-
p
-nough they mur- mur o'er my grave, He like a sol - dier fell; E -
p
f
p
pp
cres - - - cen - - - do.
nough they murmur o'er my grave He like a sol -dier fell, He like a sol - dier fell.
cres.
ff

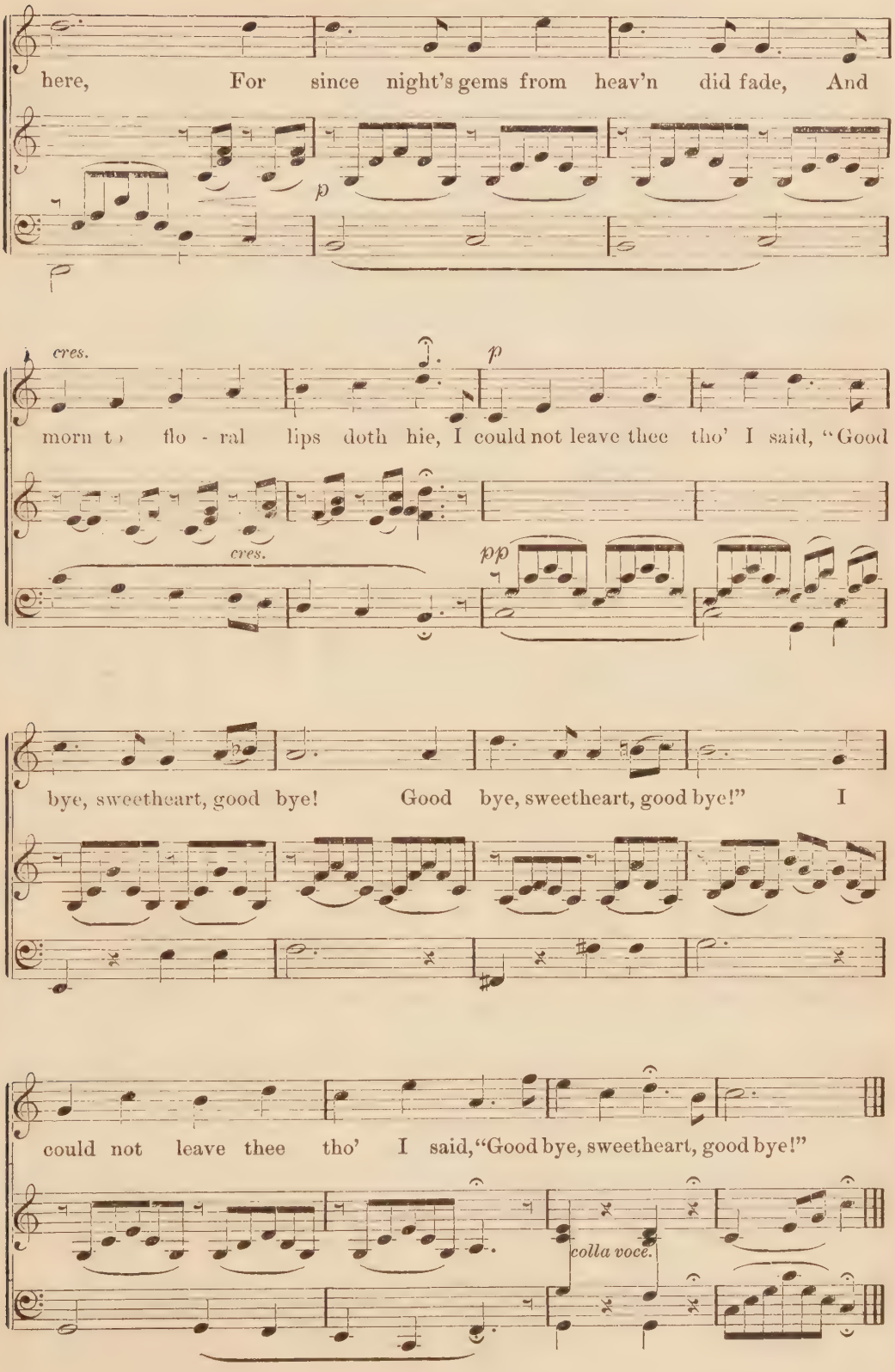
GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD BYE.

HATTON.



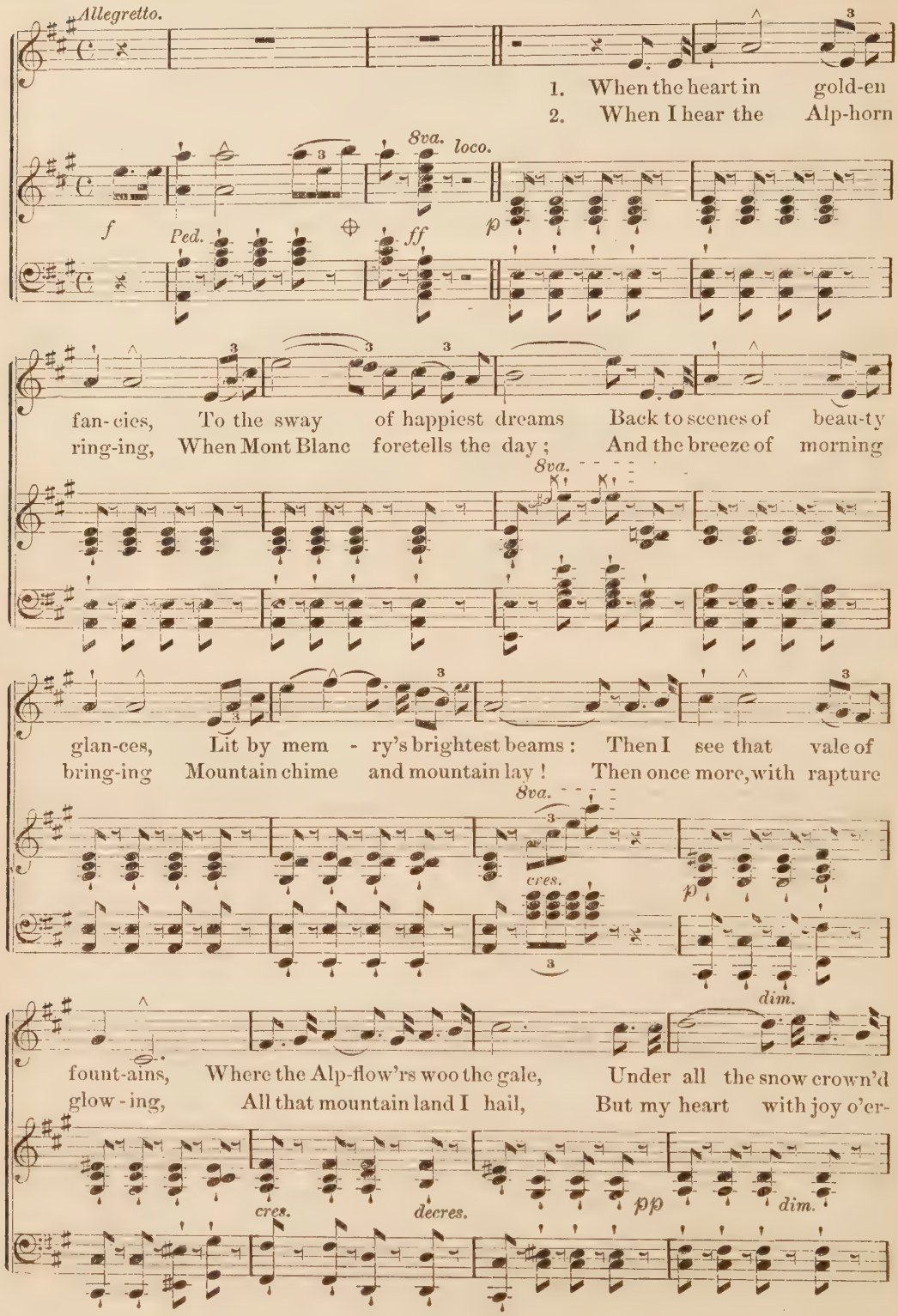

brief, How sinks my heart with fond a - larms, The
p
cres.
p dim.
tear is hid - ing in mine eye For time doth thrust me from thine arms; Good
cres.
pp
con moto.
bye, sweetheart, good bye! Good bye, sweetheart, good bye! For
cres. molto.
time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good bye, sweetheart, good
colla voce.

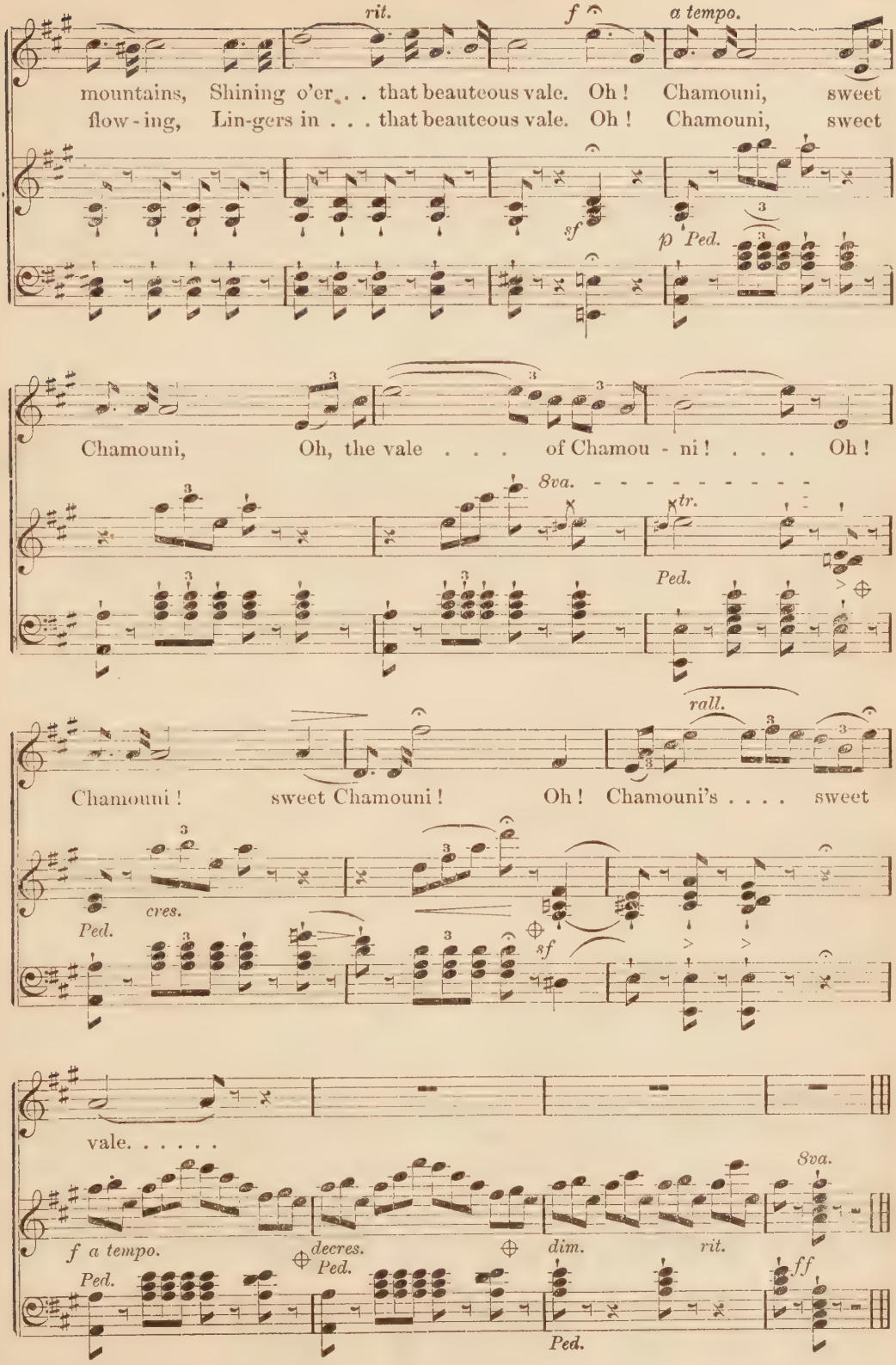

bye!
mf
cres.
p
The sun is up, the lark is soar - ing, Loud swells the song of
legato.
chan - ti-cleer; The lev - ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor - ing,
ad lib.
dim.
Yet I am here, yet . . . . . I . . . . am
cres.
colla parte.


here, For since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And
p
cres.
p
morn to flo - ral lips doth hie, I could not leave thee tho' I said, "Good
cres.
pp
bye, sweetheart, good bye! Good bye, sweetheart, good bye!" I
could not leave thee tho' I said, "Good bye, sweetheart, good bye!"
colla voce.

THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

ENOCH. GLOVER.

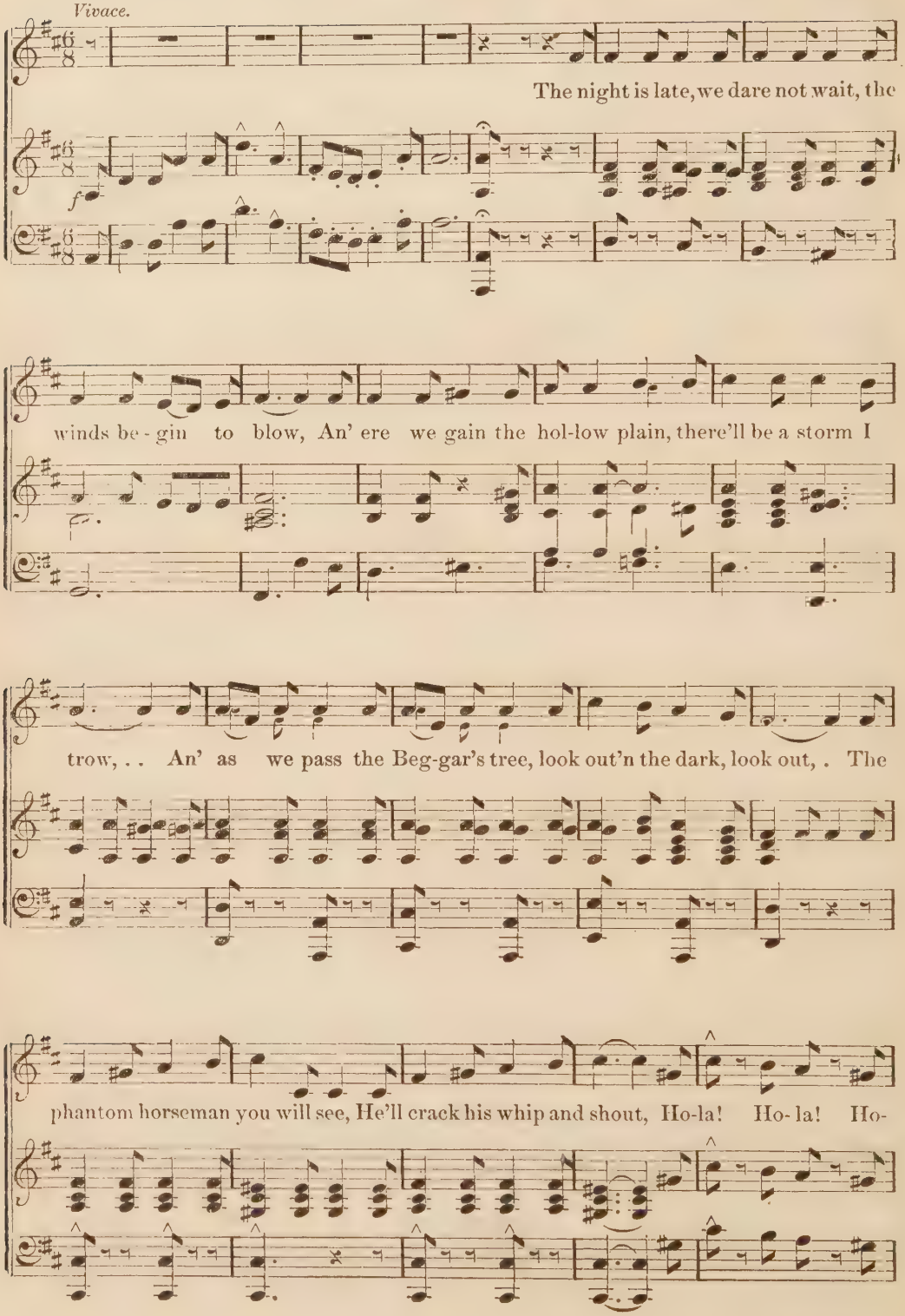


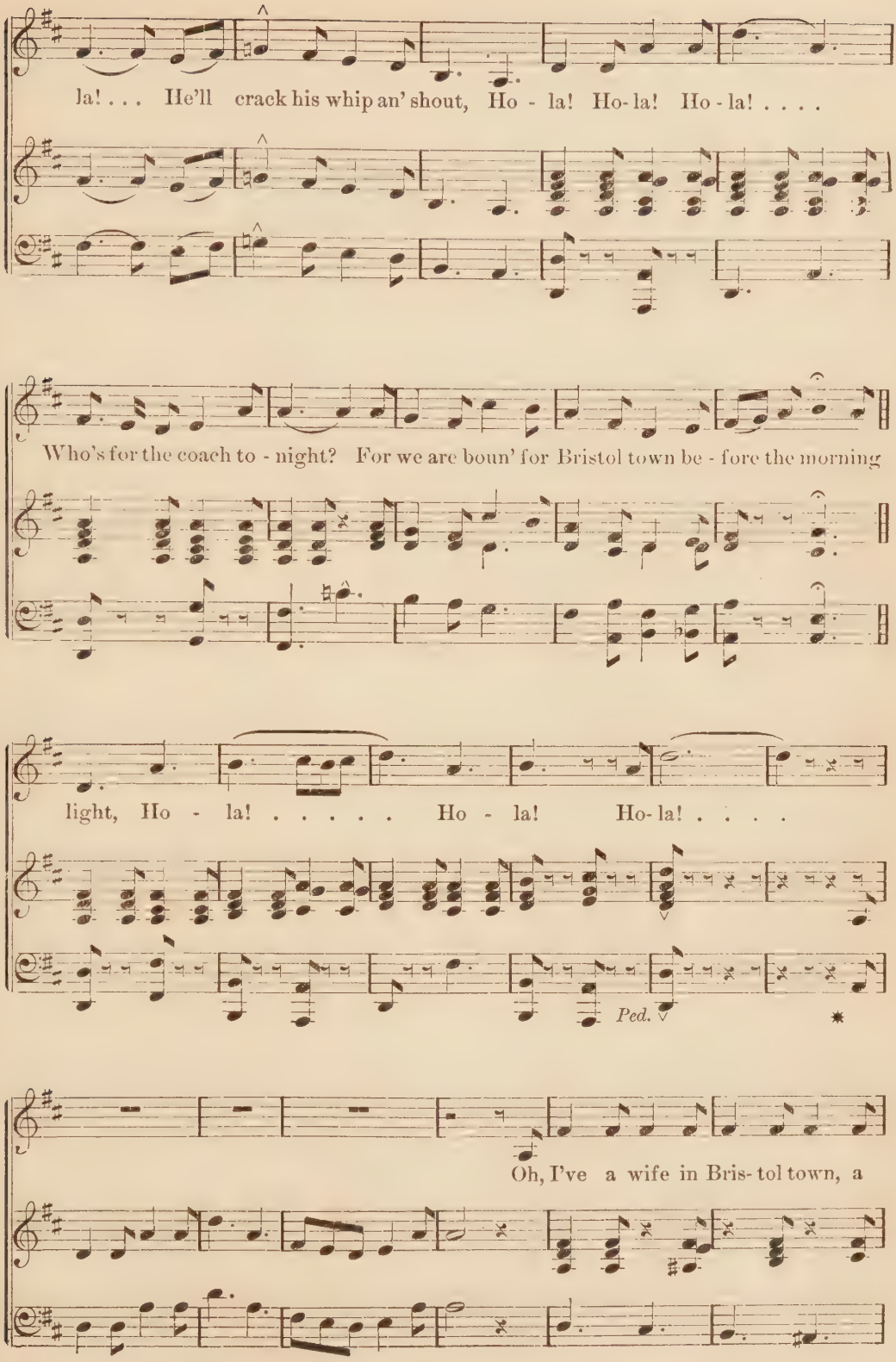

rit.
f
a tempo.
mountains, Shining o'er . . . that beauteous vale. Oh! Chamouni, sweet
flow-ing, Lin-gers in . . . that beauteous vale. Oh! Chamouni, sweet
sf
p Ped.
Chamouni, Oh, the vale . . . of Chamou-ni! . . . Oh!
8va.
tr.
Ped.
rall.
Chamouni! sweet Chamouni! Oh! Chamouni's . . . . sweet
cres.
Ped.
sf
vale. . . . . .
8va.
f a tempo.
decres.
Ped.
dim.
rit.
ff
Ped.
Ped.

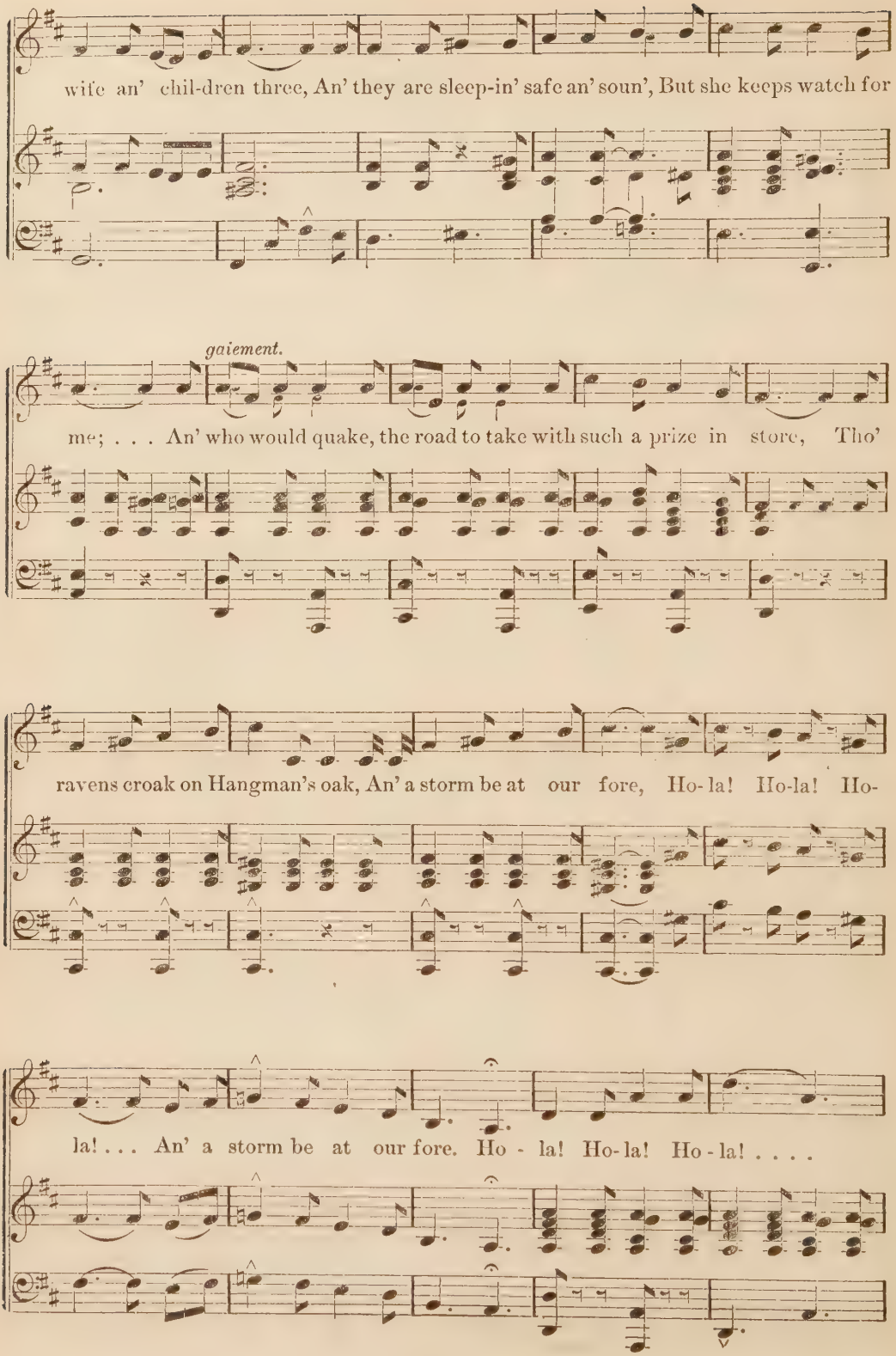
THE POSTILLION.

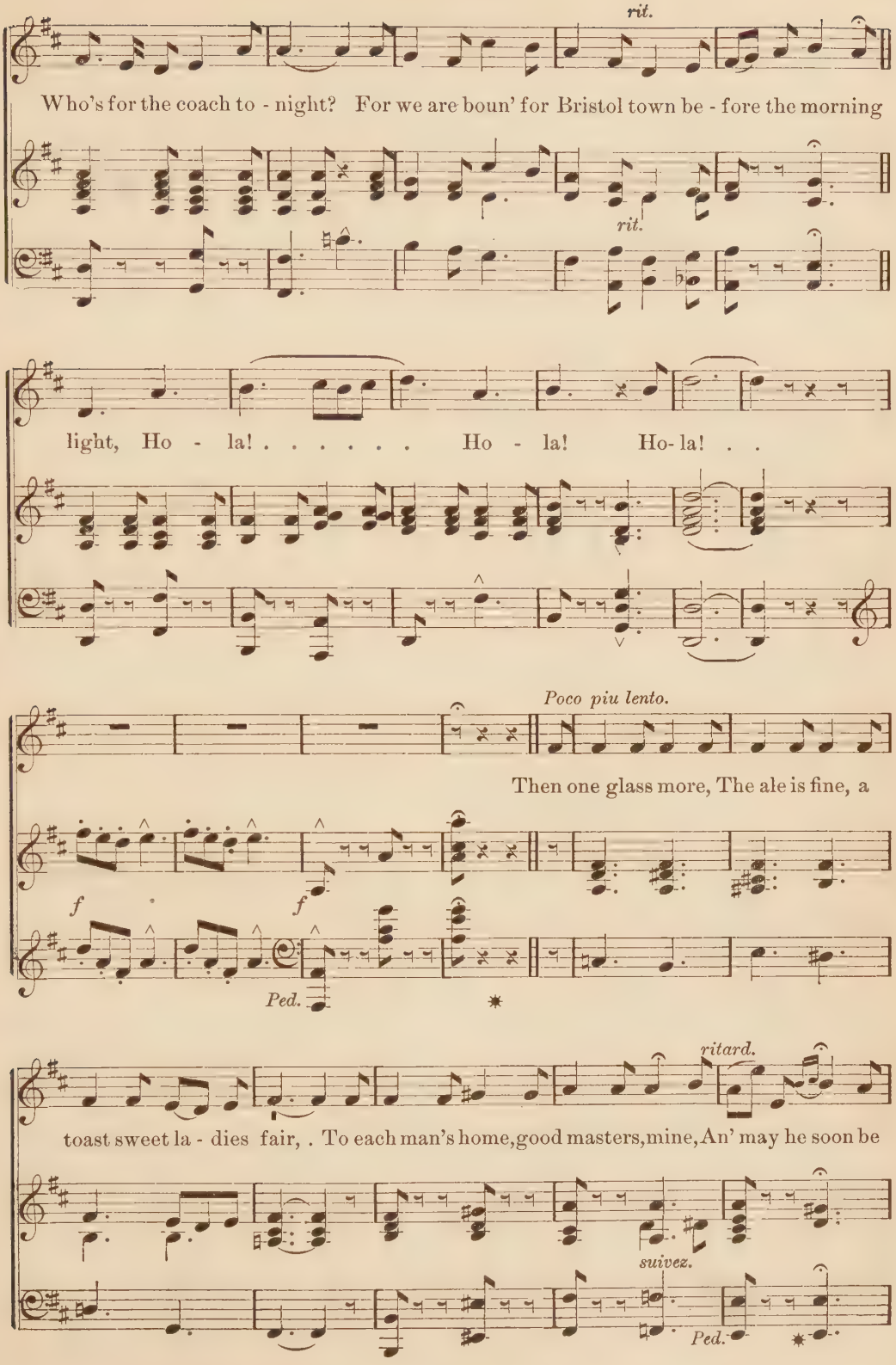
WEATHERLY. MOLLOY.

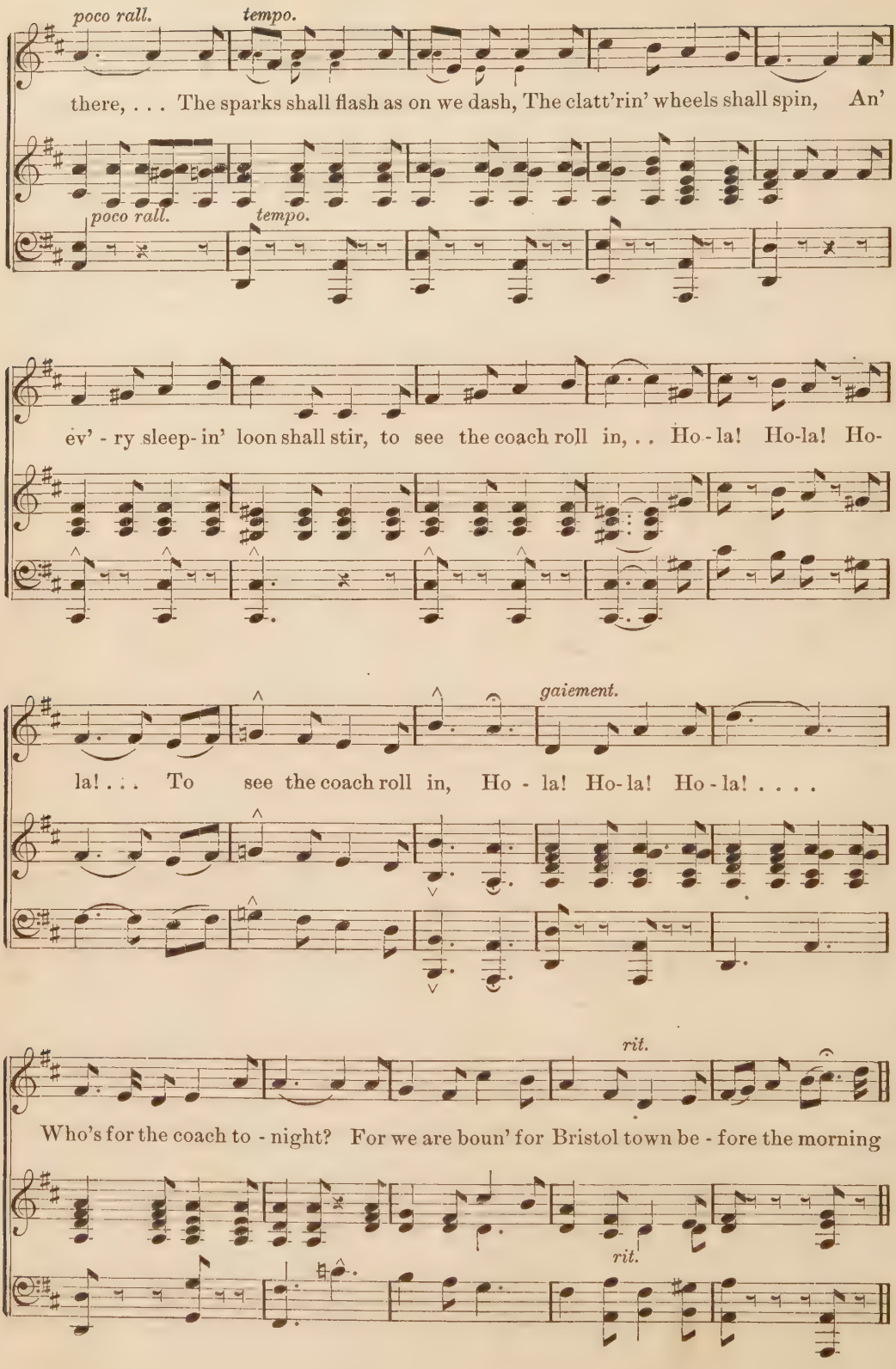
Vivace.

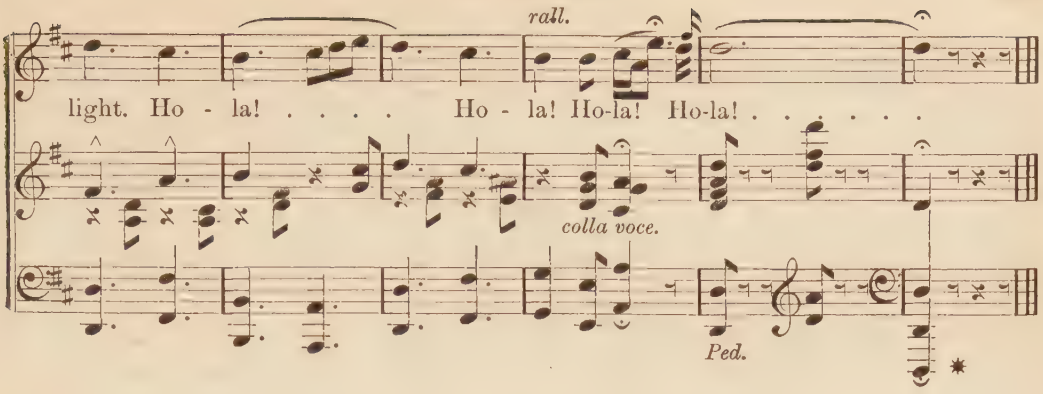



la! . . . He'll crack his whip an' shout, Ho - la! Ho-la! Ho - la! . . . .
Who's for the coach to - night? For we are boun' for Bristol town be - fore the morning
light, Ho - la! . . . . . Ho - la! Ho-la! . . . .
Ped.
Oh, I've a wife in Bris-tol town, a


wife an' chil-dren three, An' they are sleep-in' safe an' soun', But she keeps watch for
gaiement.
me; . . . An' who would quake, the road to take with such a prize in store, Tho'
ravens croak on Hangman's oak, An' a storm be at our fore, Ho-la! Ho-la! Ho-
la! . . . An' a storm be at our fore. Ho - la! Ho-la! Ho - la! . . . .

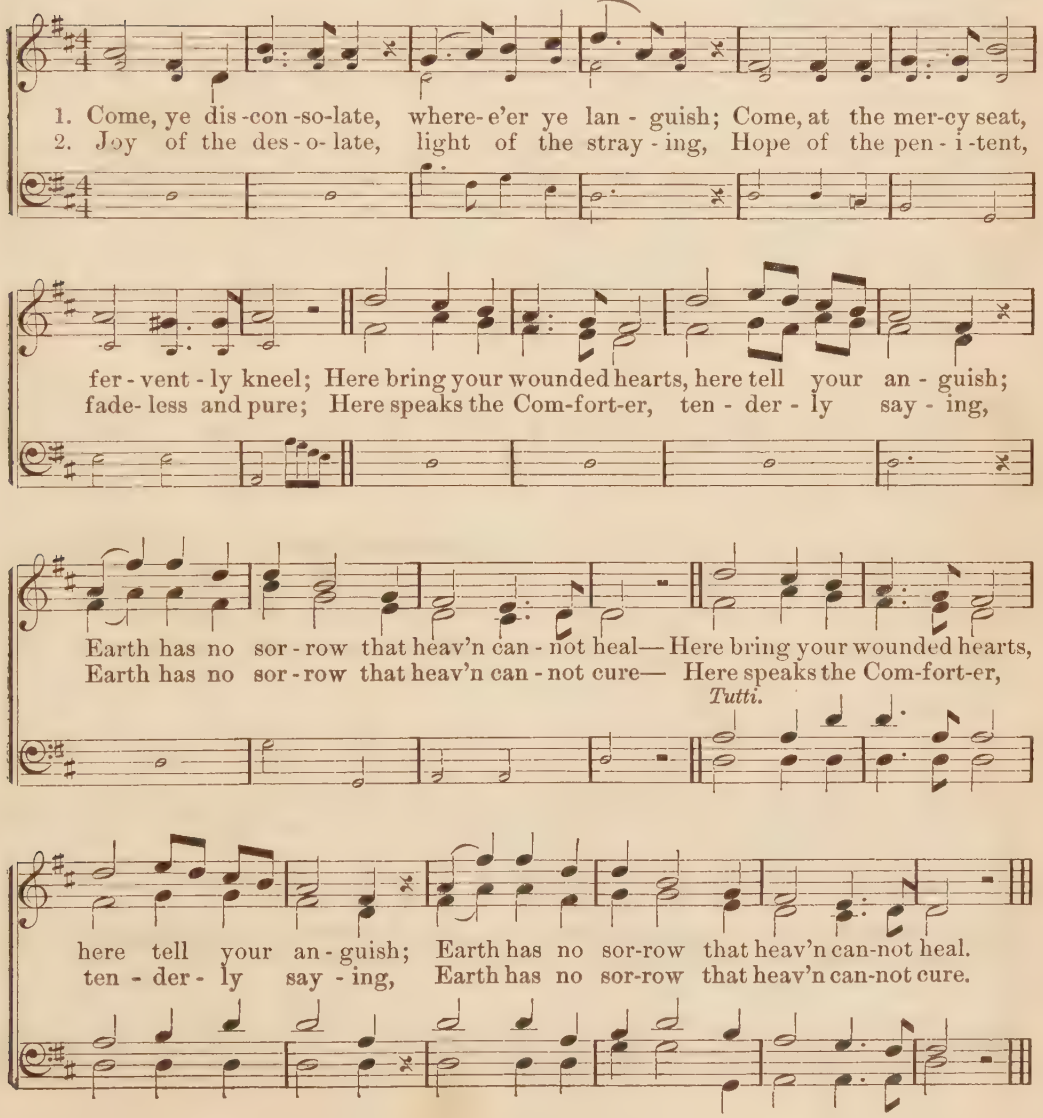

rit.
Who's for the coach to - night? For we are boun' for Bristol town be - fore the morning
rit.
light, Ho - la! . . . . . Ho - la! Ho- la! . .
Poco piu lento.
Then one glass more, The ale is fine, a
f
f
Ped.
ritard.
toast sweet la - dies fair, . To each man's home, good masters, mine, An' may he soon be
suivez.
Ped.


poco rall.
tempo.
there, . . . The sparks shall flash as on we dash, The clatt'rin' wheels shall spin, An'
poco rall.
tempo.
ev' - ry sleep- in' loon shall stir, to see the coach roll in, . . Ho - la! Ho-la! Ho-
gaiement.
la! . . . To see the coach roll in, Ho - la! Ho-la! Ho - la! . . . .
rit.
Who's for the coach to - night? For we are boun' for Bristol town be - fore the morning
rit.



COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

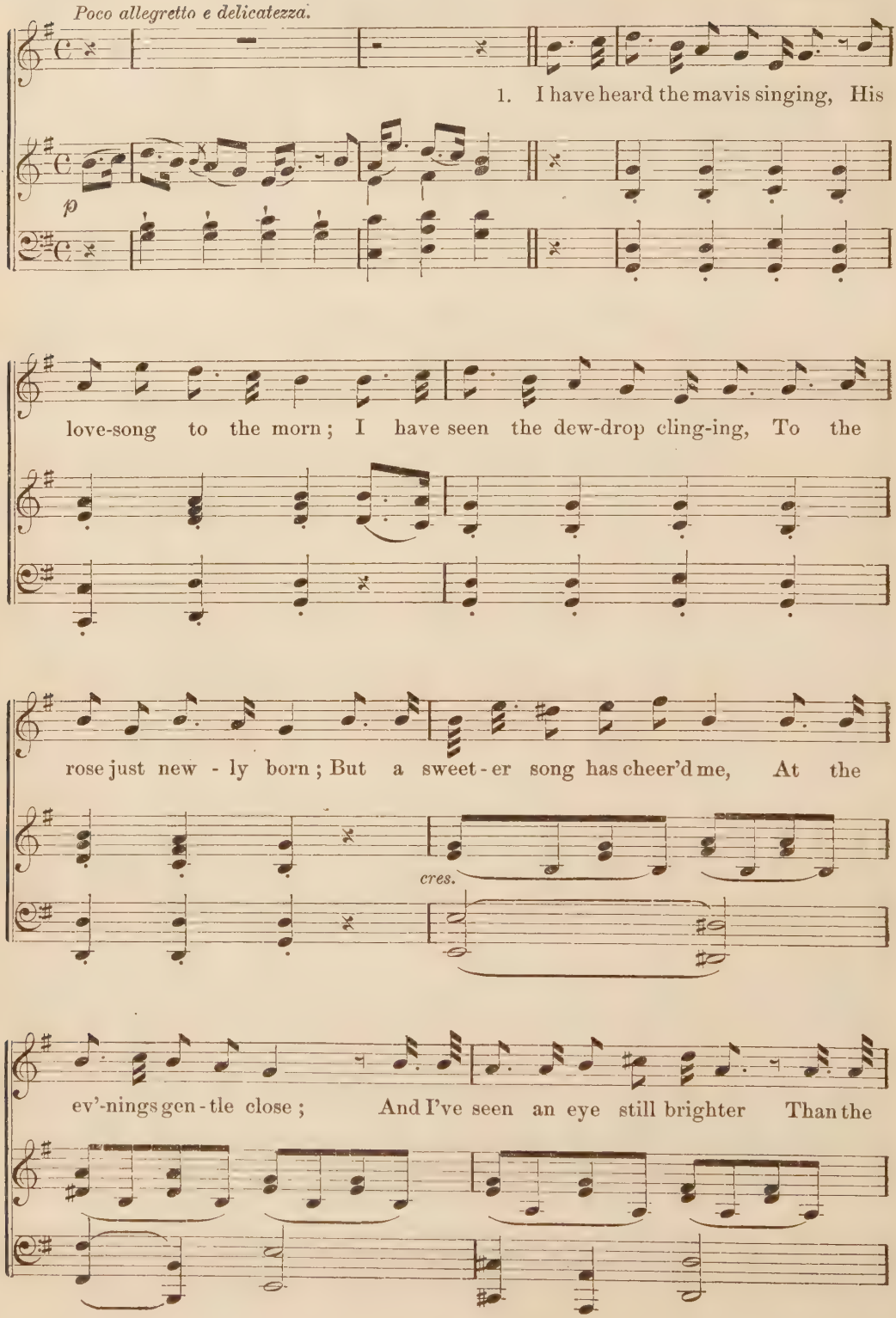
WEBBE. By per.

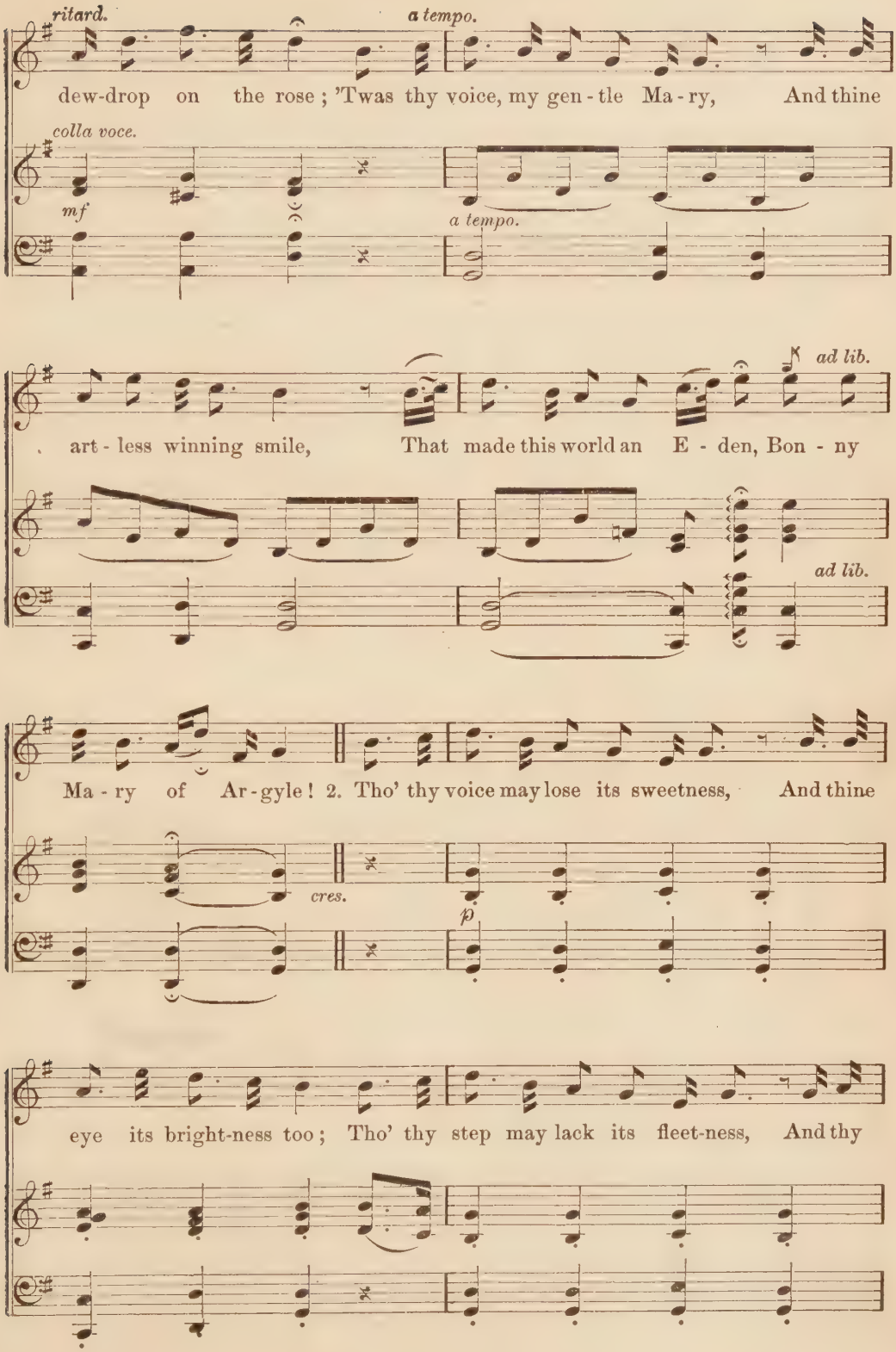


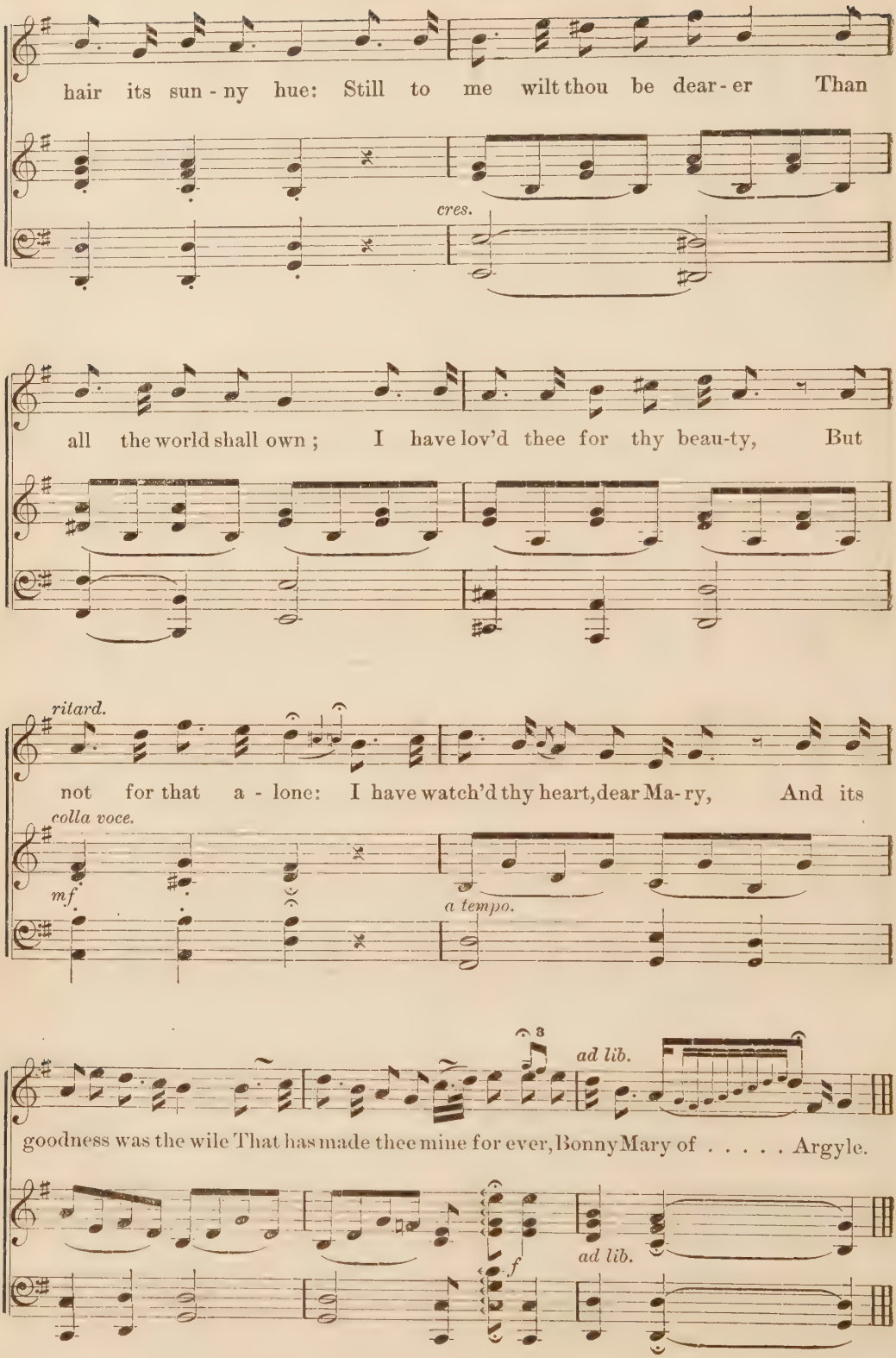
MARY OF ARGYLE.

JEFFERYS. NELSON.

Poco allegretto e delicatezza.

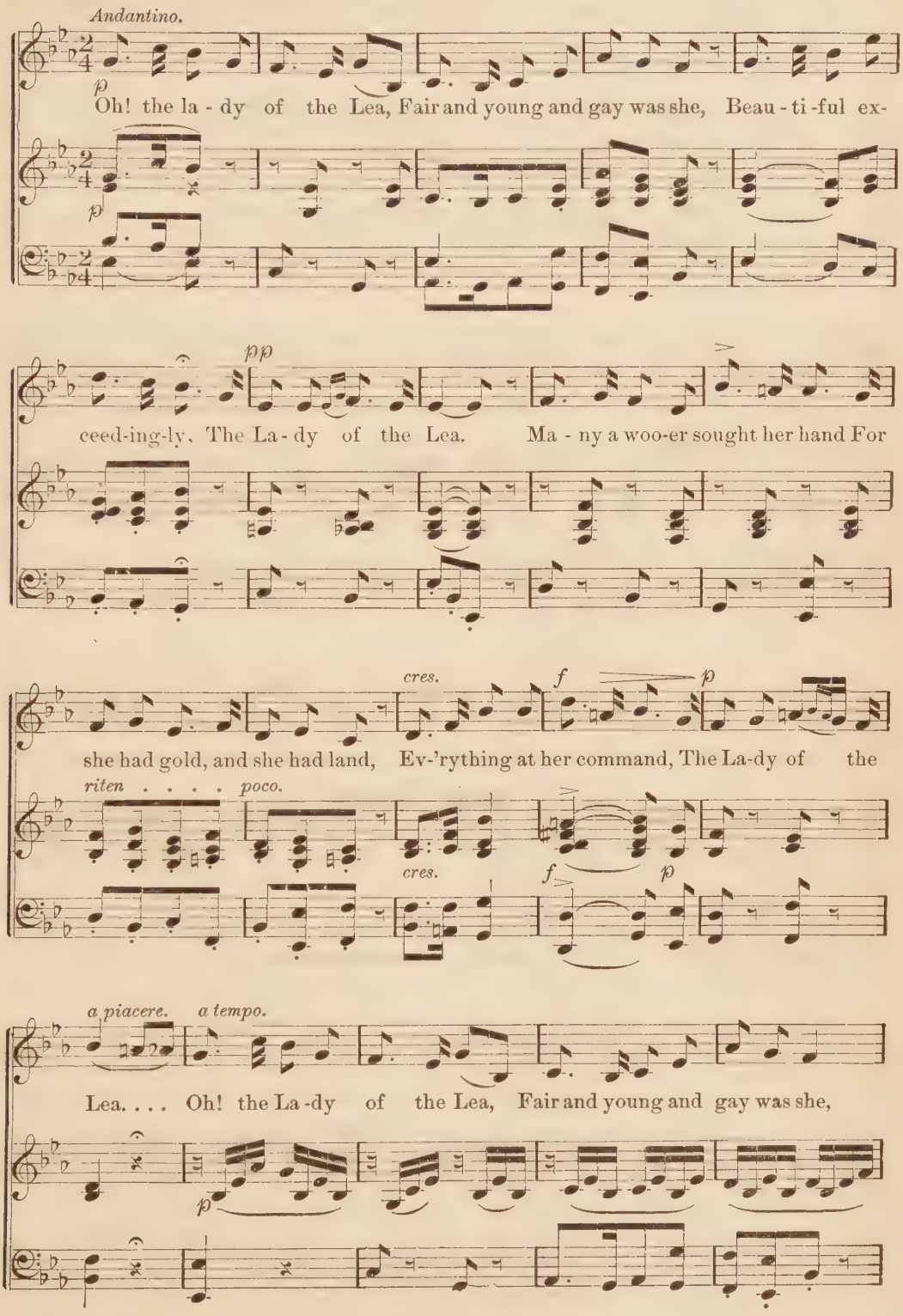


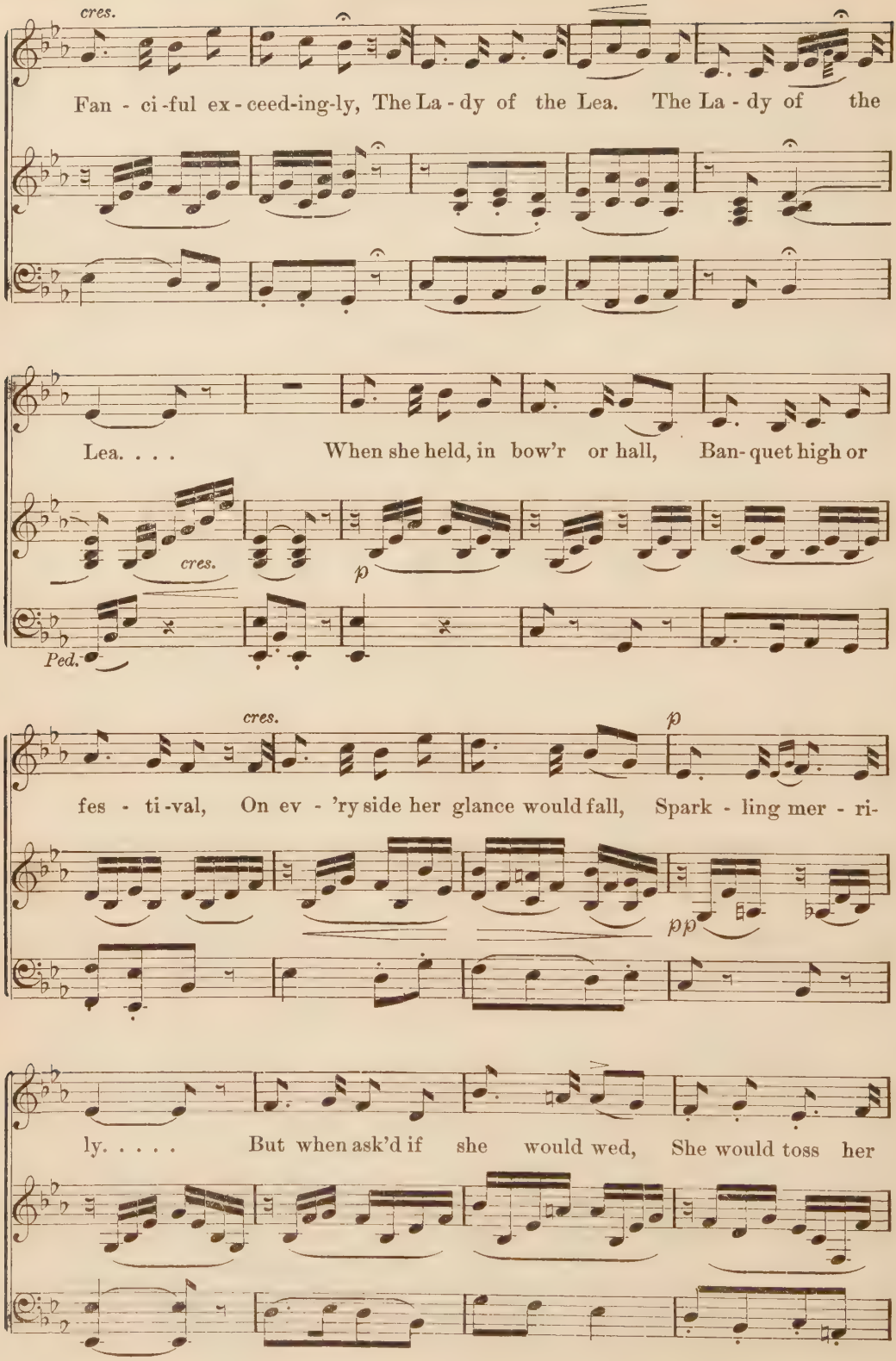

ritard.
a tempo.
dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine
colla voce.
mf
a tempo.
ad lib.
art-less winning smile, That made this world an E-den, Bon-ny
ad lib.
Ma-ry of Ar-gyle! 2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine
cres.
p
eye its bright-ness too; Tho' thy step may lack its fleet-ness, And thy

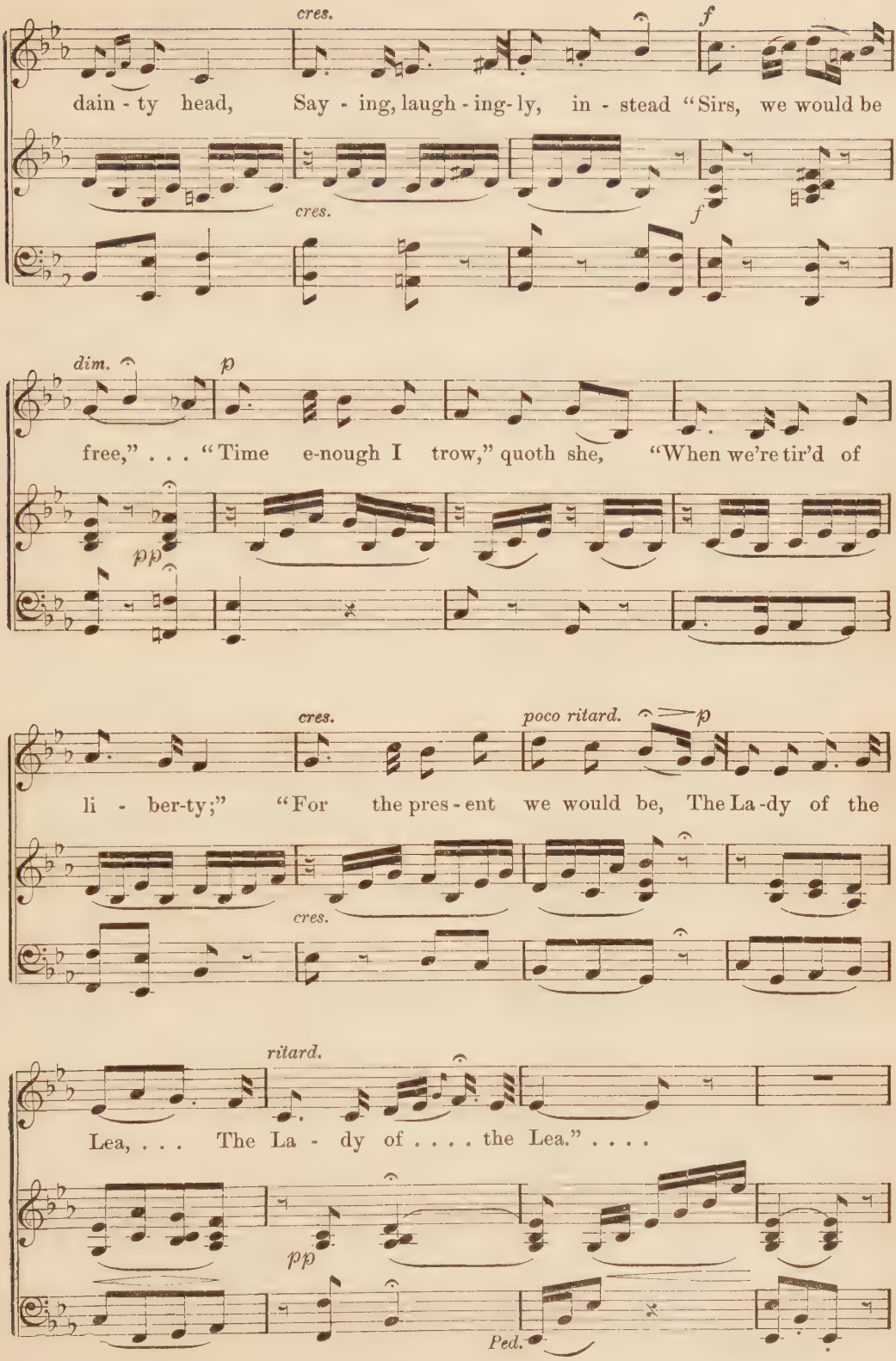

hair its sun - ny hue: Still to me wilt thou be dear - er Than
cres.
all the world shall own; I have lov'd thee for thy beau-ty, But
ritard.
not for that a - lone: I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma-ry, And its
colla voce.
mf
a tempo.
3
ad lib.
goodness was the wile That has made thee mine for ever, Bonny Mary of . . . . . Argyle.
f
ad lib.

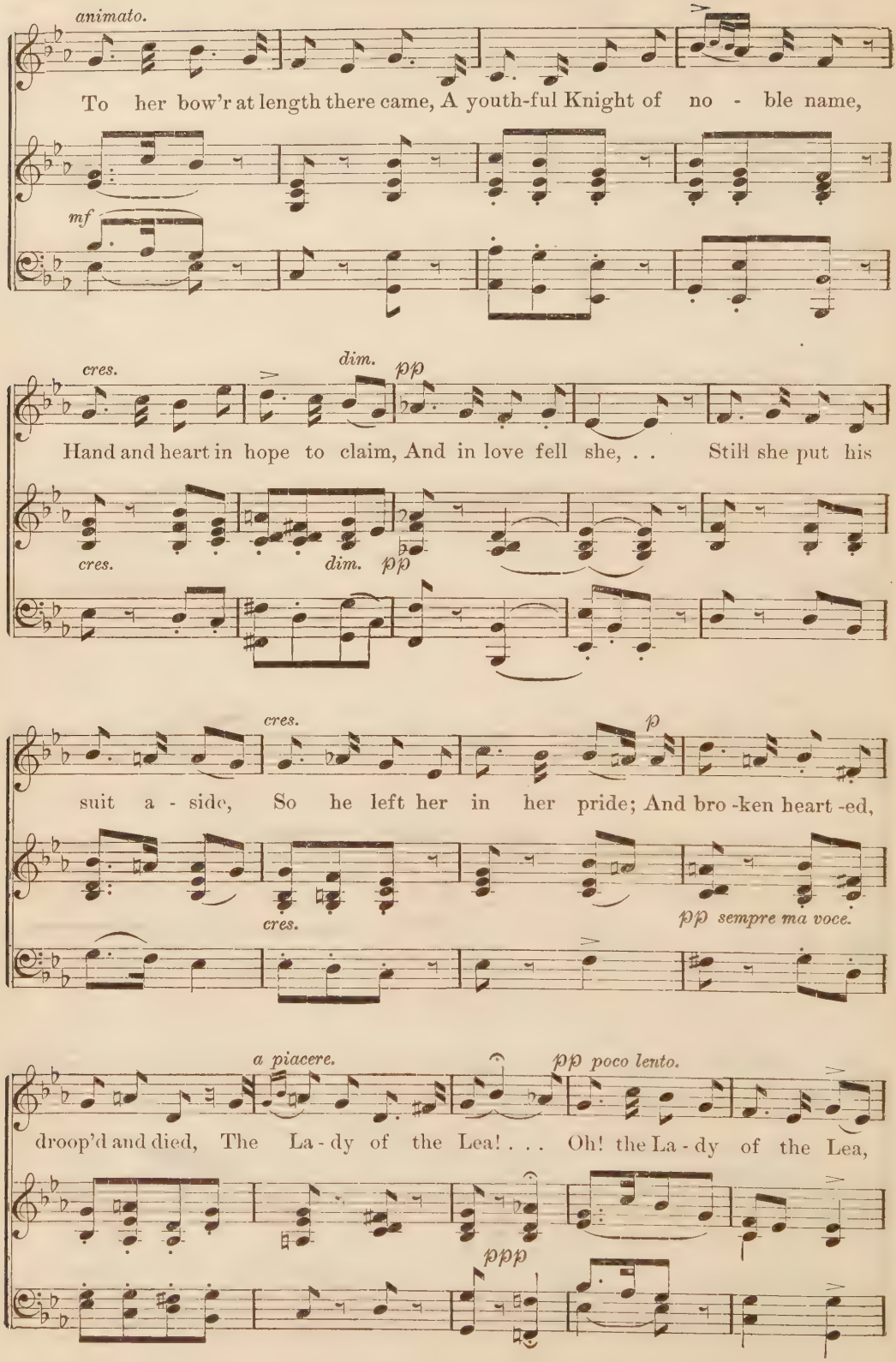
THE LADY OF THE LEA.

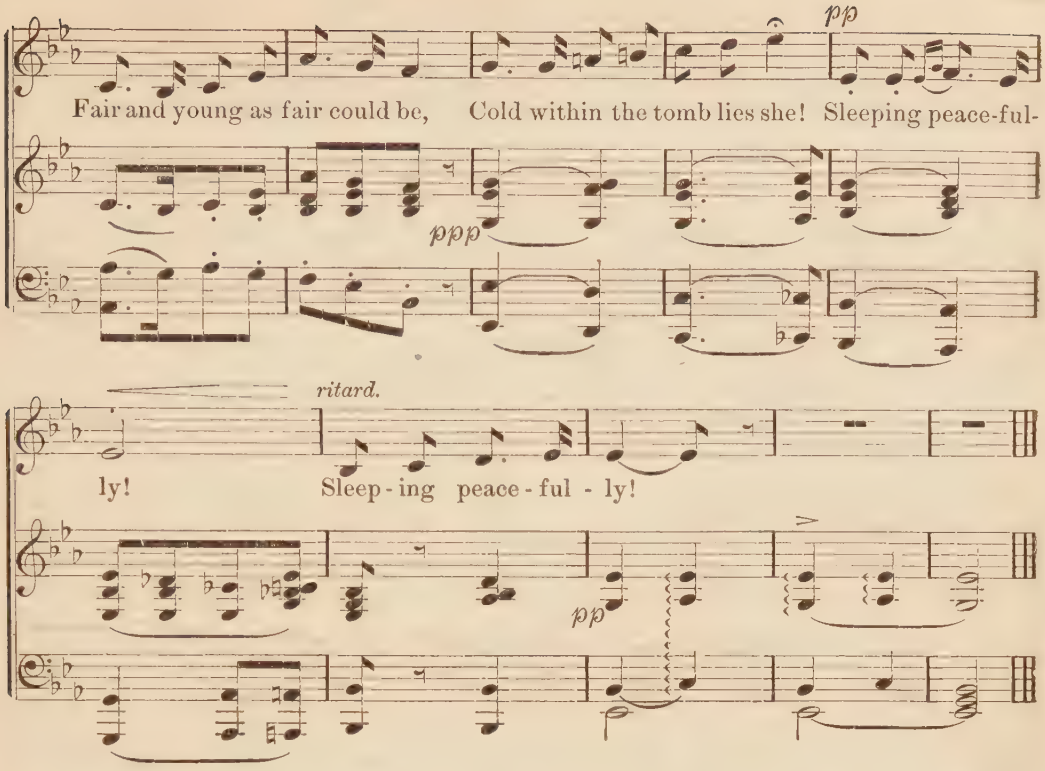
BELLAMY. SMART.



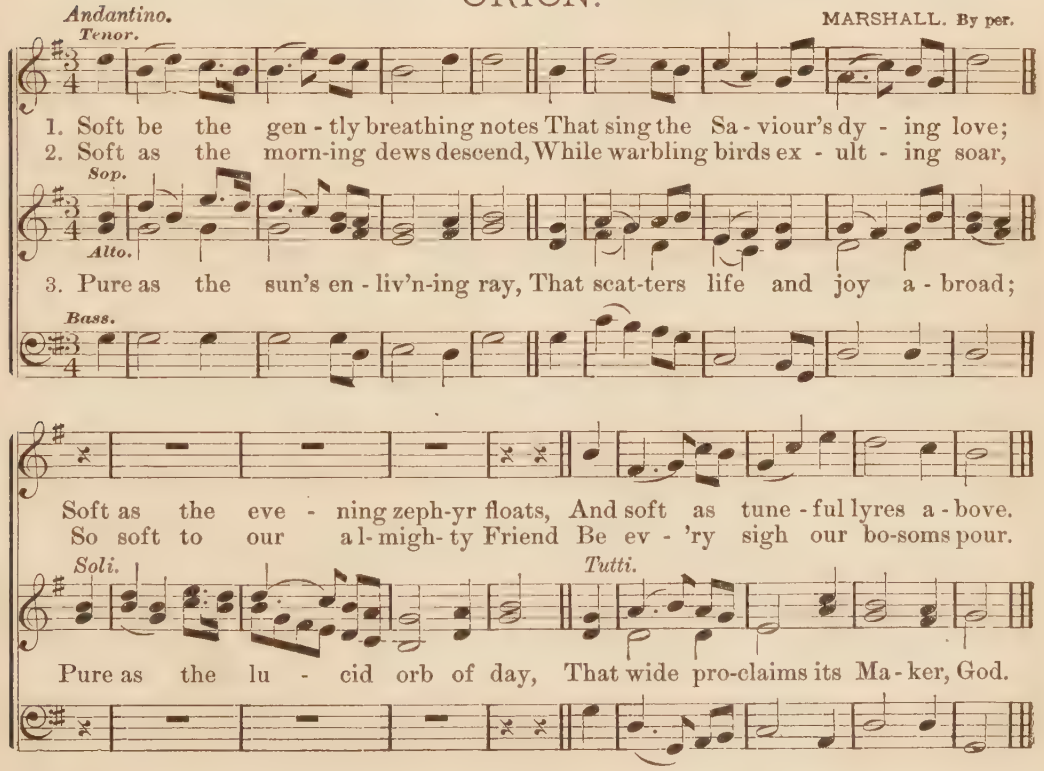

cres.
Fan - ci - ful ex - ceed-ing-ly, The La - dy of the Lea. The La - dy of the
Lea. . . . When she held, in bow'r or hall, Ban-quet high or
cres.
p
Ped.
cres.
p
fes - ti - val, On ev - 'ry side her glance would fall, Spark - ling mer - ri-
pp
ly. . . . . But when ask'd if she would wed, She would toss her


cres.
f
dain - ty head, Say - ing, laugh - ing - ly, in - stead "Sirs, we would be
cres.
f
dim.
p
free," . . . "Time e-nough I trow," quoth she, "When we're tir'd of
pp
cres.
poco ritard.
p
li - ber-ty;" "For the pres - ent we would be, The La - dy of the
cres.
ritard.
Lea, . . . The La - dy of . . . . the Lea." . . . .
pp
Ped.


animato.
To her bow'r at length there came, A youth-ful Knight of no - ble name,
mf
cres.
dim.
pp
Hand and heart in hope to claim, And in love fell she, . . Still she put his
cres.
dim.
pp
cres.
p
suit a - side, So he left her in her pride; And bro -ken heart -ed,
cres.
pp sempre ma voce.
a piacere.
pp poco lento.
droop'd and died, The La - dy of the Lea! . . . Oh! the La - dy of the Lea,
ppp

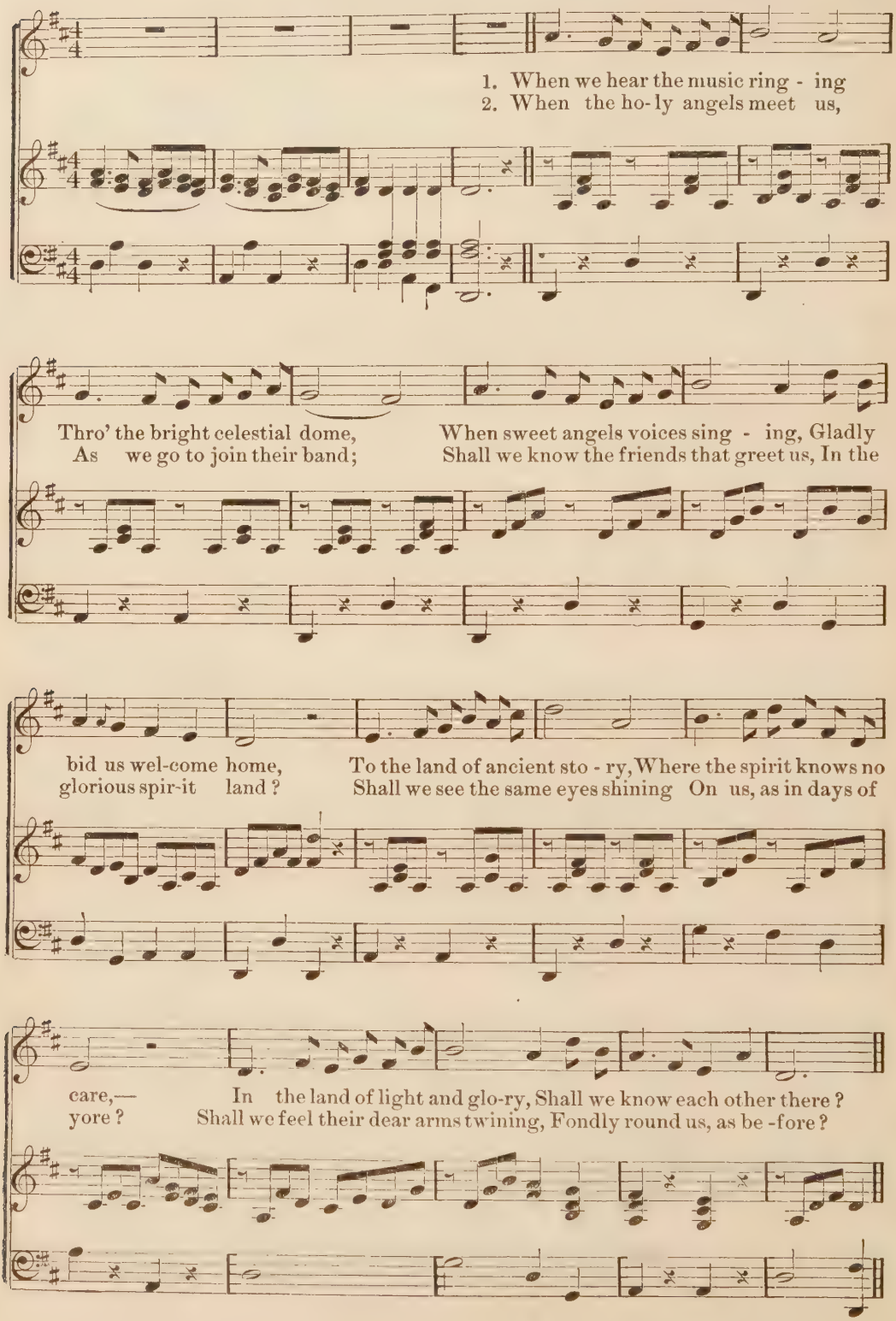

pp
Fair and young as fair could be, Cold within the tomb lies she! Sleeping peace-ful-
ppp
ritard.
ly! Sleep-ing peace-ful-ly!
pp

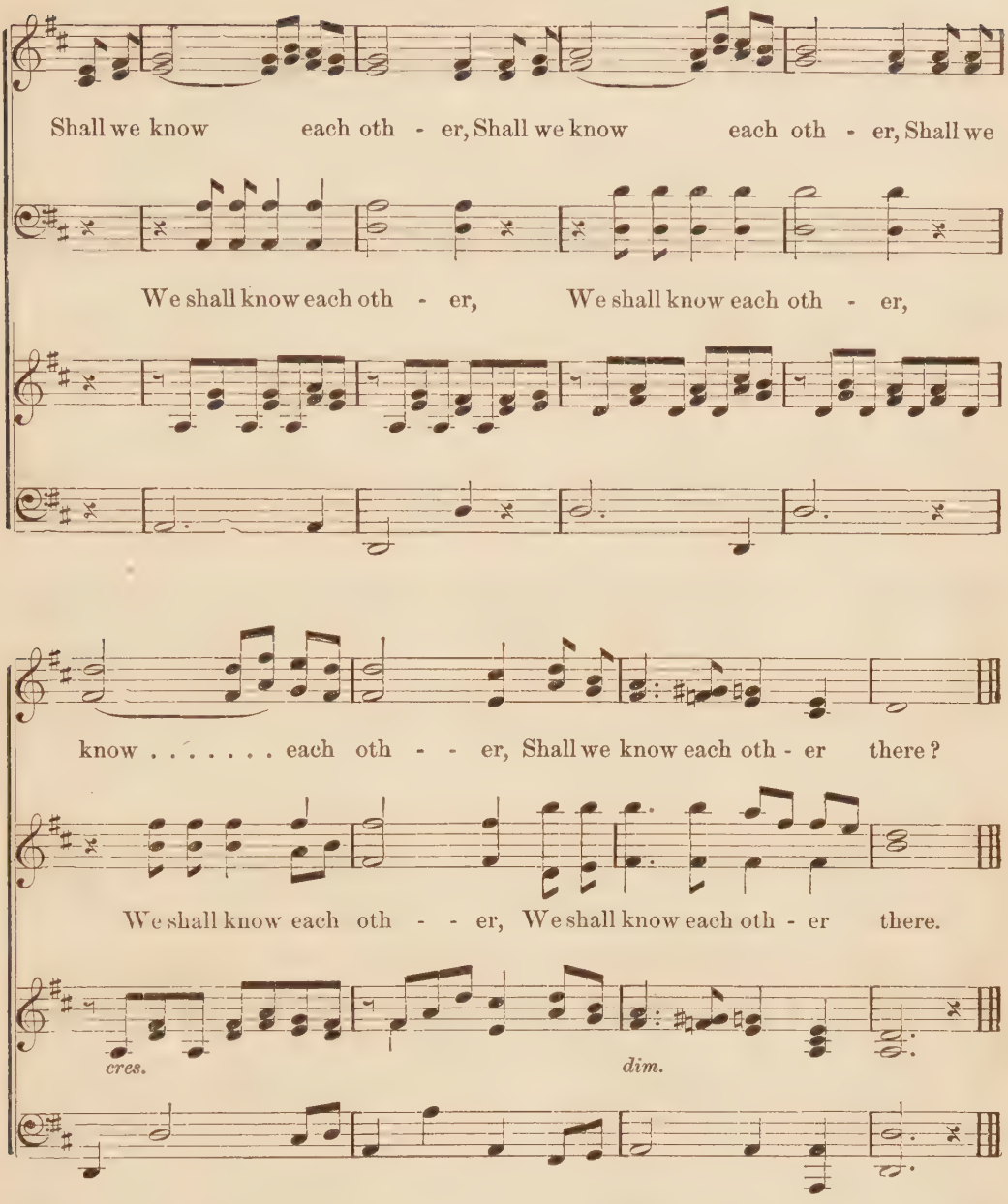
ORION.


Andantino.
Tenor.
MARSHALL. By per.
1. Soft be the gen-tly breathing notes That sing the Sa-viour's dy-ing love;
2. Soft as the morn-ing dews descend, While warbling birds ex-ult-ing soar,
Sop.
Alto.
3. Pure as the sun's en-liv'n-ing ray, That scat-ters life and joy a-broad;
Bass.
Soft as the eve-ning zeph-yr floats, And soft as tune-ful lyres a-bove.
So soft to our al-migh-ty Friend Be ev-'ry sigh our bo-soms pour.
Soli.
Tutti.
Pure as the lu-cid orb of day, That wide pro-claims its Ma-ker, God.

WHEN WE HEAR THE MUSIC RINGING.

MARSHALL. By per.



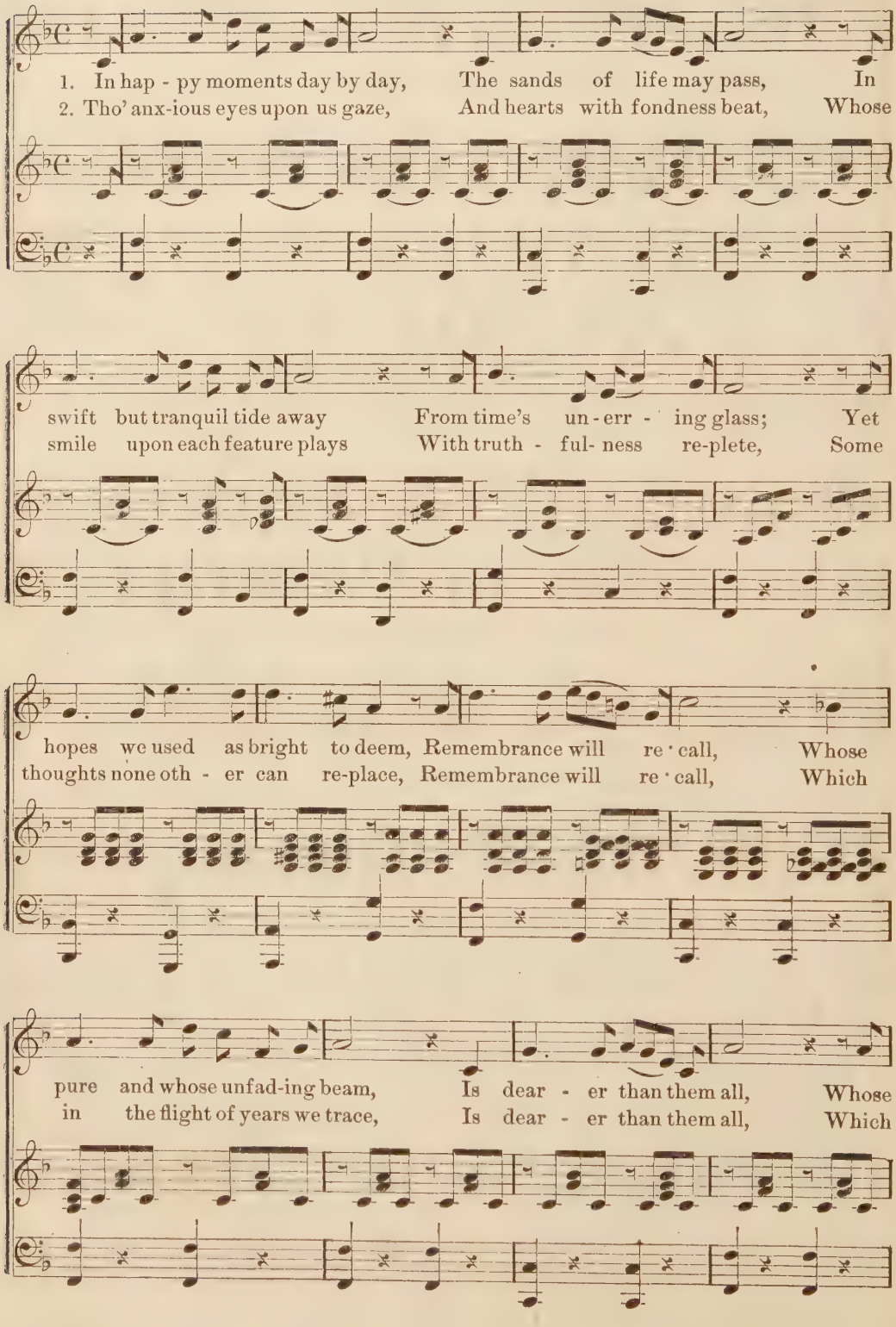


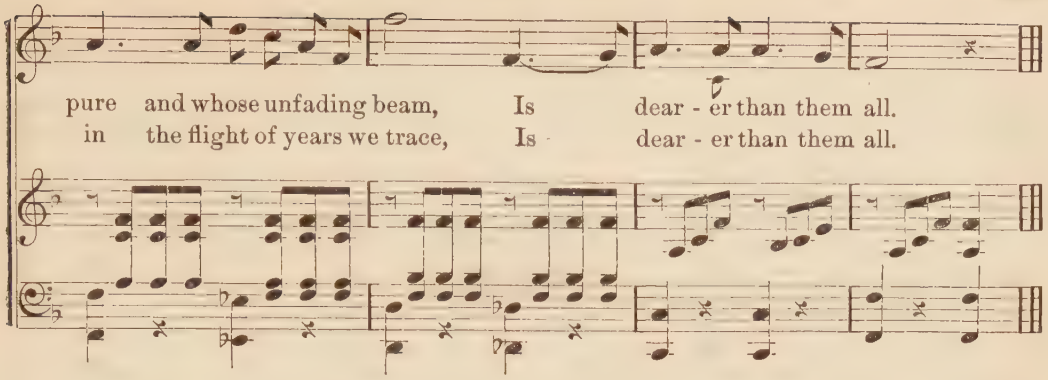
3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices
And the angel faces bright
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them, 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.
CHO.—

4 Oh! ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"
CHO.—

IN HAPPY MOMENTS.

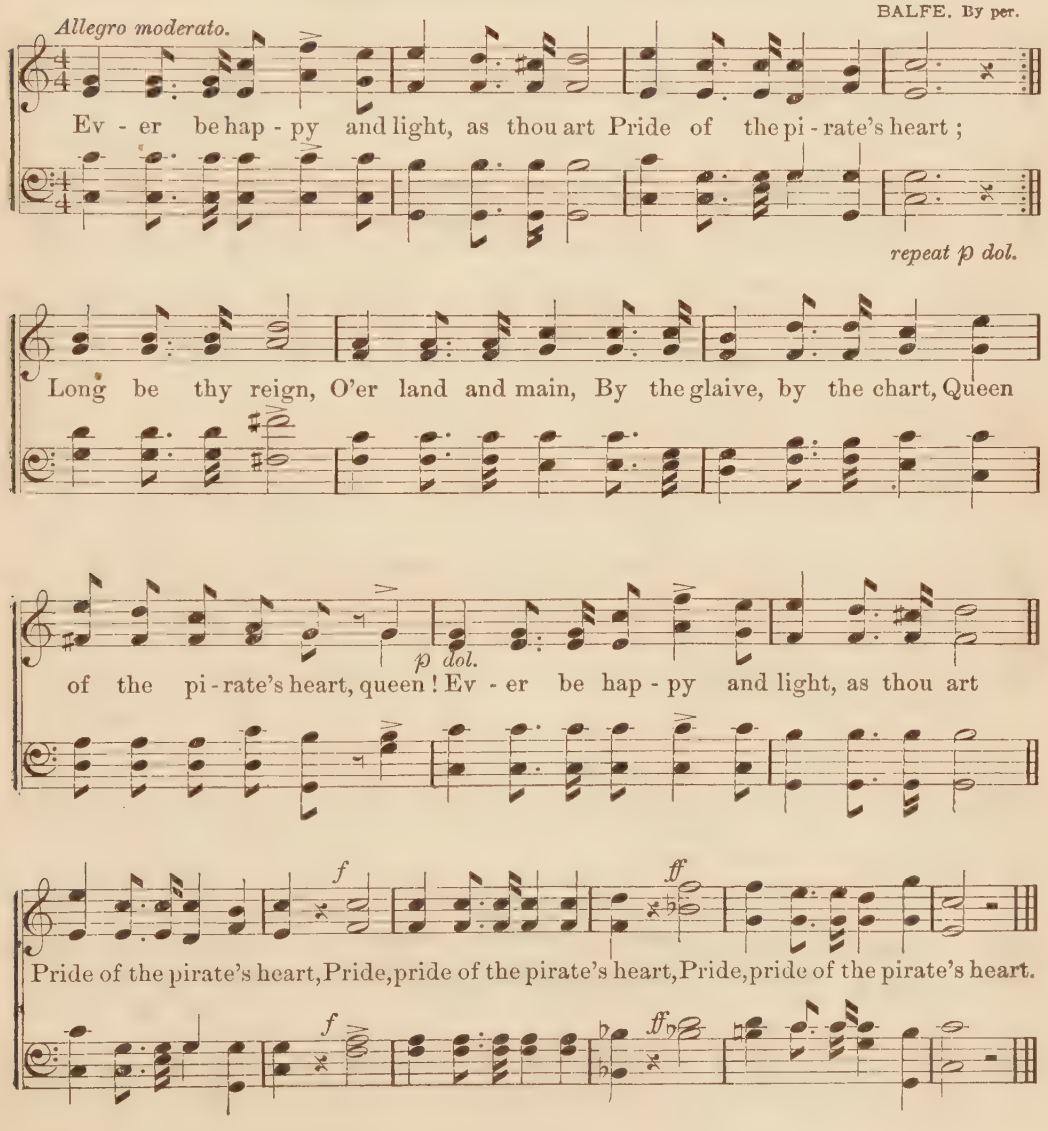
WALLACE.





THE PIRATE'S CHORUS.

BALFE. By per.



THE ROSE BY THE DOOR.

SMITH. MARSHALL. By per.

Andante e legato. *Solo.*

1. When
3. I've

p *rall.*

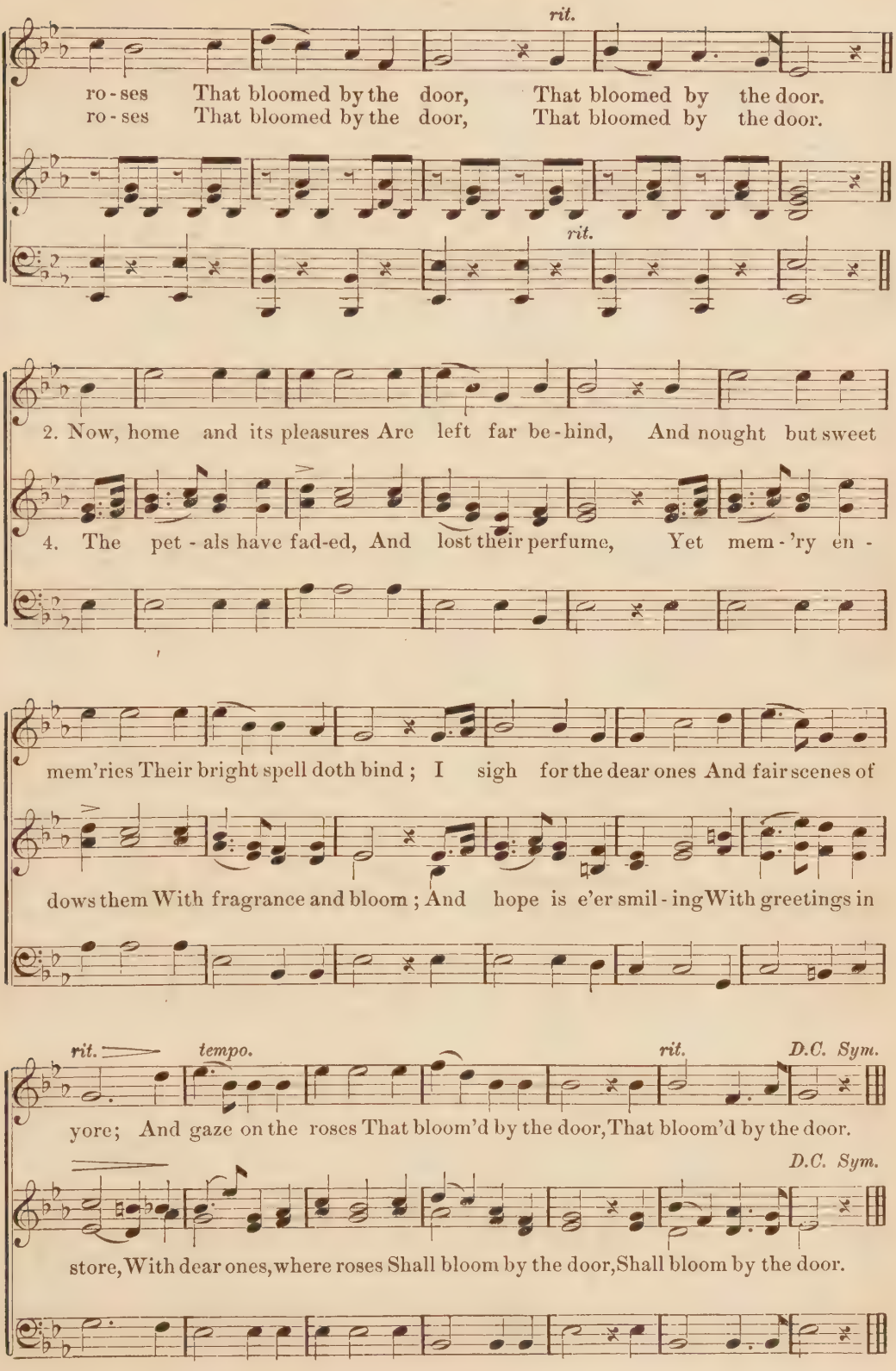
fare-wells were spoken, I left the dear spot, And as I de-
gath-ered the flow-ers of fair, sun-ny climes, Yet childhood's sweet

part-ed I gazed on the cot— The home of my
ech-oes Still min-gle their chimes: Though for-tune its

rit. *tempo.*

childhood; And turn-ing once more, . . . I pluck'd some sweet
bless-ings Up-on me may pour, . . . I cher-ish the

cres. *rit.*


rit.
ro - ses That bloomed by the door, That bloomed by the door.
ro - ses That bloomed by the door, That bloomed by the door.
rit.
2. Now, home and its pleasures Are left far be - hind, And nought but sweet
4. The pet - als have fad-ed, And lost their perfume, Yet mem - 'ry en -
mem'ries Their bright spell doth bind ; I sigh for the dear ones And fair scenes of
dows them With fragrance and bloom ; And hope is e'er smil - ing With greetings in
rit.
tempo.
rit.
D.C. Sym.
yore; And gaze on the roses That bloom'd by the door, That bloom'd by the door.
D.C. Sym.
store, With dear ones, where roses Shall bloom by the door, Shall bloom by the door.

NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

FRY. HATTON.

Allegretto.

1. 'Twas a pleas-ant summer's morning, Just the day I like t'en - joy, When I
2. Off I start -ed thro' the meadows, Where the dew-beads pearl'd the spray, And re-

p

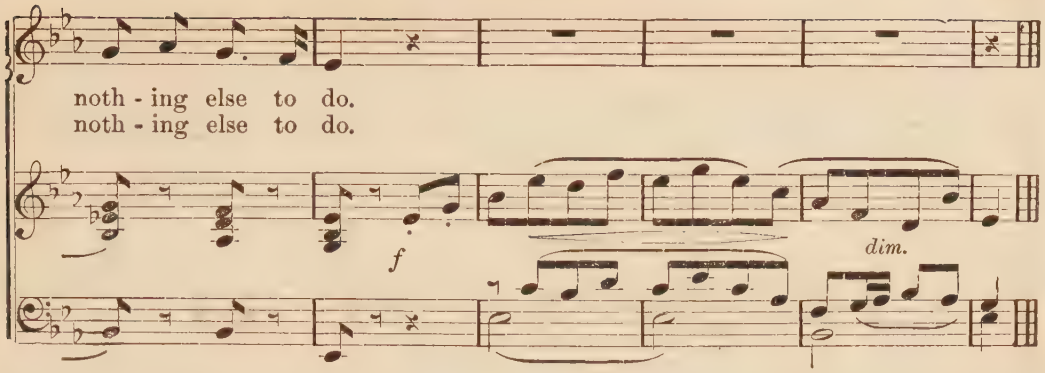
woke and look'd out ear- ly, Puzzled how my time t'em-ploy; In such fine and splendid
spon-sive to the song birds, I kept sing-ing all the way; Quite surpris'd she was to

weather, I don't care for work, do you? So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd
see me, Come so ear - ly there to woo, Till I said I'd just walk'd over, 'Cause I'd

ad lib.

noth - ing else to do, So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd
noth - ing else to do, Till I said I'd just walk'd o - ver, 'Cause I'd

colla voce.

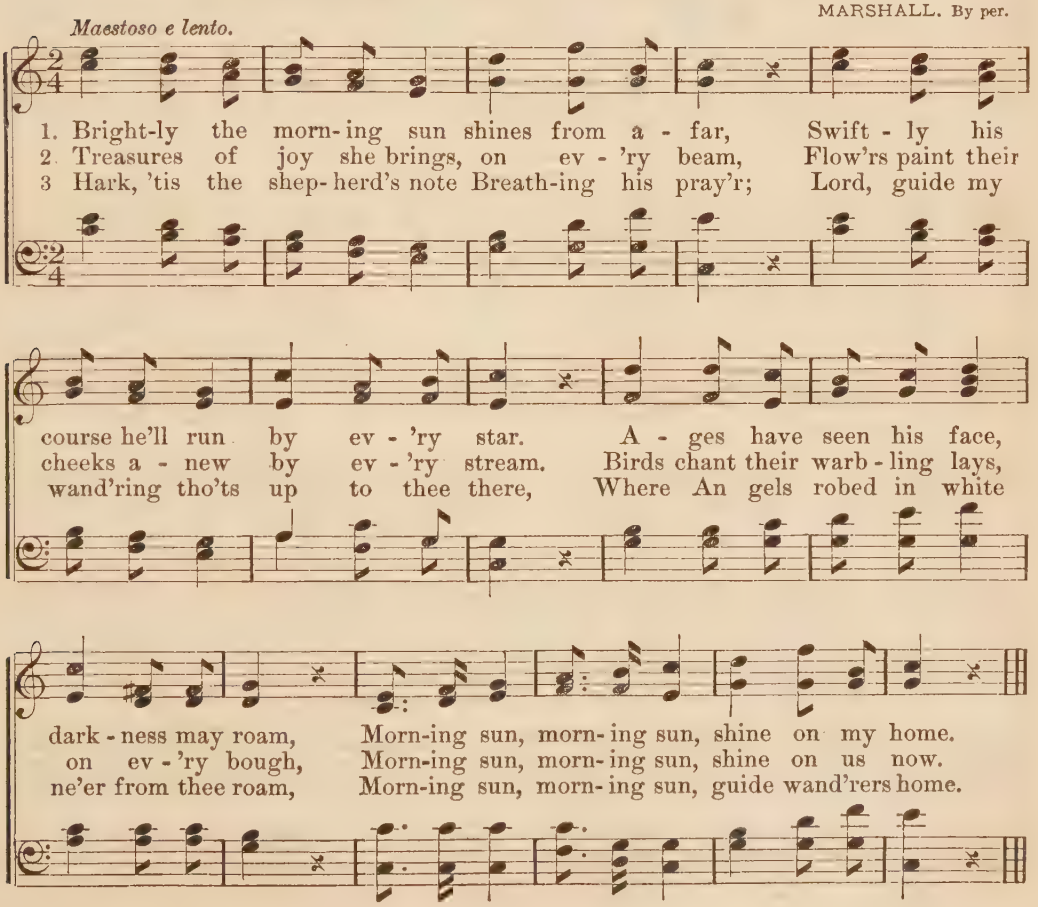


3 Then we rambled forth together,
Down the lane beneath the trees,
While gently stirr'd the shadows
Of their branches in the breeze;
And whene'er our conversation
Languish'd for a word or two,
Why, of course, I kindly kiss'd her,
As I'd nothing else to do.

4 But before the day was over,
I'd somehow made up my mind,
That I'd pop the question to her.
If to me her heart inclined;
So I whisper'd, "Sweet, my darling,
Will you have me, Yes, or No?"
"Well," said she, "perhaps I may, my dear,
When I've nothing else to do."

BRIGHTLY THE MORNING SUN.

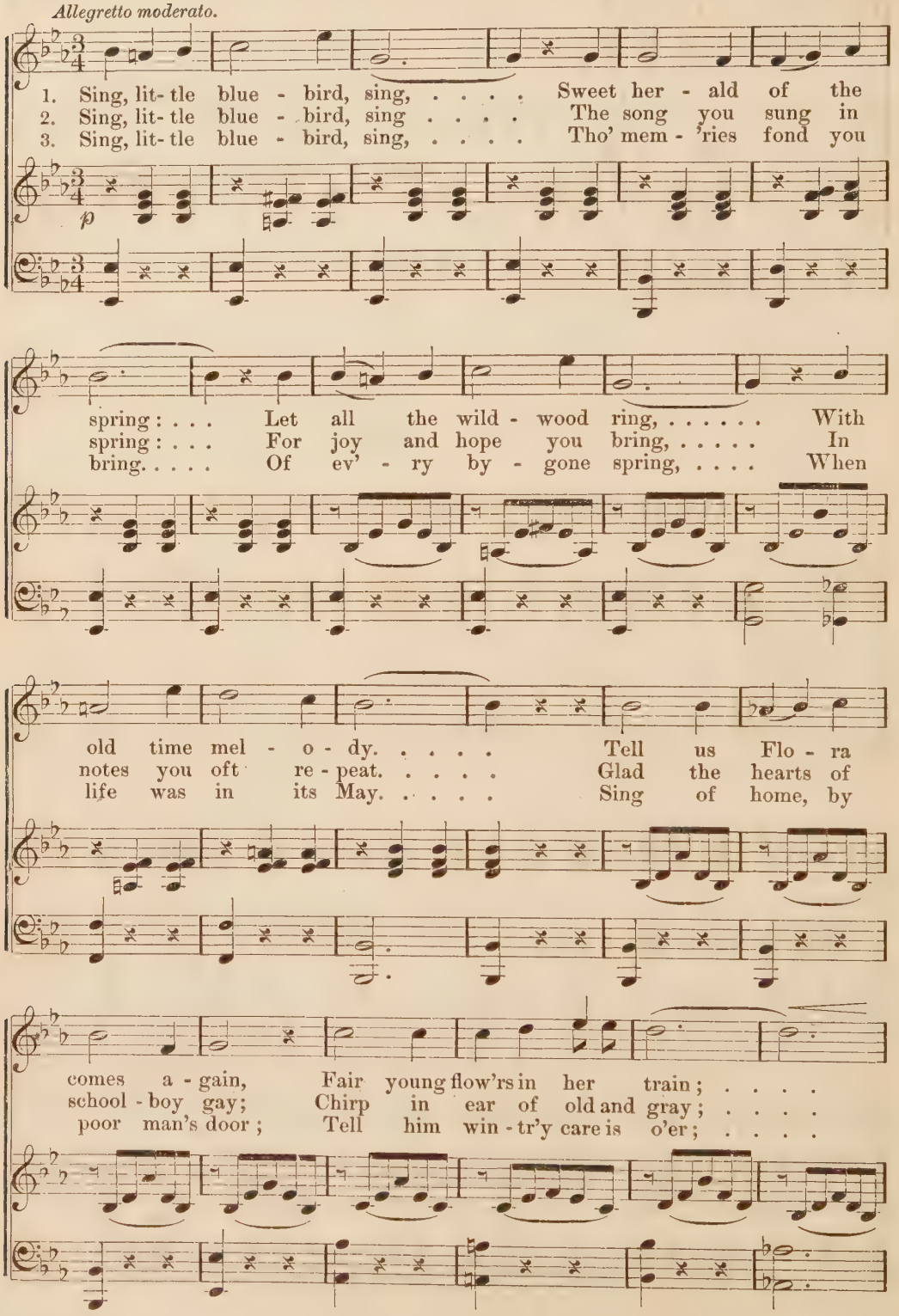
MARSHALL. By per.

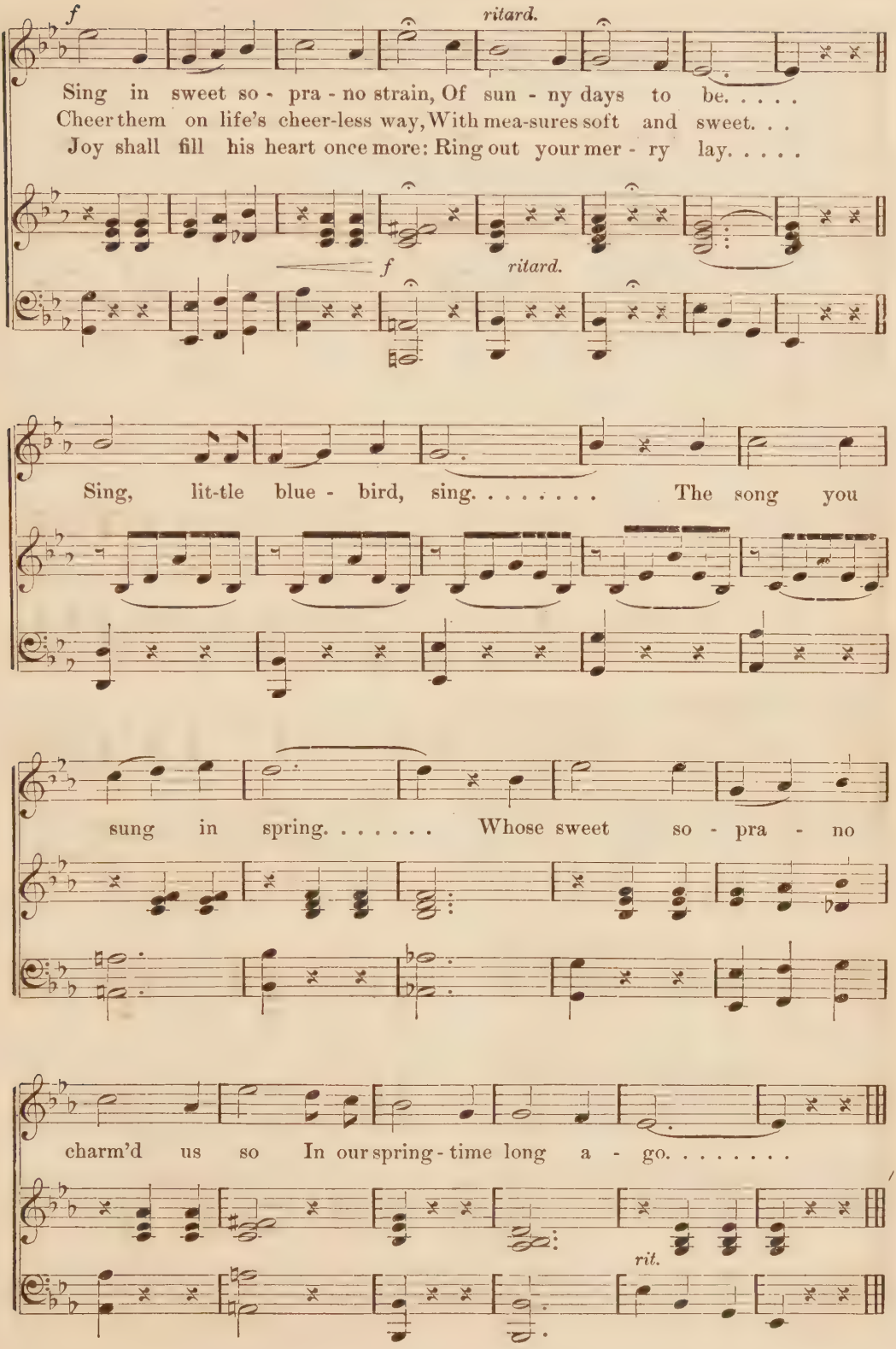


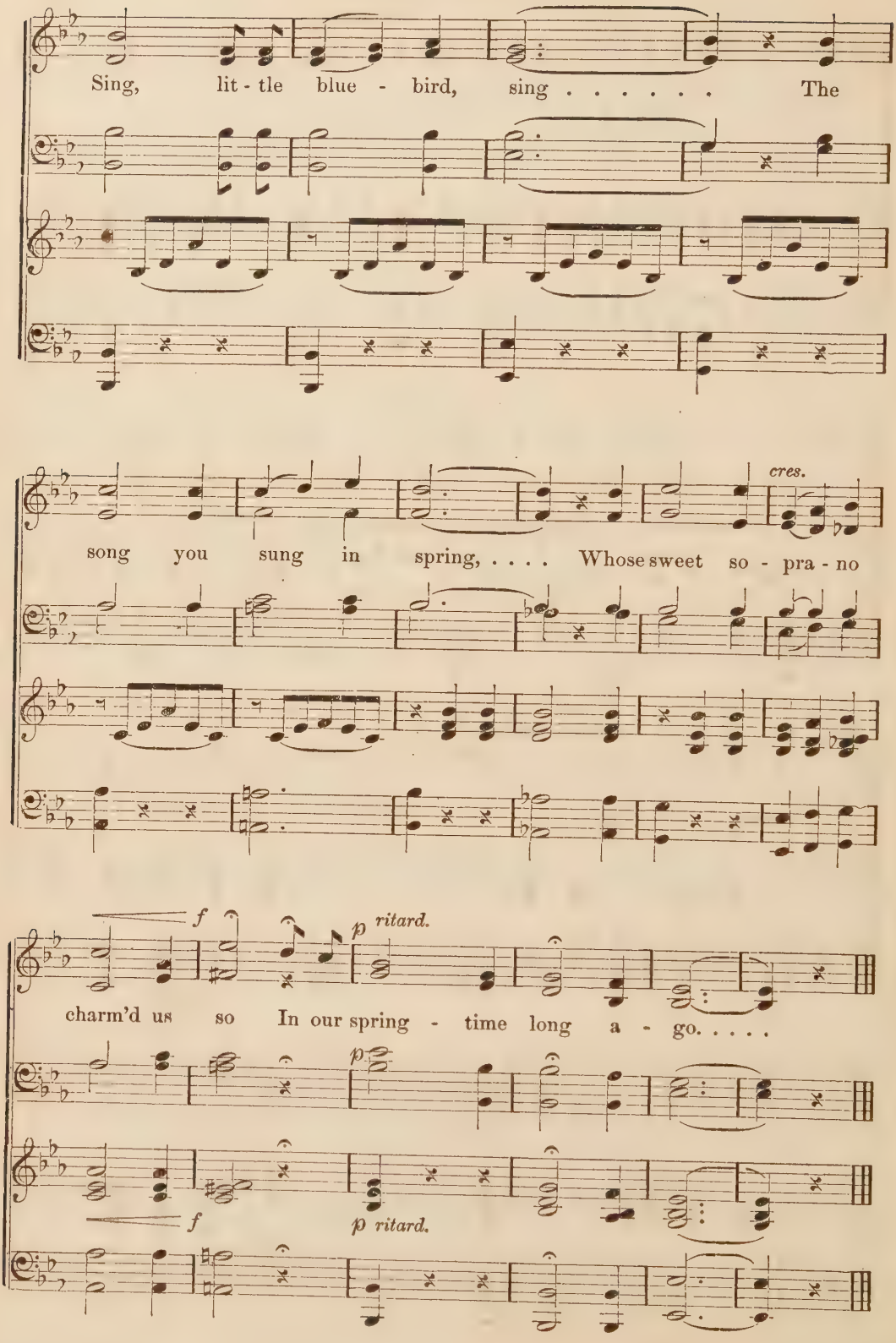
SING, LITTLE BLUE-BIRD, SING.

CALLAN. WEBSTER. By per.

Allegretto moderato.



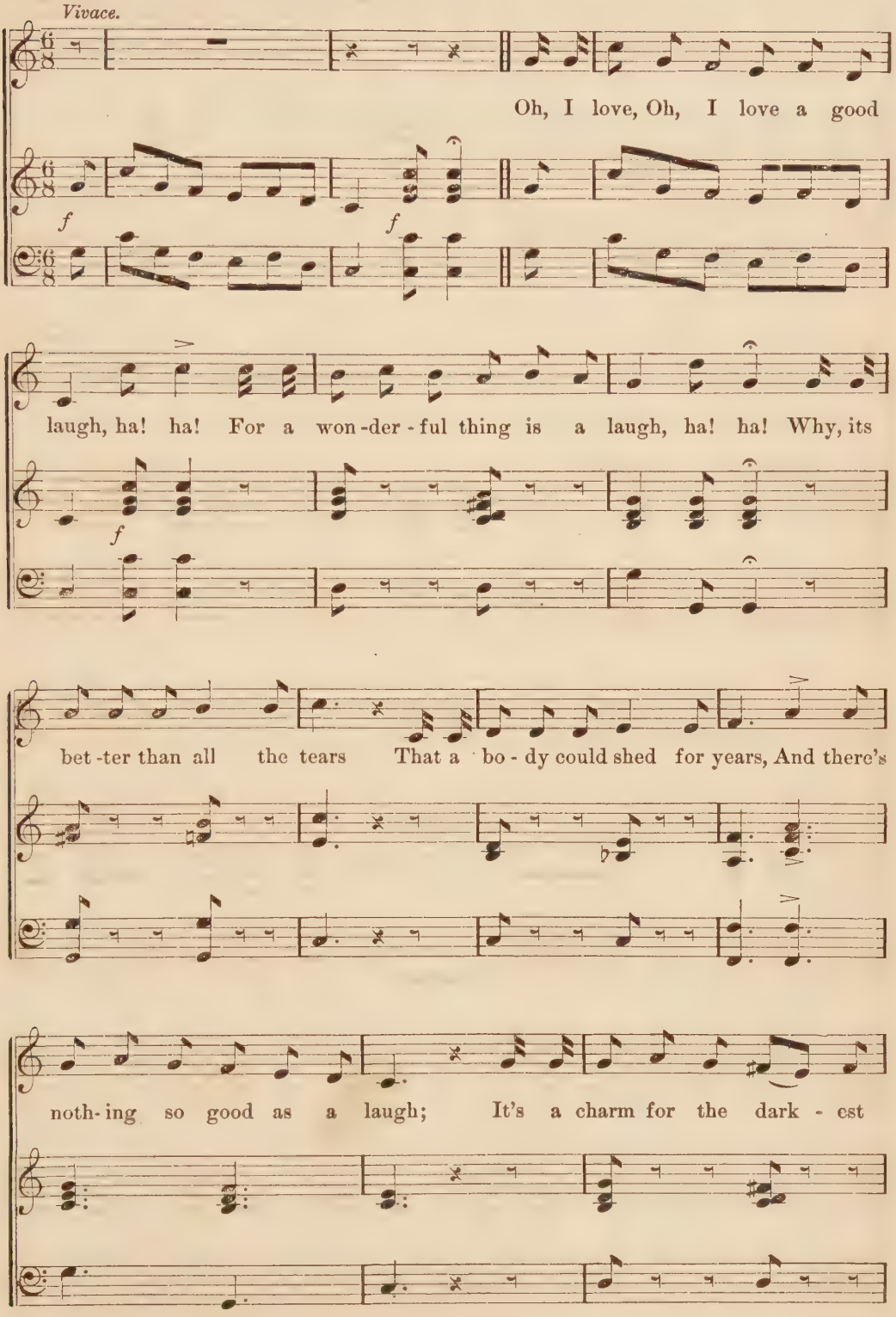

f
ritard.
Sing in sweet so - pra - no strain, Of sun - ny days to be. . . . .
Cheer them on life's cheer-less way, With mea-sures soft and sweet. . .
Joy shall fill his heart once more: Ring out your mer - ry lay. . . . .
f
ritard.
Sing, lit-tle blue - bird, sing. . . . . The song you
sung in spring. . . . . Whose sweet so - pra - no
charm'd us so In our spring - time long a - go. . . . . .
rit.

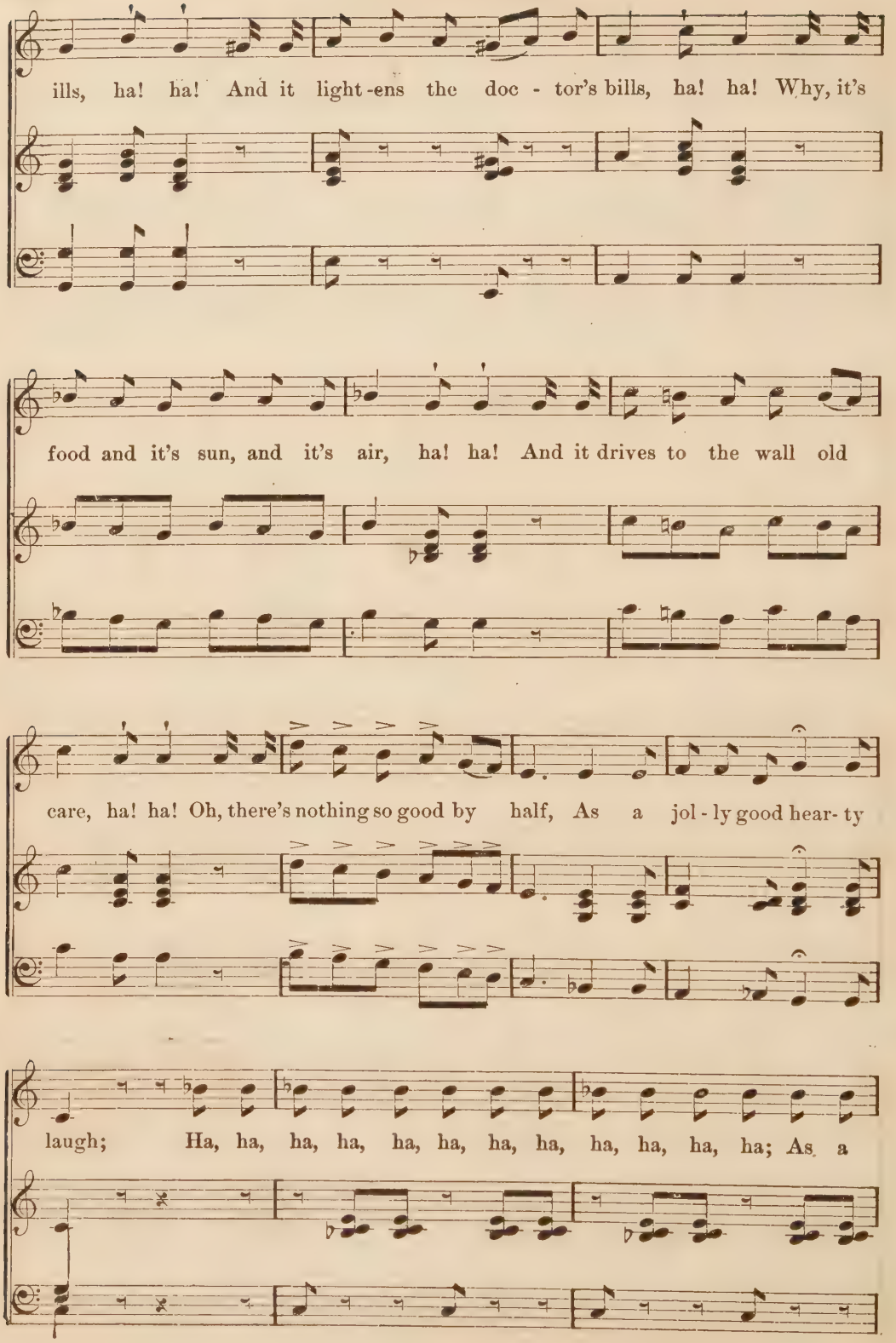

Sing, lit - tle blue - bird, sing . . . . . The
cres.
song you sung in spring, ... Whose sweet so - pra - no
f
p ritard.
charm'd us so In our spring - time long a - go. . . . .
p
f
p ritard.

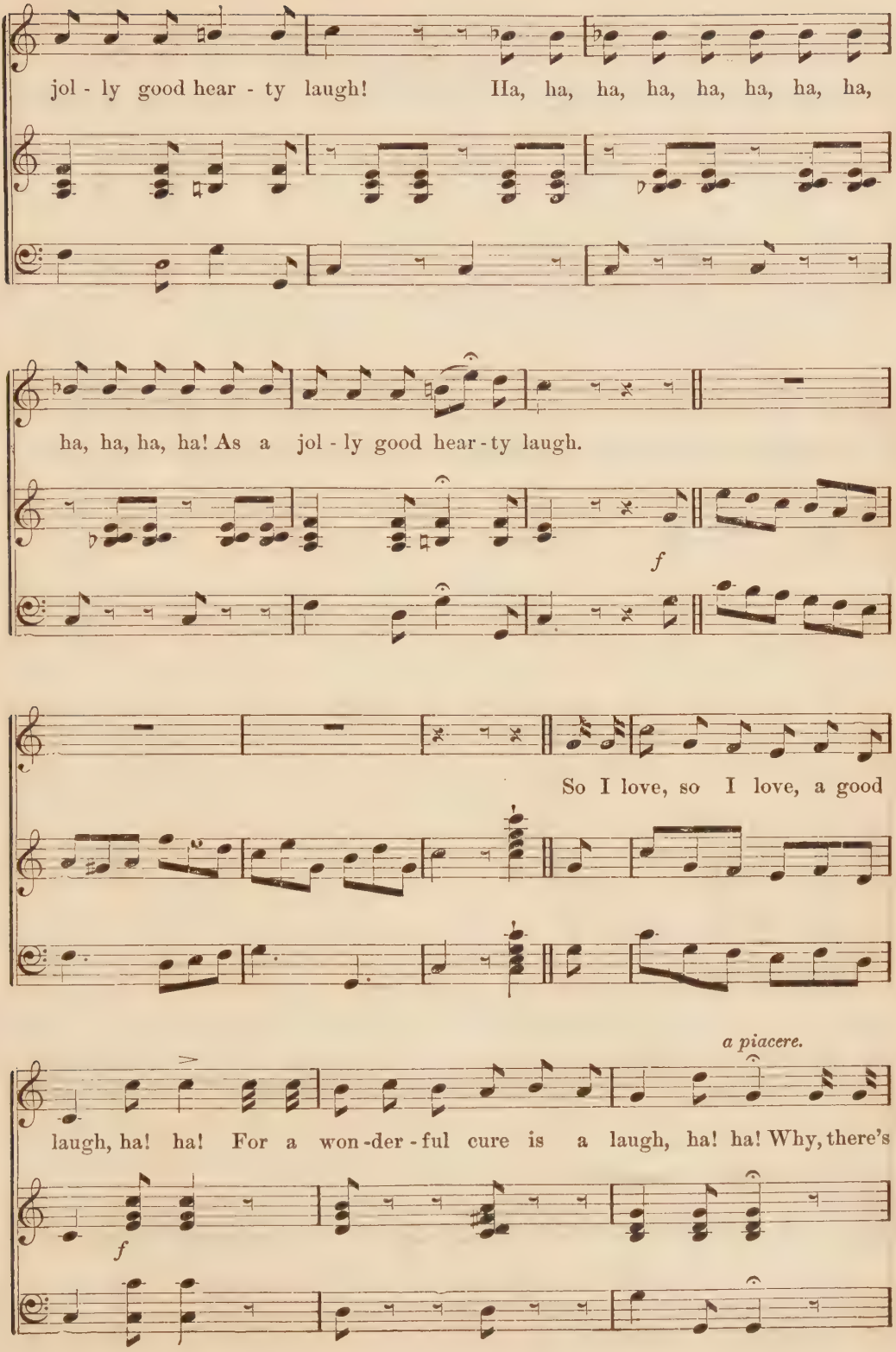
A JOLLY GOOD LAUGH.

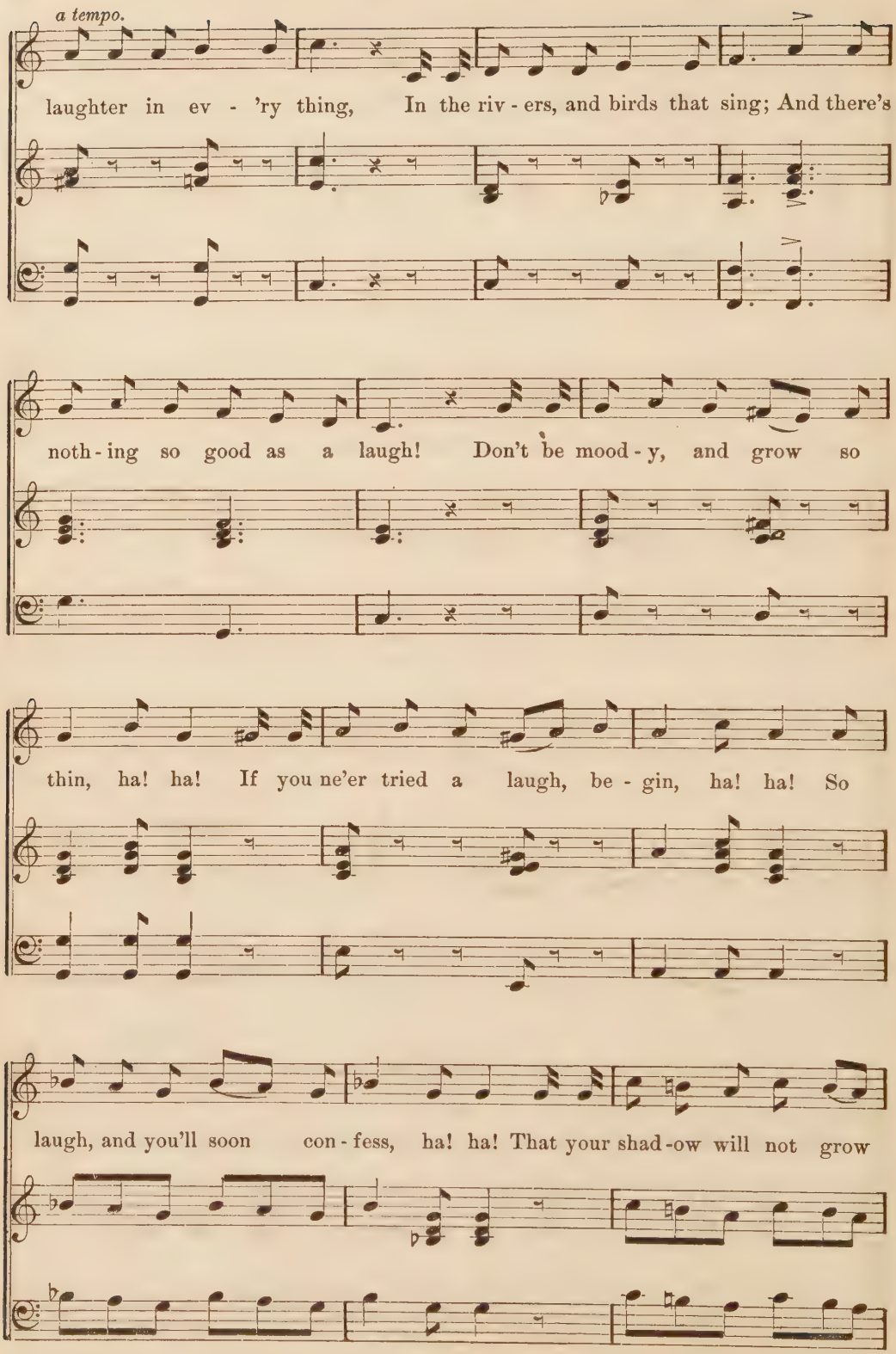
COOPER. THOMAS.

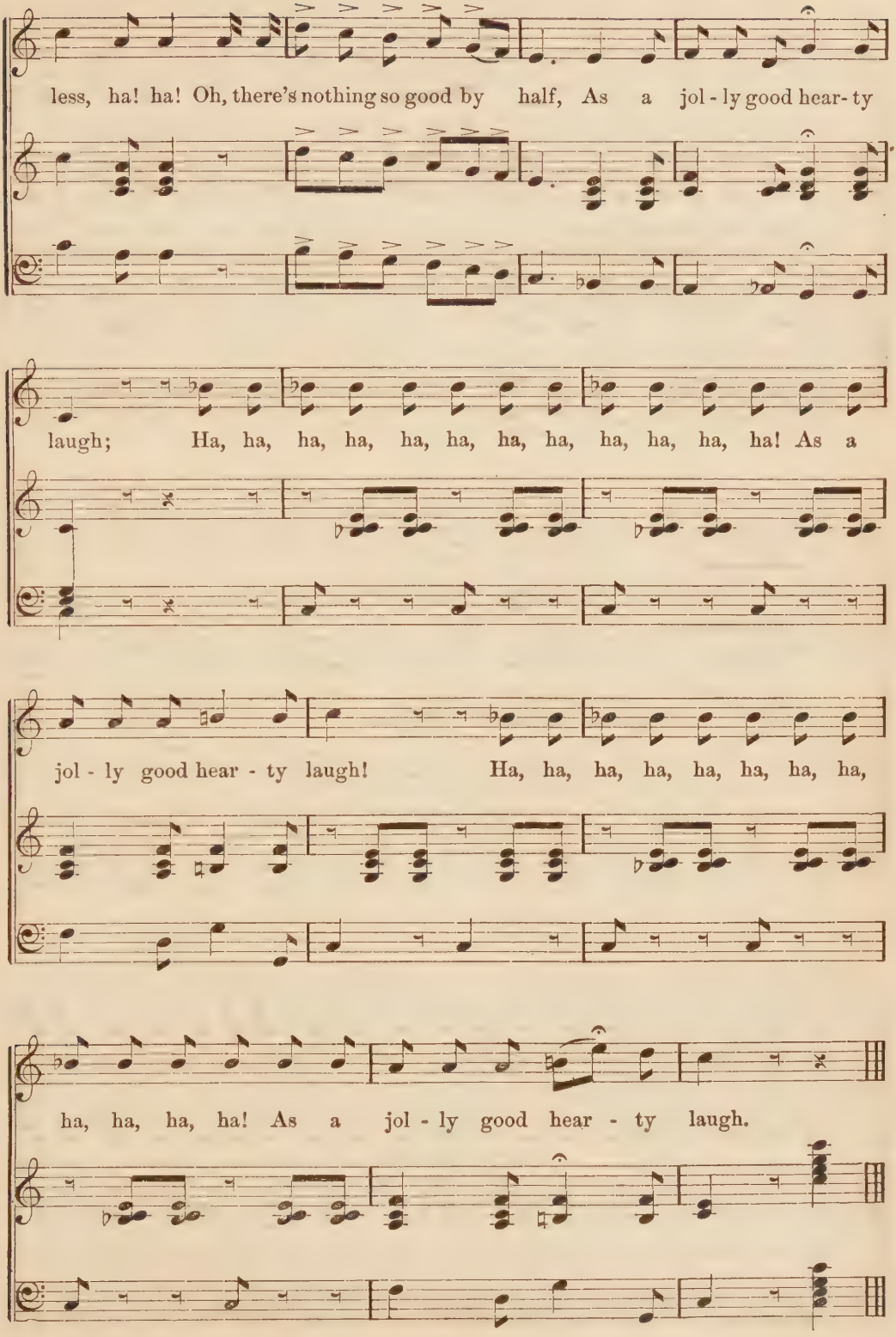
Vivace.




ills, ha! ha! And it light-ens the doc - tor's bills, ha! ha! Why, it's
food and it's sun, and it's air, ha! ha! And it drives to the wall old
care, ha! ha! Oh, there's nothing so good by half, As a jol - ly good hear- ty
laugh; Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha; As a

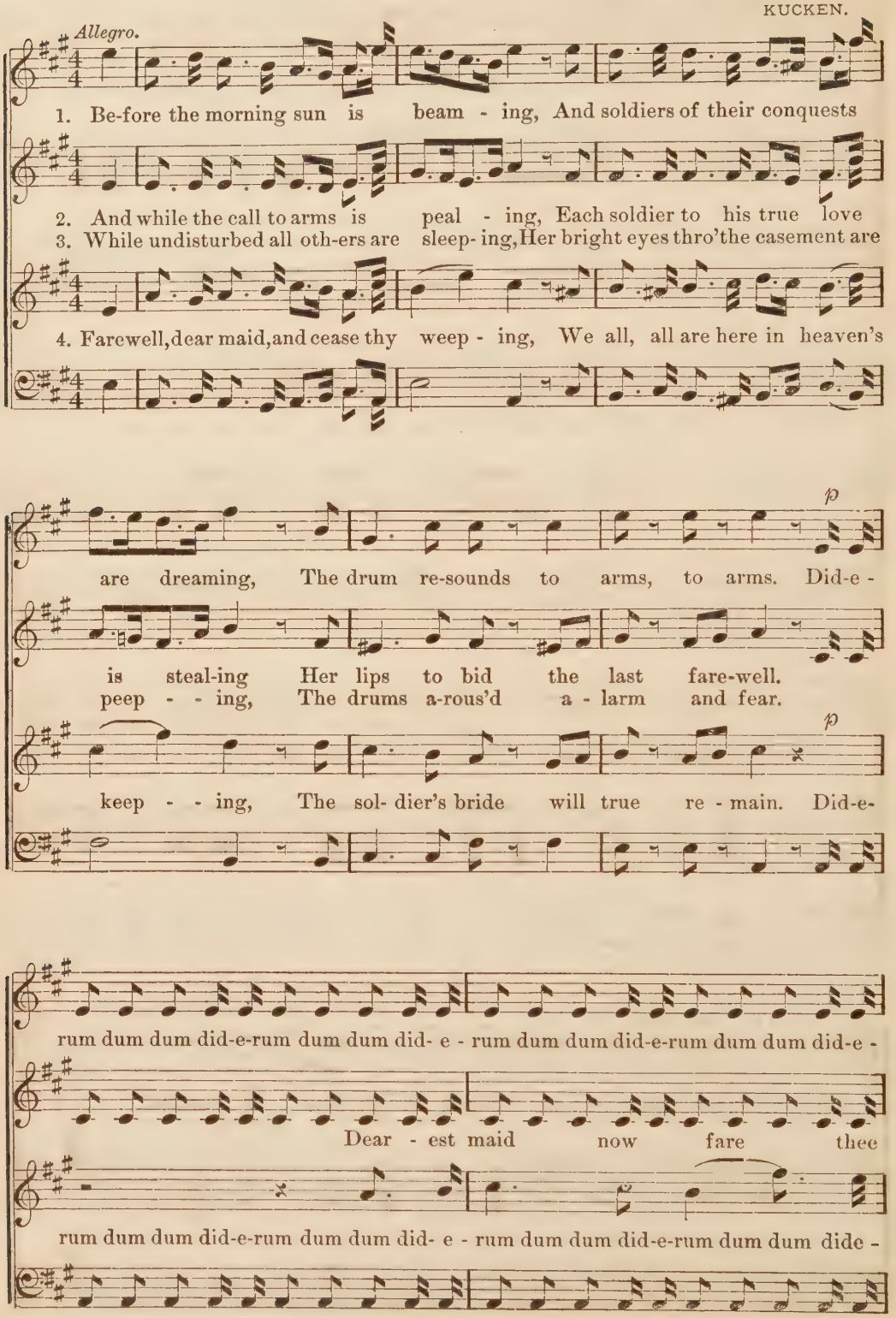

jol - ly good hear - ty laugh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha! As a jol - ly good hear - ty laugh.
f
So I love, so I love, a good
a piacere.
laugh, ha! ha! For a won - der - ful cure is a laugh, ha! ha! Why, there's
f

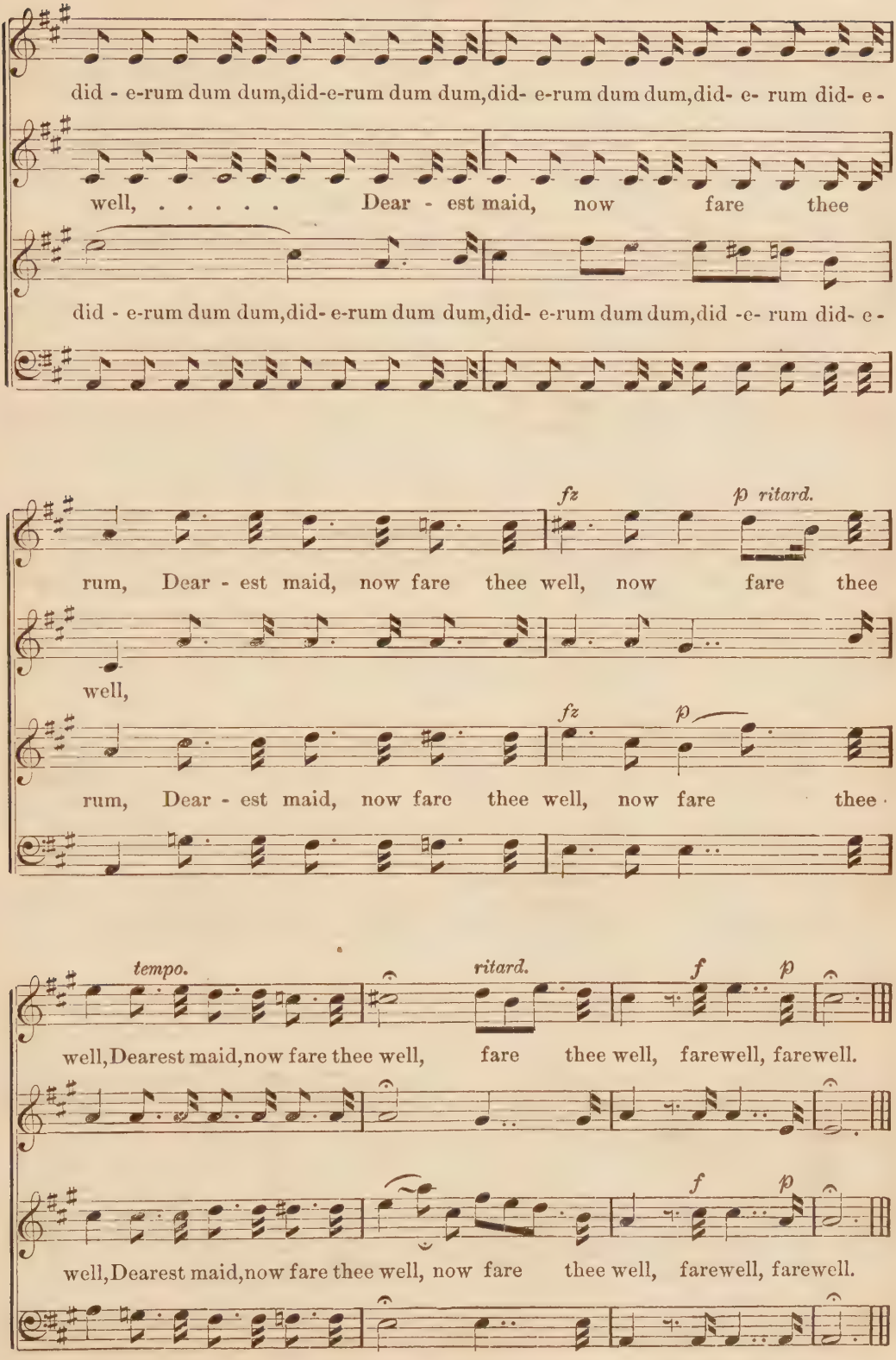

a tempo.
laughter in ev - 'ry thing, In the riv - ers, and birds that sing; And there's
noth - ing so good as a laugh! Don't be mood - y, and grow so
thin, ha! ha! If you ne'er tried a laugh, be - gin, ha! ha! So
laugh, and you'll soon con - fess, ha! ha! That your shad - ow will not grow


less, ha! ha! Oh, there's nothing so good by half, As a jol - ly good hear- ty
laugh; Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! As a
jol - ly good hear - ty laugh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha! As a jol - ly good hear - ty laugh.

BEFORE THE MORNING SUN IS BEAMING.

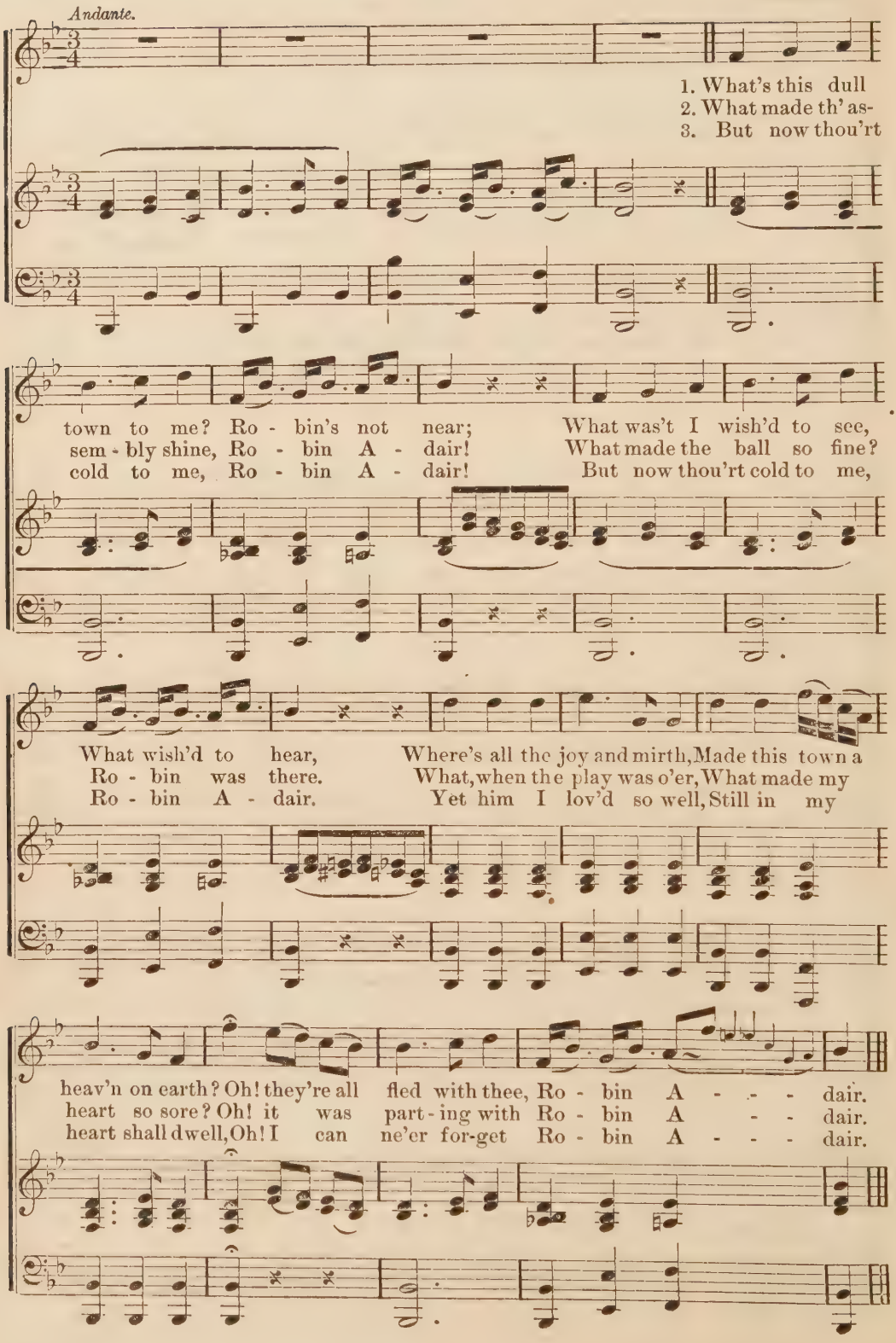
KUCKEN.




did - e-rum dum dum,did-e-rum dum dum,did- e-rum dum dum,did- e- rum did- e -
well, ... Dear - est maid, now fare thee
did - e-rum dum dum,did- e-rum dum dum,did- e-rum dum dum,did -e- rum did- e -
fz
p ritard.
rum, Dear - est maid, now fare thee well, now fare thee
well,
fz
p
rum, Dear - est maid, now fare thee well, now fare thee
tempo.
ritard.
f
p
well, Dearest maid, now fare thee well, fare thee well, farewell, farewell.
f
p
well, Dearest maid, now fare thee well, now fare thee well, farewell, farewell.

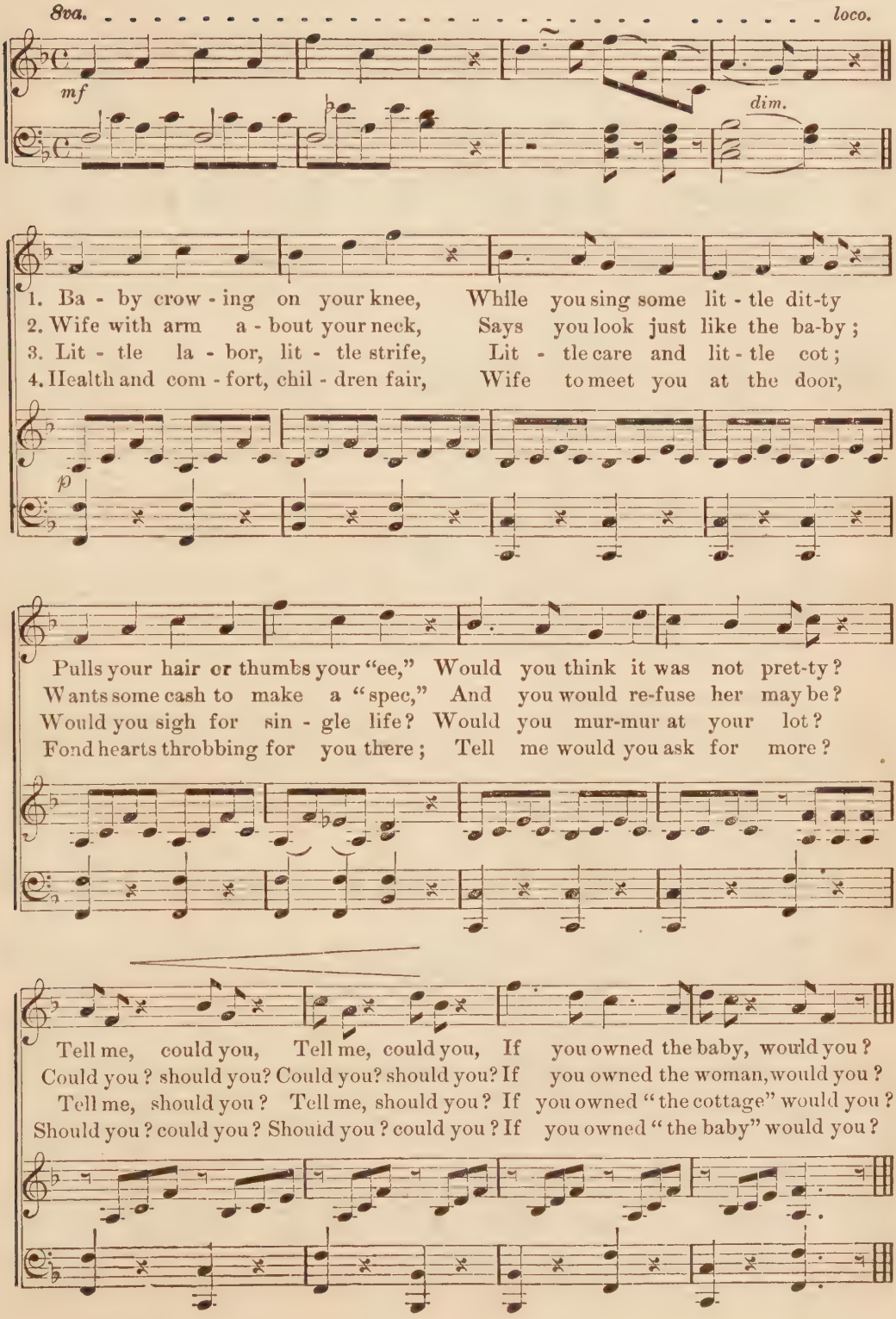
ROBIN ADAIR.

KINGSLEY.



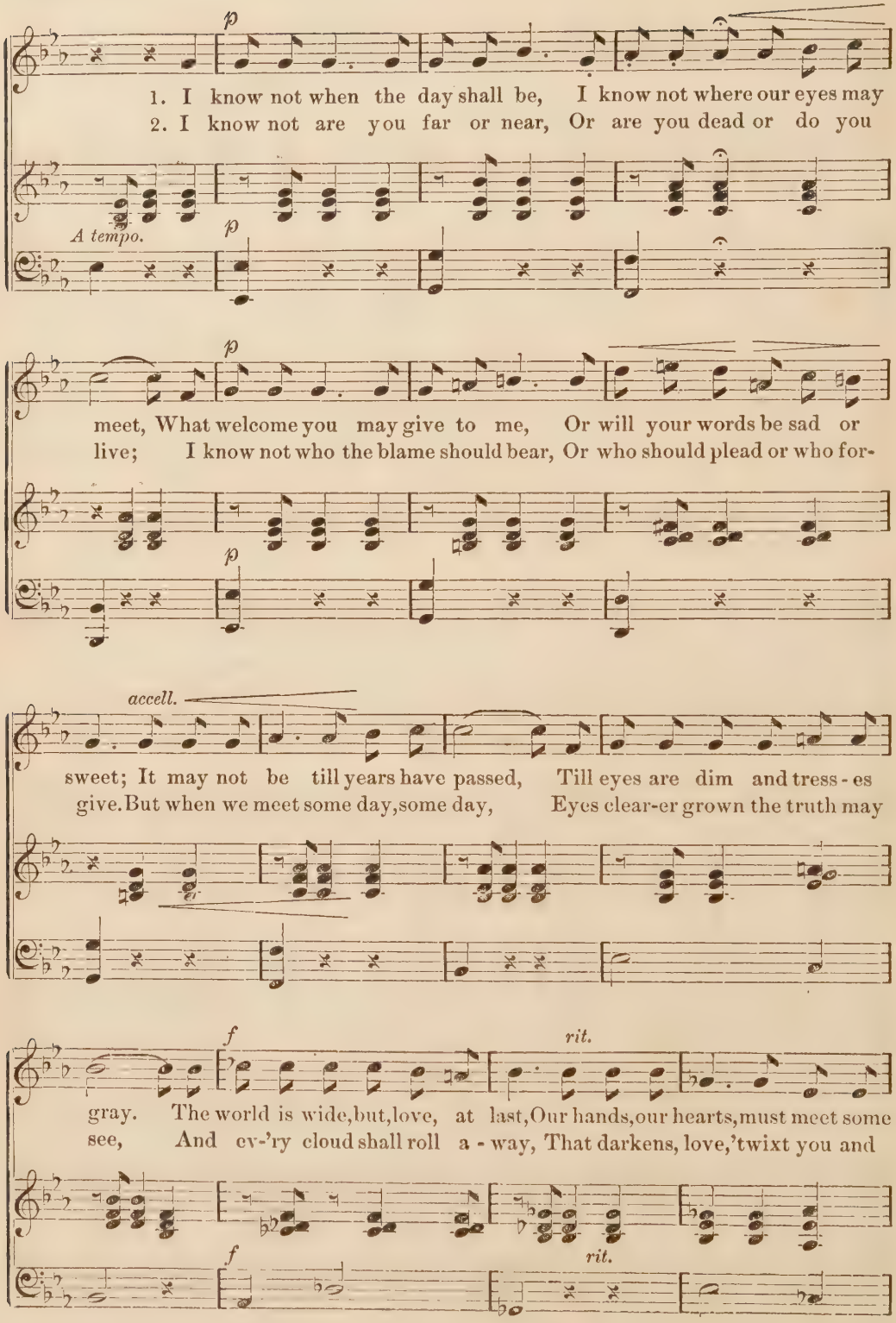
WOULD YOU?

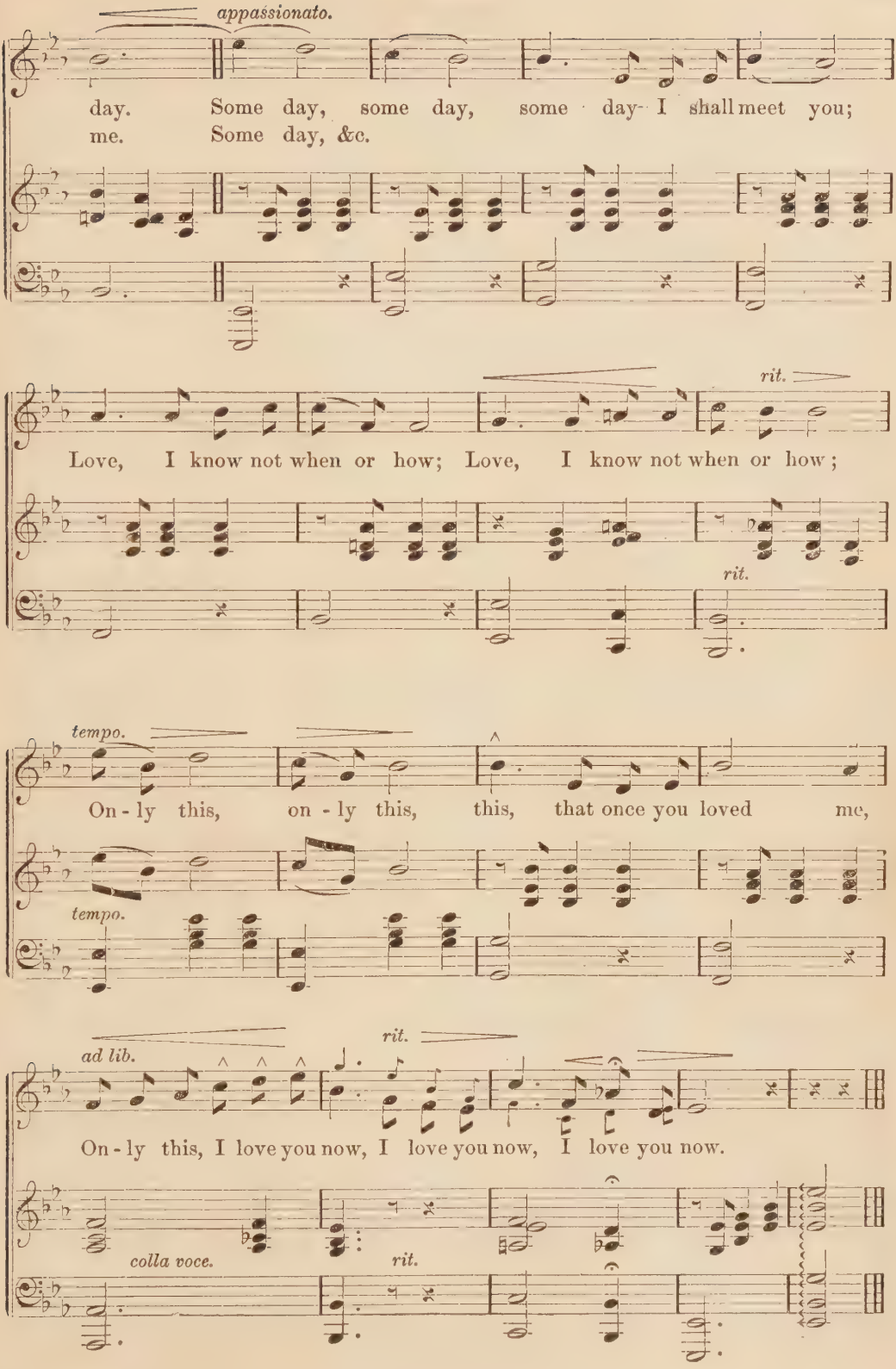
MARSHALL.



SOME DAY.

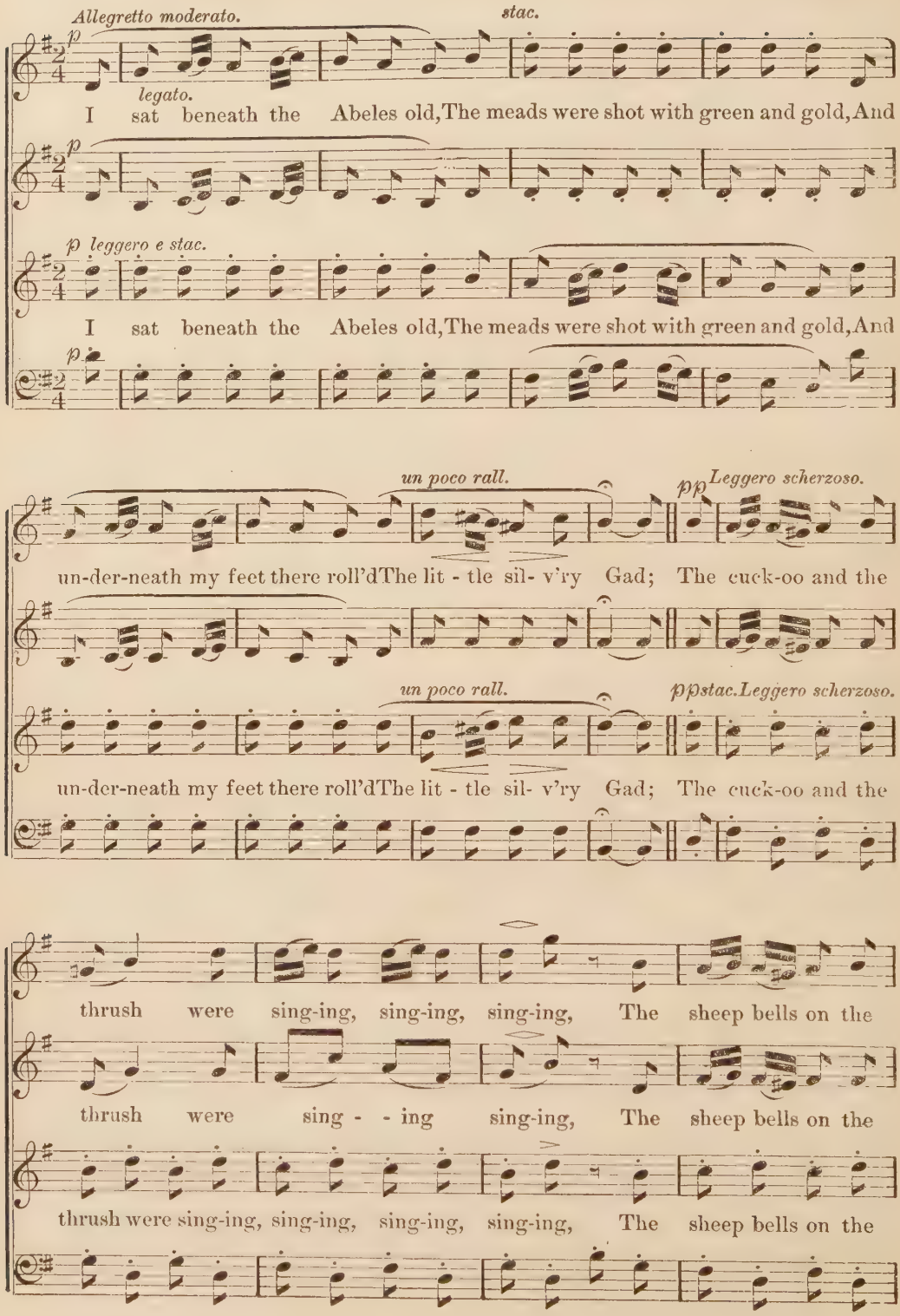
CONWAY. WELLINGS.

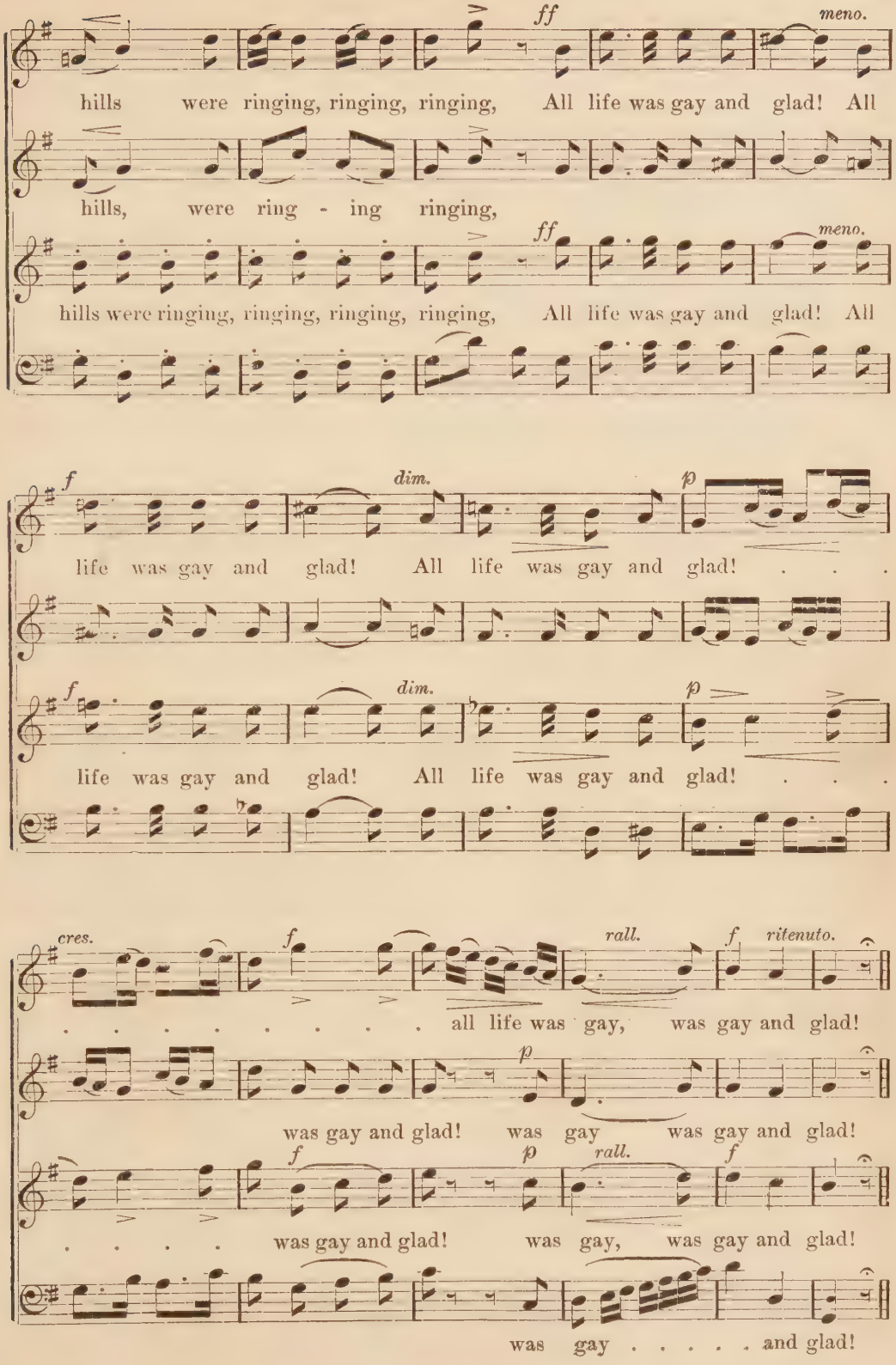


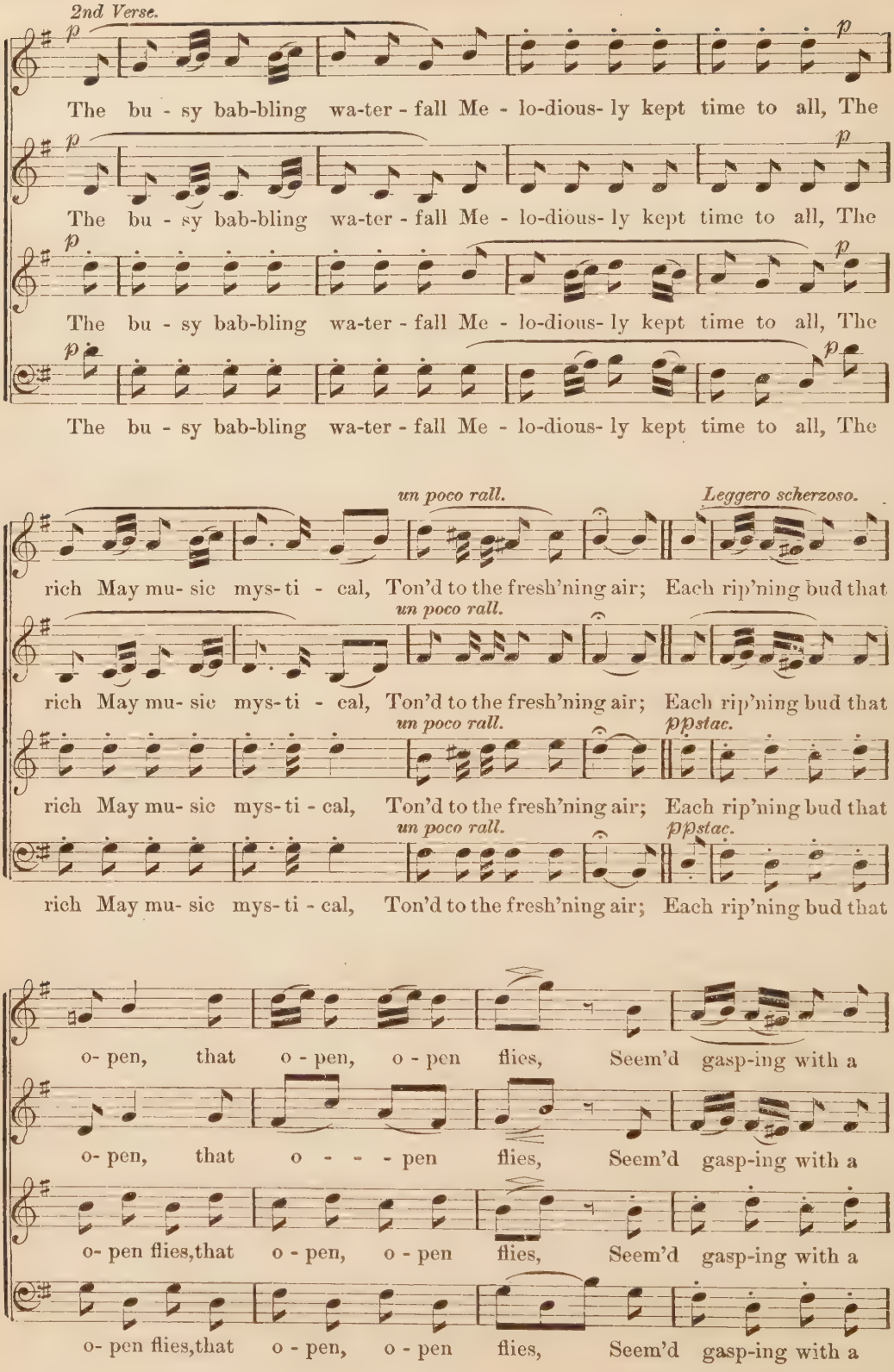

appassionato.
day. Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you;
me. Some day, &c.
rit.
Love, I know not when or how; Love, I know not when or how;
rit.
tempo.
On - ly this, on - ly this, this, that once you loved me,
tempo.
ad lib.
rit.
On - ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.
colla voce.
rit.

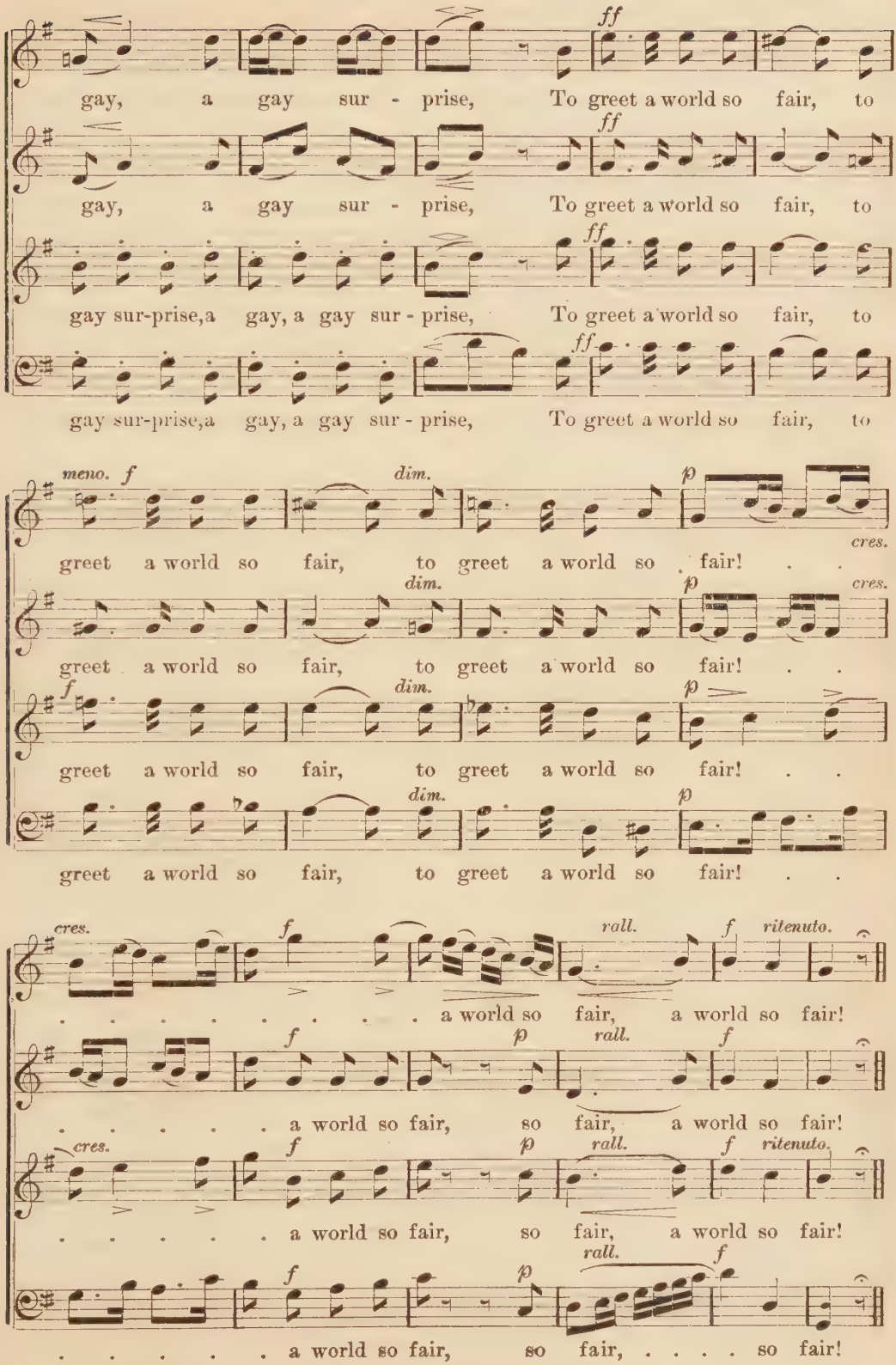
A SPRING SONG.

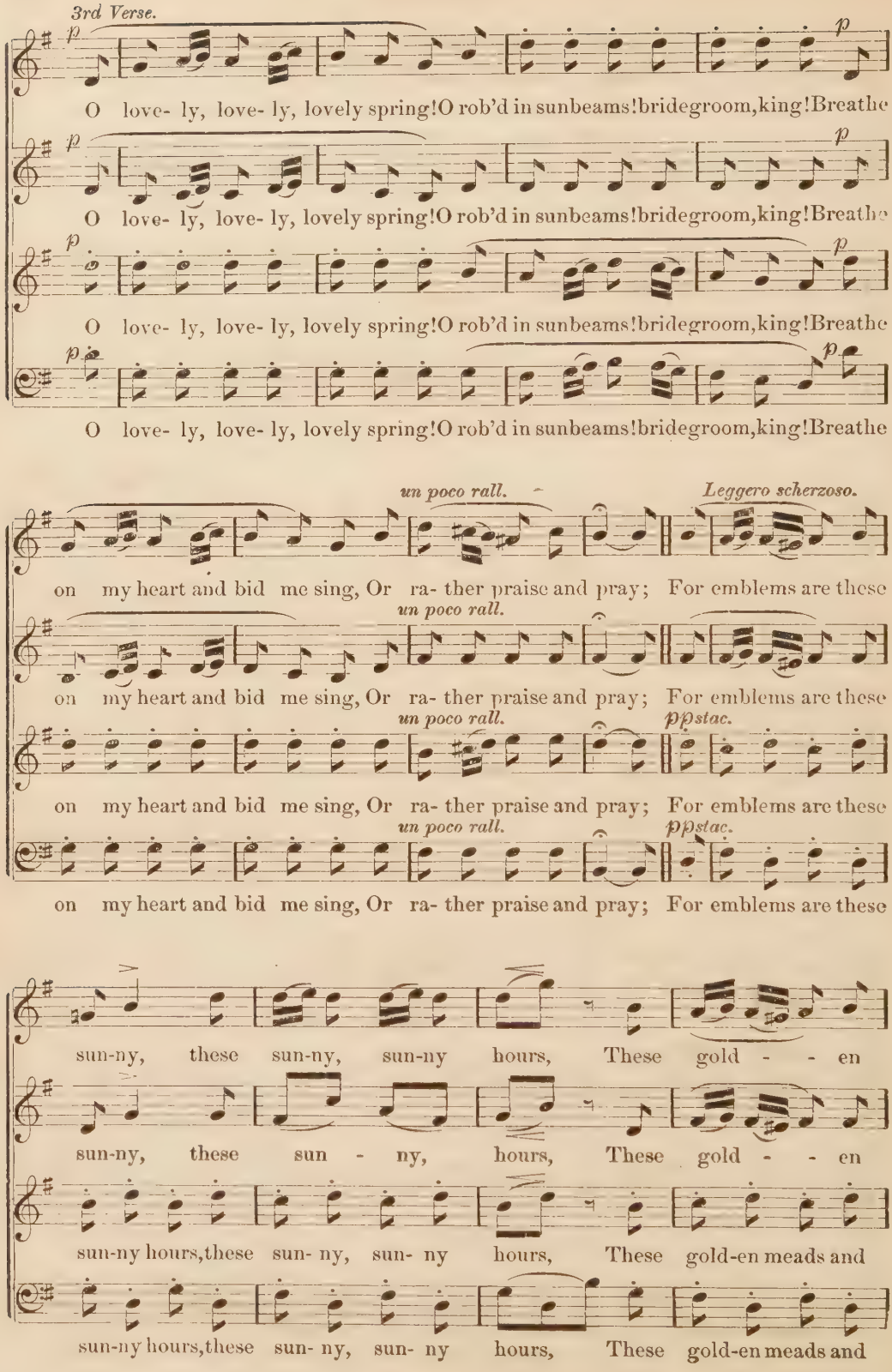
FROM THE "AFTERGLOW." PINSUTI.

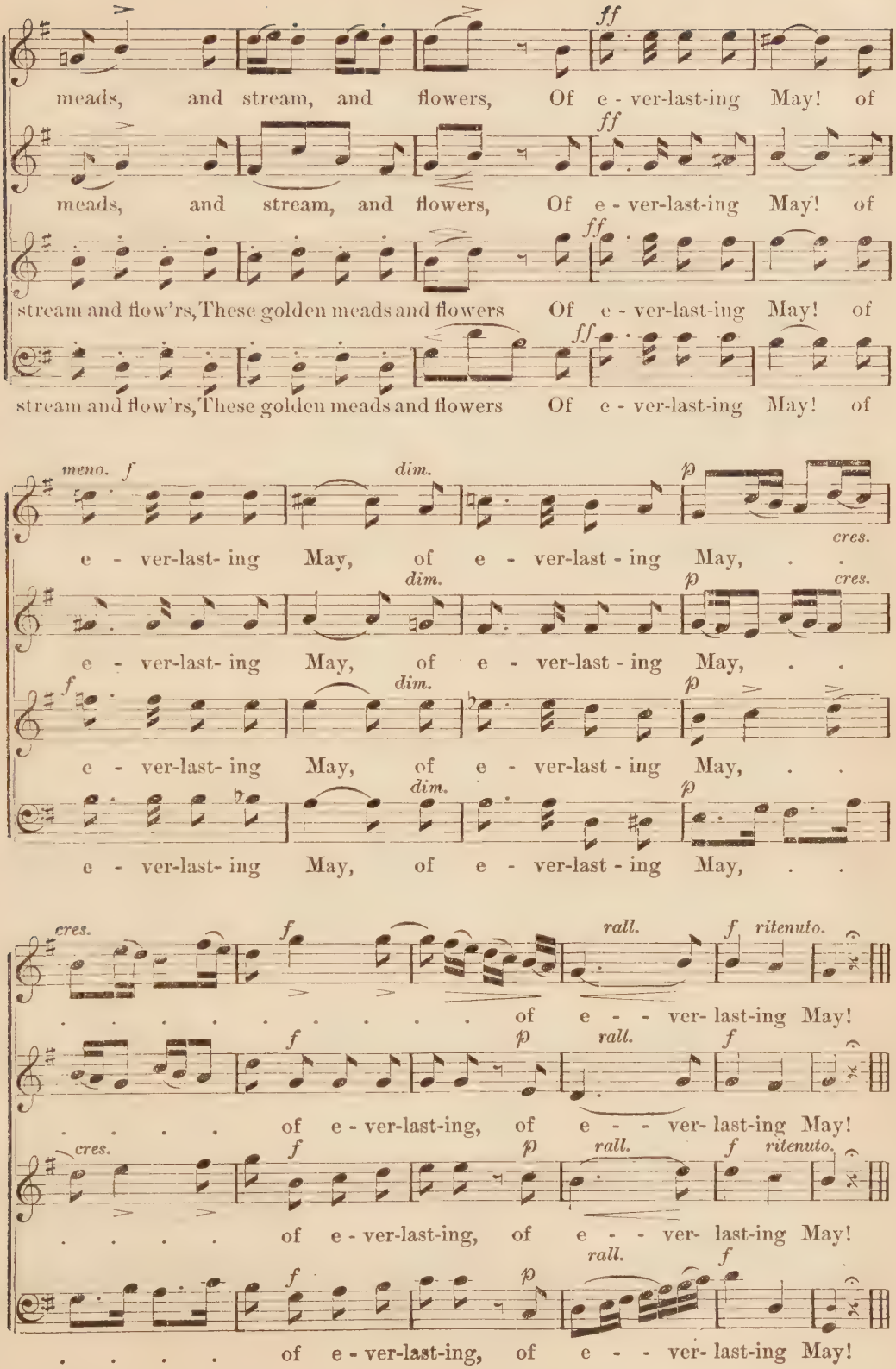



ff
meno.
hills were ringing, ringing, ringing, All life was gay and glad! All
hills, were ring - ing ringing,
ff
meno.
hills were ringing, ringing, ringing, ringing, All life was gay and glad! All
f
dim.
p
life was gay and glad! All life was gay and glad! . . .
f
dim.
p
life was gay and glad! All life was gay and glad! . . .
cres.
f
rall.
f
ritenuto.
. . . . . all life was gay, was gay and glad!
p
was gay and glad! was gay was gay and glad!
f
p
rall.
f
. . . . was gay and glad! was gay, was gay and glad!
was gay . . . . . and glad!


2nd Verse.
The bu - sy bab-bling wa-ter - fall Me - lo-dious- ly kept time to all, The
The bu - sy bab-bling wa-ter - fall Me - lo-dious- ly kept time to all, The
The bu - sy bab-bling wa-ter - fall Me - lo-dious- ly kept time to all, The
The bu - sy bab-bling wa-ter - fall Me - lo-dious- ly kept time to all, The
un poco rall.
Leggero scherzoso.
rich May mu- sic mys- ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip'ning bud that
rich May mu- sic mys- ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip'ning bud that
ppstac.
rich May mu- sic mys- ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip'ning bud that
ppstac.
rich May mu- sic mys- ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip'ning bud that
o- pen, that o - pen, o - pen flies, Seem'd gasp-ing with a
o- pen, that o - - - pen flies, Seem'd gasp-ing with a
o- pen flies,that o - pen, o - pen flies, Seem'd gasp-ing with a
o- pen flies,that o - pen, o - pen flies, Seem'd gasp-ing with a

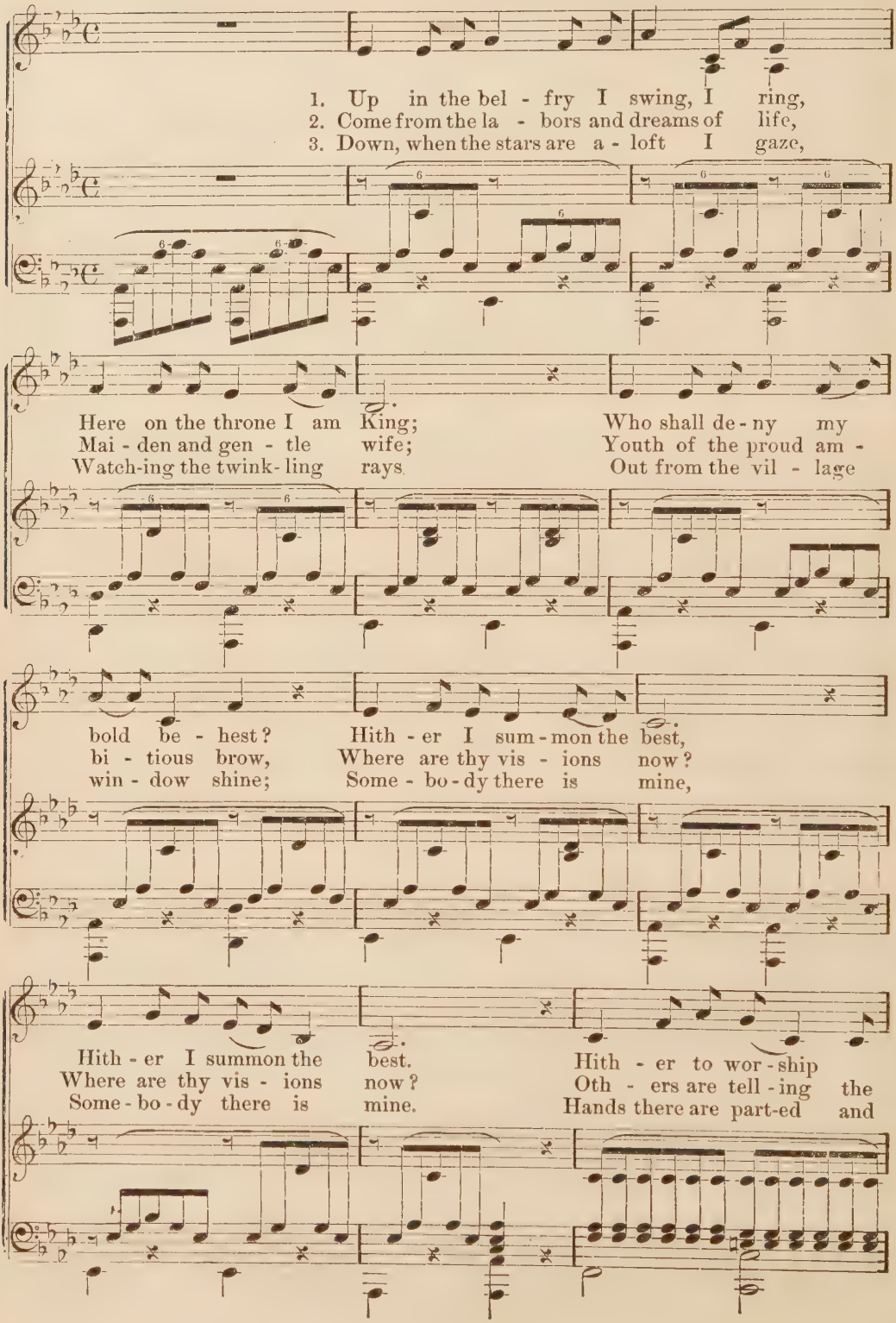

gay, a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, to
gay, a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, to
gay sur-prise, a gay, a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, to
gay sur-prise, a gay, a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, to
greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair! . .
greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair! . .
greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair! . .
greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair! . .
. . . . . a world so fair, a world so fair!
. . . . . a world so fair, so fair, a world so fair!
. . . . . a world so fair, so fair, a world so fair!
. . . . . a world so fair, so fair, ... so fair!

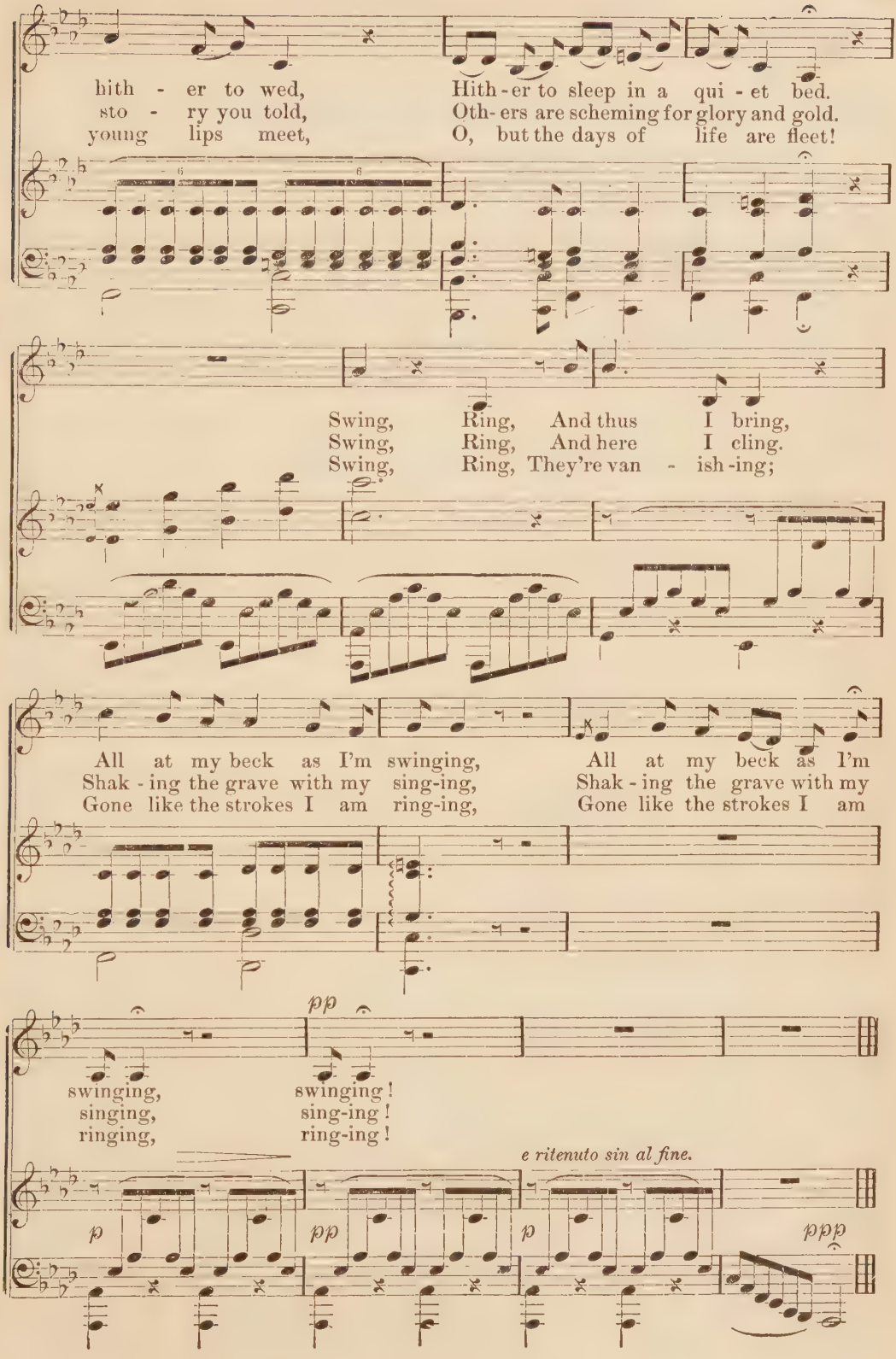

3rd Verse.
O love- ly, love- ly, lovely spring! O rob'd in sunbeams! bridegroom, king! Breathe
O love- ly, love- ly, lovely spring! O rob'd in sunbeams! bridegroom, king! Breathe
O love- ly, love- ly, lovely spring! O rob'd in sunbeams! bridegroom, king! Breathe
O love- ly, love- ly, lovely spring! O rob'd in sunbeams! bridegroom, king! Breathe
un poco rall.
Leggero scherzoso.
on my heart and bid me sing, Or ra- ther praise and pray; For emblems are these
un poco rall.
on my heart and bid me sing, Or ra- ther praise and pray; For emblems are these
un poco rall.
ppstac.
on my heart and bid me sing, Or ra- ther praise and pray; For emblems are these
un poco rall.
ppstac.
on my heart and bid me sing, Or ra- ther praise and pray; For emblems are these
sun-ny, these sun-ny, sun-ny hours, These gold - - en
sun-ny, these sun - ny, hours, These gold - - en
sun-ny hours, these sun- ny, sun- ny hours, These gold-en meads and
sun-ny hours, these sun- ny, sun- ny hours, These gold-en meads and


meads, and stream, and flowers, Of e - ver-last-ing May! of
meads, and stream, and flowers, Of e - ver-last-ing May! of
stream and flow'rs, These golden meads and flowers Of e - ver-last-ing May! of
stream and flow'rs, These golden meads and flowers Of e - ver-last-ing May! of
e - ver-last- ing May, of e - ver-last - ing May, . .
e - ver-last- ing May, of e - ver-last - ing May, . .
e - ver-last- ing May, of e - ver-last - ing May, . .
e - ver-last- ing May, of e - ver-last - ing May, . .
. . . . . of e - - ver- last-ing May!
. . . . of e - ver-last-ing, of e - - ver- last-ing May!
. . . . of e - ver-last-ing, of e - - ver- last-ing May!
. . . . of e - ver-last-ing, of e - - ver- last-ing May!

SONG OF THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

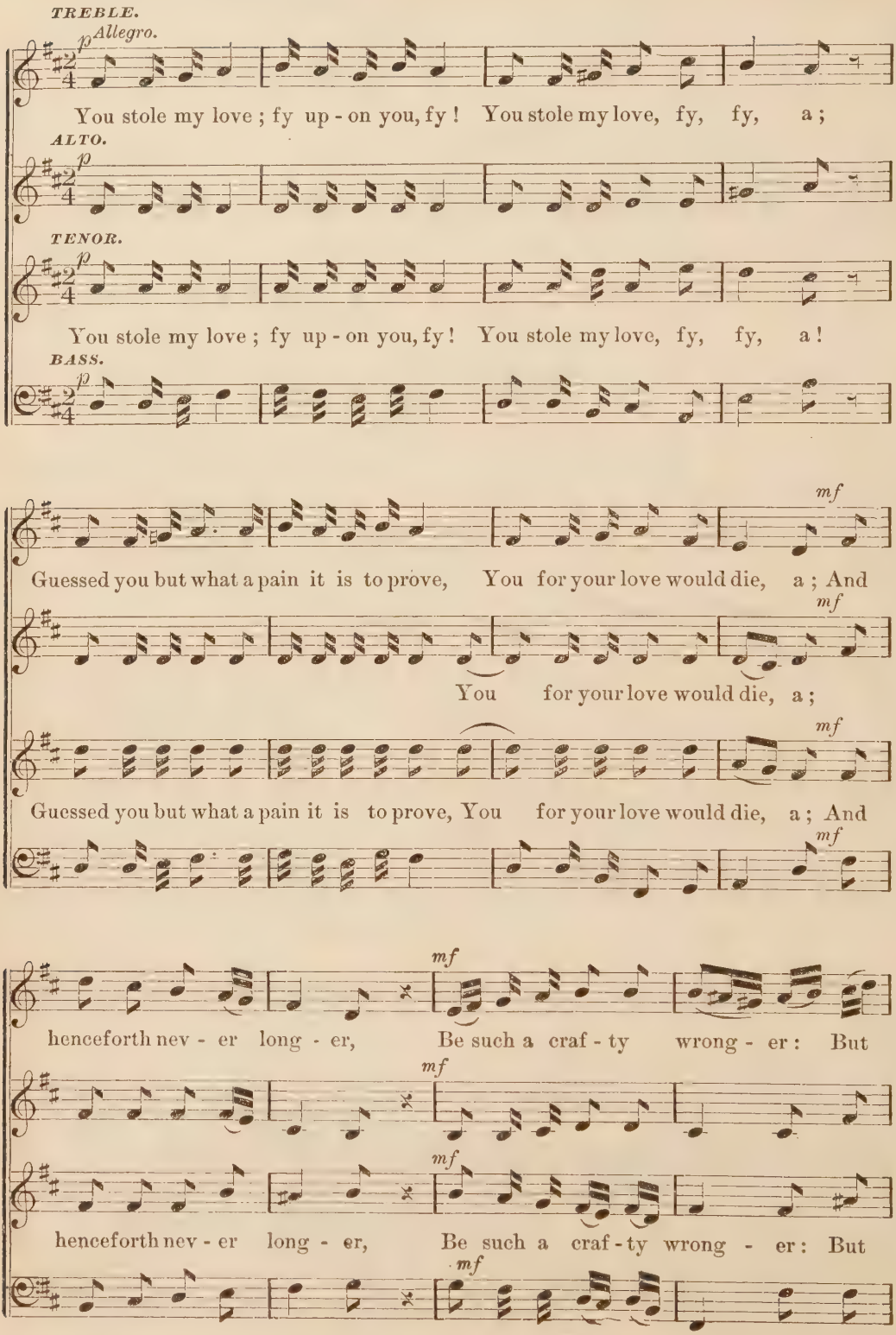
COOPER. CAMP. By per.

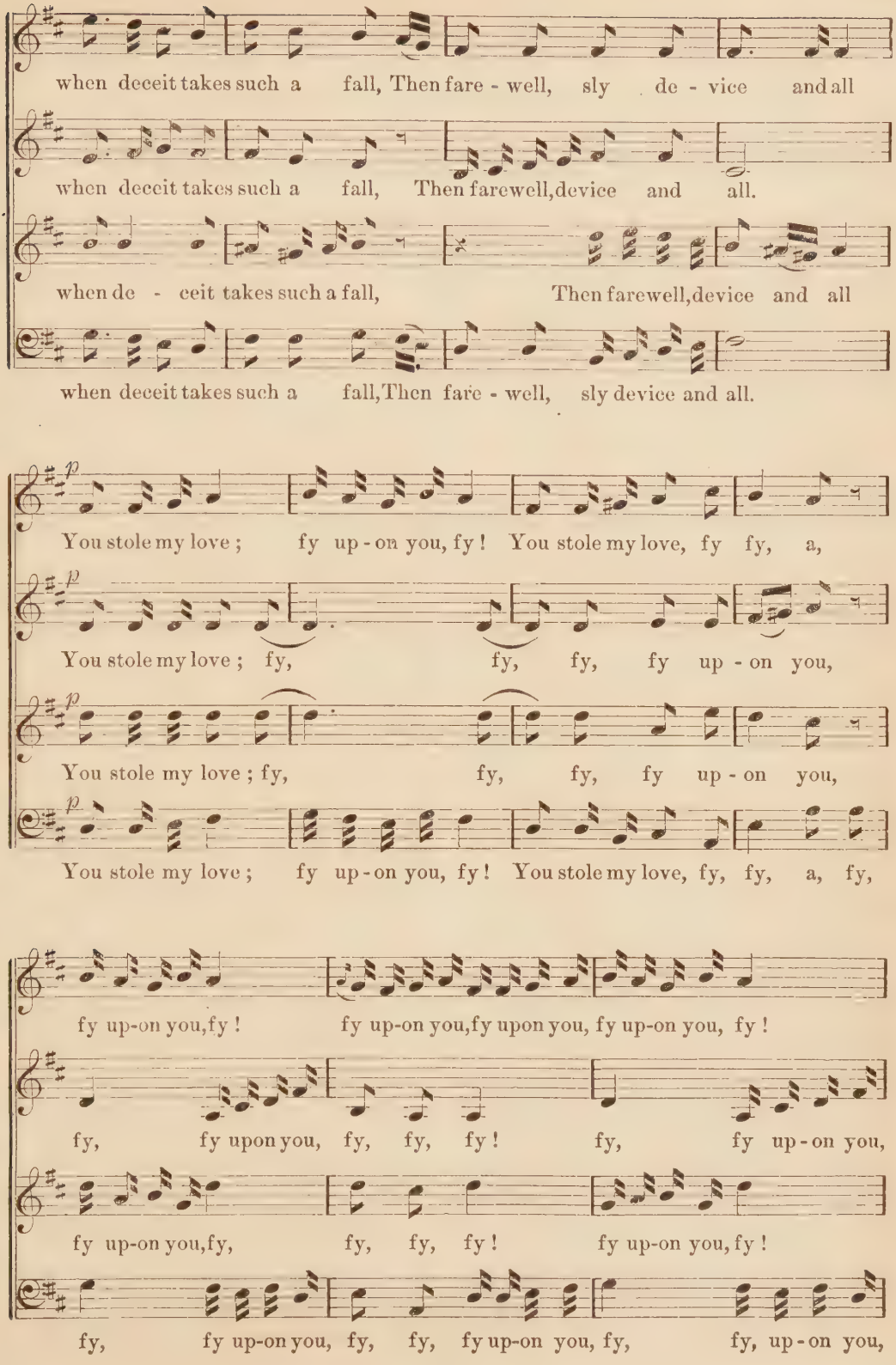


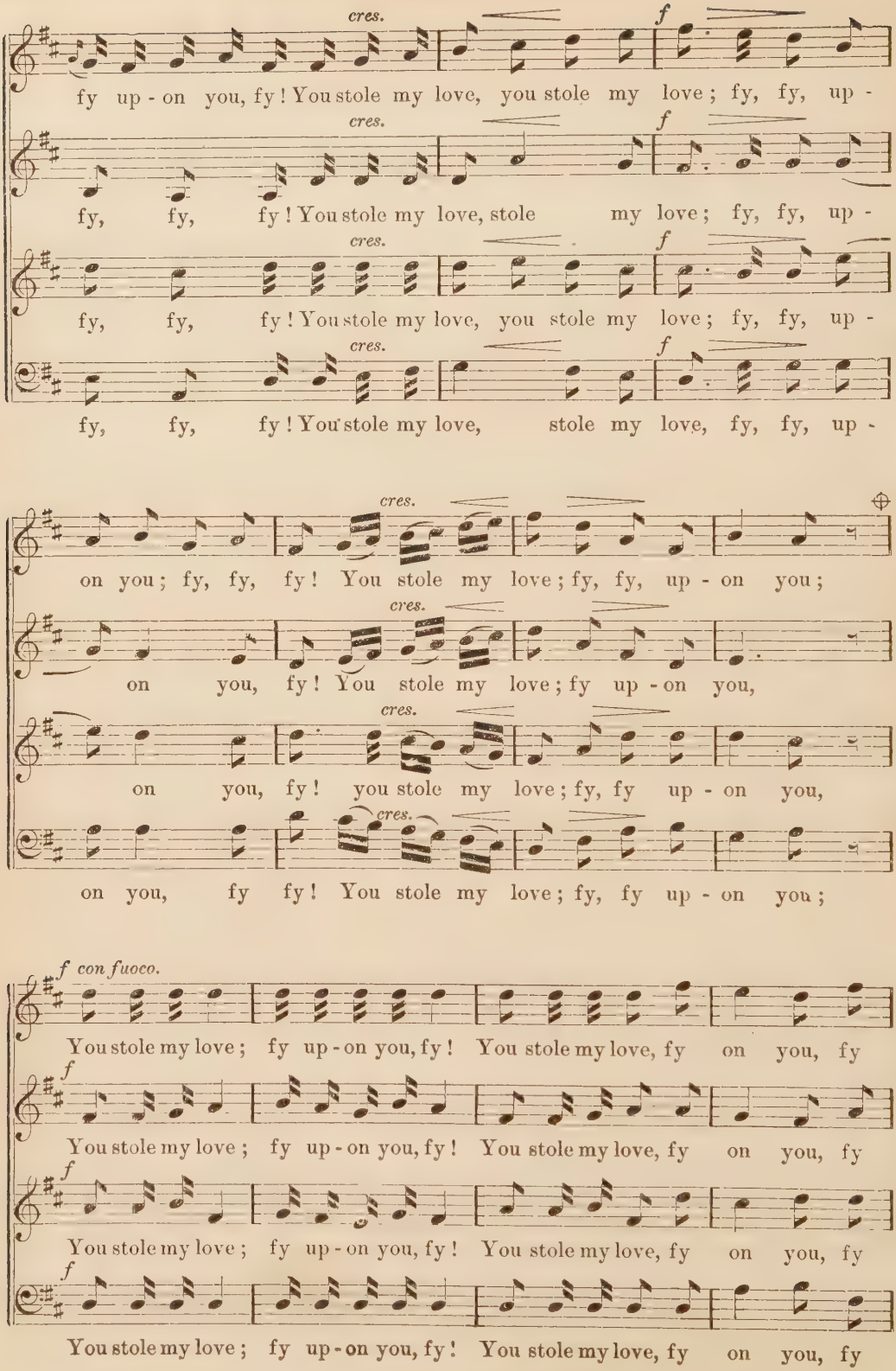

hith - er to wed, Hith - er to sleep in a qui - et bed.
sto - ry you told, Oth - ers are scheming for glory and gold.
young lips meet, O, but the days of life are fleet!
Swing, Ring, And thus I bring,
Swing, Ring, And here I cling.
Swing, Ring, They're van - ish - ing;
All at my beck as I'm swinging, All at my beck as I'm
Shak - ing the grave with my sing-ing, Shak - ing the grave with my
Gone like the strokes I am ring-ing, Gone like the strokes I am
pp
swinging, swinging!
singing, sing-ing!
ringing, ring-ing!
e ritenuto sin al fine.
p pp p ppp

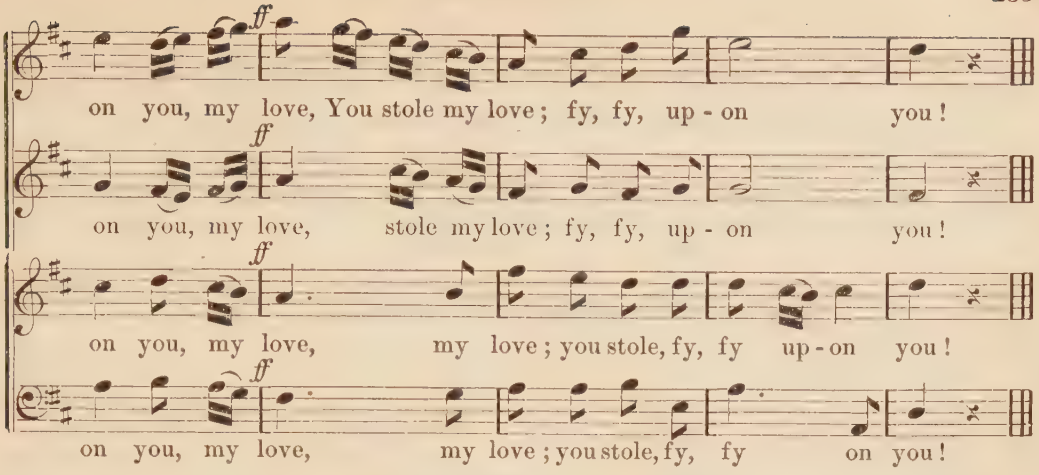
YOU STOLE MY LOVE.

MUNDAY. MACFARREN.



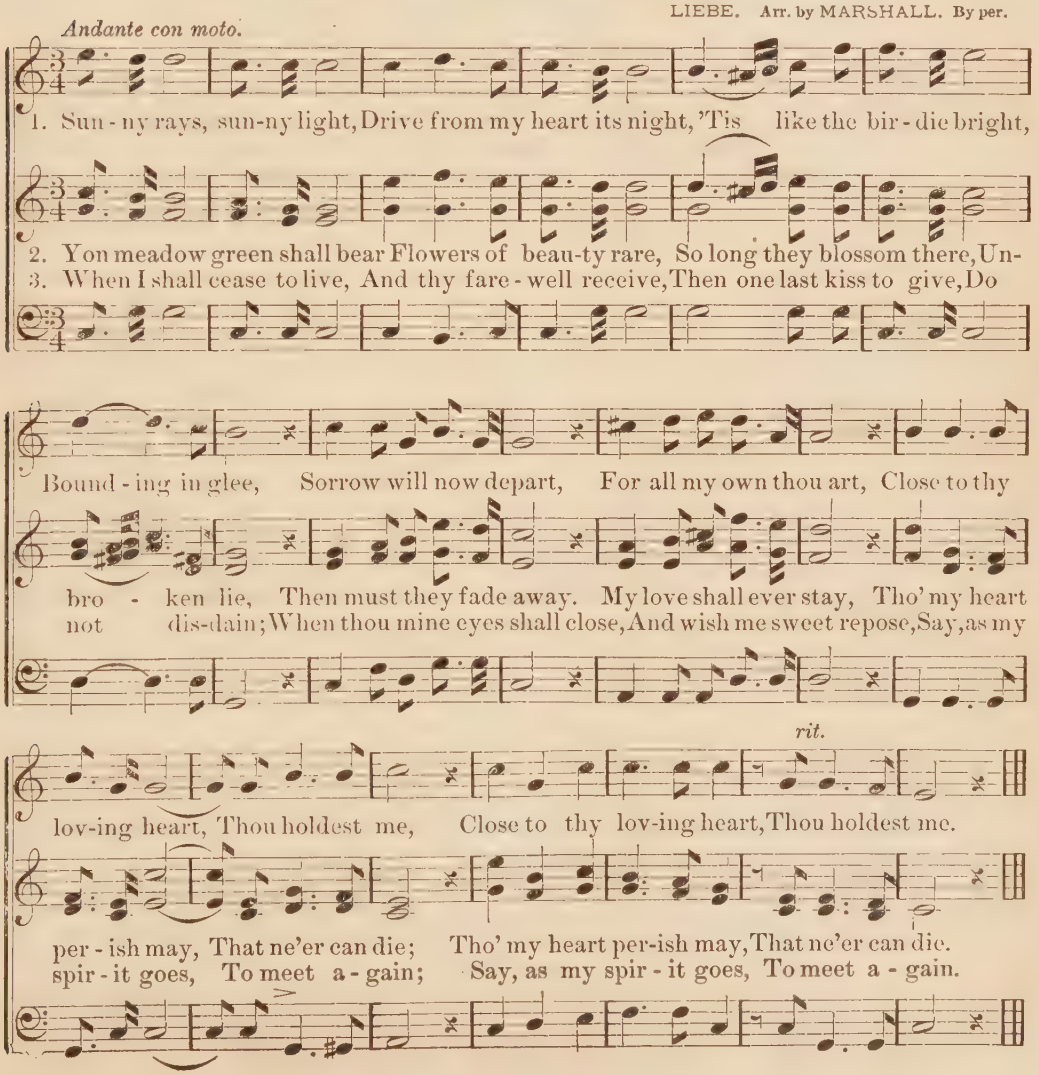

when deceit takes such a fall, Then fare - well, sly de - vice and all
when deceit takes such a fall, Then farewell, device and all.
when de - ceit takes such a fall, Then farewell, device and all
when deceit takes such a fall, Then fare - well, sly device and all.
p
You stole my love; fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, fy fy, a,
You stole my love; fy, fy, fy, fy up - on you,
You stole my love; fy, fy, fy, fy up - on you,
You stole my love; fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, fy, fy, a, fy,
fy up-on you, fy! fy up-on you, fy upon you, fy up-on you, fy!
fy, fy upon you, fy, fy, fy! fy, fy up - on you,
fy up-on you, fy, fy, fy, fy! fy up-on you, fy!
fy, fy up-on you, fy, fy, fy up-on you, fy, fy, up - on you,


cres.
f
fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, you stole my love; fy, fy, up -
fy, fy, fy! You stole my love, stole my love; fy, fy, up -
fy, fy, fy! You stole my love, you stole my love; fy, fy, up -
fy, fy, fy! You stole my love, stole my love, fy, fy, up -
on you; fy, fy, fy! You stole my love; fy, fy, up - on you;
on you, fy! You stole my love; fy up - on you,
on you, fy! you stole my love; fy, fy up - on you,
on you, fy fy! You stole my love; fy, fy up - on you;
f con fuoco.
You stole my love; fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, fy on you, fy
You stole my love; fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, fy on you, fy
You stole my love; fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, fy on you, fy
You stole my love; fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, fy on you, fy



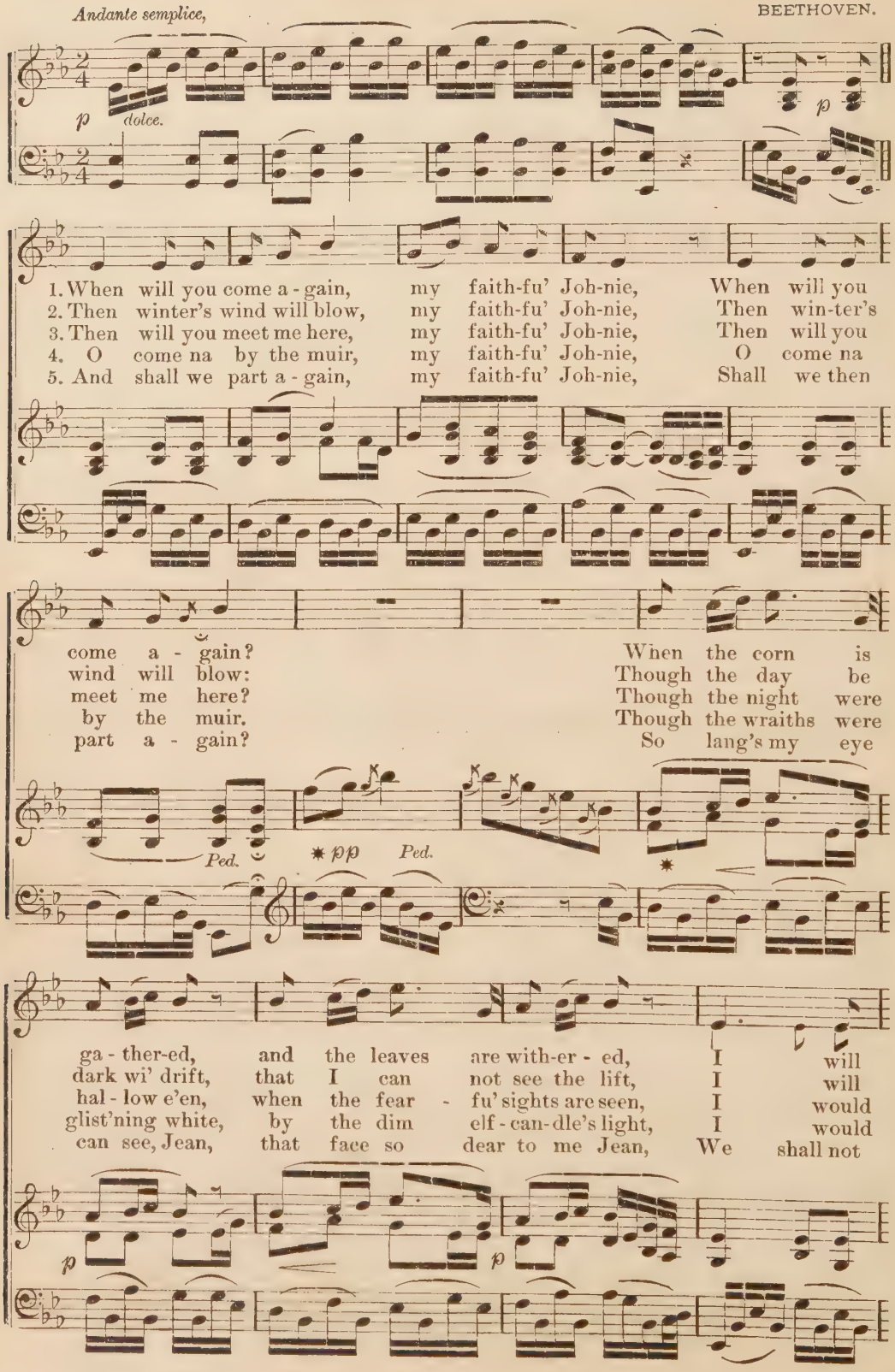
WE'LL MEET ABOVE.

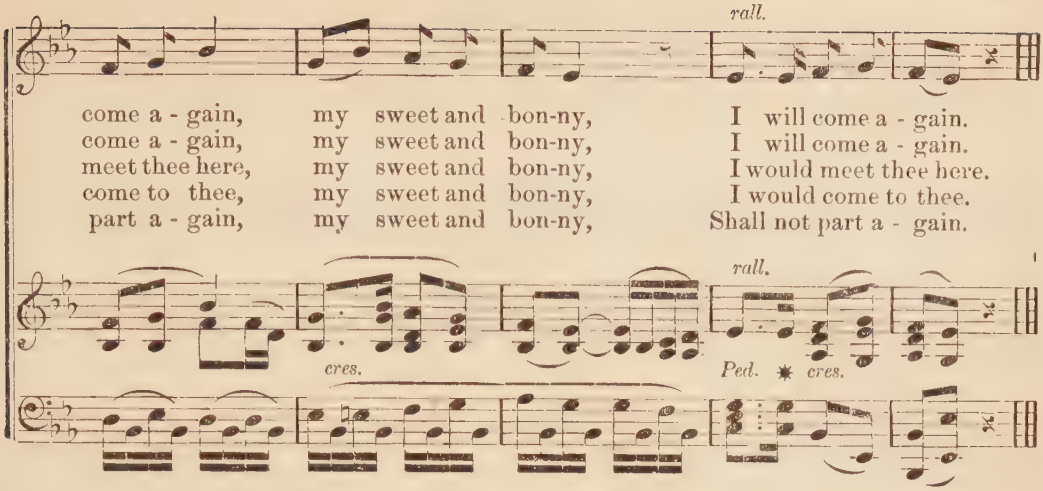
LIEBE. Arr. by MARSHALL. By per.



FAITHFU' JOHNIE.

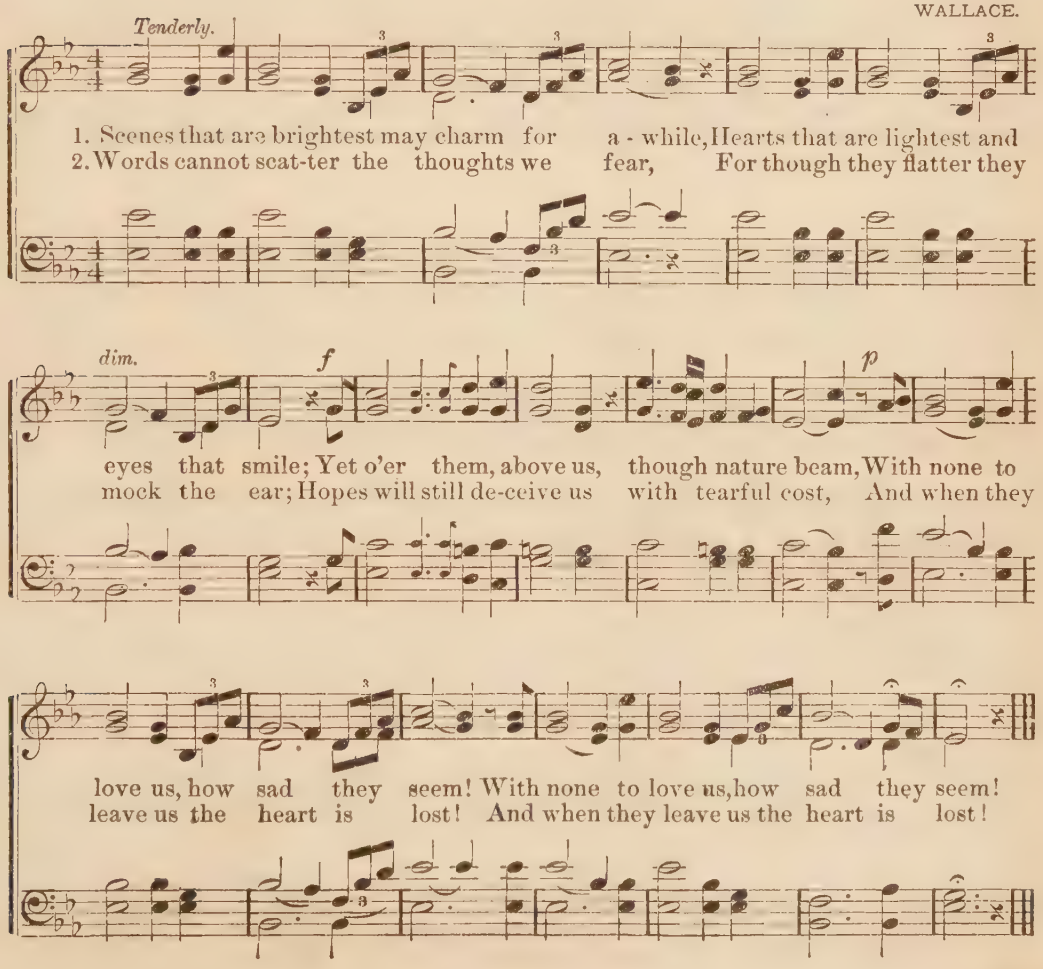
Andante semplice, BEETHOVEN.





SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

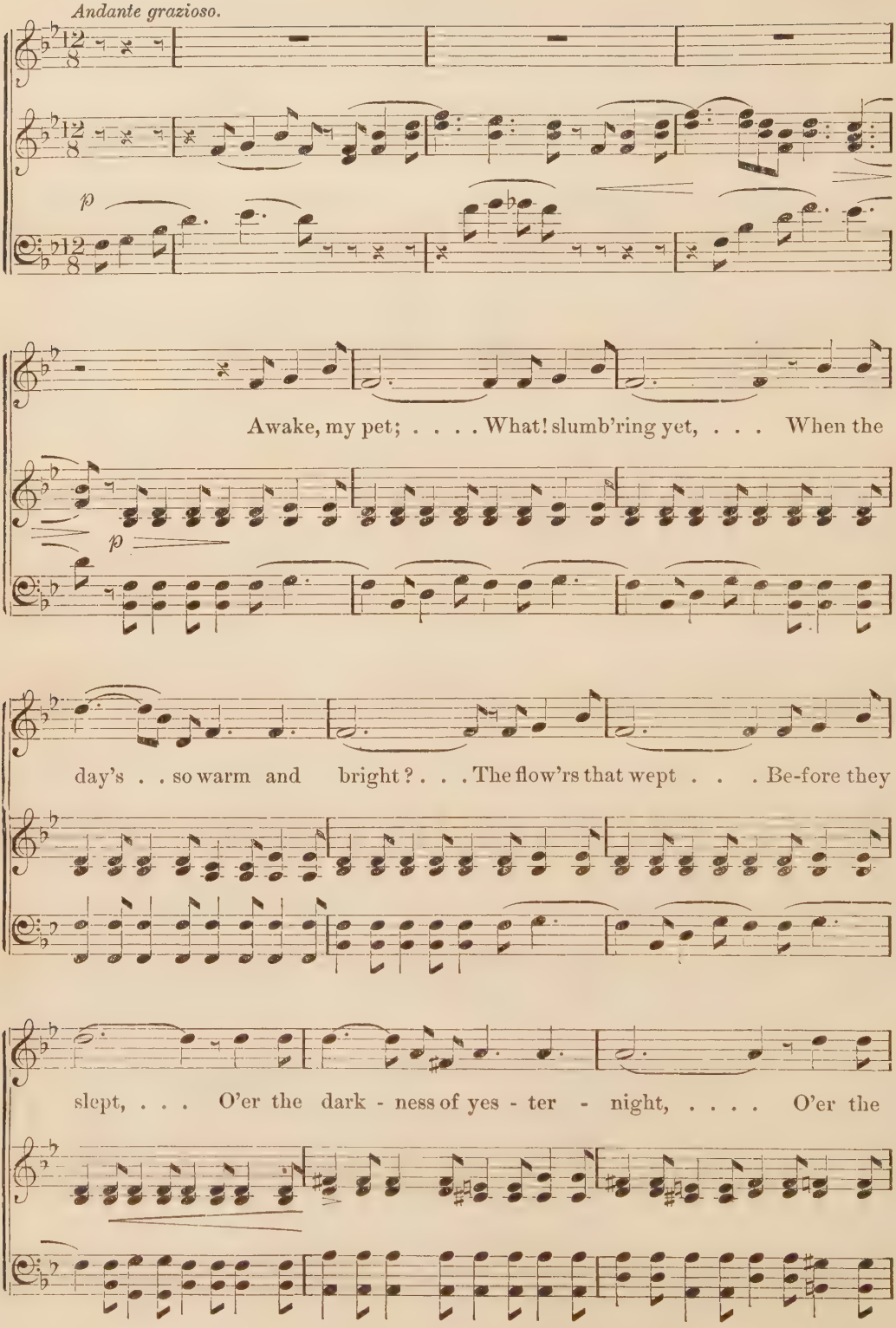
WALLACE.

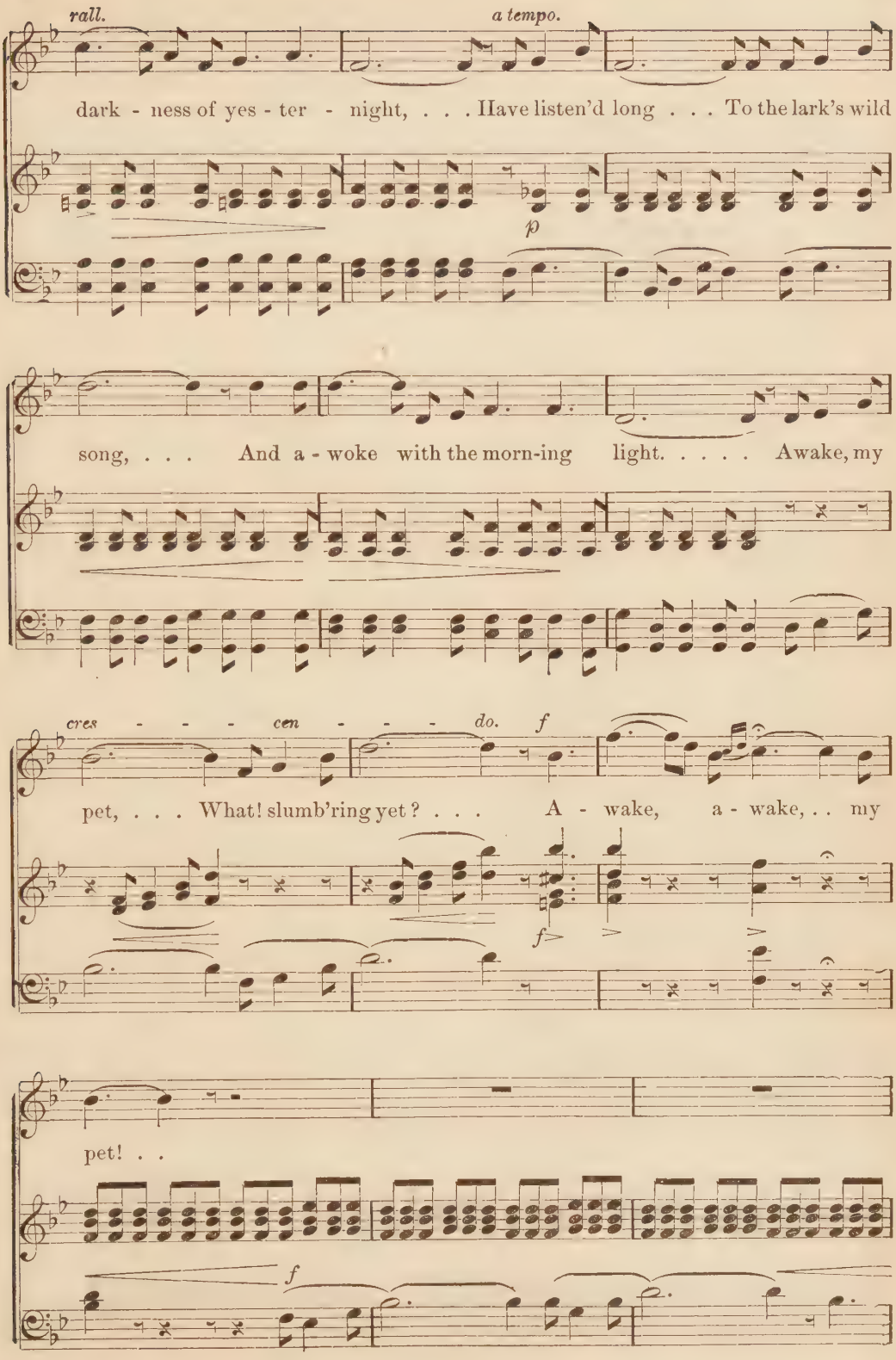


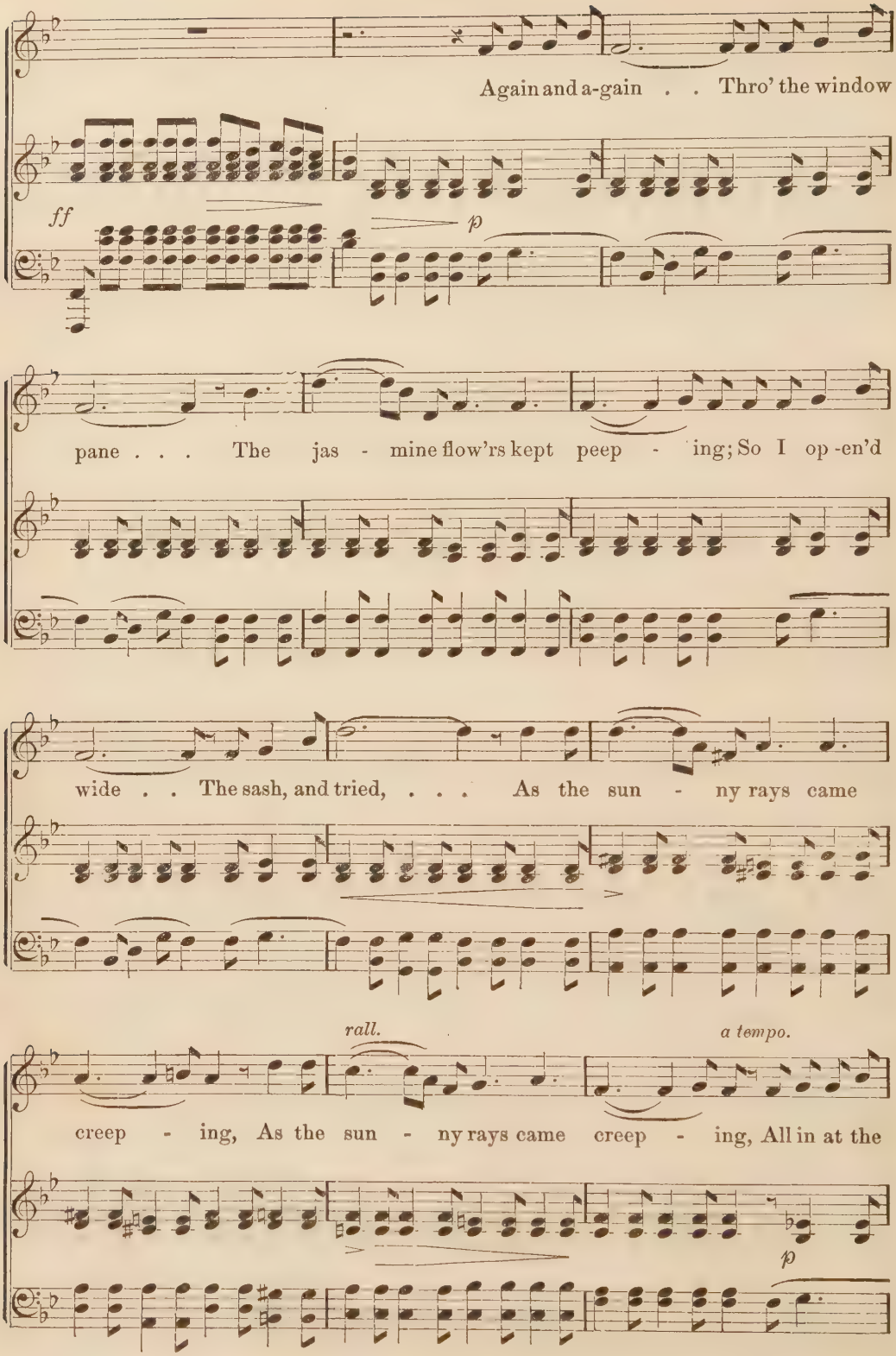
AWAKE.

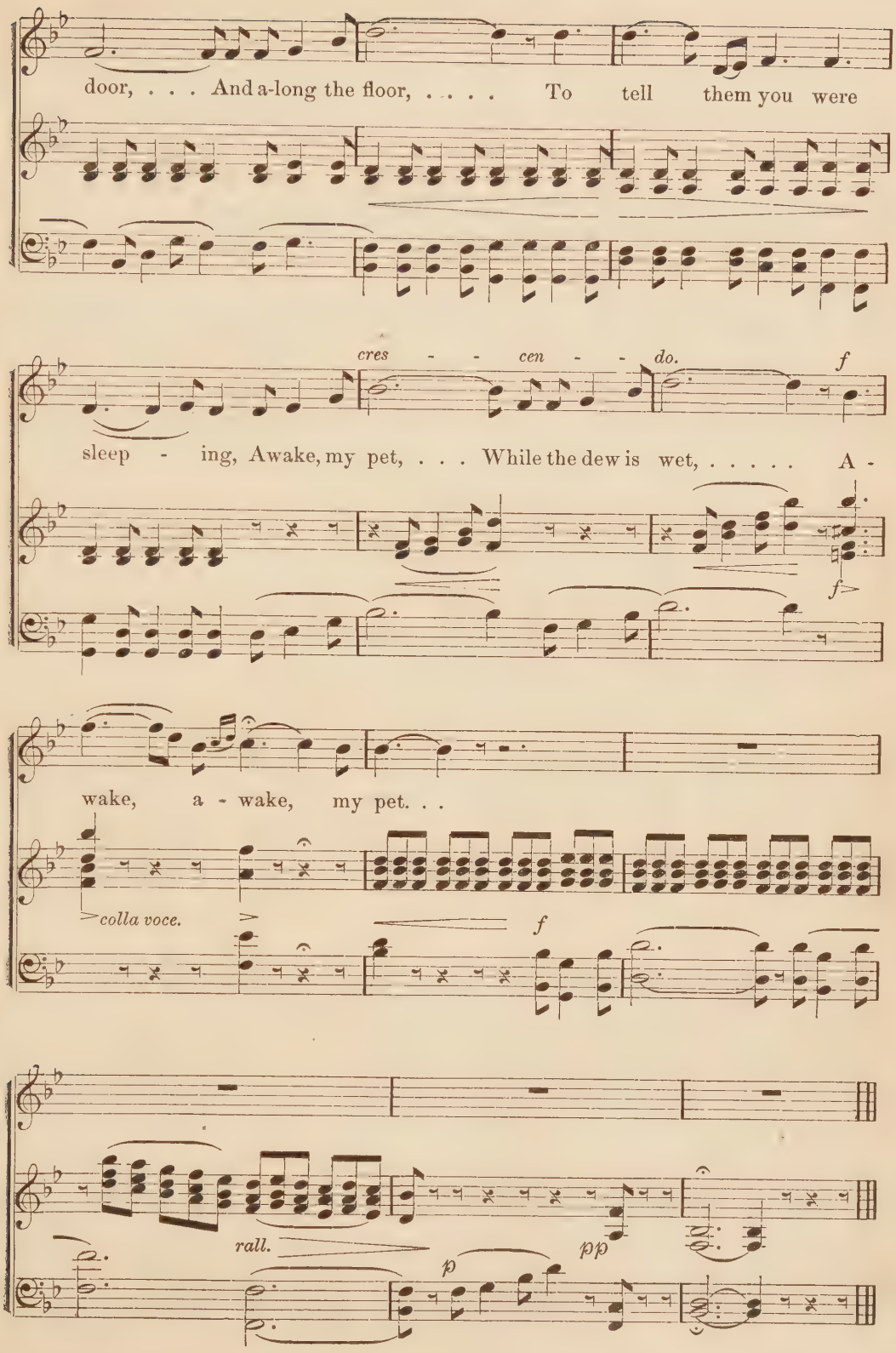
REA. ADAMS.

Andante grazioso.



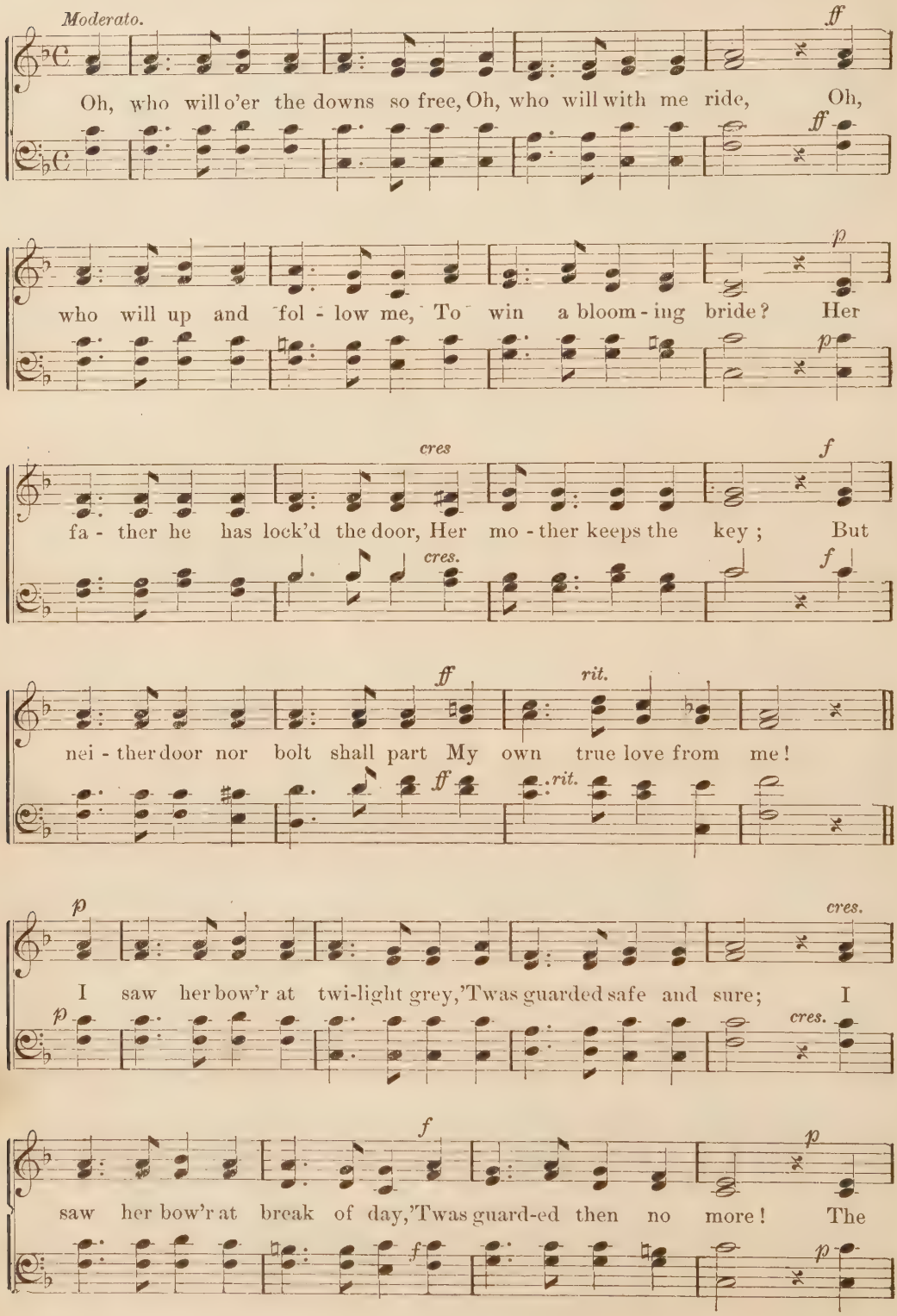

rall.
a tempo.
dark - ness of yes - ter - night, . . . Have listen'd long . . . To the lark's wild
p
song, . . . And a - woke with the morn-ing light. . . . . Awake, my
cres - - - - cen - - - - do. f
pet, . . . What! slumb'ring yet? . . . A - wake, a - wake, . . my
f
pet! . .
f

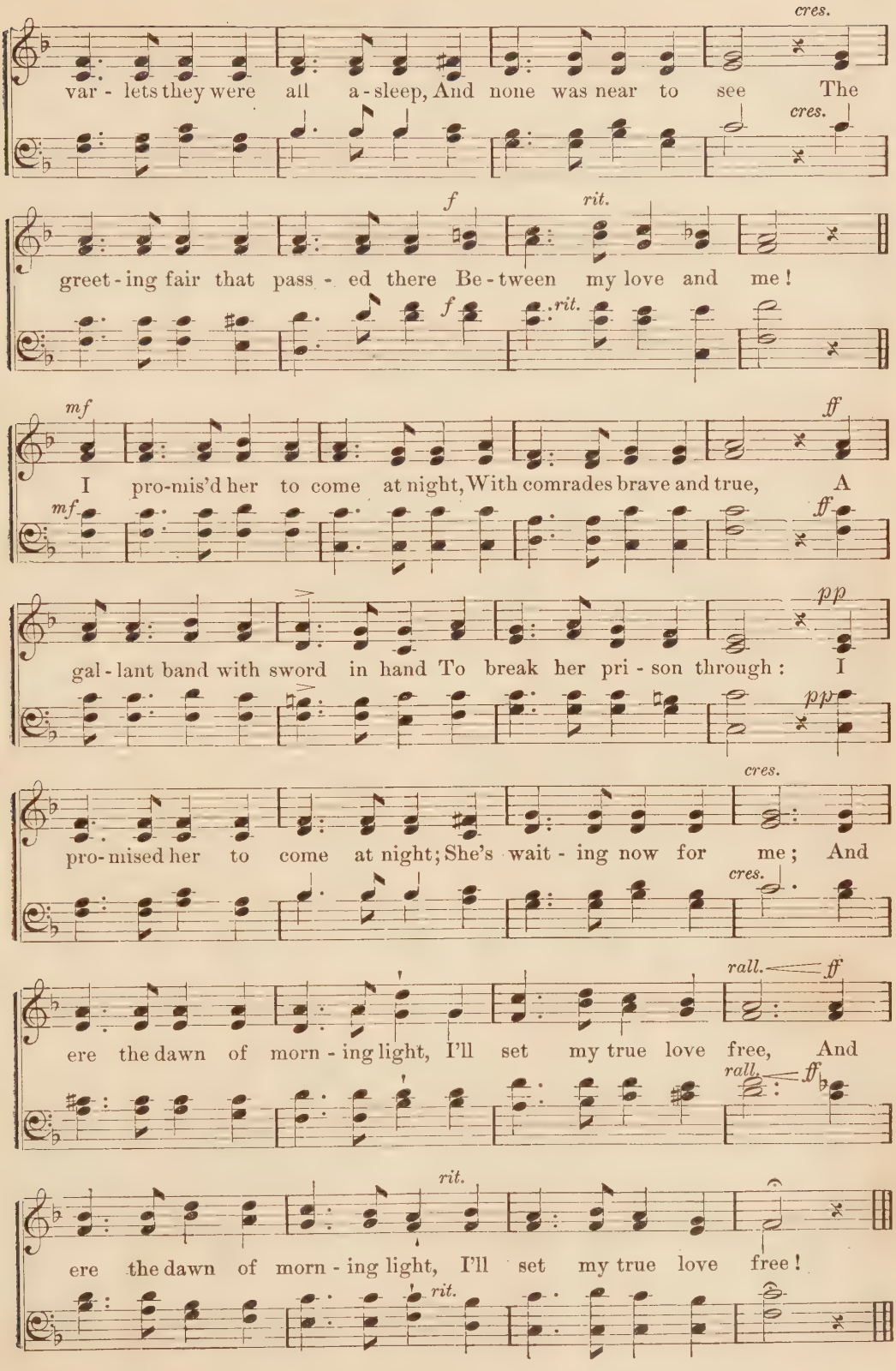

Again and a-gain . . Thro' the window
ff
p
pane . . . The jas - mine flow'rs kept peep - ing; So I op-en'd
wide . . The sash, and tried, . . . As the sun - ny rays came
rall.
a tempo.
creep - ing, As the sun - ny rays came creep - ing, All in at the
p


door, . . . And a-long the floor, ... To tell them you were
cres - - cen - - do.
f
sleep - ing, Awake, my pet, . . . While the dew is wet, ... A -
f
wake, a - wake, my pet. . .
colla voce.
f
rall.
pp
p

OH, WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE.

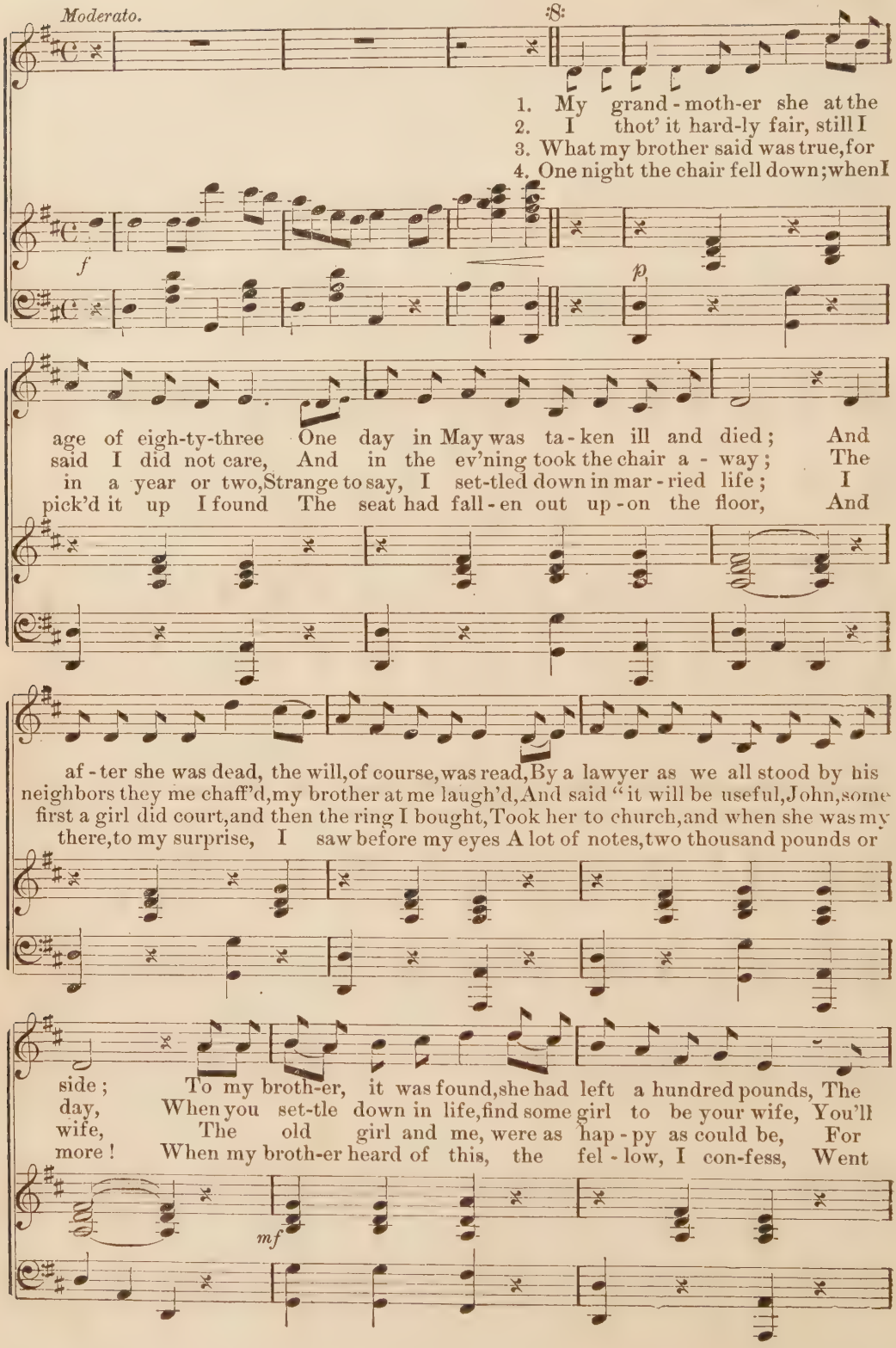
PEARSALL.

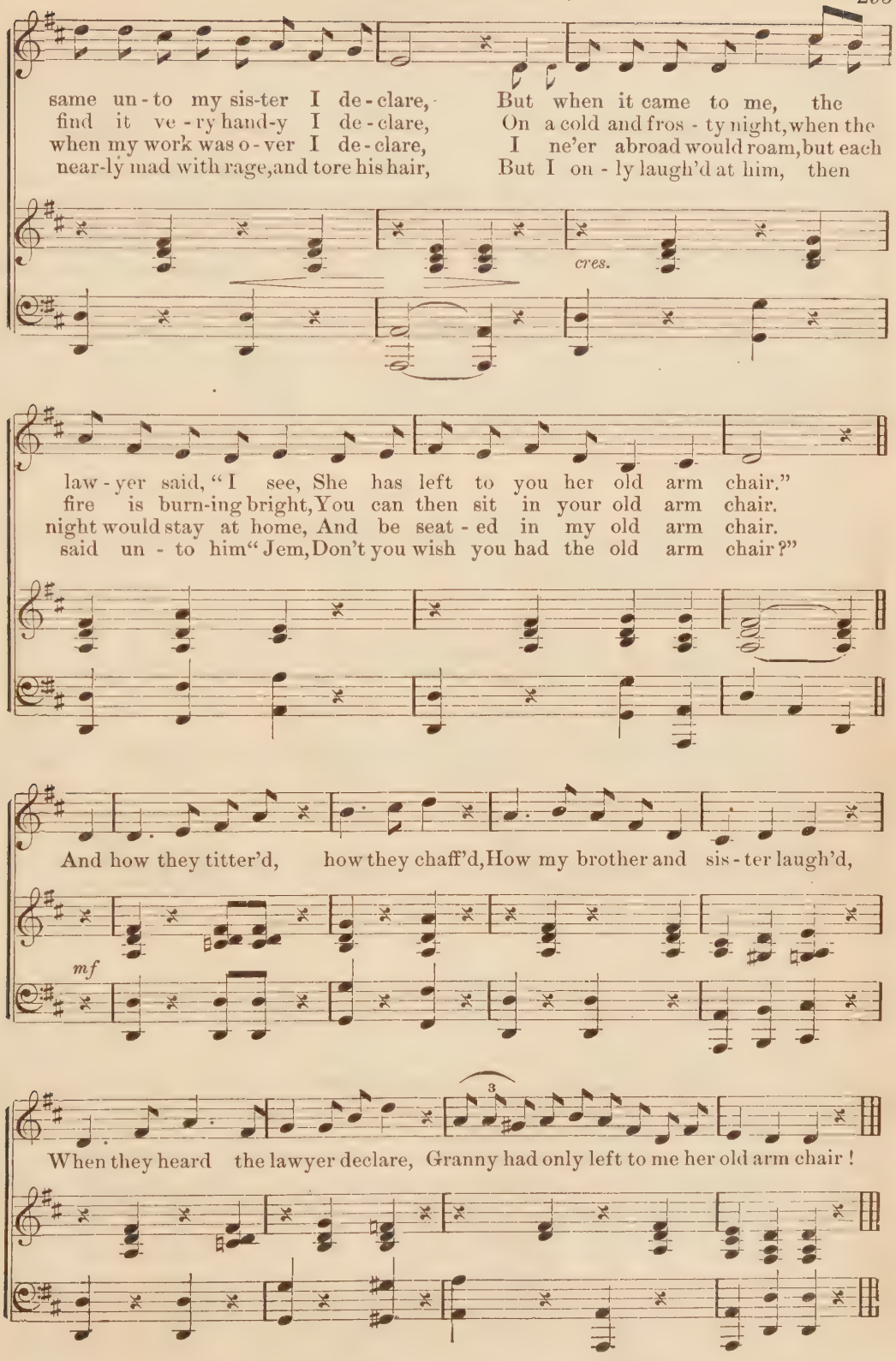



cres.
var - lets they were all a - sleep, And none was near to see The
cres.
f
rit.
greet - ing fair that pass - ed there Be - tween my love and me!
f
rit.
mf
I pro-mis'd her to come at night, With comrades brave and true, A
mf
ff
pp
gal - lant band with sword in hand To break her pri - son through: I
pp
cres.
pro - mised her to come at night; She's wait - ing now for me; And
cres.
rall.
ff
ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free, And
rall.
ff
rit.
ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free!
rit.

GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

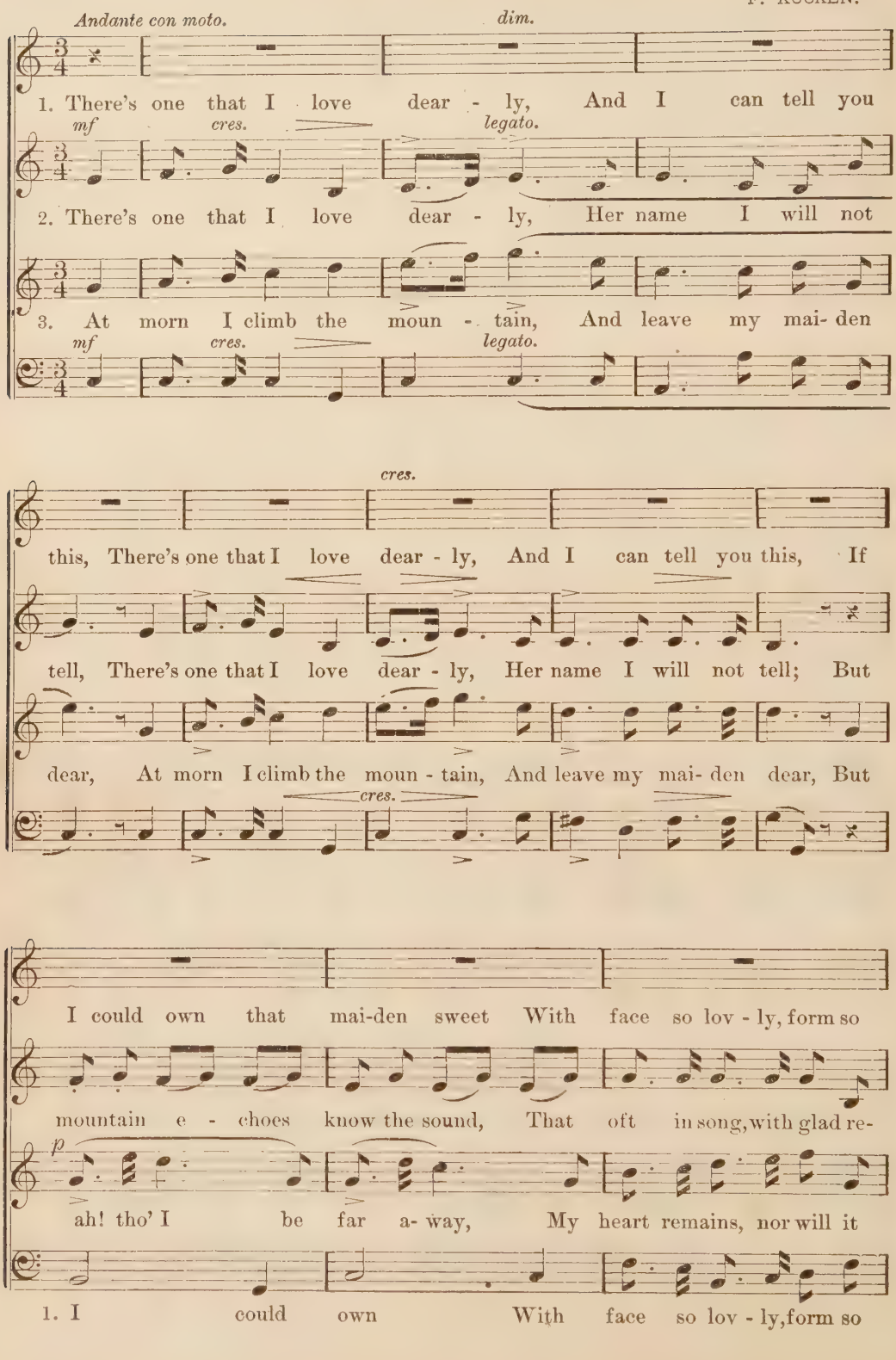
READ. By per.

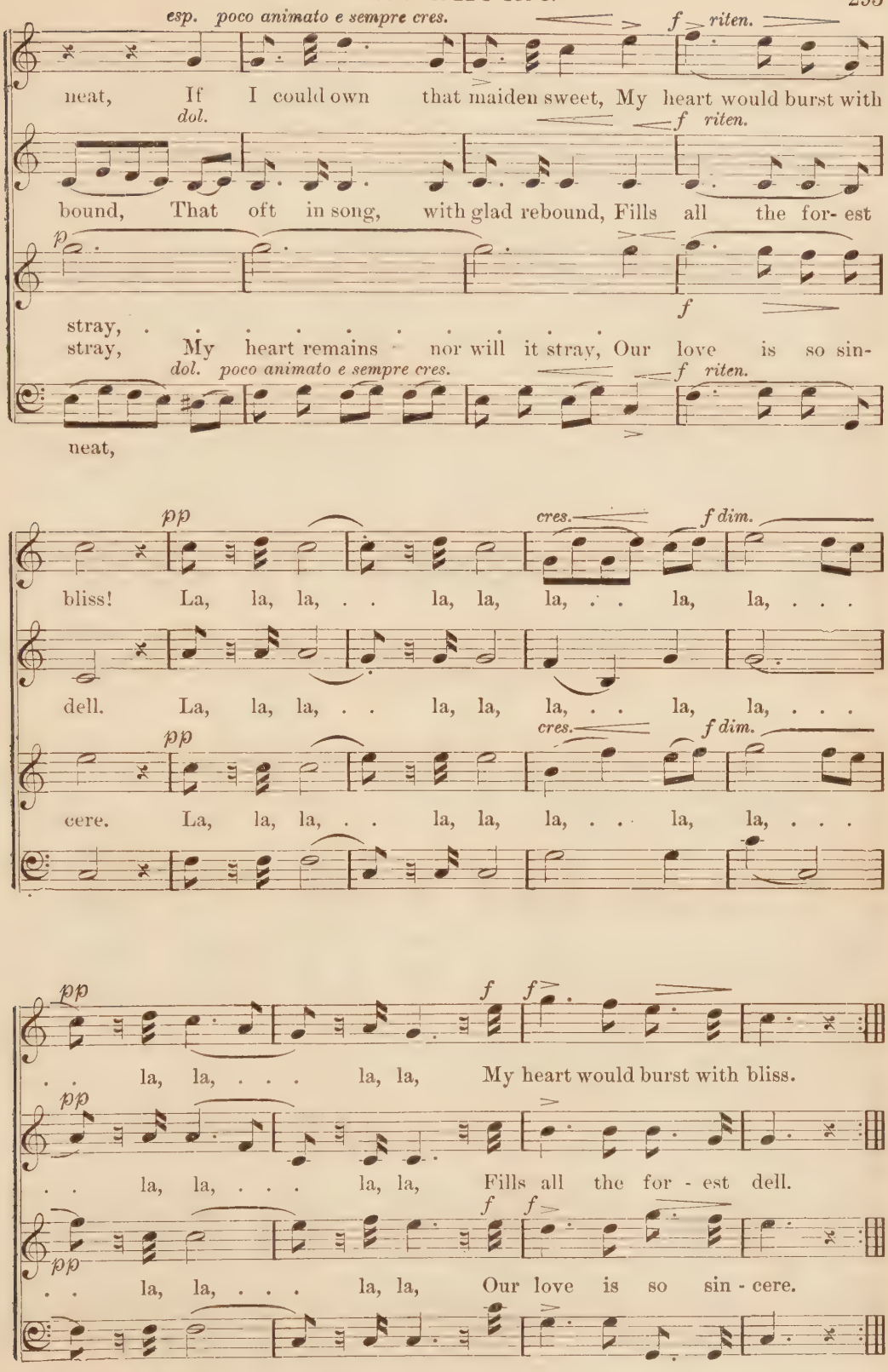



same un - to my sis-ter I de - clare,
find it ve - ry hand-y I de - clare,
when my work was o - ver I de - clare,
near-ly mad with rage, and tore his hair,
But when it came to me, the
On a cold and fros - ty night, when the
I ne'er abroad would roam, but each
But I on - ly laugh'd at him, then
cres.
law - yer said, "I see, She has left to you her old arm chair."
fire is burn-ing bright, You can then sit in your old arm chair.
night would stay at home, And be seat - ed in my old arm chair.
said un - to him "Jem, Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?"
And how they titter'd, how they chaff'd, How my brother and sis - ter laugh'd,
mf
3
When they heard the lawyer declare, Granny had only left to me her old arm chair!

SWISS PEOPLE'S SONG.

F. KUCKEN.

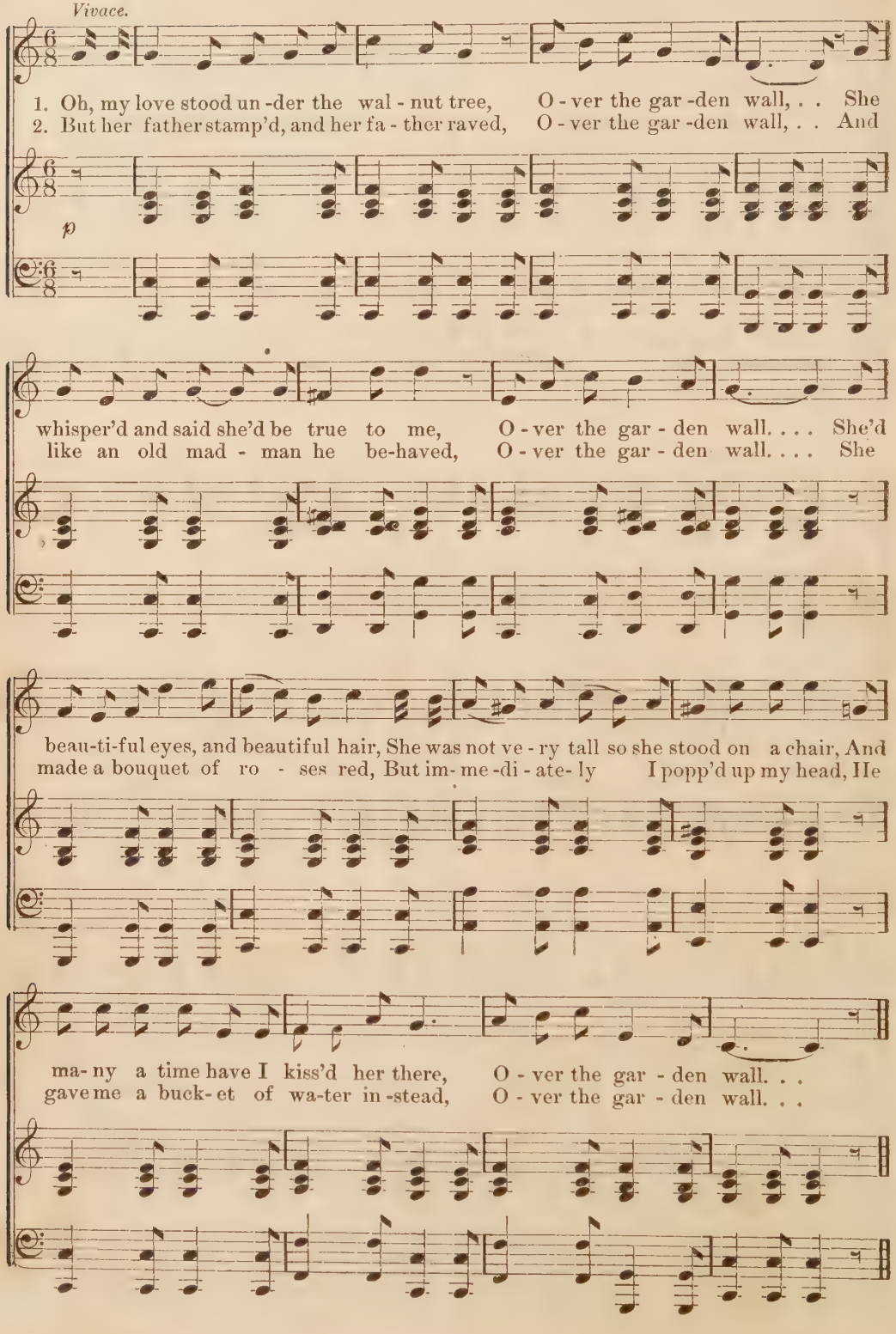


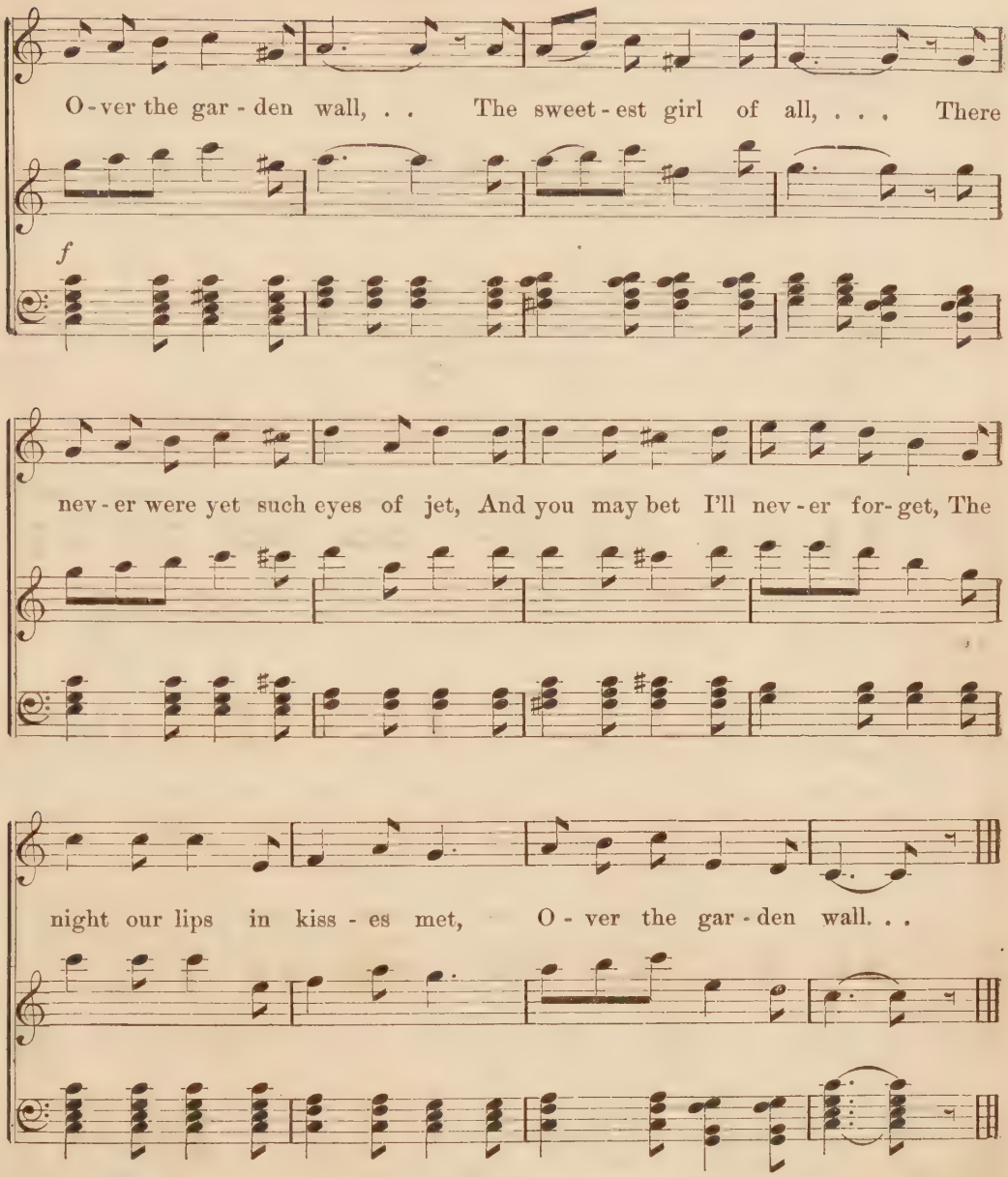

esp. poco animato e sempre cres.
f riten.
neat, If I could own that maiden sweet, My heart would burst with
dol.
f riten.
bound, That oft in song, with glad rebound, Fills all the for- est
p
f
stray, ...
stray, My heart remains nor will it stray, Our love is so sin-
dol. poco animato e sempre cres.
f riten.
neat,
pp
cres.
f dim.
bliss! La, la, la, . . la, la, la, . . la, la, . . .
dell. La, la, la, . . la, la, la, . . la, la, . . .
pp
cres.
f dim.
cere. La, la, la, . . la, la, la, . . la, la, . . .
pp
f
f
. . la, la, . . . la, la, My heart would burst with bliss.
pp
. . la, la, . . . la, la, Fills all the for - est dell.
f
f
pp
. . la, la, . . . la, la, Our love is so sin - cere.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

HUNTER. FOX. By per.

Vivace.





3 One day I jumped down on the other side,
Over the garden wall,
And she bravely promised to be my bride,
Over the garden wall;
But she scream'd in a fright, "Here's father, quick,
I have an impression he's bringing a stick;"
But I brought the impression of half a brick
Over the garden wall.
CHO.—

4 But where there's a will, there's always a way,
Over the garden wall,
There's always a night as well as a day,
Over the garden wall.
We hadn't much money, but weddings are cheap,
So while the old fellow was snoring asleep,
With a lad and a ladder she managed to creep
Over the garden wall.
CHO.—

MAMMA, MAMMA.

BAYLY

BLEWITT.

Allegretto.

f

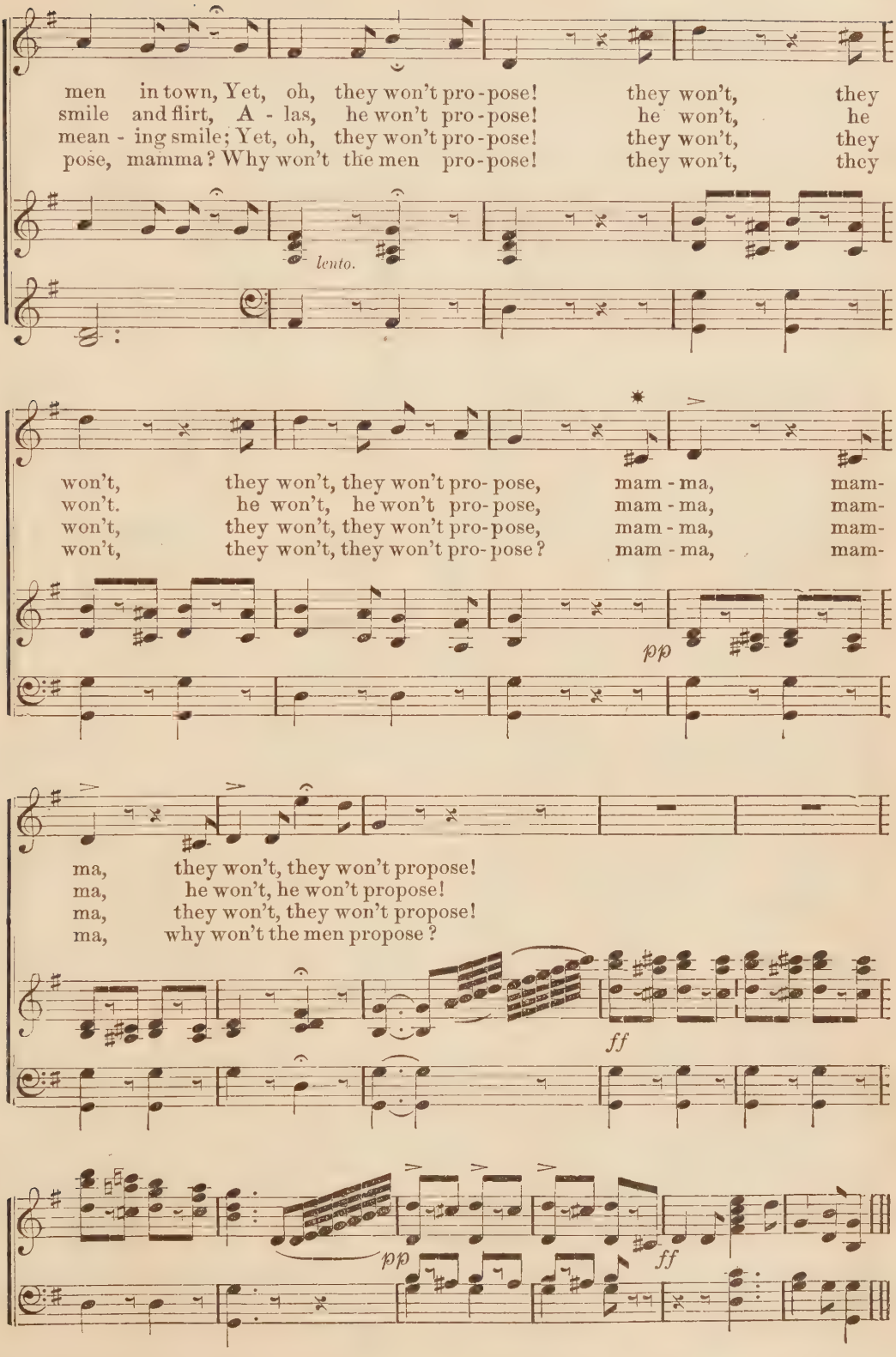
1. Why don't the men propose, mamma? Why don't the men pro-pose? Each
2. I'm sure I've done the best, mamma, To make a prop - er match; For
3. I threw a-side the books and thought That Ig- norance was bliss; I
4. And what is to be done mamma? Oh, what is to be done? I

p

seems just com-ing to the point, And then a-way he goes! It
Cor - o-nets and eld - est sons, I'm ev - er on the watch; I've
felt convinced that men prefer'd A sim - ple sort of Miss; And
real - ly have no time to lose, For I am thir - ty - one; At

f

is no fault of yours, mamma, That ev'-ry bo - dy knows; You fête the fin - est
hopes when some distingué beau, A glance upon me throws; But though he'll dance and
so I lisp'd out naught beyond Plain "yeses," or "plain noes," And wore a sweet un-
balls I am too oft - en left Where spinsters sit in rows; Why won't the men pro-


men in town, Yet, oh, they won't pro-pose! they won't, they
smile and flirt, A - las, he won't pro-pose! he won't, he
mean - ing smile; Yet, oh, they won't pro-pose! they won't, they
pose, mamma? Why won't the men pro-pose! they won't, they
lento.
won't, they won't, they won't pro-pose, mam - ma, mam-
won't. he won't, he won't pro-pose, mam - ma, mam-
won't, they won't, they won't pro-pose, mam - ma, mam-
won't, they won't, they won't pro-pose? mam - ma, mam-
pp
ma, they won't, they won't propose!
ma, he won't, he won't propose!
ma, they won't, they won't propose!
ma, why won't the men propose?
ff
pp
ff

THE THREE CALLS.

WOODBURY. By per.

Allegretto piu Recitante.

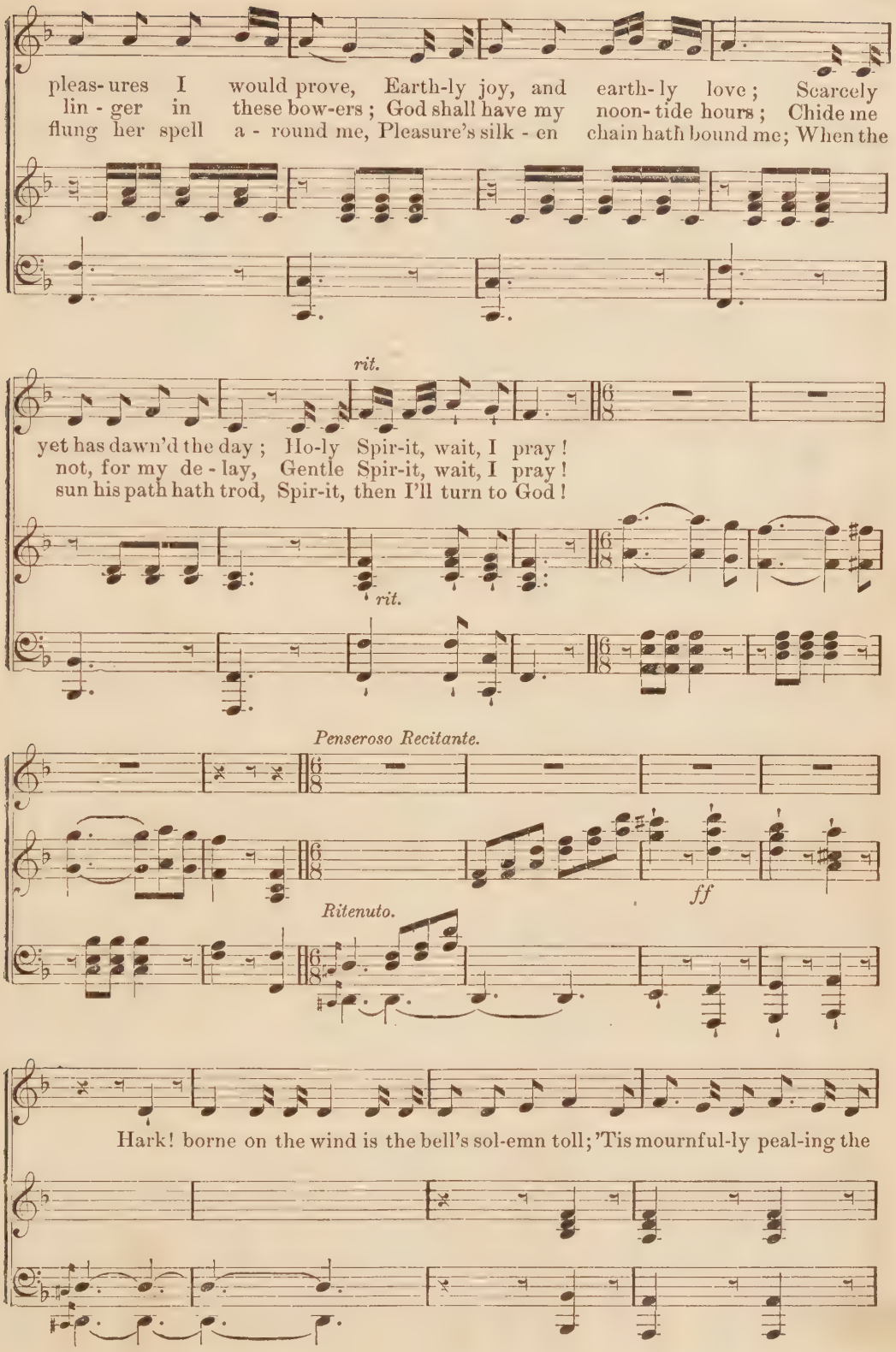
3d hour.—O slum - ber-er, rouse thee! de - spise not the truth, But give thy Cre-
6th & 9th hours.—O loi - ter-er, speed thee! the morn wears a - pace; Then squan - der no
11th hour.—O sin - ner, a-rouse thee! thy morn - ing is pass'd; Al - read - y the

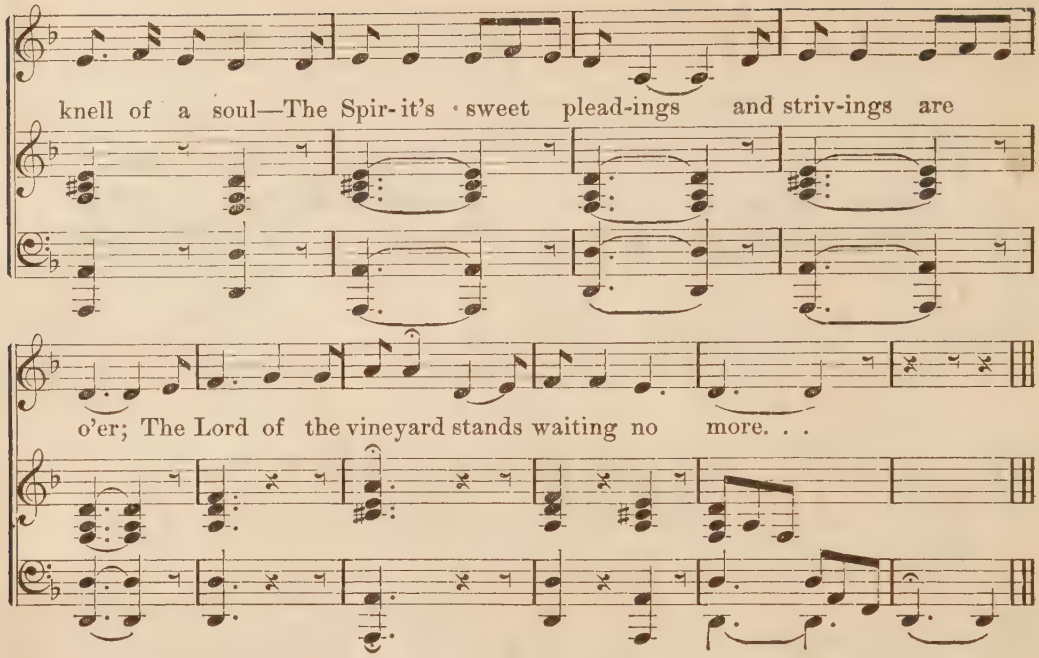
a - tor the days of thy youth; Why stand - est there i - dle! the
long - er the mo - ments of grace, But haste while there's time! with thy
shad - ows are length - en - ing fast; Es - cape, for thy life! from the

day breaketh, see! The Lord of the vine - yard is wait - ing for thee.
Mas - ter a - gree; The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for thee.
dark mountains flee; The Lord of the vine - yard yet wait - eth for thee.

Andante affetuoso.

"Ho - ly Spir - it, by thy pow-er, Grant me yet an - oth - er hour; Earthly
Gen-tle Spir - it, stay, oh stay, Brightly beams the ear - ly day; Let me
Spir-it, cease thy mournful lay, Leave me to my - self, I pray; Earth hath


pleas- ures I would prove, Earth-ly joy, and earth- ly love; Scarcely
lin - ger in these bow-ers; God shall have my noon- tide hours; Chide me
flung her spell a - round me, Pleasure's silk - en chain hath bound me; When the
rit.
yet has dawn'd the day; Ho-ly Spir-it, wait, I pray!
not, for my de - lay, Gentle Spir-it, wait, I pray!
sun his path hath trod, Spir-it, then I'll turn to God!
rit.
Penseroso Recitante.
ff
Ritenuto.
Hark! borne on the wind is the bell's sol-emn toll; 'Tis mournful-ly peal-ing the



ALL IS WELL.

BOWLY. MARSHALL. By per.

Allegro moderato.

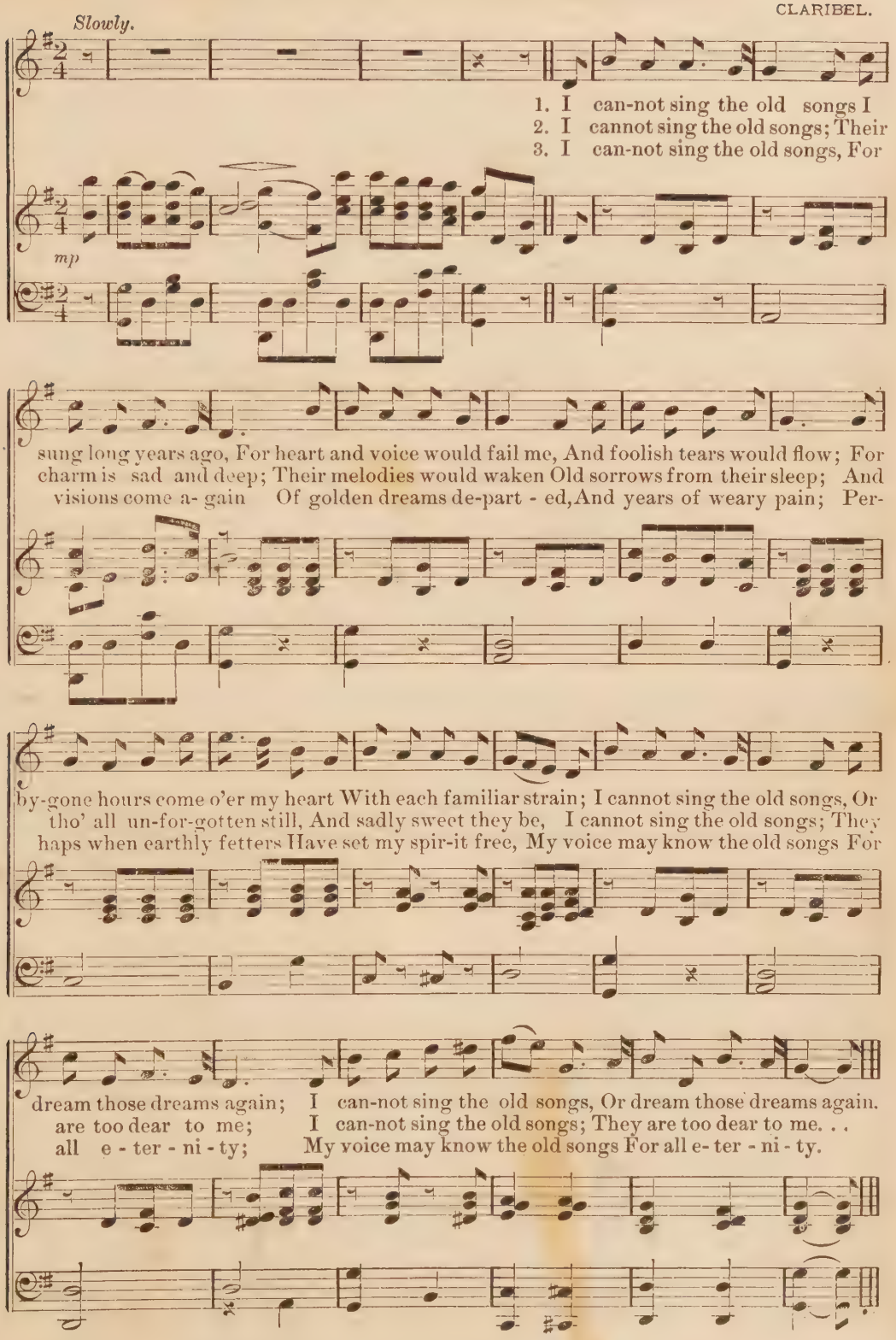
1. Thro' the love of God, our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is His fa-vor;
2. Tho' we pass thro' tribulation, All will be well; Ours is such a full sal-va-tion;
3. We expect a bright tomorrow, All will be well; Faith can sing thro' days of sorrow;

All, all is well! Precious is the Blood that healed us, Per-fect is the grace that
All, all is well! Hap-py, still in God con-fid-ing, Fruit-ful, if in Christ a
All, all is well! On our Father's love re-ly-ing, Je-sus eve-ry need sup-

sealed us, Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us; All must be well!
bid-ing, Ho-ly, through the Spir-it's guid-ing; All must be well!
ply-ing, Or in liv-ing, or in dy-ing; All must be well!

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

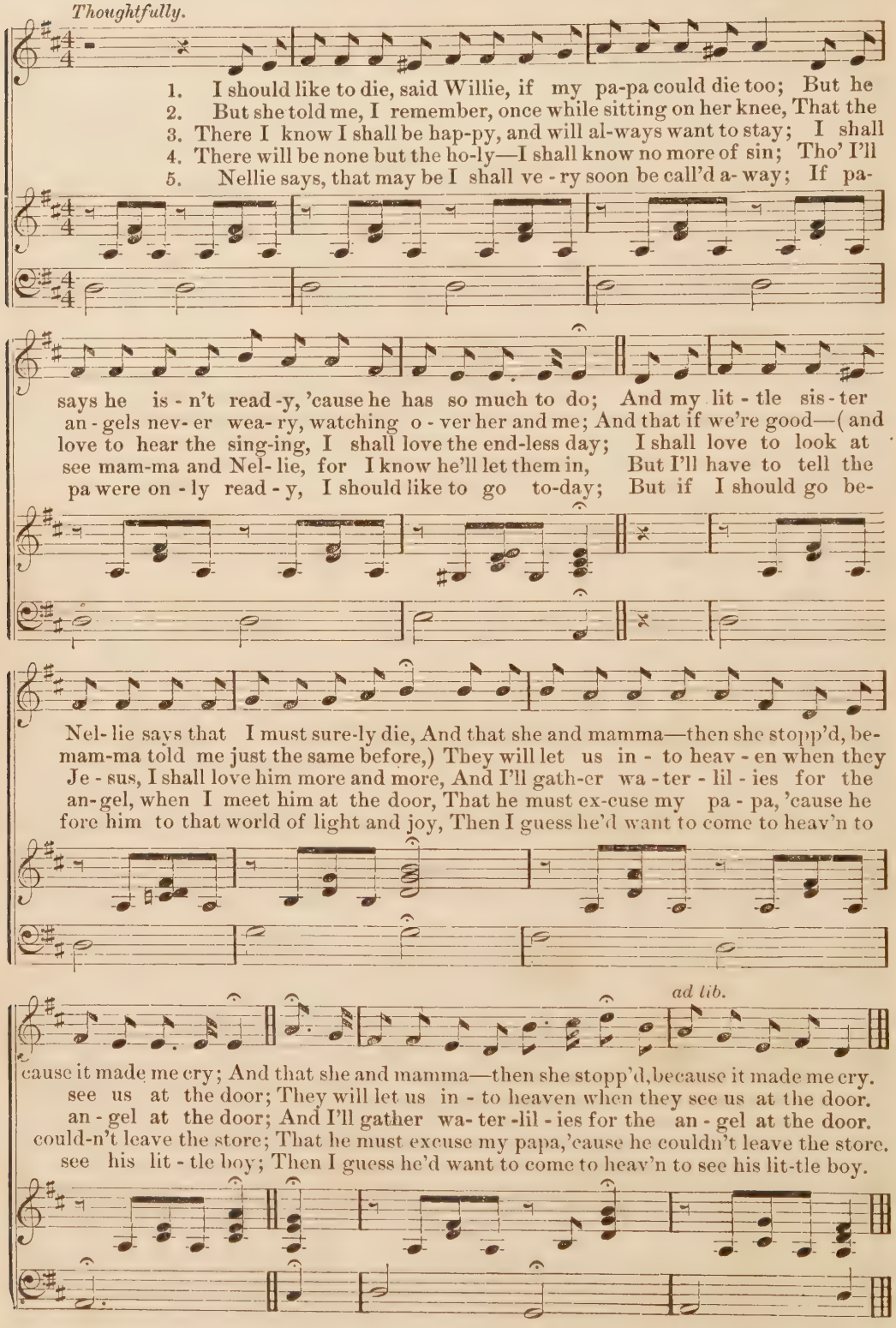
CLARIBEL.



IF PAPA WERE ONLY READY.

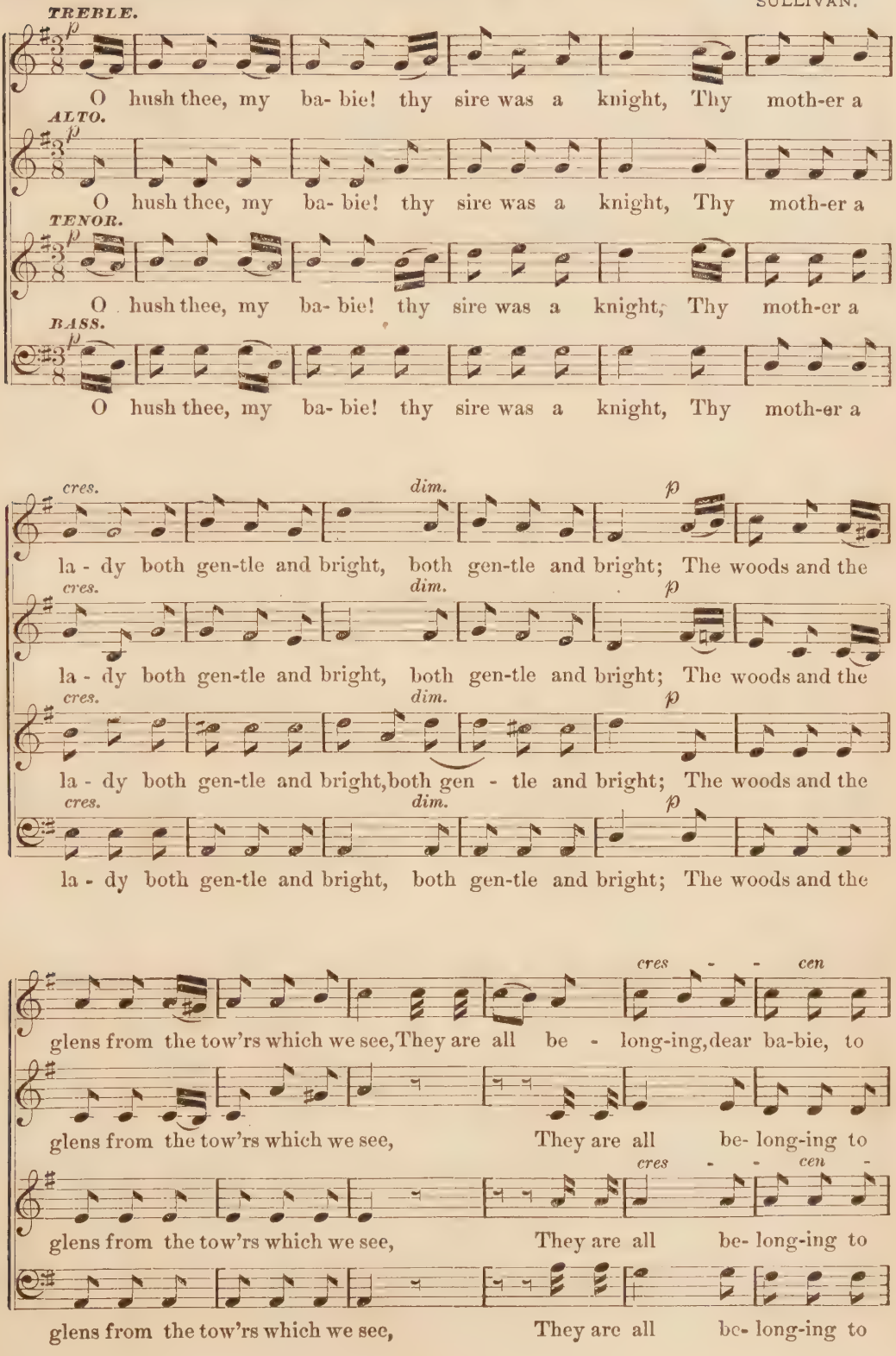
BLISS. By per.

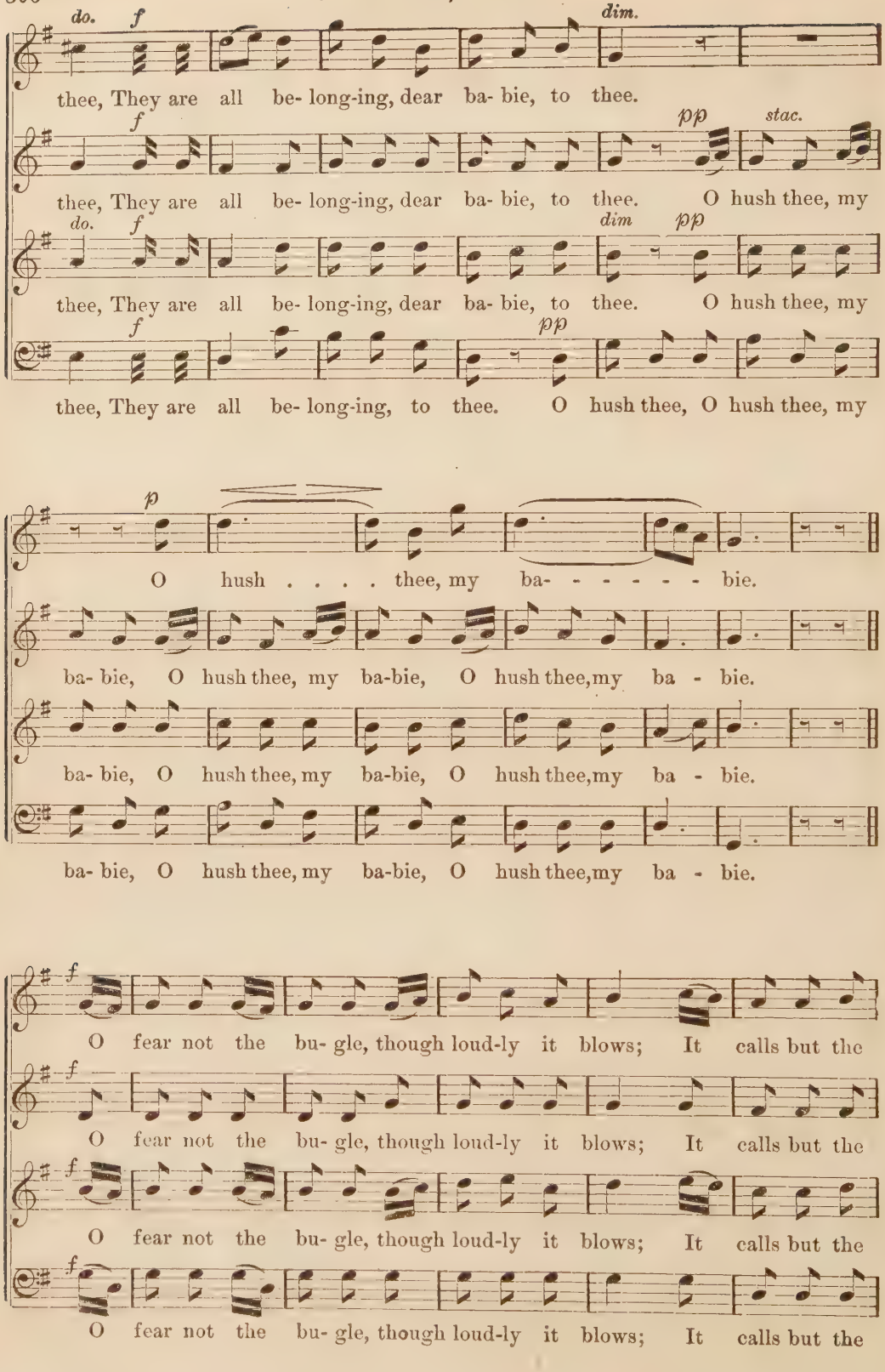
Thoughtfully.

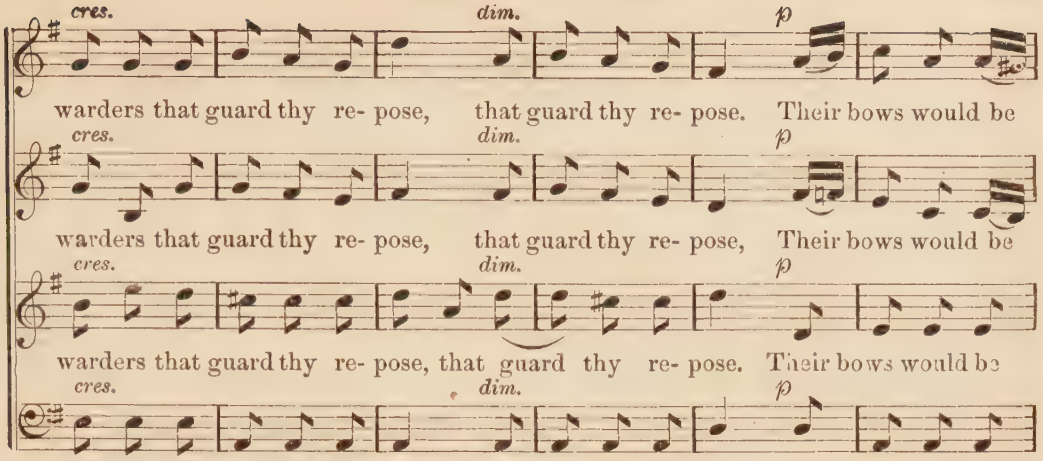


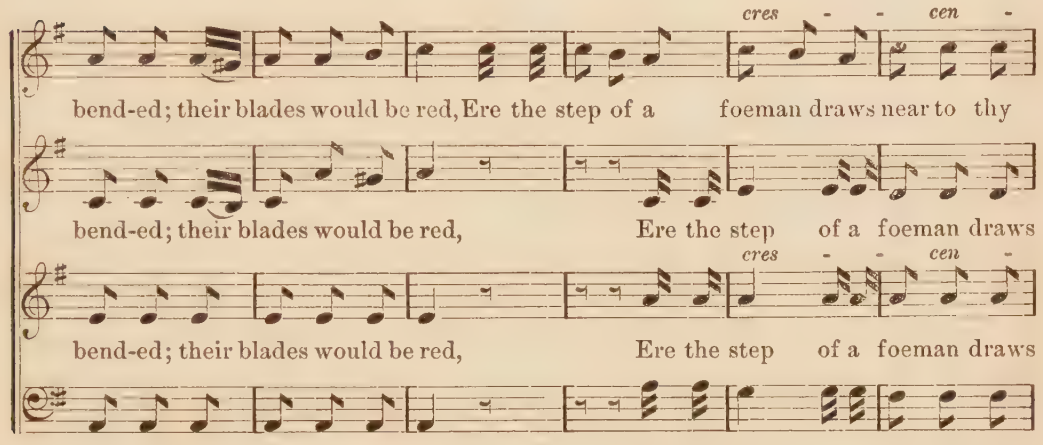
O HUSH THEE, MY BABIE!

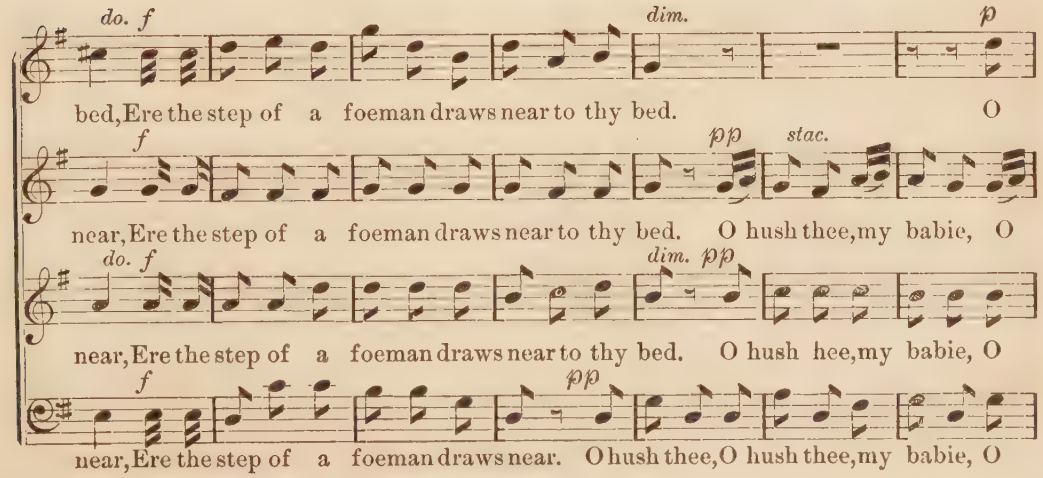
SULLIVAN.

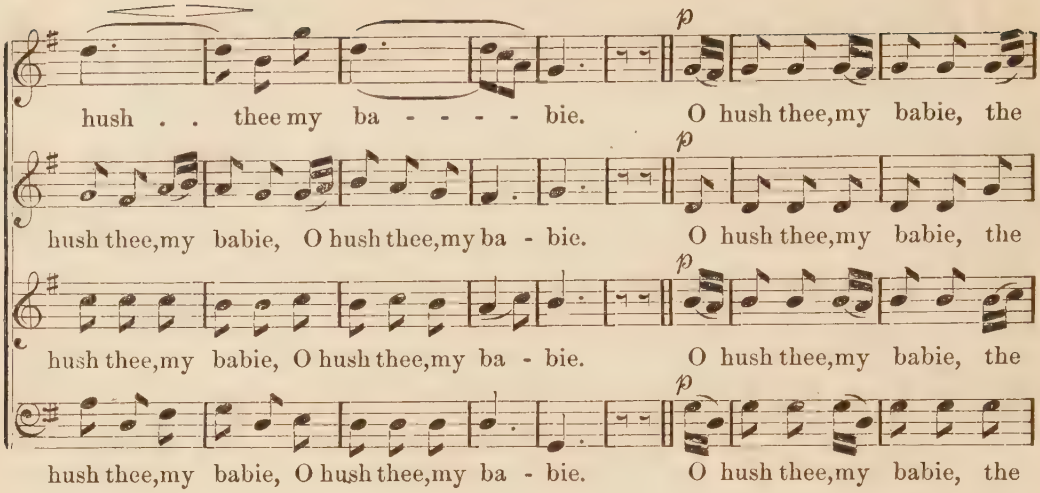


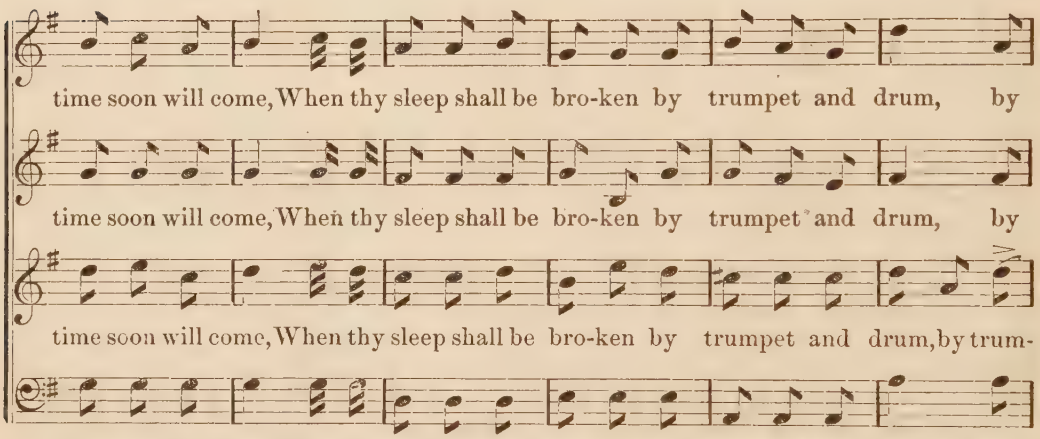

do. f
dim.
thee, They are all be- long-ing, dear ba- bie, to thee.
f
pp stac.
thee, They are all be- long-ing, dear ba- bie, to thee. O hush thee, my
do. f
dim pp
thee, They are all be- long-ing, dear ba- bie, to thee. O hush thee, my
f
pp
thee, They are all be- long-ing, to thee. O hush thee, O hush thee, my
p
O hush . . . . thee, my ba- - - - - - bie.
ba- bie, O hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee,my ba - bie.
ba- bie, O hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee,my ba - bie.
ba- bie, O hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee,my ba - bie.
f
O fear not the bu- gle, though loud-ly it blows; It calls but the
f
O fear not the bu- gle, though loud-ly it blows; It calls but the
f
O fear not the bu- gle, though loud-ly it blows; It calls but the
f
O fear not the bu- gle, though loud-ly it blows; It calls but the

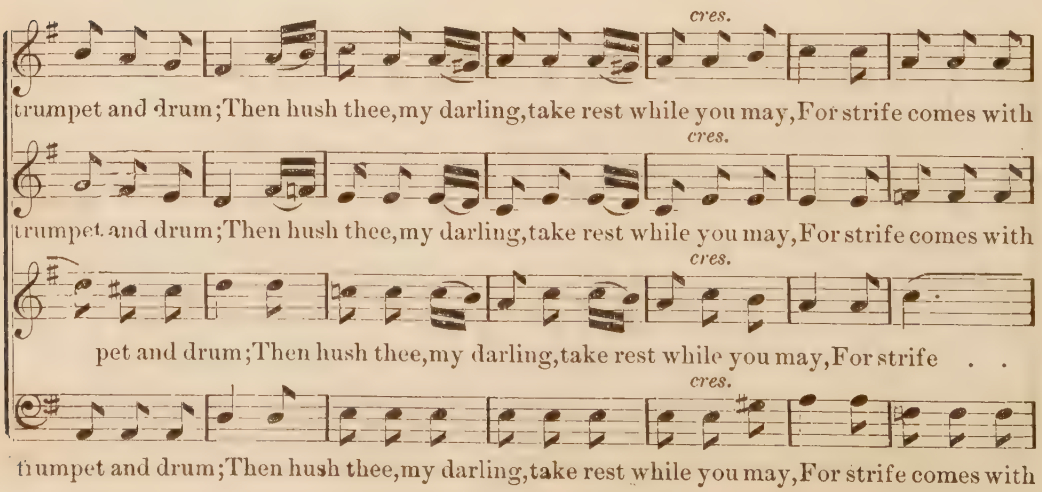

cres. dim. p
warders that guard thy re- pose, that guard thy re- pose. Their bows would be
cres. dim. p
warders that guard thy re- pose, that guard thy re- pose, Their bows would be
cres. dim. p
warders that guard thy re- pose, that guard thy re- pose. Their bows would be
cres. dim. p
warders that guard thy re- pose, that guard thy re- pose. Their bows would be

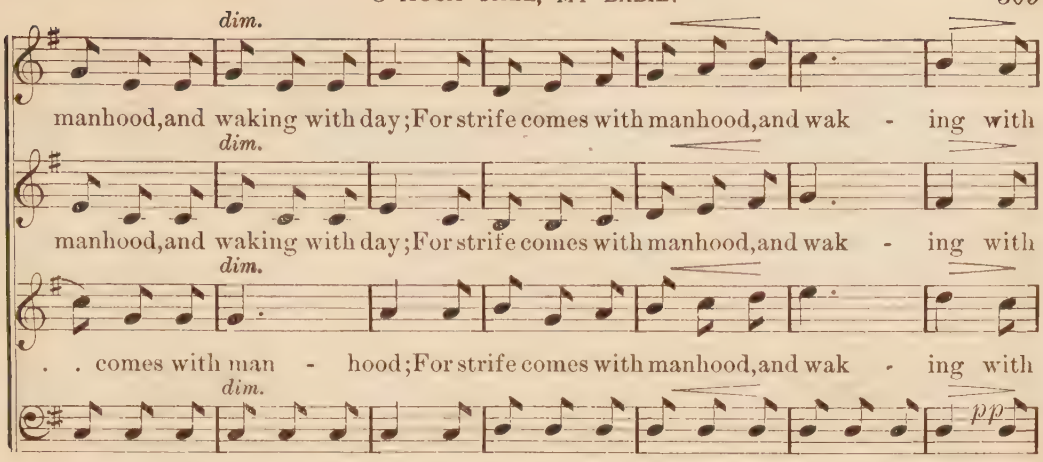

cres - - cen -
bend-ed; their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy
bend-ed; their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foeman draws
cres - - cen -
bend-ed; their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foeman draws
bend-ed; their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foeman draws

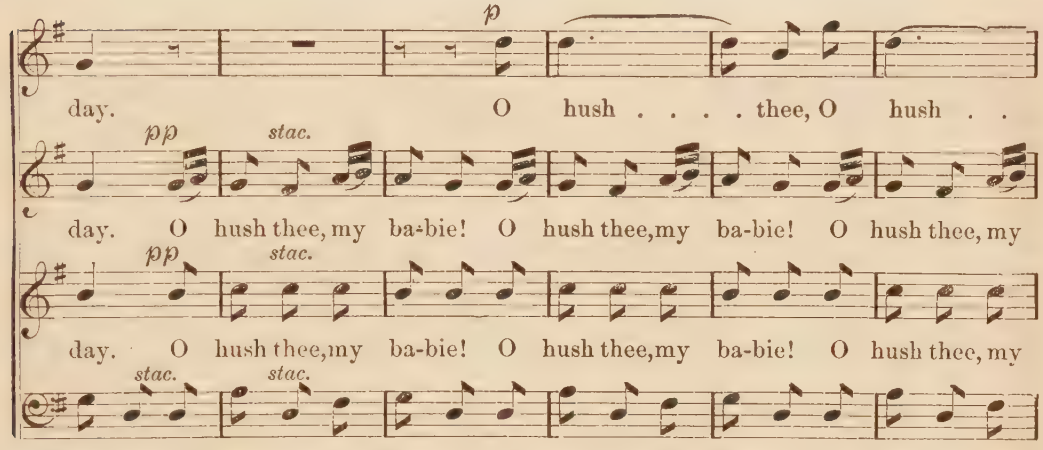

do. f dim. p
bed, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed. O
f pp stac.
near, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed. O hush thee, my babie, O
do. f dim. pp
near, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed. O hush hee, my babie, O
f pp
near, Ere the step of a foeman draws near. O hush thee, O hush thee, my babie, O

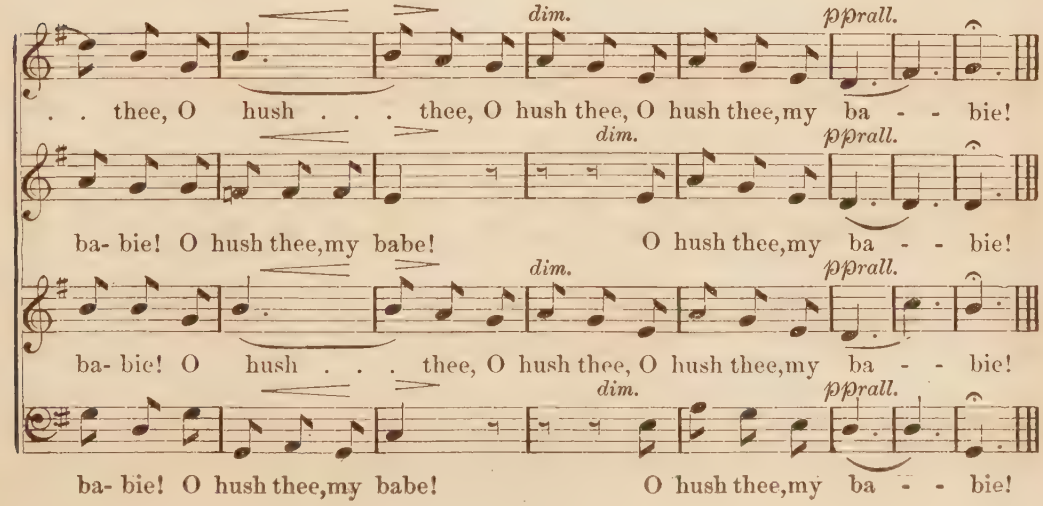

p
hush . . thee my ba - - - - bie. O hush thee,my babie, the
p
hush thee,my babie, O hush thee,my ba - bie. O hush thee,my babie, the
p
hush thee,my babie, O hush thee,my ba - bie. O hush thee,my babie, the
p
hush thee,my babie, O hush thee,my ba - bie. O hush thee,my babie, the


time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be bro-ken by trumpet and drum, by
time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be bro-ken by trumpet and drum, by
time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be bro-ken by trumpet and drum, by trum-
time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be bro-ken by trumpet and drum, by


cres.
trumpet and drum; Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with
cres.
trumpet and drum; Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with
cres.
pet and drum; Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may, For strife . .
cres.
trumpet and drum; Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with

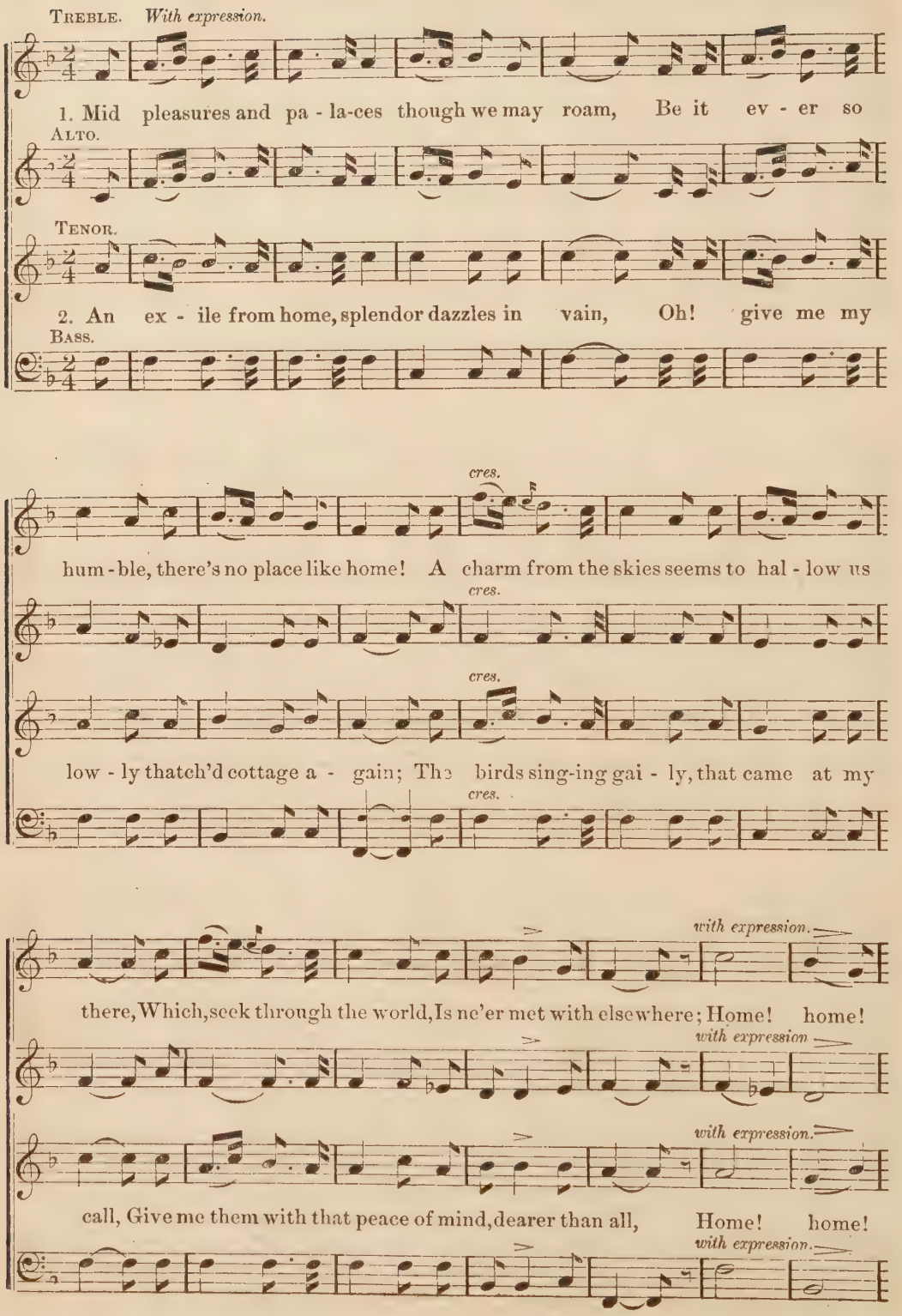

dim.
manhood,and waking with day;For strife comes with manhood,and wak - ing with
dim.
manhood,and waking with day;For strife comes with manhood,and wak - ing with
dim.
. . comes with man - hood;For strife comes with manhood,and wak - ing with
dim.
pp
manhood,and waking with day;For strife comes with manhood,and waking with day.O

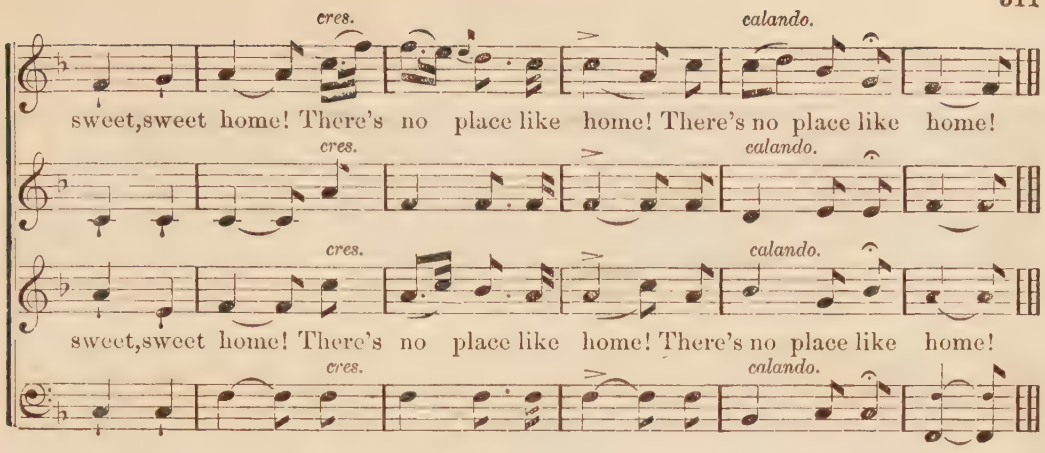

p
day. O hush . . . . thee, O hush . .
pp
stac.
day. O hush thee, my ba-bie! O hush thee,my ba-bie! O hush thee, my
pp
stac.
day. O hush thee,my ba-bie! O hush thee,my ba-bie! O hush thee, my
stac.
stac.
hush thee,O hush thee,my ba-bie! O hush thee,my ba-bie! O hush thee, my


dim.
pprall.
. . thee, O hush . . . thee, O hush thee, O hush thee,my ba - - bie!
dim.
pprall.
ba- bie! O hush thee,my babe! O hush thee,my ba - - bie!
dim.
pprall.
ba- bie! O hush . . . thee, O hush thee, O hush thee,my ba - - bie!
dim.
pprall.
ba- bie! O hush thee,my babe! O hush thee,my ba - - bie!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

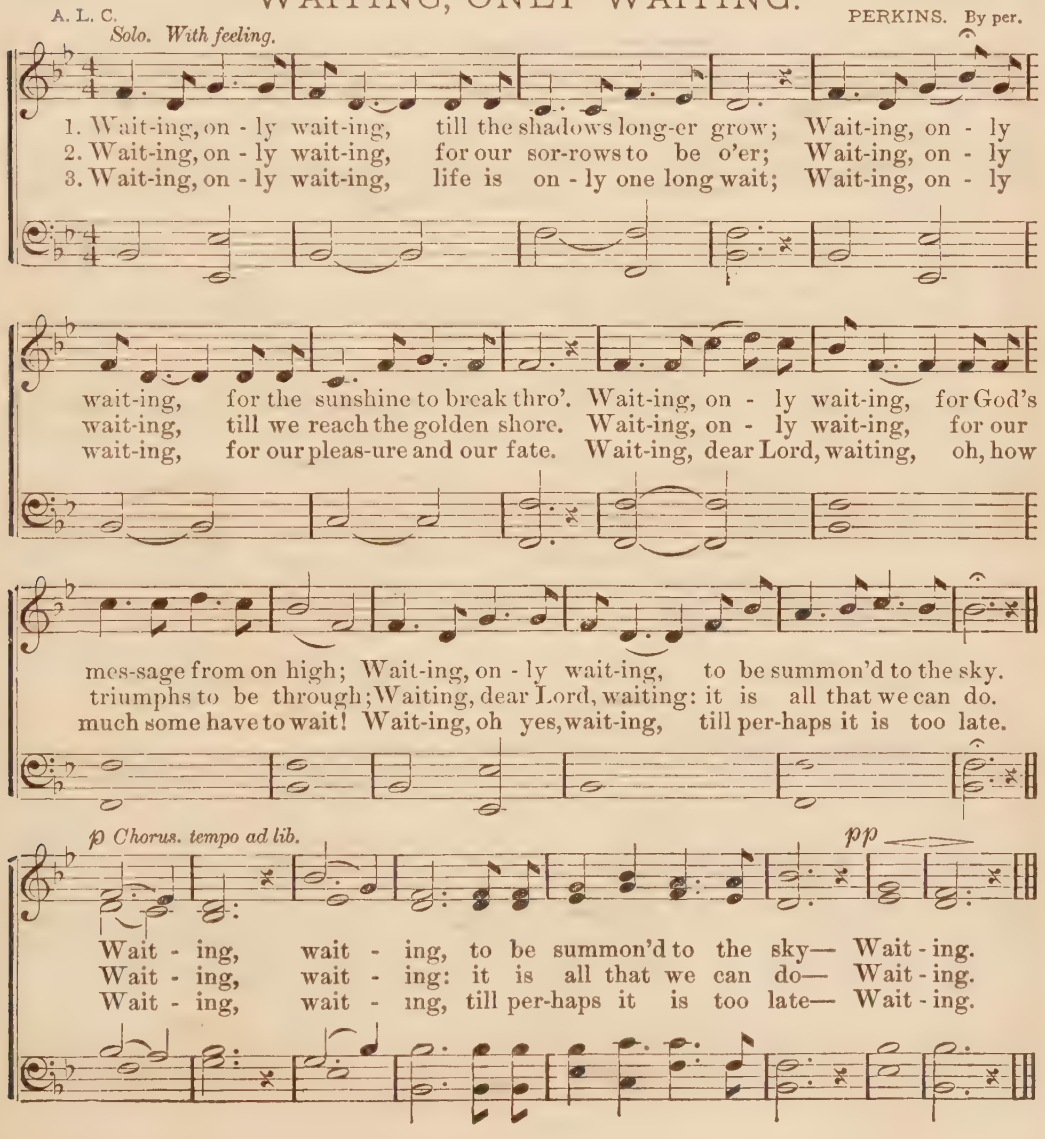
BISHOP.





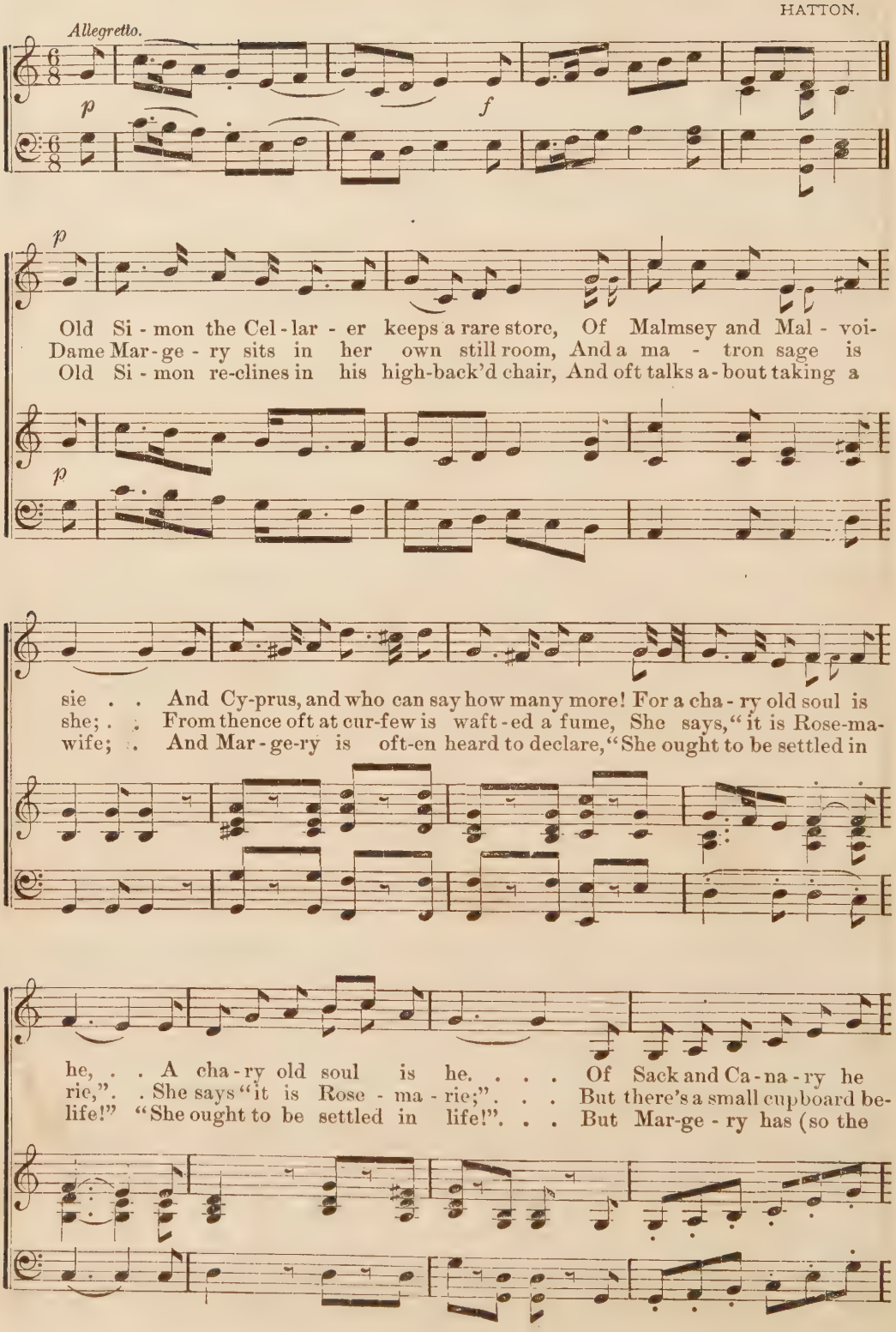
WAITING, ONLY WAITING.

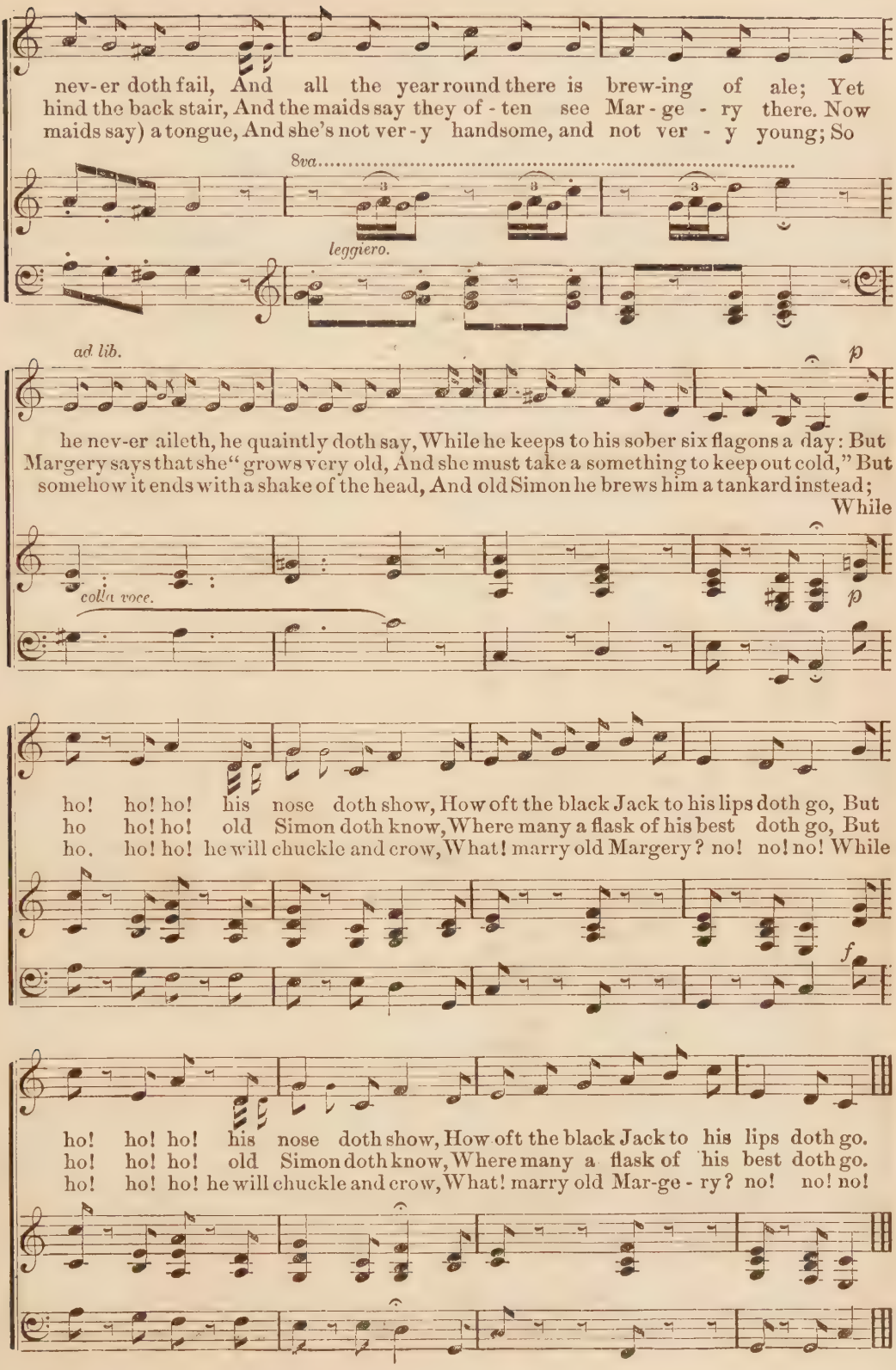
A. L. C. PERKINS. By per.



SIMON THE CELLARER.

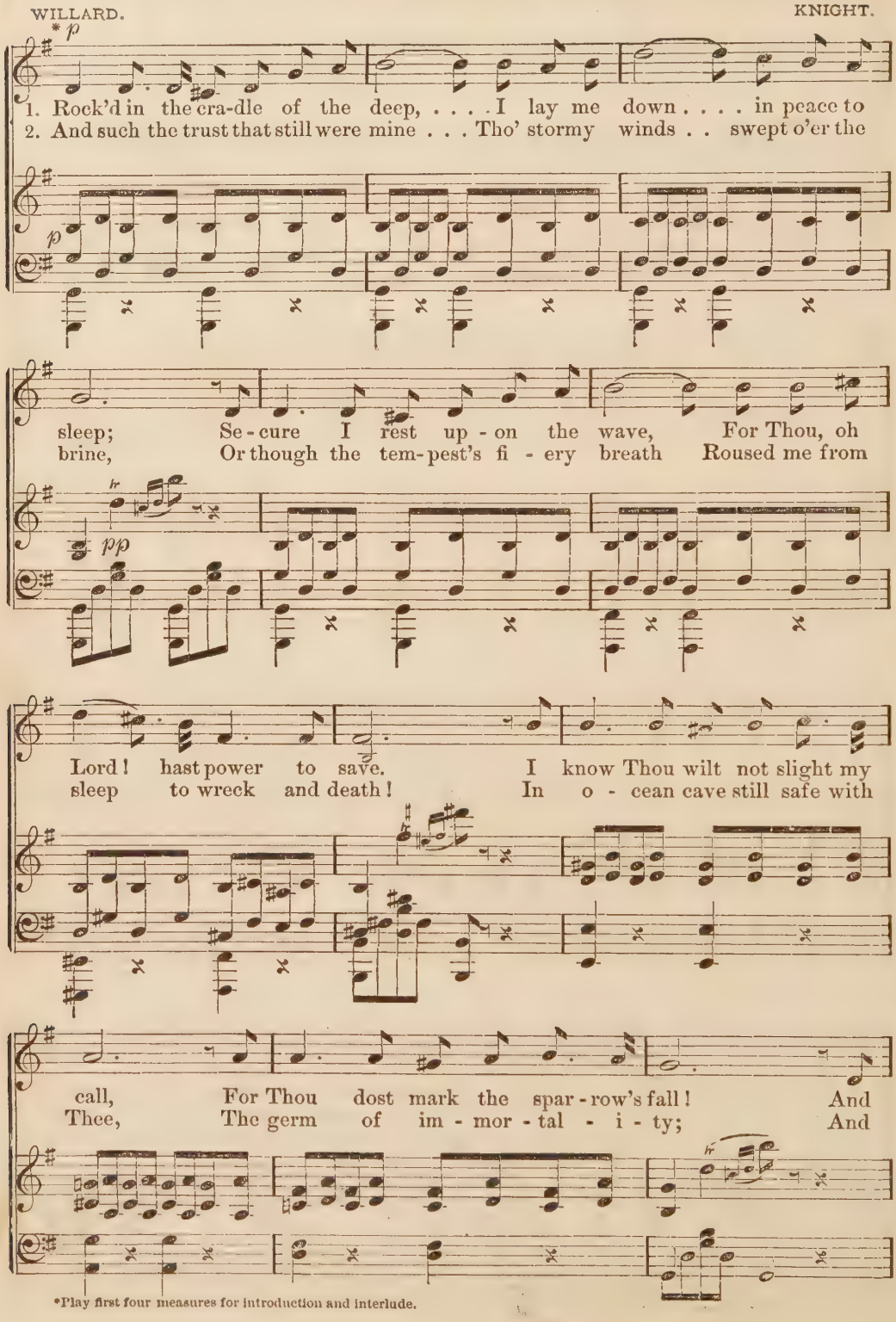
HATTON.

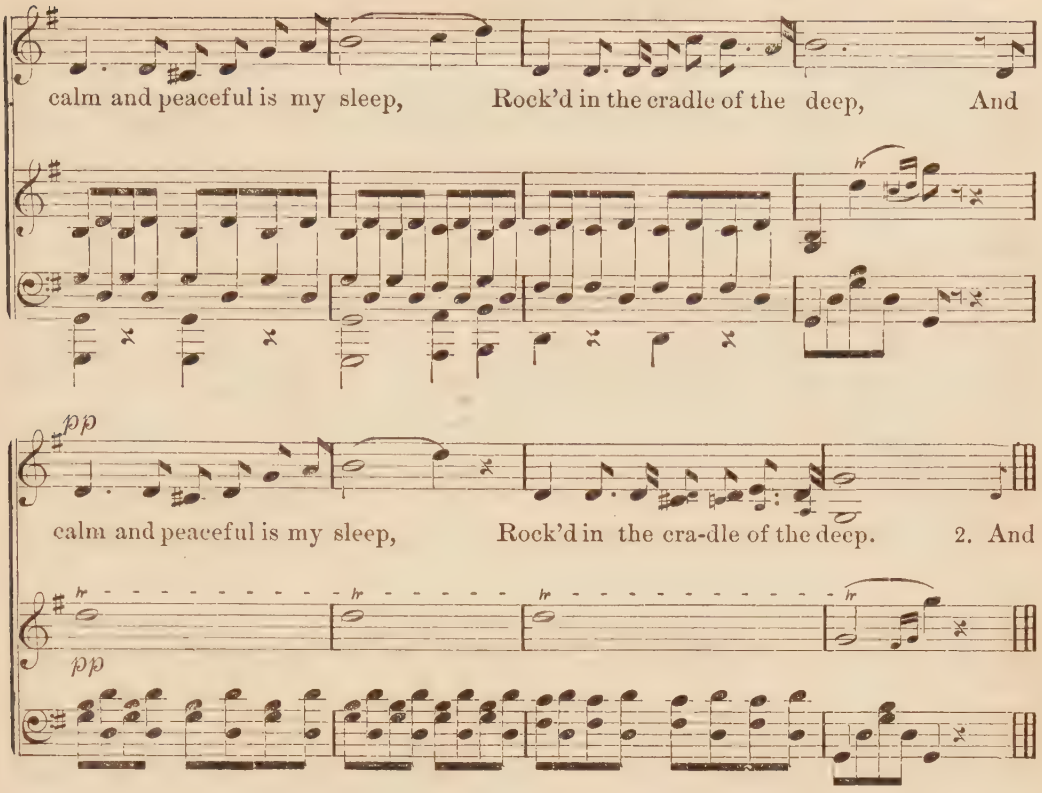



nev-er doth fail, And all the year round there is brew-ing of ale; Yet
hind the back stair, And the maids say they of - ten see Mar - ge - ry there. Now
maids say) a tongue, And she's not ver - y handsome, and not ver - y young; So
8va
leggiero.
ad lib.
p
he nev-er aileth, he quaintly doth say, While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day: But
Margery says that she "grows very old, And she must take a something to keep out cold," But
somehow it ends with a shake of the head, And old Simon he brews him a tankard instead;
While
colla voce.
p
ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show, How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go, But
ho ho! ho! old Simon doth know, Where many a flask of his best doth go, But
ho. ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow, What! marry old Margery? no! no! no! While
f
ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show, How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know, Where many a flask of his best doth go.
ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow, What! marry old Mar-ge - ry? no! no! no!

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

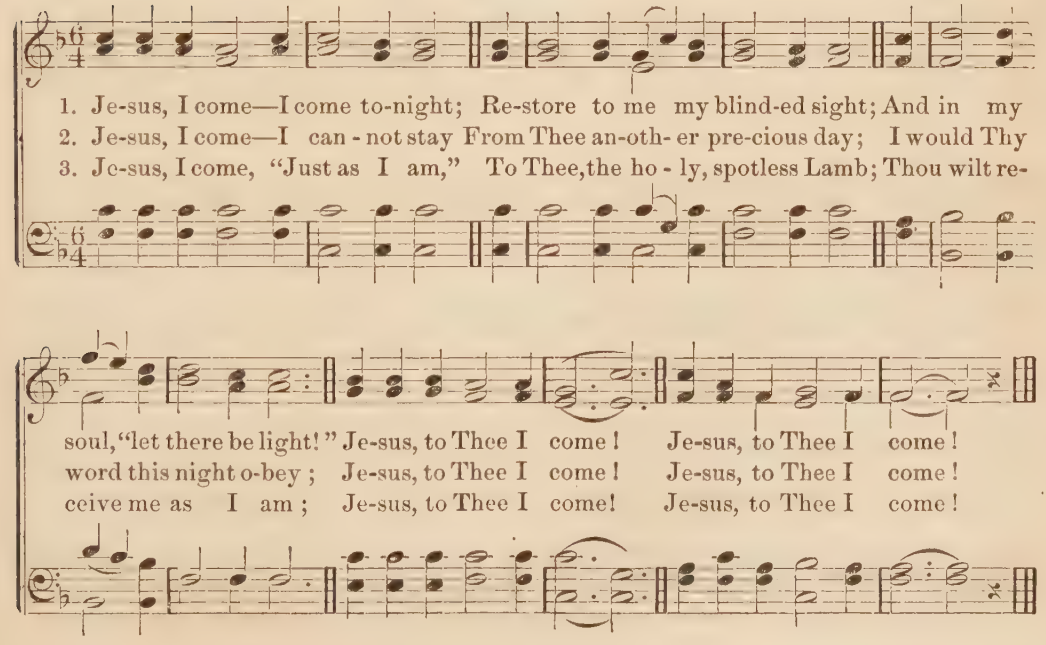
WILLARD. KNIGHT.





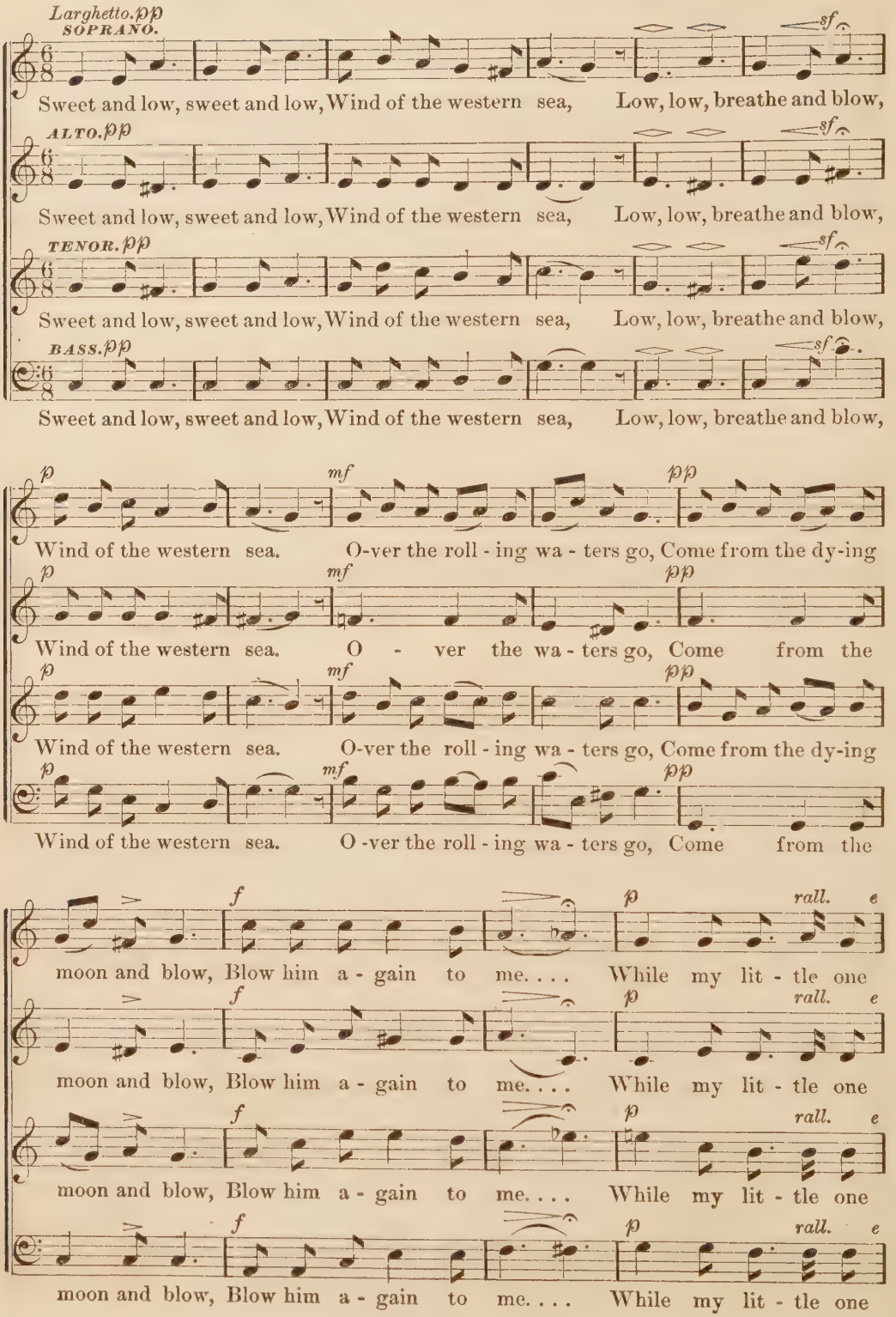
JESUS, TO THEE I COME.

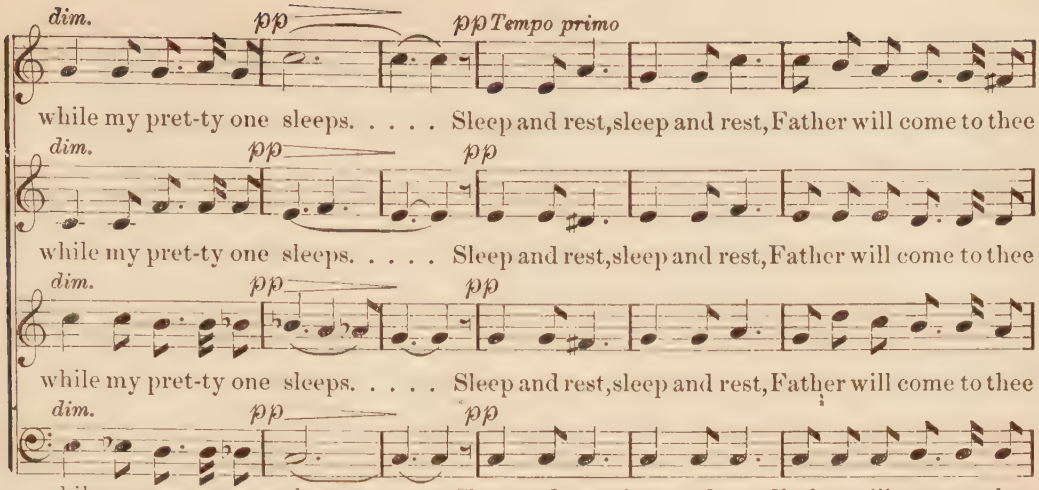
GOULD.

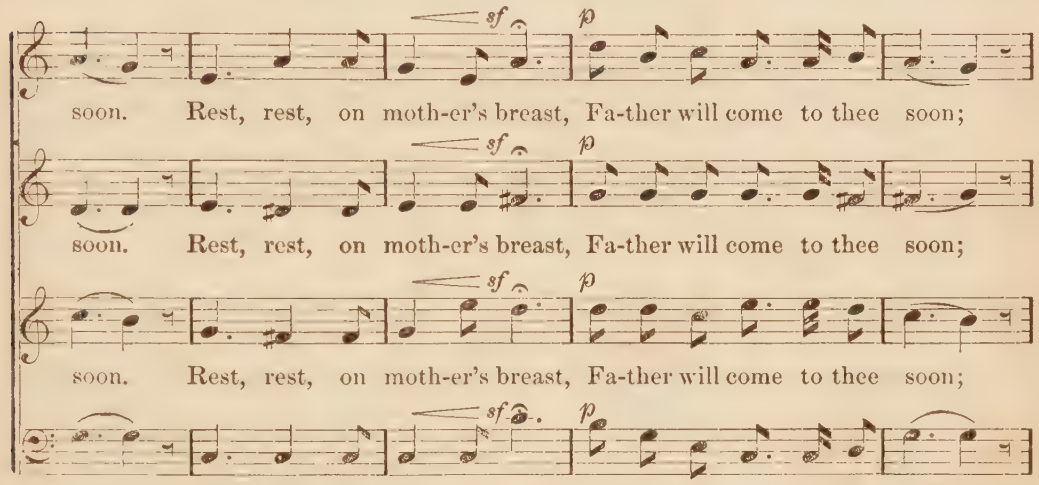


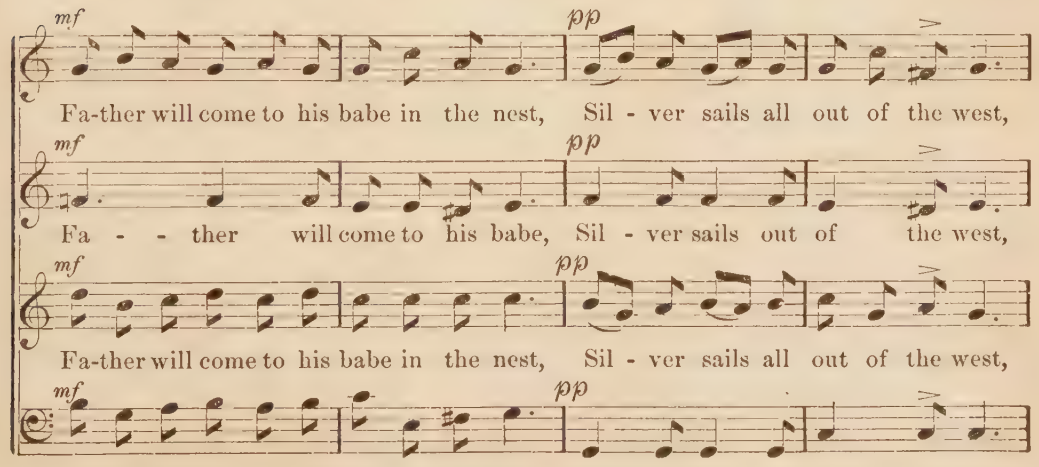
SWEET AND LOW.

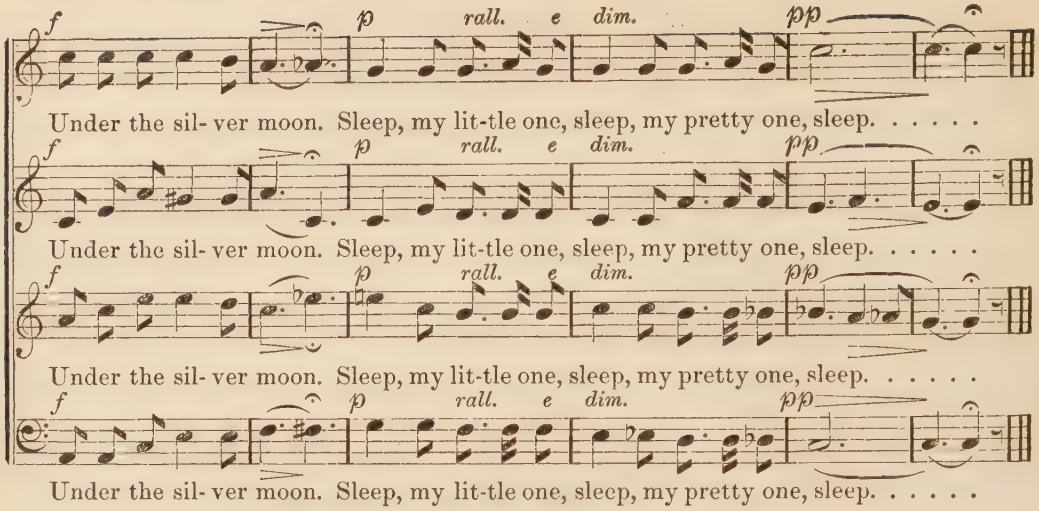
TENNYSON. BARNBY.




dim.
pp
pp Tempo primo
while my pret-ty one sleeps. . . . . Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee
dim.
pp
pp
while my pret-ty one sleeps. . . . . Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee
dim.
pp
pp
while my pret-ty one sleeps. . . . . Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee
dim.
pp
pp
while my pret-ty one sleeps. . . . . Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee

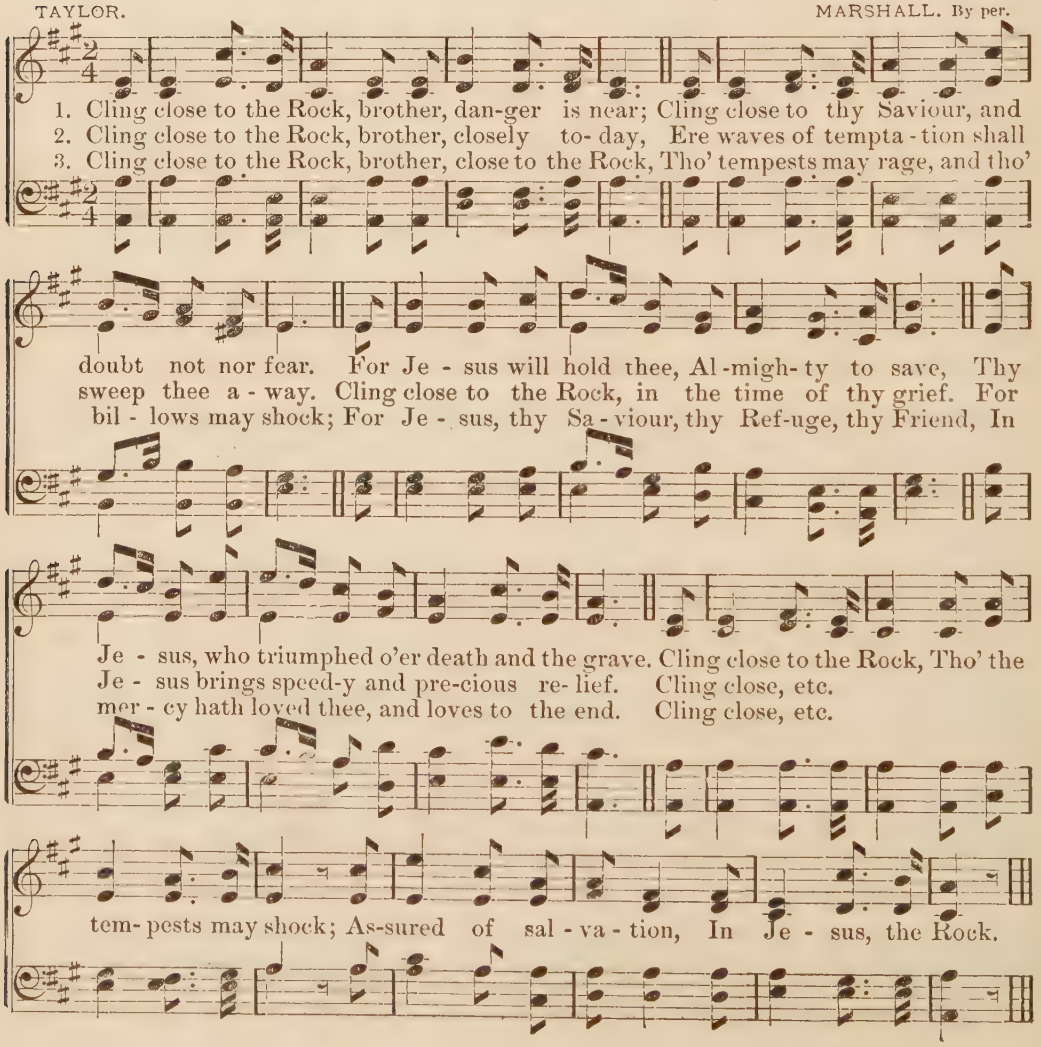

sf
p
soon. Rest, rest, on moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon;
sf
p
soon. Rest, rest, on moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon;
sf
p
soon. Rest, rest, on moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon;
sf
p
soon. Rest, rest, on moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon;


mf
pp
Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
mf
pp
Fa - - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,
mf
pp
Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
mf
pp
Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west,



CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

TAYLOR. MARSHALL. By per.



BEAUTIFUL LAND.

LOWRY. LOWRY. By per.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem, for - ev-er bright, Beautiful land of rest! No win-ter there, nor
2. Je - ru - sa-lem, for - ev-er free! Beautiful land of rest! The soul's sweet home of
3. Je - ru - sa-lem, for - ev-er dear, Beautiful land of rest! Thy pearly gates al-

in
chill of night, Beautiful land of rest! The dripping cloud is chased away, The sun breaks forth
Liberty, Beautiful land of rest! The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ransomed there will
most appear, Beautiful land of rest! And when we tread thy lovely shore, We'll sing the song
we've

f *p* *f*

end-less day. Je - ru - sa - lem! The beau-ti - ful land of rest; Je - ru - sa -
nev - er know. Je - ru - sa - lem! The beau-ti - ful land of rest; Je - ru - sa -
sung be-fore. Je - ru - sa - lem! The beau-ti - ful land of rest; Je - ru - sa -

p *Duett.* *rit.*

lem! The beautiful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land! Beau - ti-ful land!
lem! The beautiful land of rest.
lem! The beautiful land of rest.

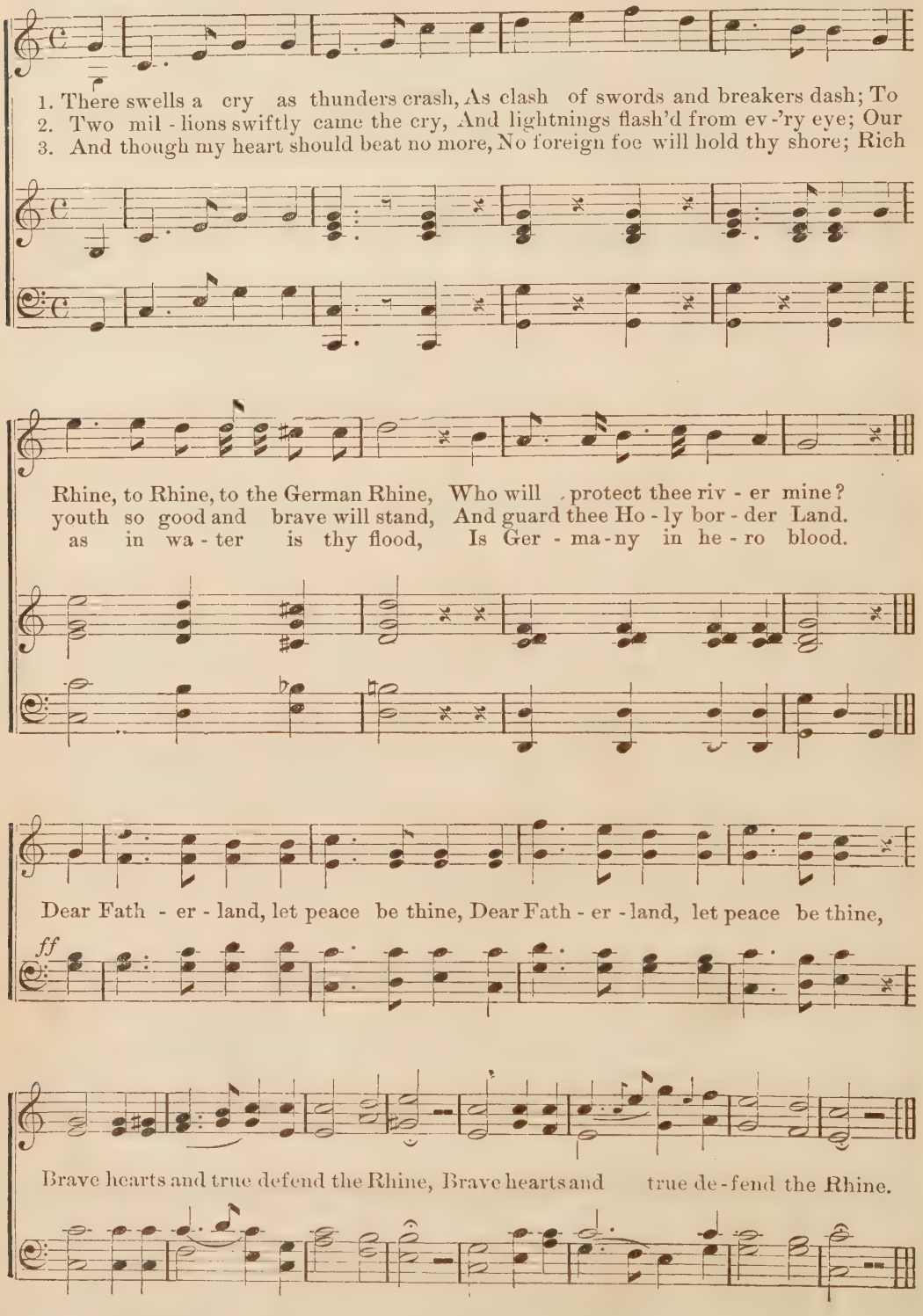
Chorus. *tempo.*

We wait im - pa-tient to be-hold The gates of pearl, the streets of gold, And

nes - tle safe in Je-sus' fold, In the beautiful land, The beauti-ful land of rest.

WATCH ON THE RHINE.

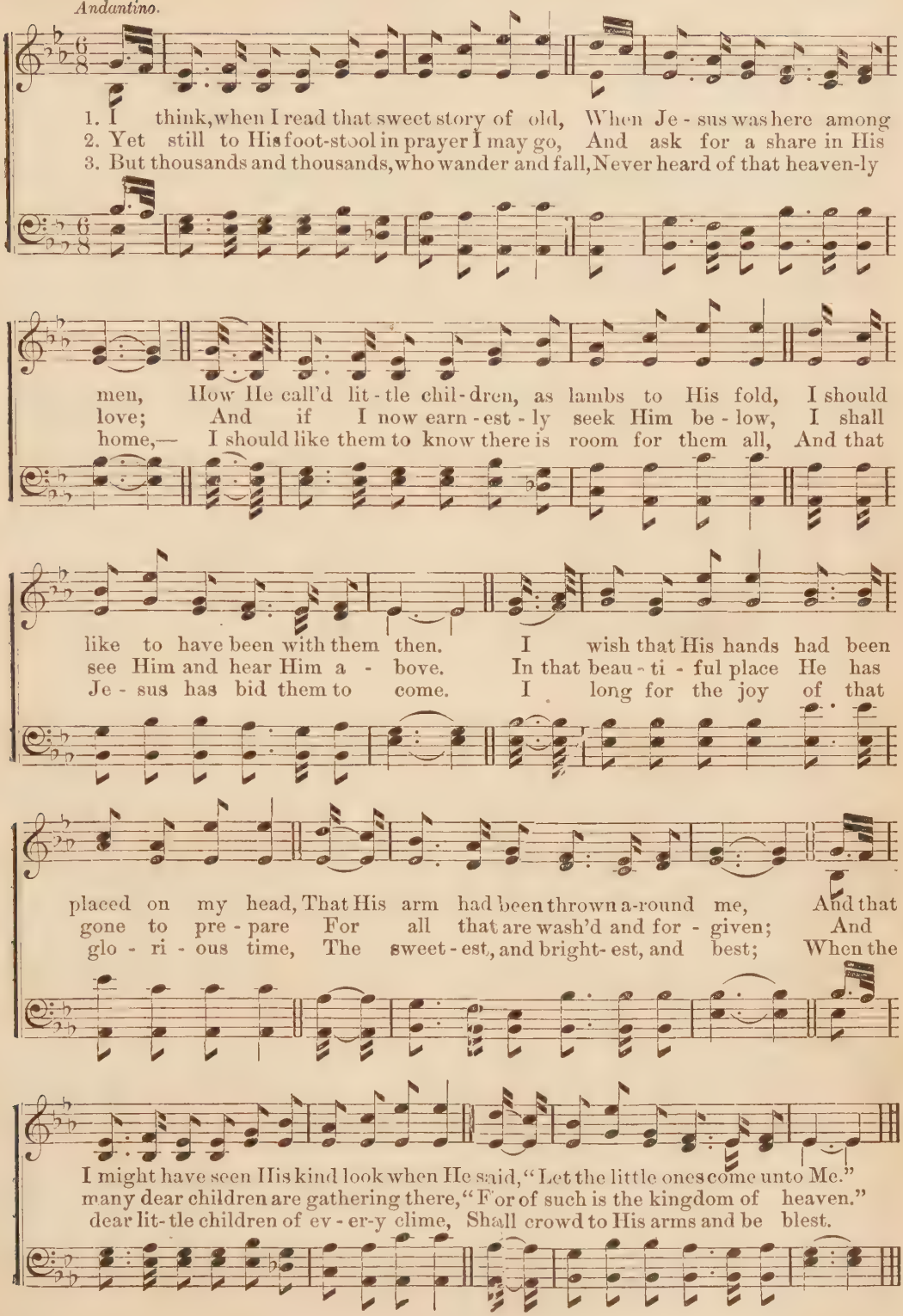
WILHELM.



Play first five measures for introduction and interlude.

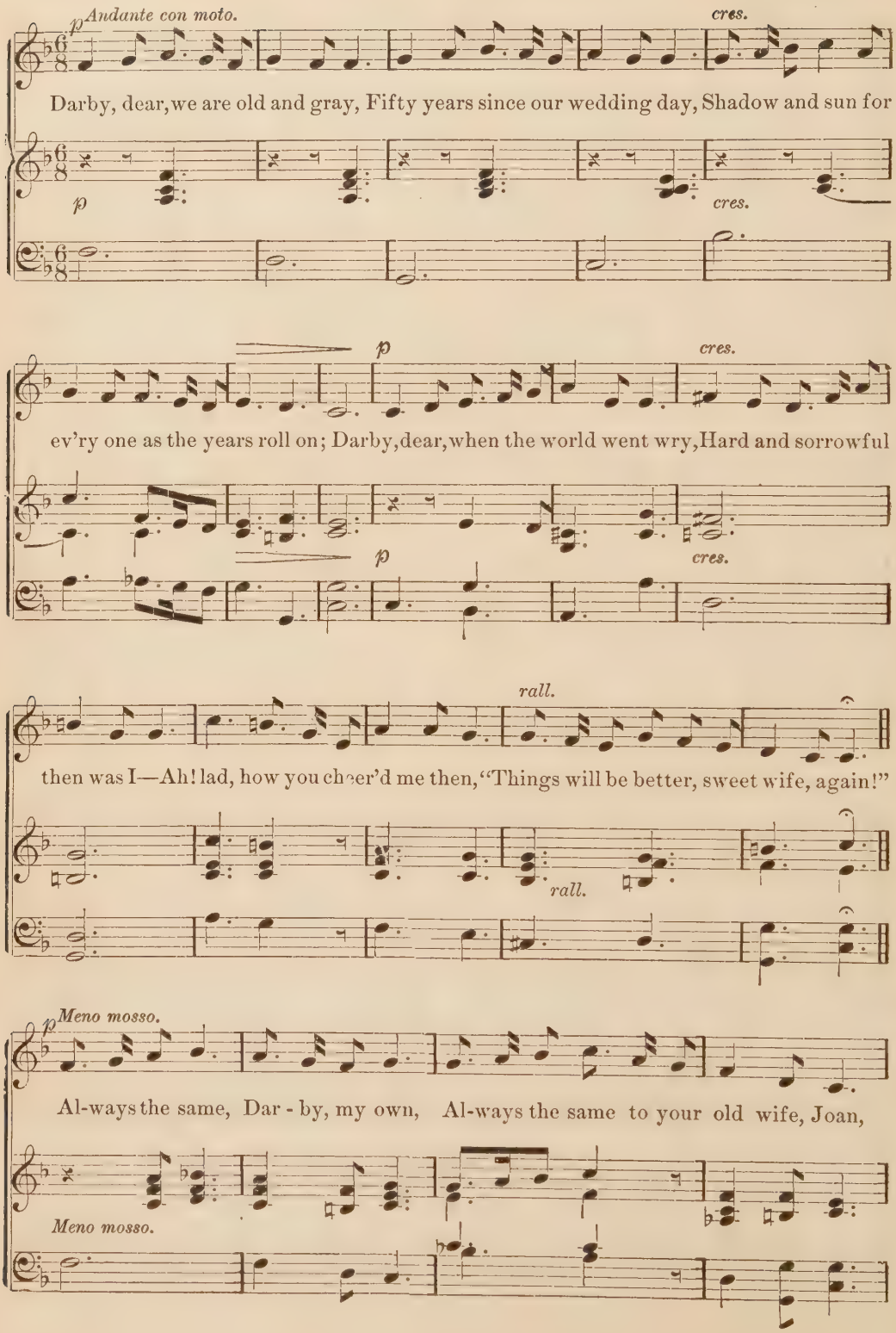
THE CHILD'S WISH.

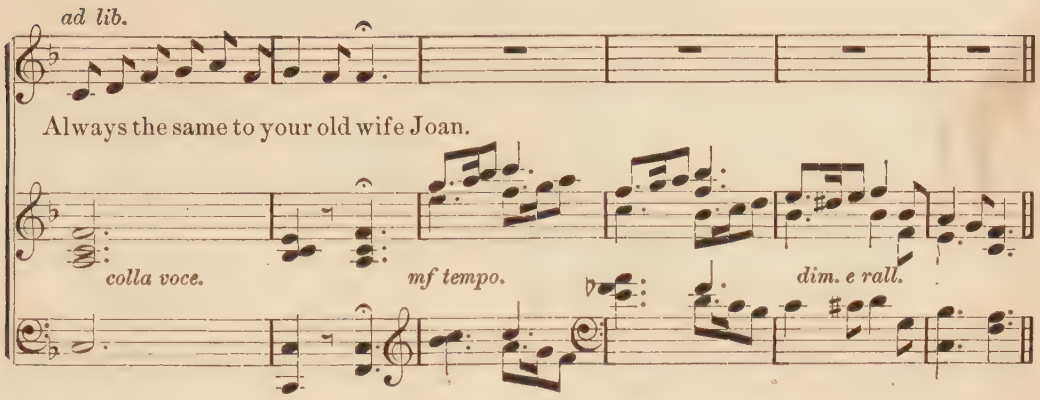
LUKE. *Andantino.* DAVENANT.



DARBY AND JOAN.

WEATHERLEY. MOLLOY.



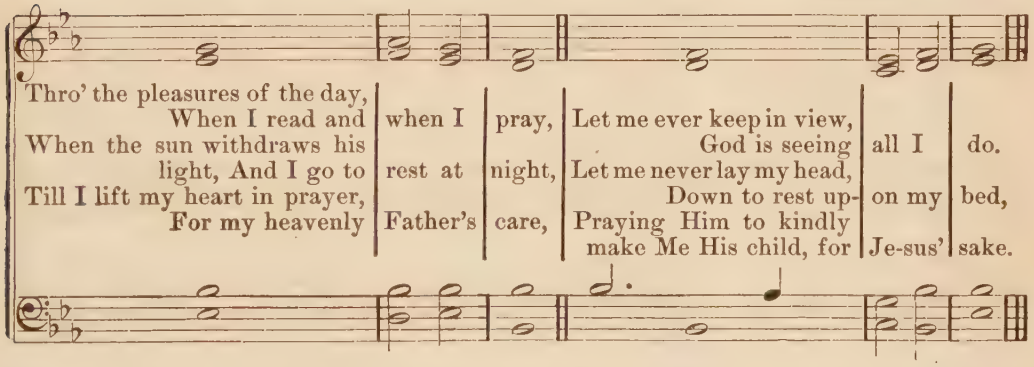


2. Darby Dear, but my heart was wild,
When we buried our baby child,
Until you whisper'd "Heaven knows best!"
and my heart found rest.
Darby Dear, 'twas your loving hand
Show'd the way to the better land—
Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear,
Life grew better and Heaven more near:
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

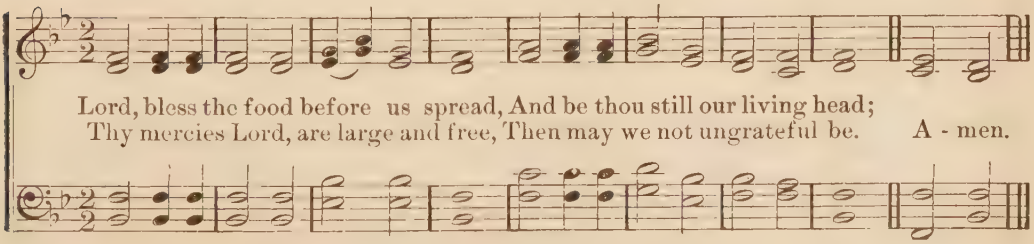
3. Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is gray,
Shadow and sun for ev'ry one as the
years roll on;
Hand in hand when the long night-tide
Gently covers us side by side—
Ah! lad, tho' we know not when,
Love will be with us forever then;
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.
Always the same to your old wife Joan,

MEDITATION.

MARSHALL. By per.



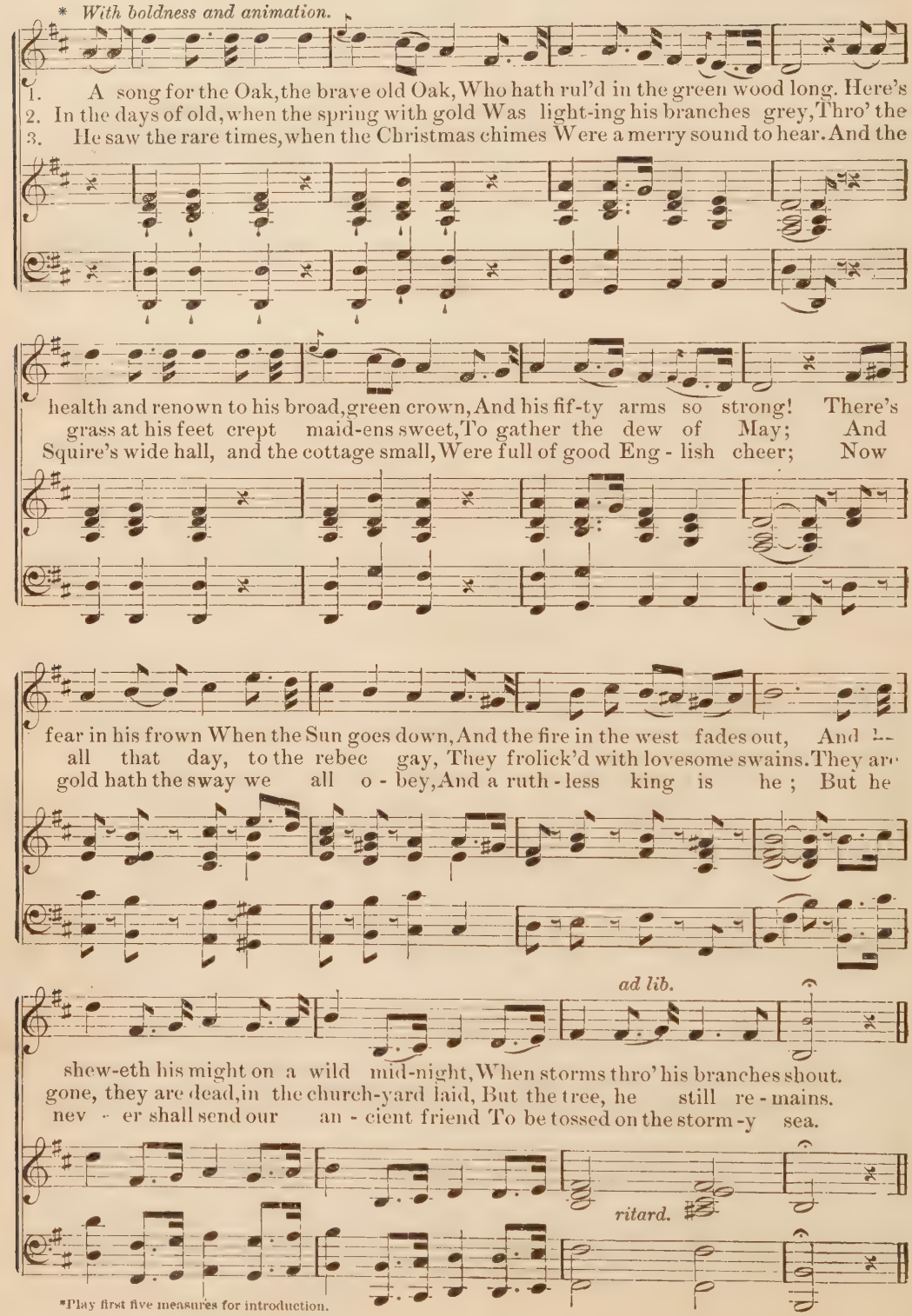
GRACE.



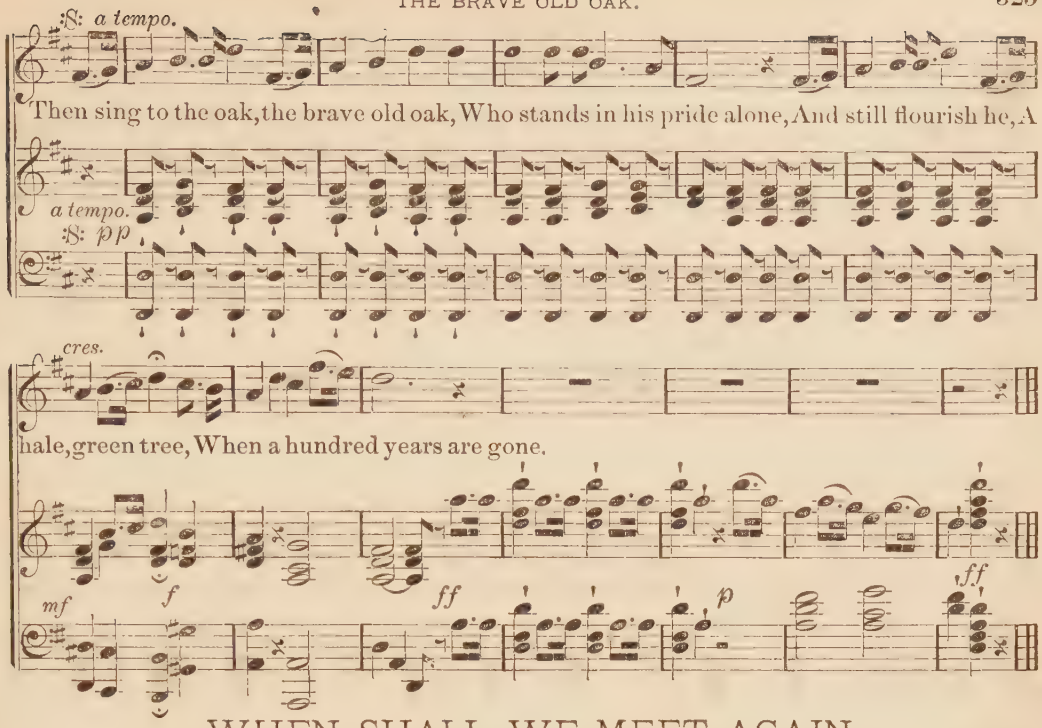
THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

LODER.

* *With boldness and animation.*

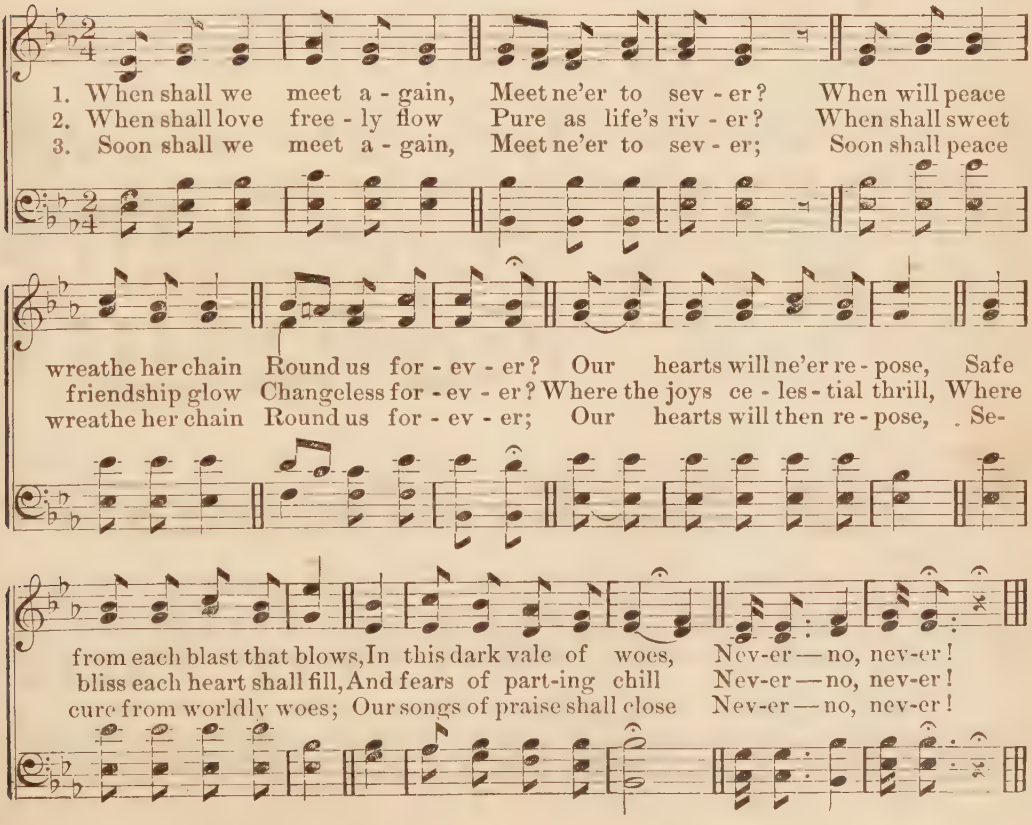


*Play first five measures for introduction.



WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

SPIRITUAL SONGS. By per.

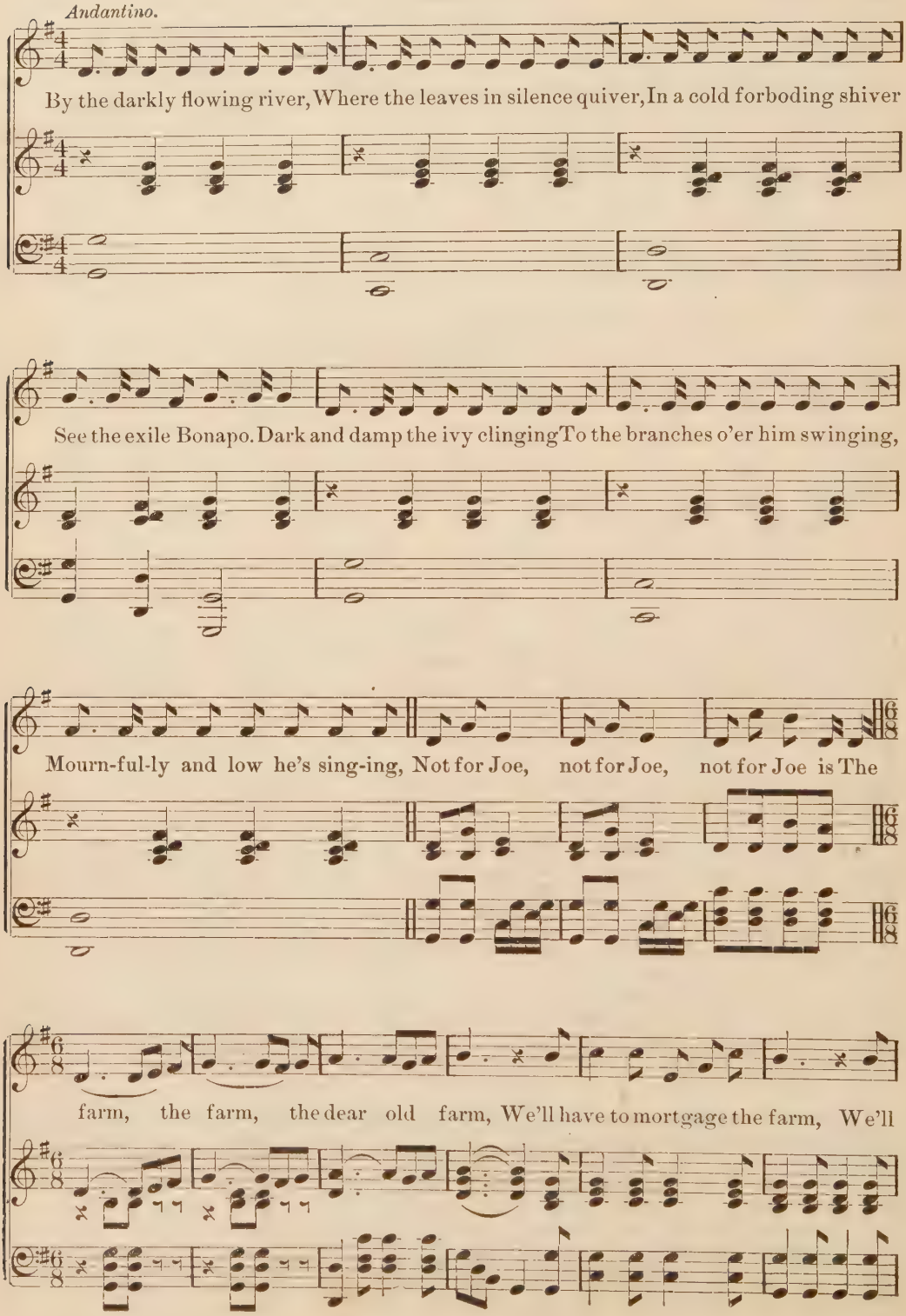


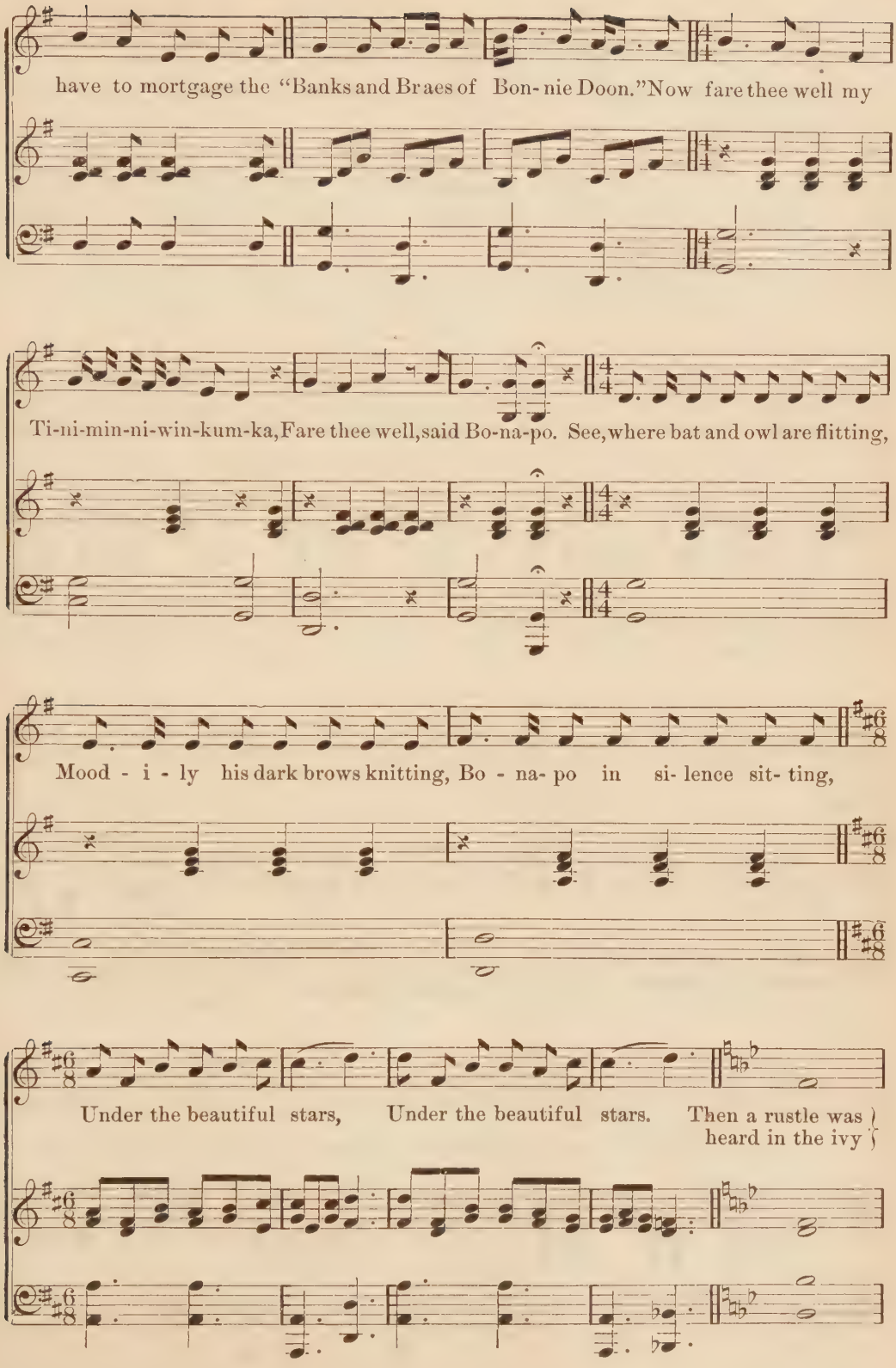
BONAPO.

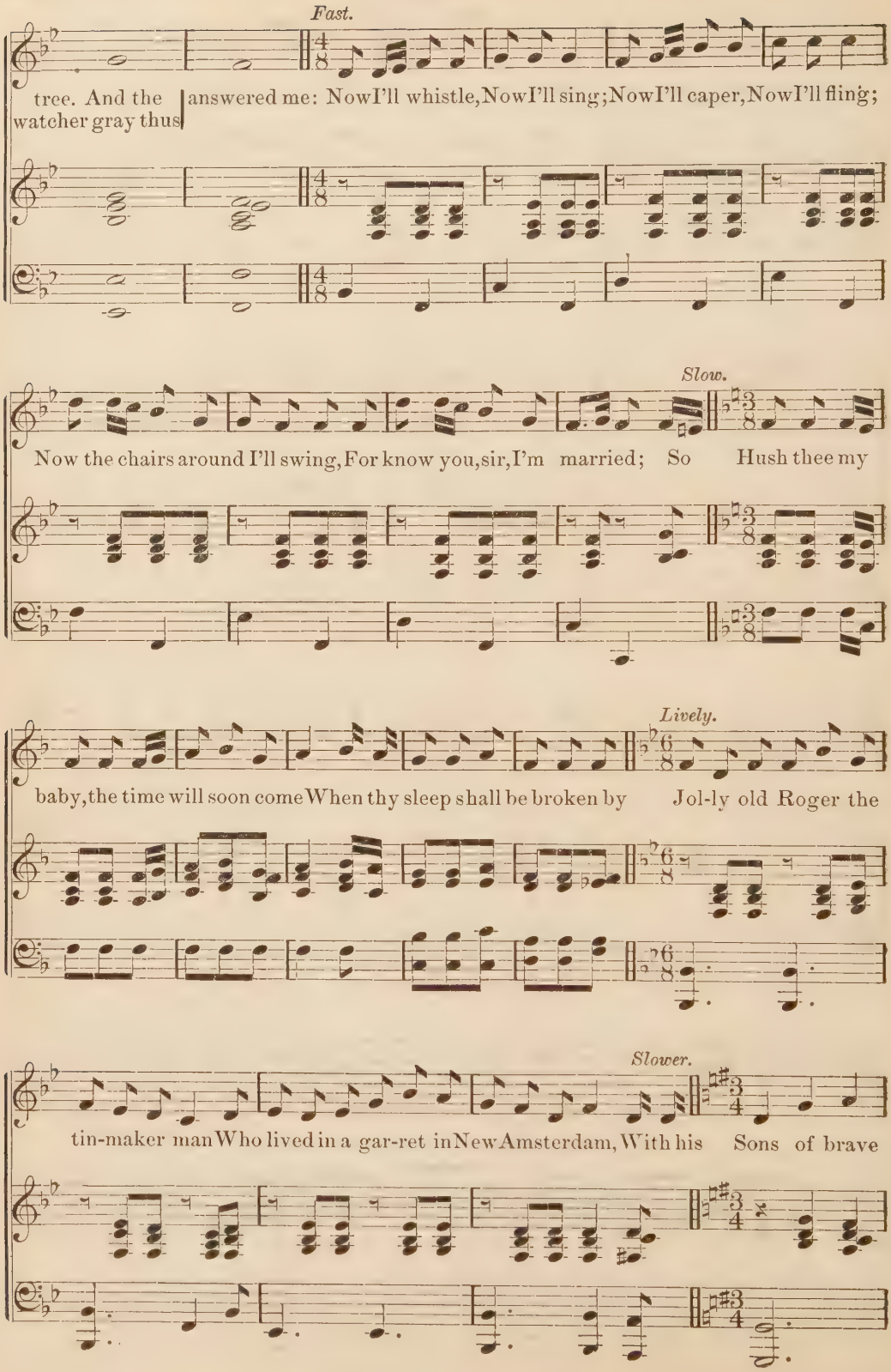
A MEDLEY.

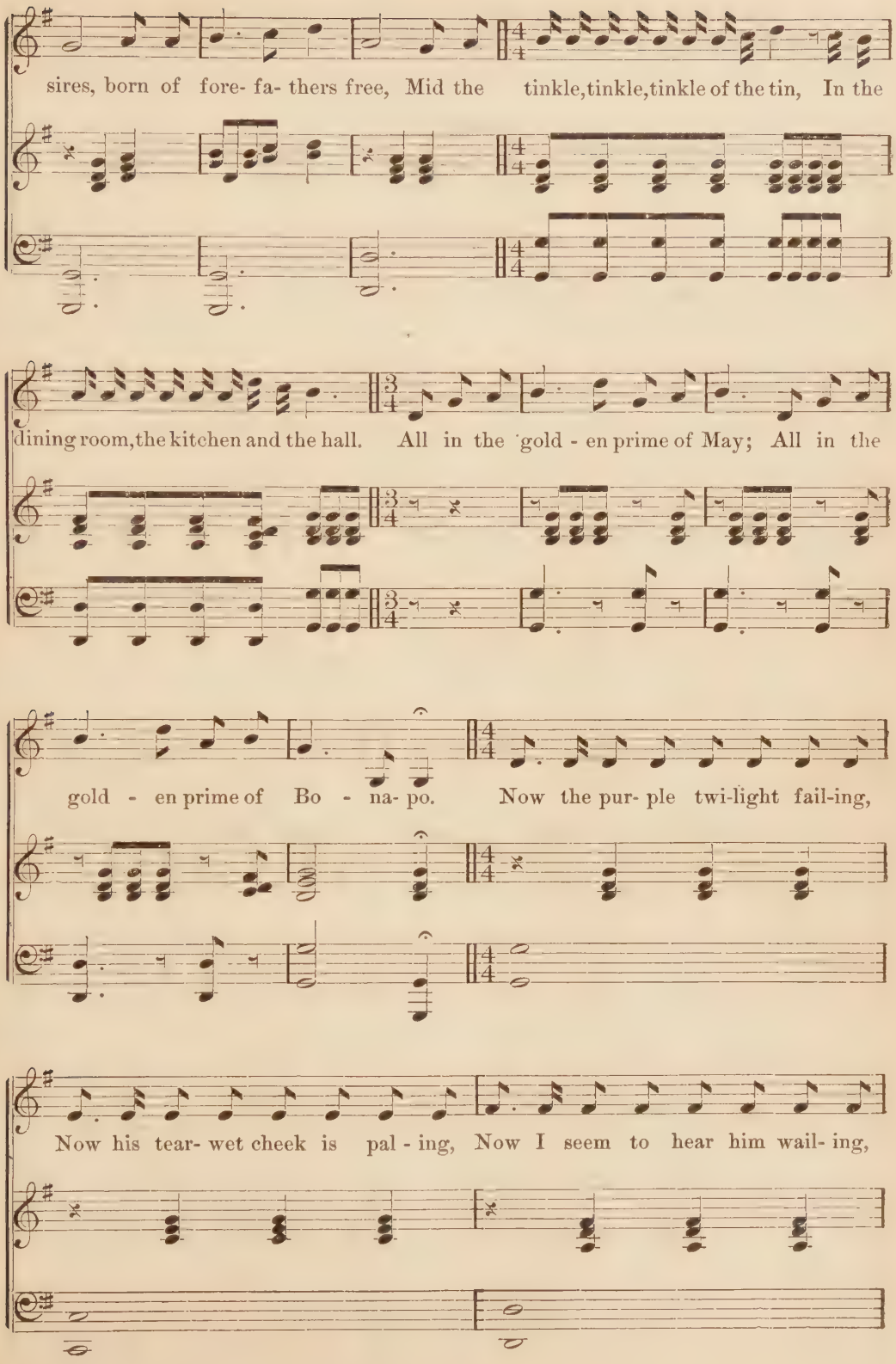
BLISS. By per.

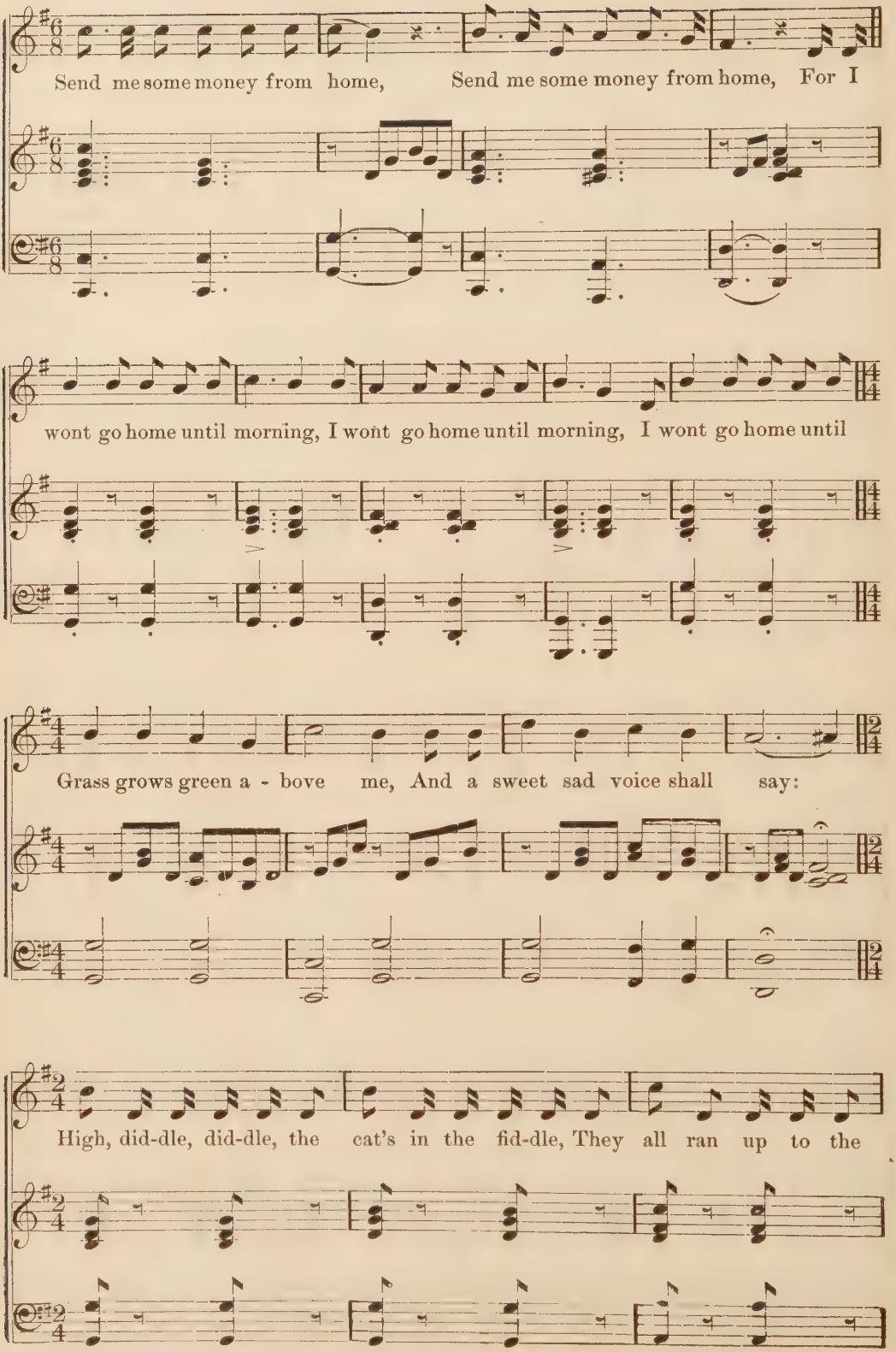
Andantino.

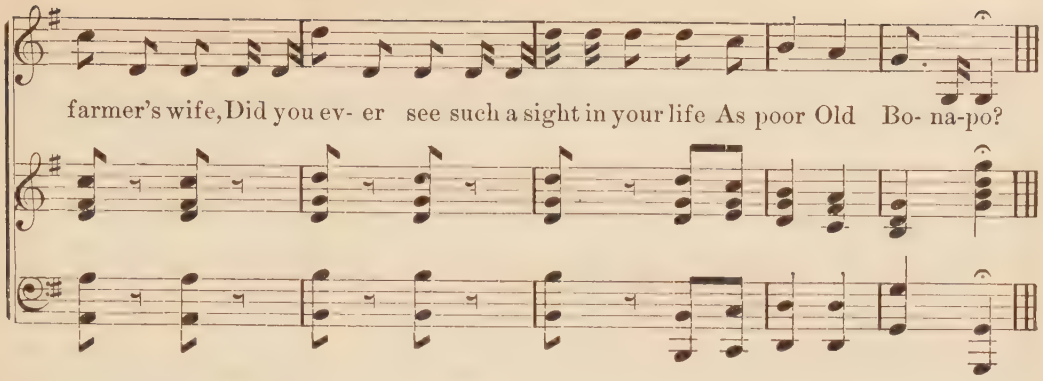



have to mortgage the "Banks and Braes of Bon- nie Doon." Now fare thee well my
Ti-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka, Fare thee well, said Bo-na-po. See, where bat and owl are flitting,
Mood - i - ly his dark brows knitting, Bo - na- po in si- lence sit- ting,
Under the beautiful stars, Under the beautiful stars. Then a rustle was heard in the ivy


Fast.
tree. And the watcher gray thus answered me: NowI'll whistle,NowI'll sing;NowI'll caper,NowI'll fling;
Slow.
Now the chairs around I'll swing,For know you,sir,I'm married; So Hush thee my
Lively.
baby,the time will soon comeWhen thy sleep shall be broken by Jol-ly old Roger the
Slower.
tin-maker manWho lived in a gar-ret inNewAmsterdam, With his Sons of brave

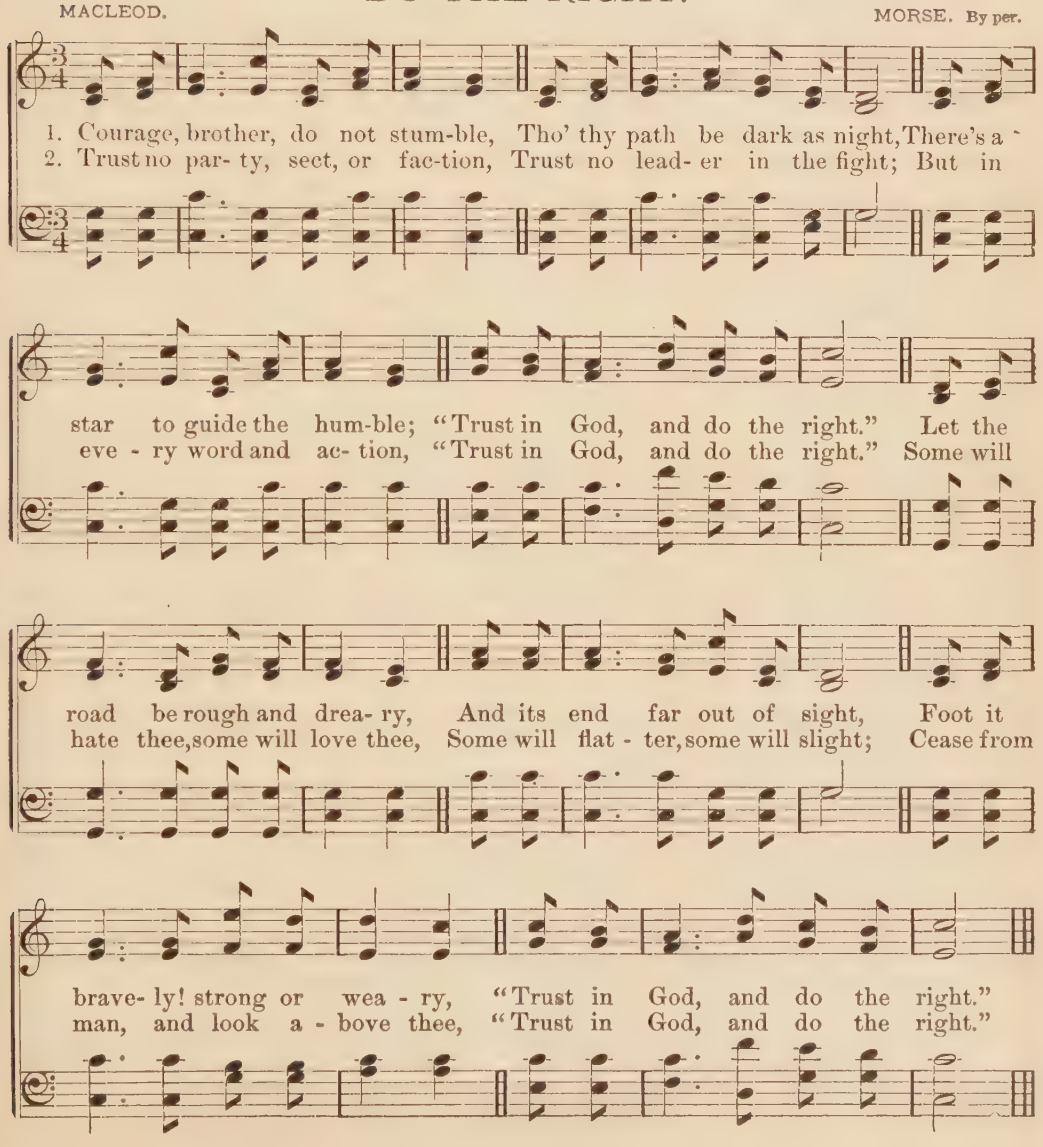

sires, born of fore- fa- thers free, Mid the tinkle,tinkle,tinkle of the tin, In the
dining room,the kitchen and the hall. All in the gold - en prime of May; All in the
gold - en prime of Bo - na- po. Now the pur- ple twi-light fail-ing,
Now his tear- wet cheek is pal - ing, Now I seem to hear him wail- ing,


Send me some money from home, Send me some money from home, For I
wont go home until morning, I wont go home until morning, I wont go home until
Grass grows green a - bove me, And a sweet sad voice shall say:
High, did-dle, did-dle, the cat's in the fid-dle, They all ran up to the



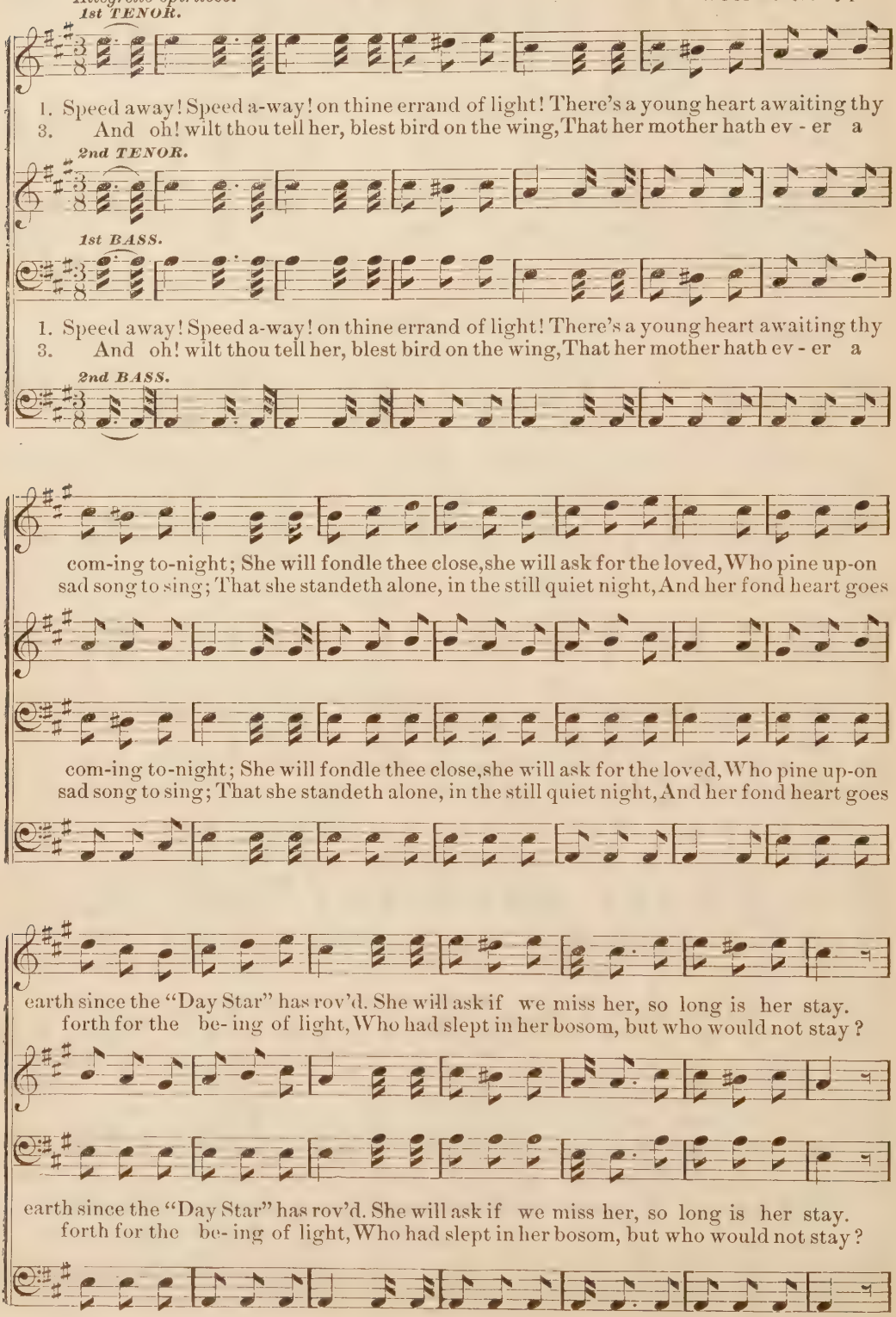
DO THE RIGHT.

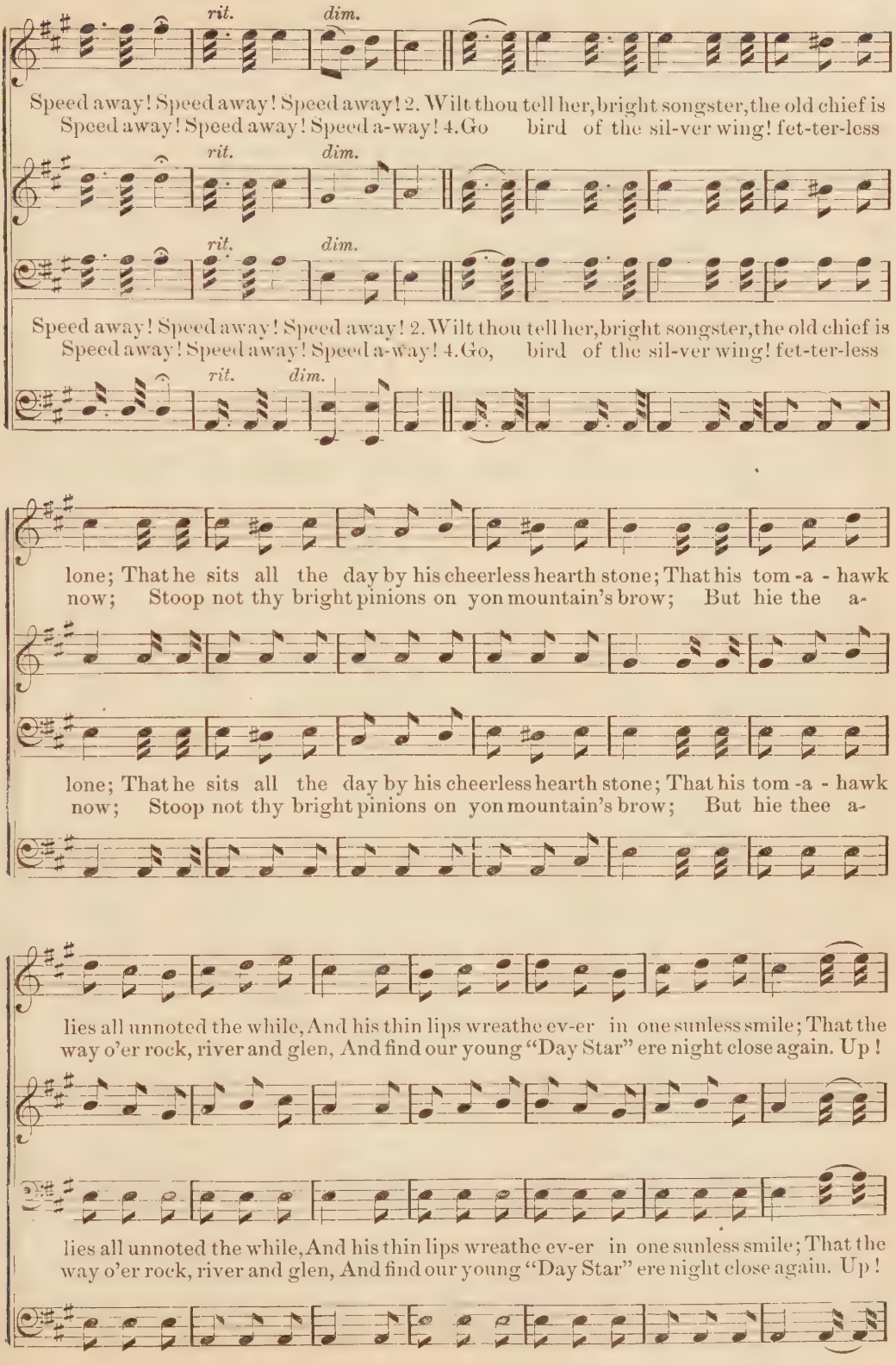
MACLEOD. MORSE. By per.

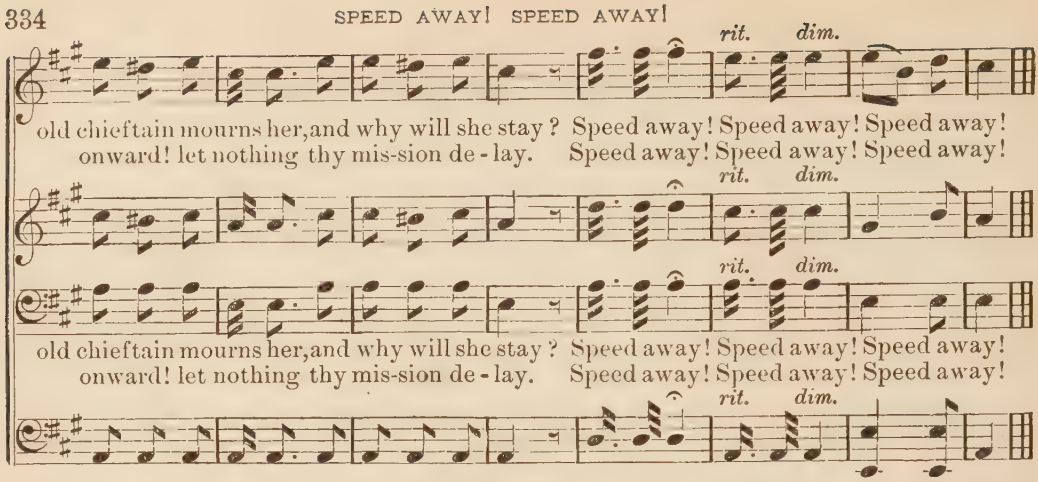


SPEED AWAY! SPEED AWAY!

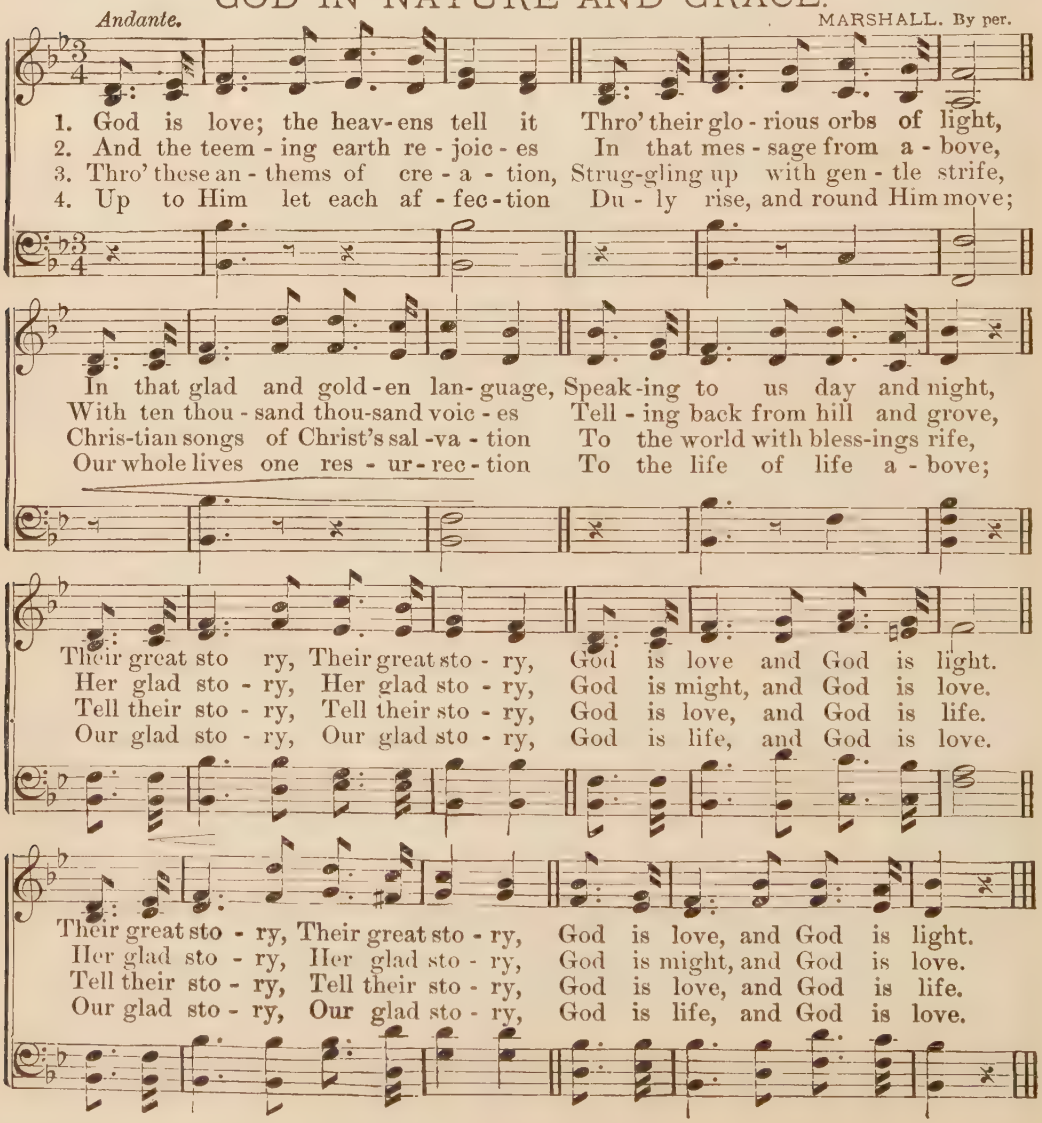
Allegretto spiritoso. WOODBURY. By per.




rit.
dim.
Speed away! Speed away! Speed away! 2. Wilt thou tell her, bright songster, the old chief is
Speed away! Speed away! Speed a-way! 4. Go bird of the sil-ver wing! fet-ter-less
rit.
dim.
rit.
dim.
Speed away! Speed away! Speed away! 2. Wilt thou tell her, bright songster, the old chief is
Speed away! Speed away! Speed a-way! 4. Go, bird of the sil-ver wing! fet-ter-less
rit.
dim.
lone; That he sits all the day by his cheerless hearth stone; That his tom-a - hawk
now; Stoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow; But hie the a-
lone; That he sits all the day by his cheerless hearth stone; That his tom-a - hawk
now; Stoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow; But hie thee a-
lies all unnoted the while, And his thin lips wreathe ev-er in one sunless smile; That the
way o'er rock, river and glen, And find our young "Day Star" ere night close again. Up!
lies all unnoted the while, And his thin lips wreathe ev-er in one sunless smile; That the
way o'er rock, river and glen, And find our young "Day Star" ere night close again. Up!

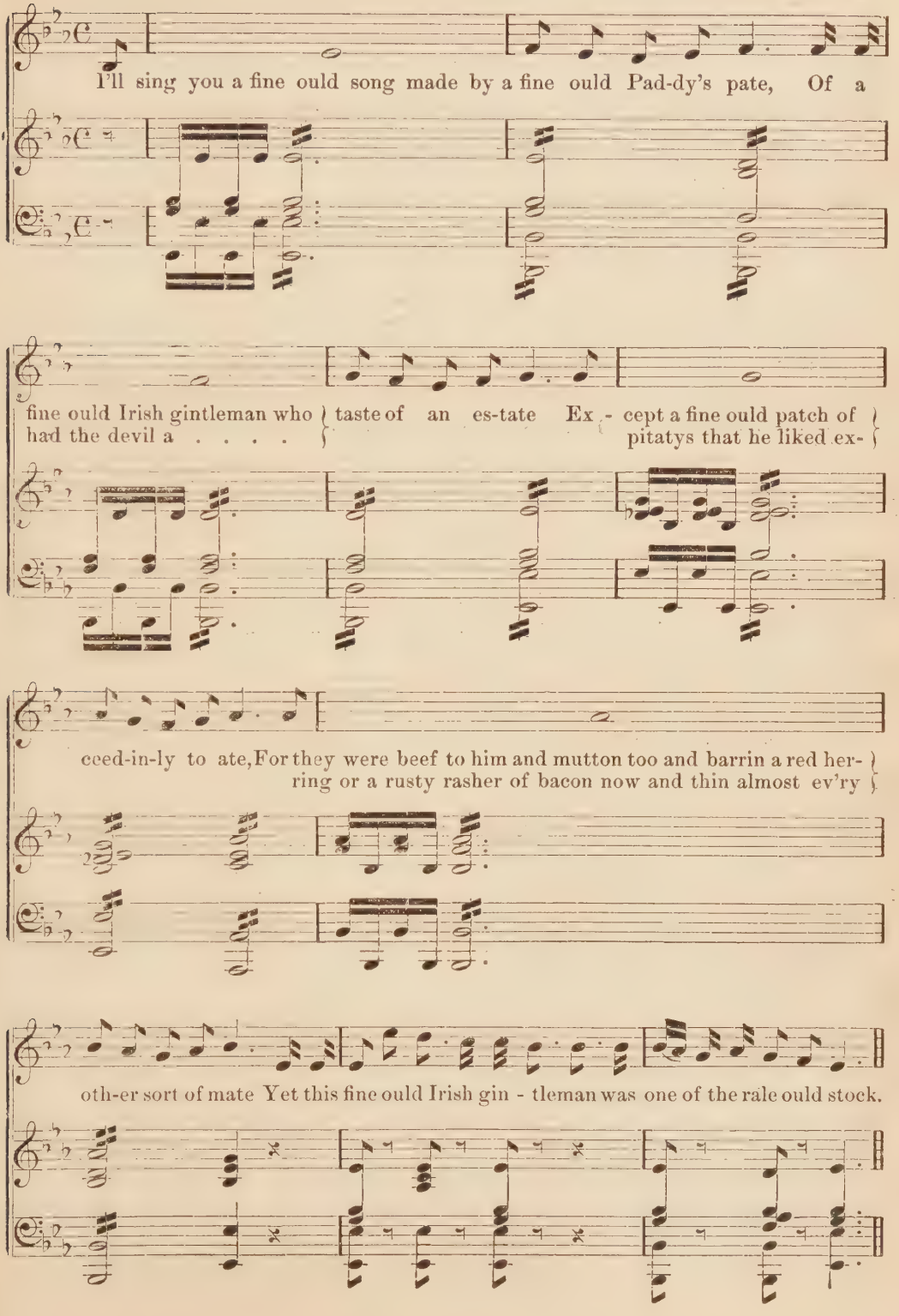


GOD IN NATURE AND GRACE.

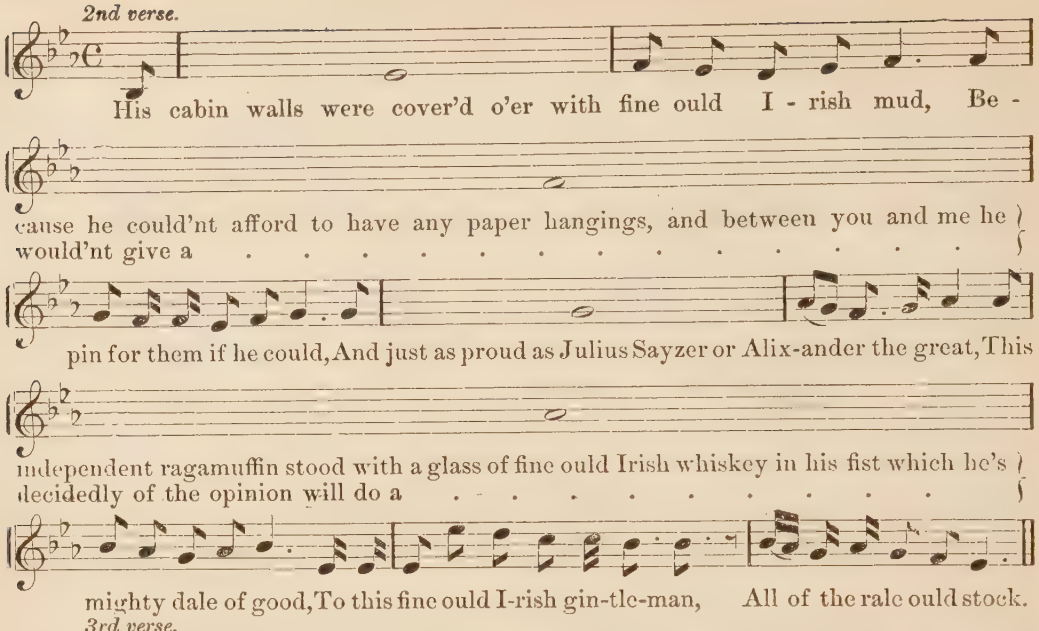


THE FINE OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN.

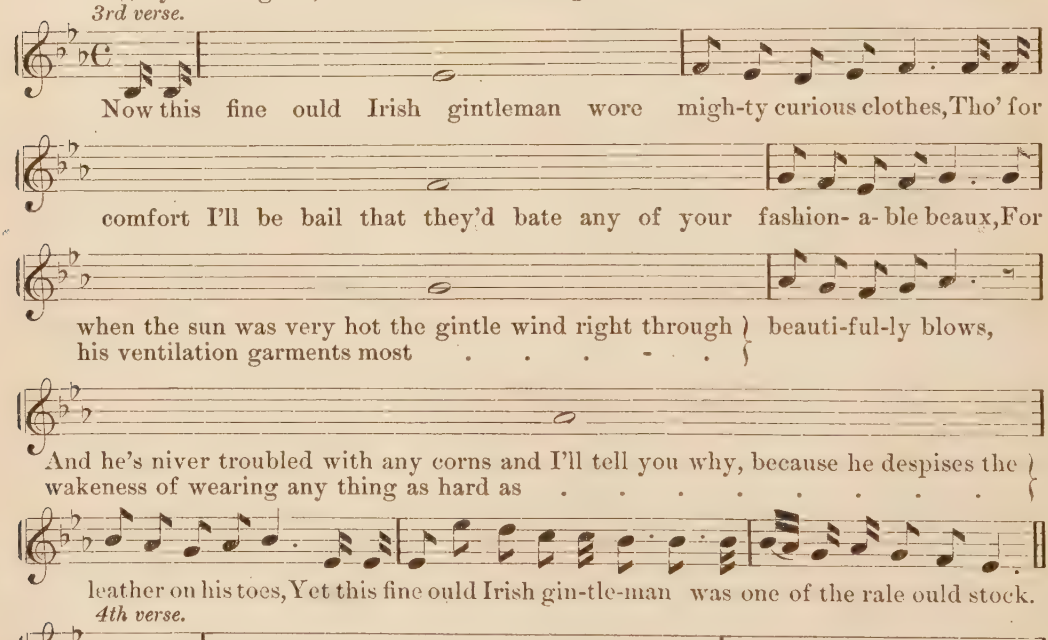
BROUGHAM. By per.



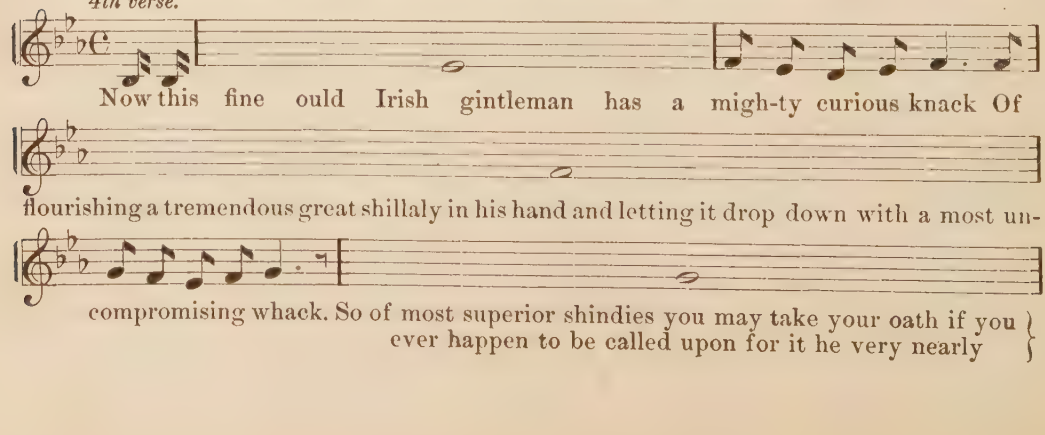
2nd verse.

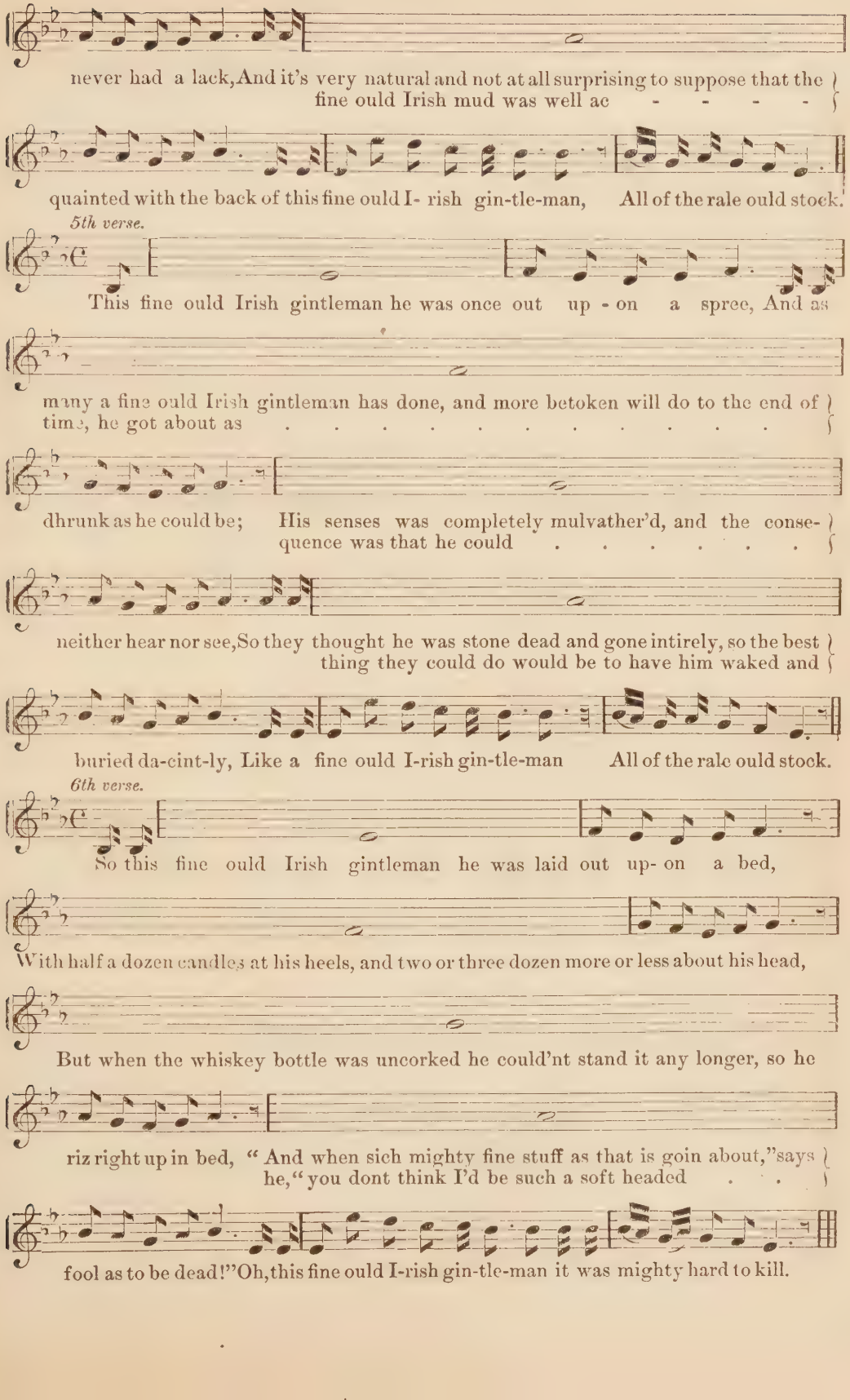


3rd verse.



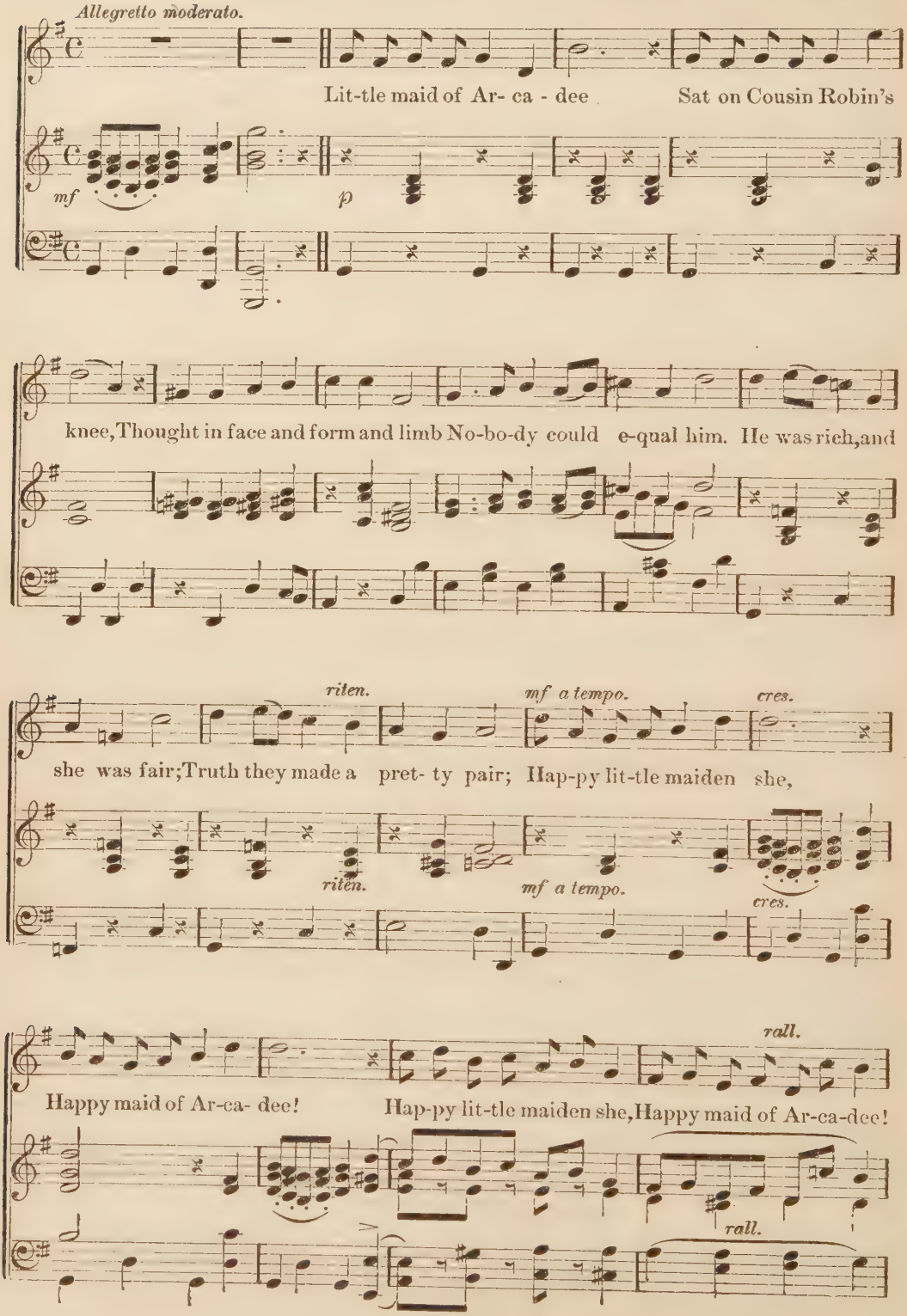
4th verse.

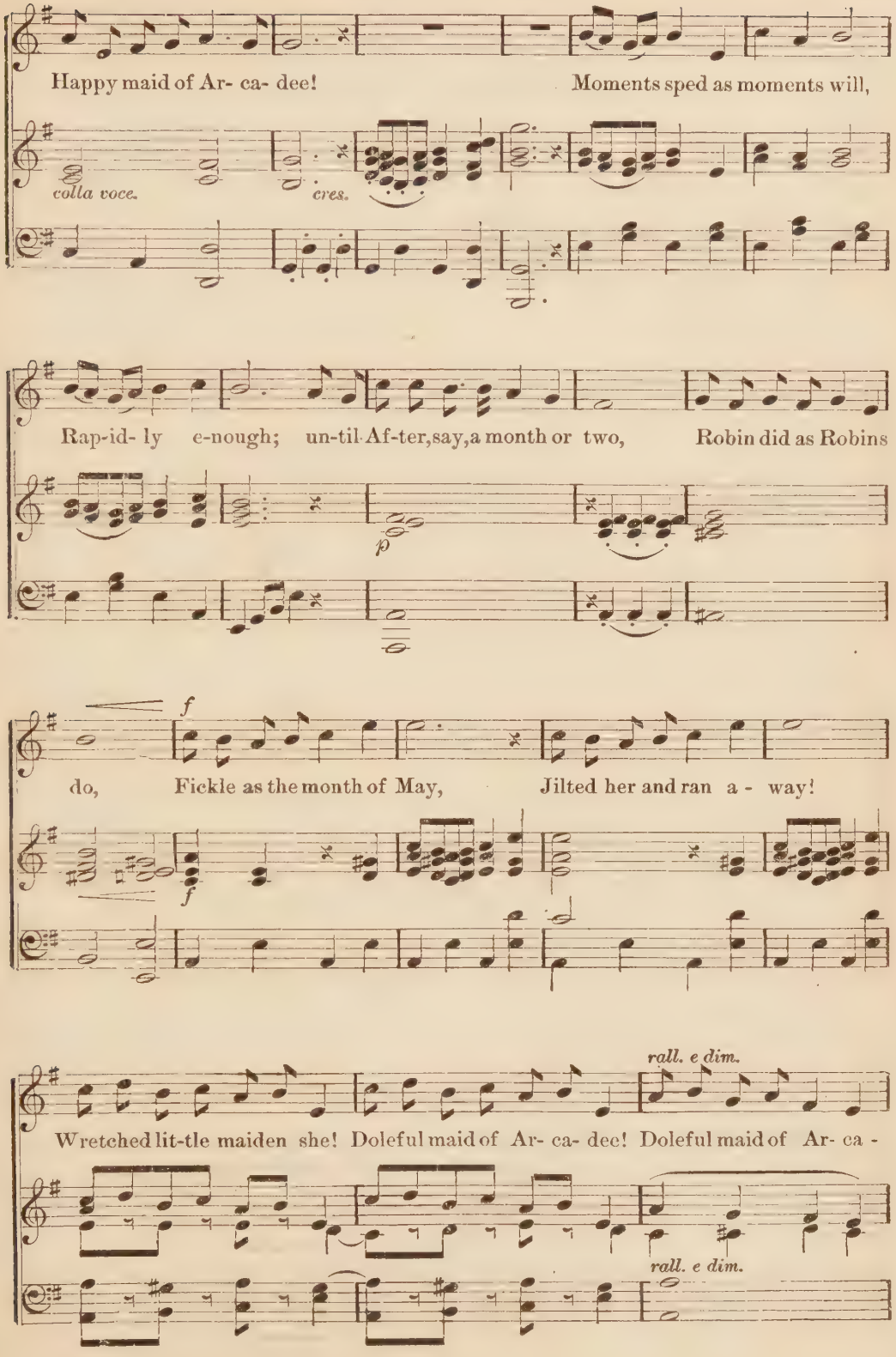


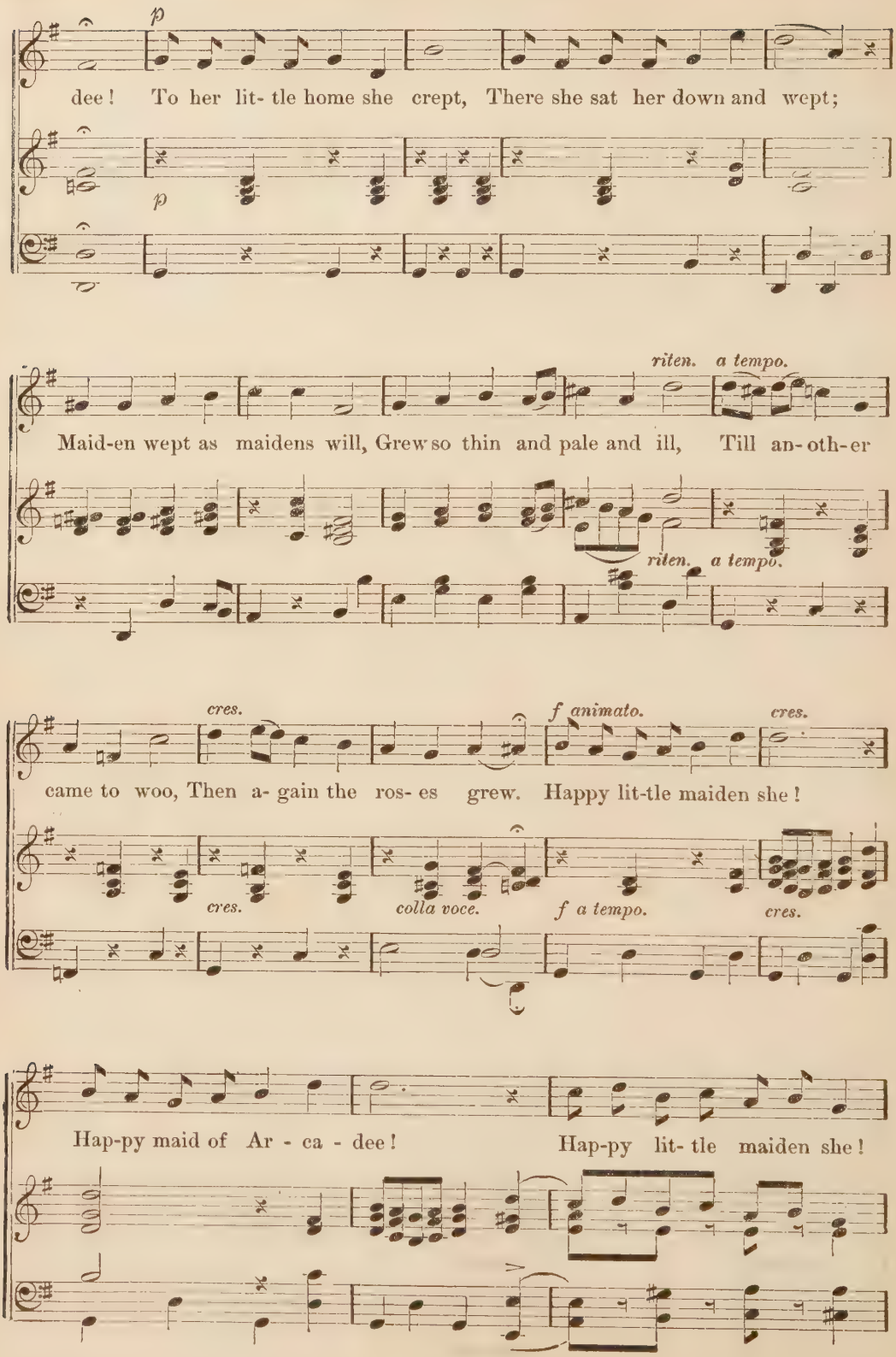

never had a lack,And it's very natural and not at all surprising to suppose that the fine ould Irish mud was well ac - - - -
quainted with the back of this fine ould I- rish gin-tle-man, All of the rale ould stock.
5th verse.
This fine ould Irish gintleman he was once out up - on a spree, And as
many a fine ould Irish gintleman has done, and more betoken will do to the end of time, he got about as . . . . . .
dhrunk as he could be; His senses was completely mulvather'd, and the consequence was that he could . . . . . .
neither hear nor see,So they thought he was stone dead and gone intirely, so the best thing they could do would be to have him waked and
buried da-cint-ly, Like a fine ould I-rish gin-tle-man All of the rale ould stock.
6th verse.
So this fine ould Irish gintleman he was laid out up- on a bed,
With half a dozen candles at his heels, and two or three dozen more or less about his head,
But when the whiskey bottle was uncorked he could'nt stand it any longer, so he
riz right up in bed, "And when sich mighty fine stuff as that is goin about,"says he,"you dont think I'd be such a soft headed . . .
fool as to be dead!"Oh,this fine ould I-rish gin-tle-man it was mighty hard to kill.

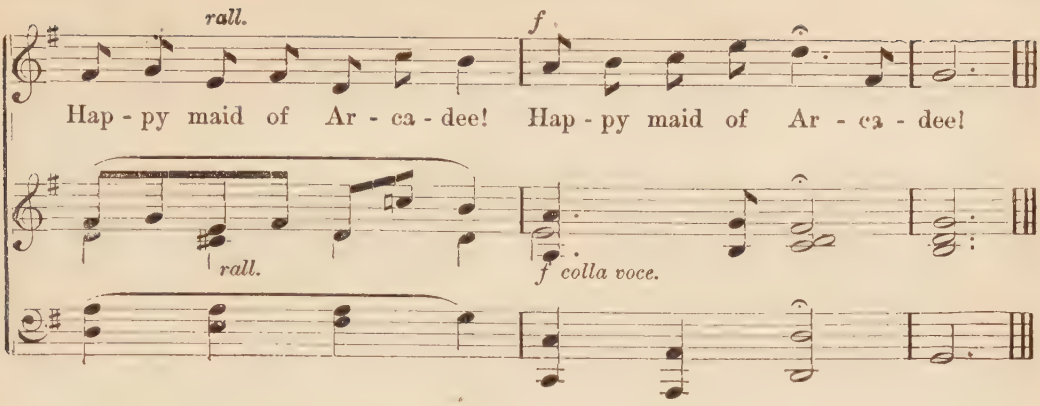
LITTLE MAID OF ARCADEE.

GILBERT. SULLIVAN.



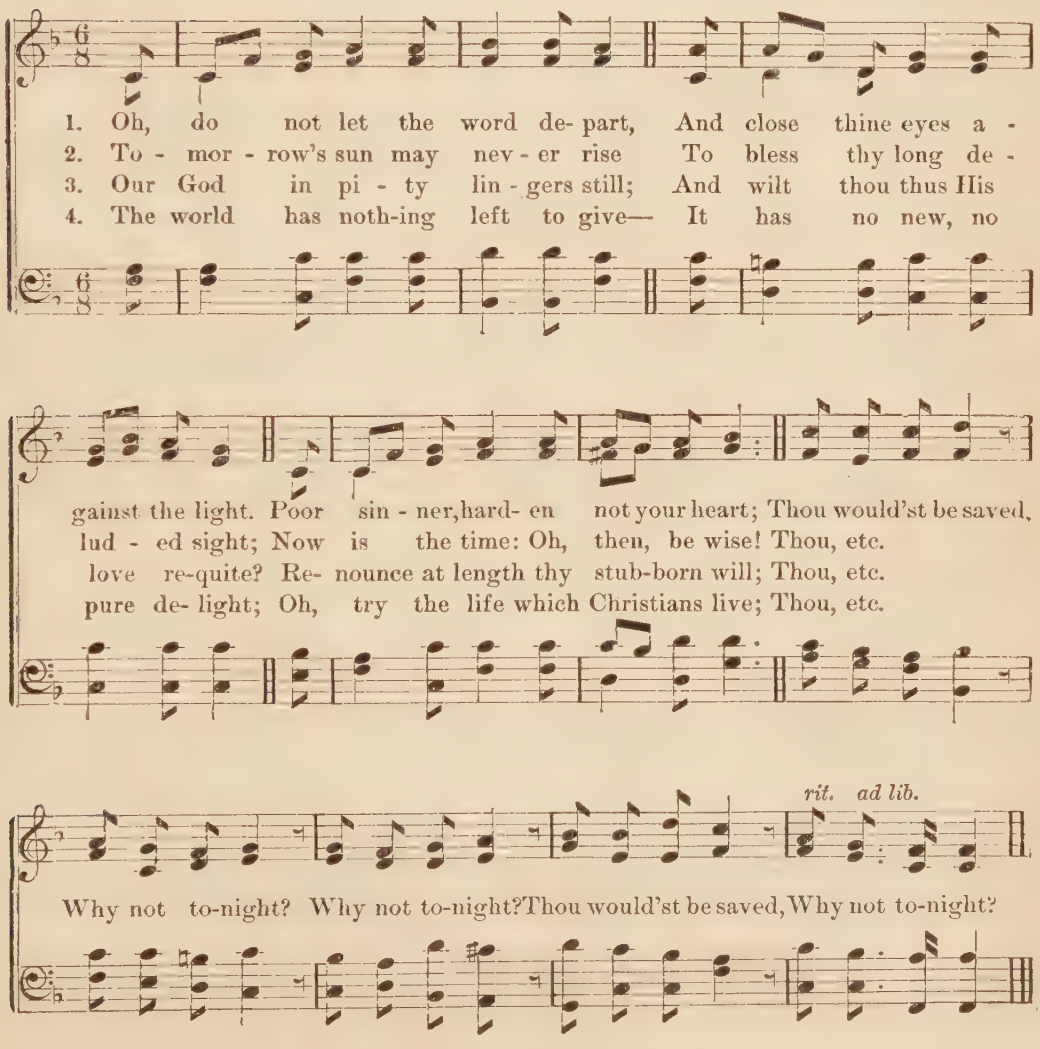

Happy maid of Ar- ca- dee! Moments sped as moments will,
colla voce.
cres.
Rap-id- ly e-nough; un-til Af-ter,say,a month or two, Robin did as Robins
p
f
do, Fickle as the month of May, Jilted her and ran a - way!
f
rall. e dim.
Wretched lit-tle maiden she! Doleful maid of Ar- ca- dee! Doleful maid of Ar- ca -
rall. e dim.


p
dee! To her lit- tle home she crept, There she sat her down and wept;
p
riten. a tempo.
Maid-en wept as maidens will, Grew so thin and pale and ill, Till an-oth-er
riten. a tempo.
cres.
f animato.
cres.
came to woo, Then a- gain the ros- es grew. Happy lit-tle maiden she!
cres.
colla voce.
f a tempo.
cres.
Hap-py maid of Ar - ca - dee! Hap-py lit- tle maiden she!



WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

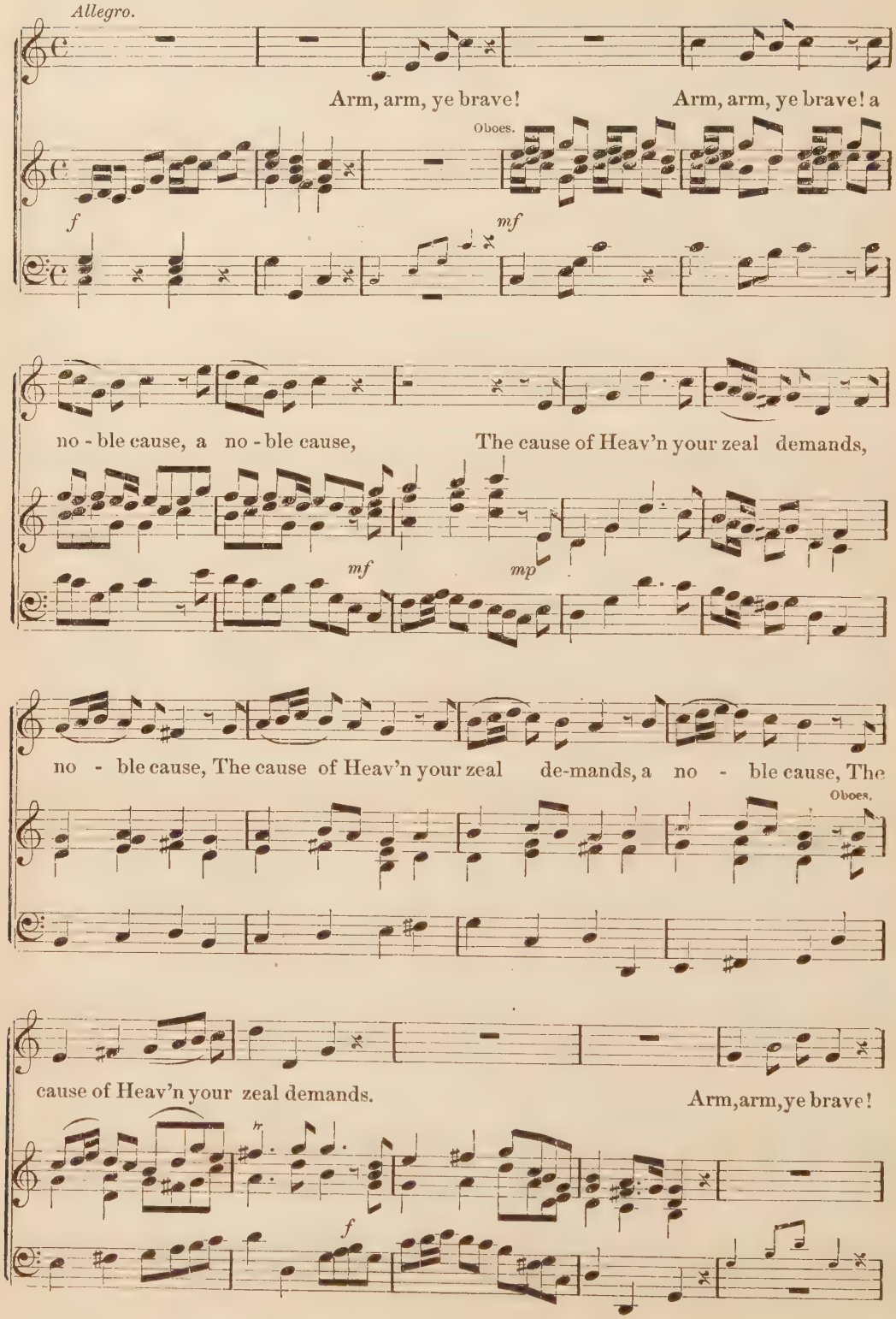
KIRKPATRICK. By per.

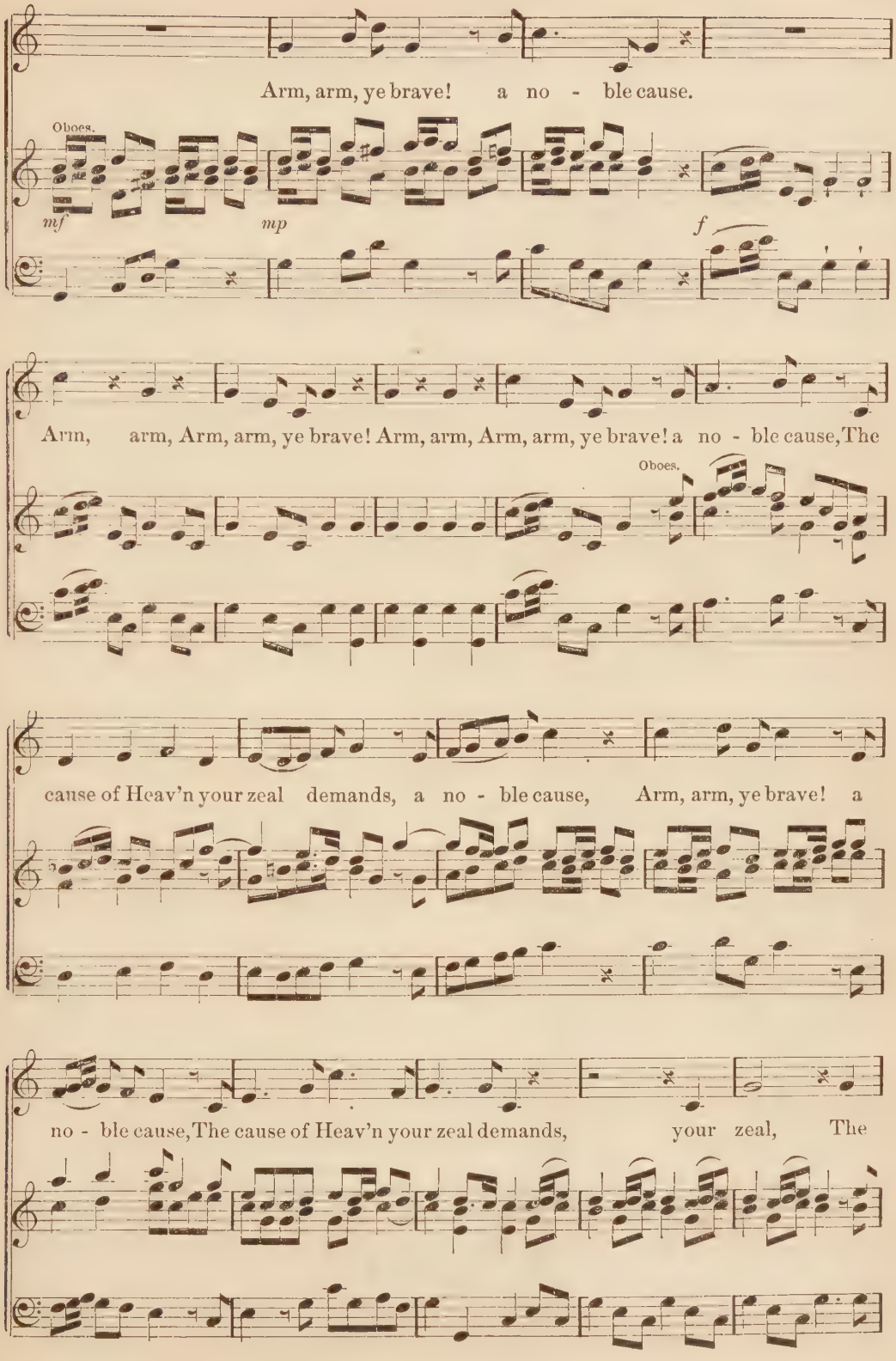


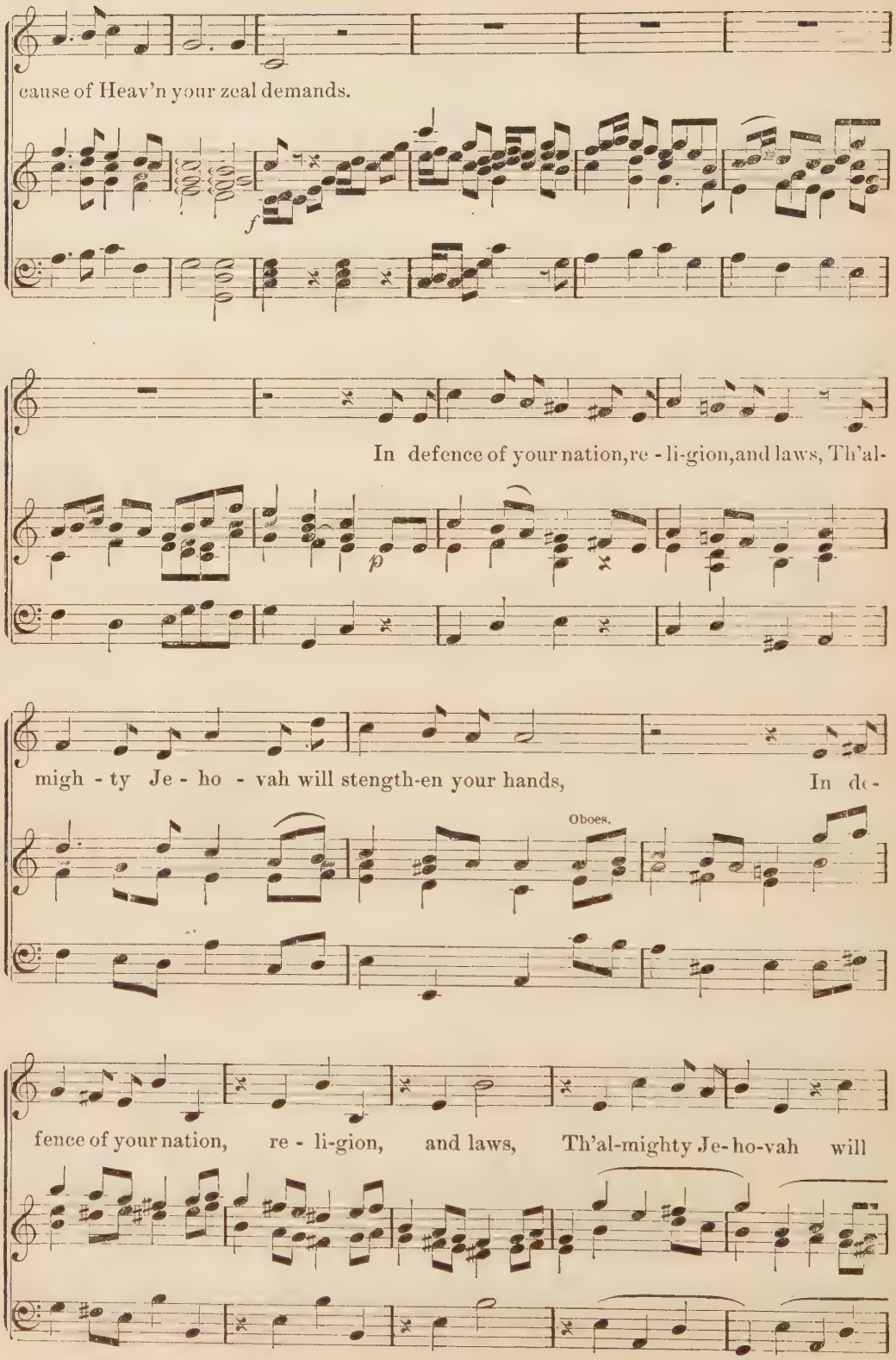
ARM, ARM, YE BRAVE.

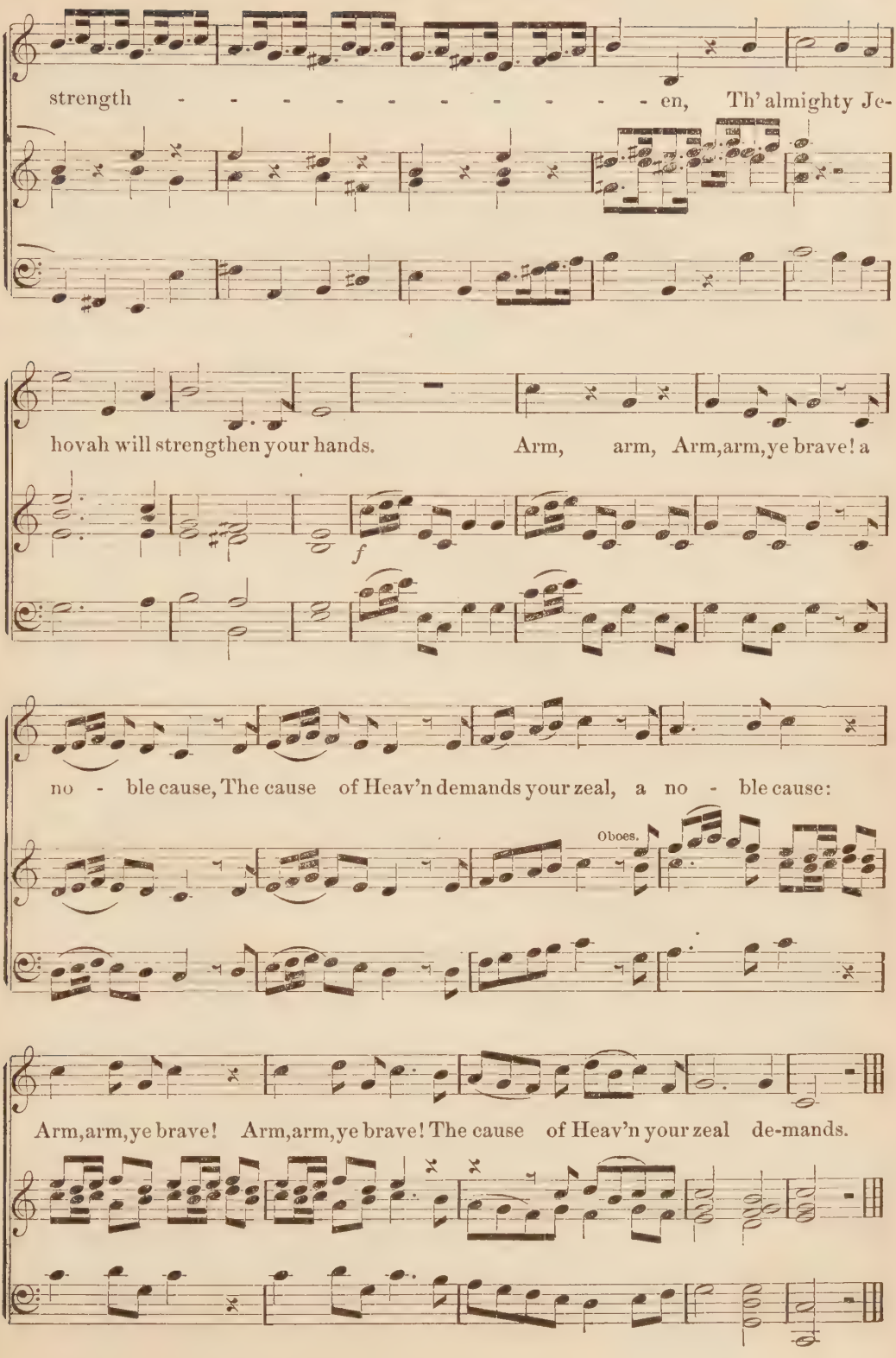
FROM "JUDAS MACCABÆUS." HANDEL.

Allegro.

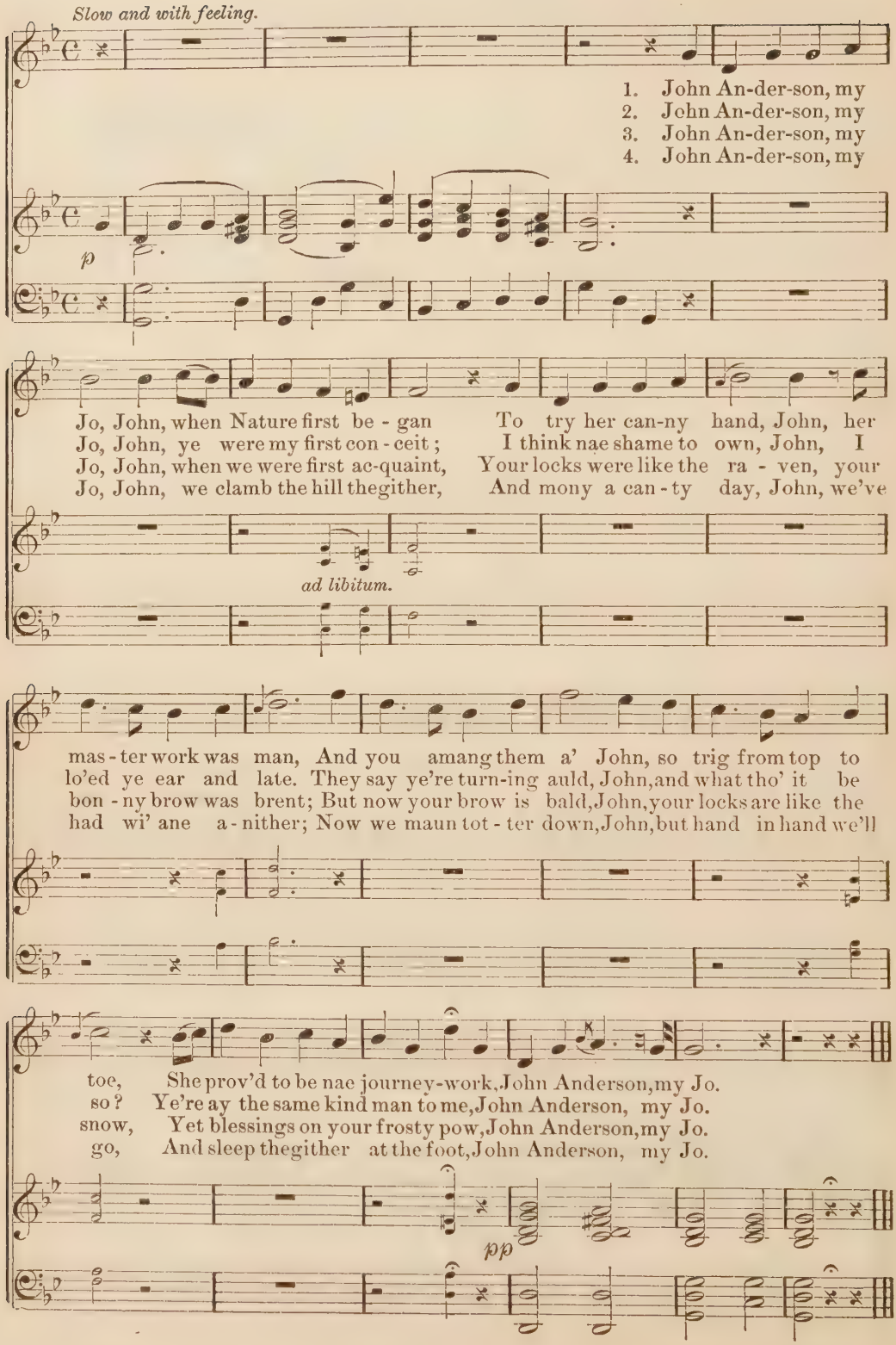



Arm, arm, ye brave! a no - ble cause.
Oboes.
mf
mp
f
Arm, arm, Arm, arm, ye brave! Arm, arm, Arm, arm, ye brave! a no - ble cause, The
Oboes.
cause of Heav'n your zeal demands, a no - ble cause, Arm, arm, ye brave! a
no - ble cause, The cause of Heav'n your zeal demands, your zeal, The


cause of Heav'n your zeal demands.
f
In defence of your nation, re - li-gion, and laws, Th'al-
p
migh - ty Je - ho - vah will stength-en your hands, In de-
Oboes.
fence of your nation, re - li-gion, and laws, Th'al-mighty Je-ho-vah will


strength - - - - - - - - - - - - en, Th' almighty Je-
hovah will strengthen your hands. Arm, arm, Arm,arm,ye brave! a
f
no - ble cause, The cause of Heav'n demands your zeal, a no - ble cause:
Oboes.
Arm,arm,ye brave! Arm,arm,ye brave! The cause of Heav'n your zeal de-mands.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

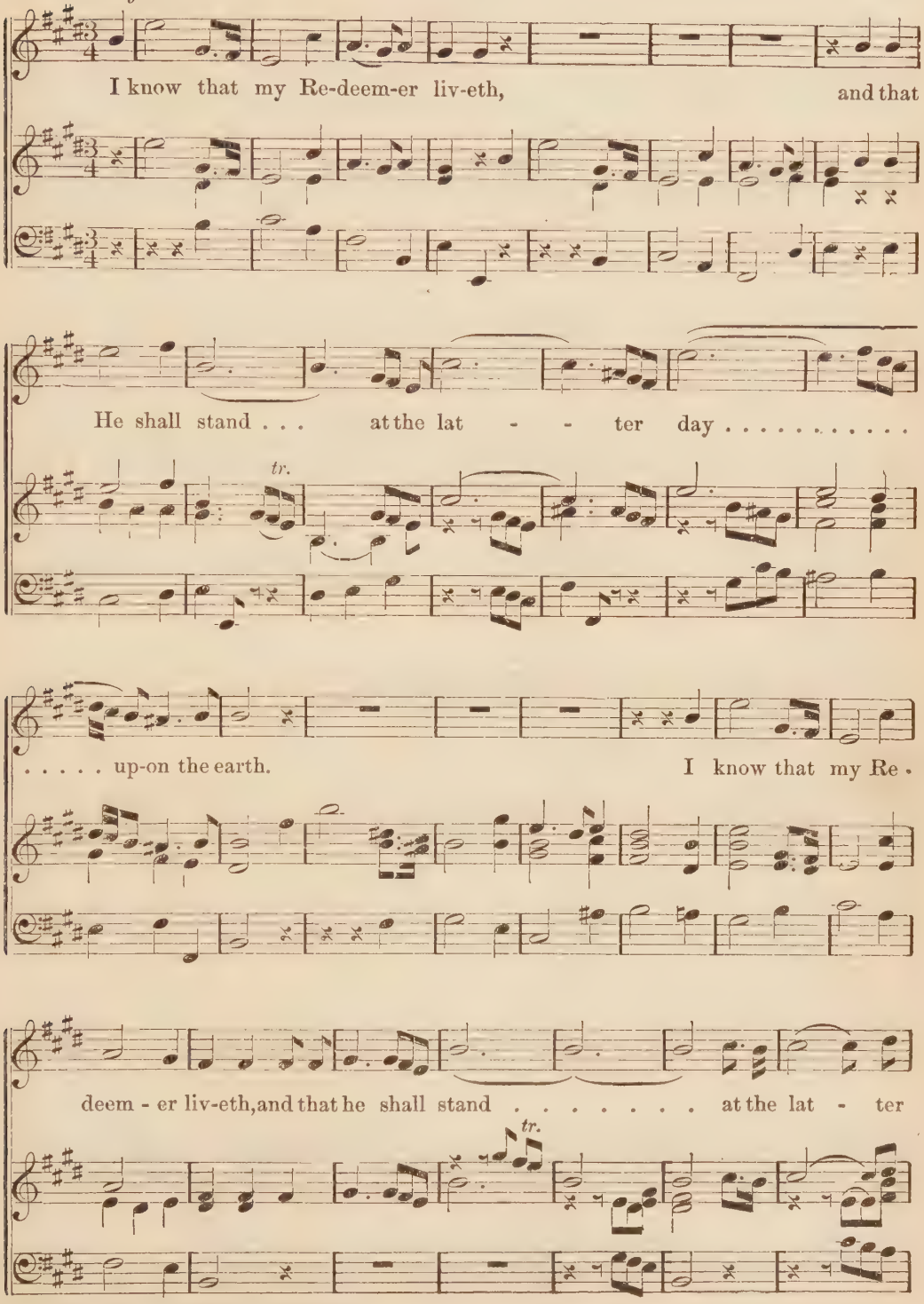


I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

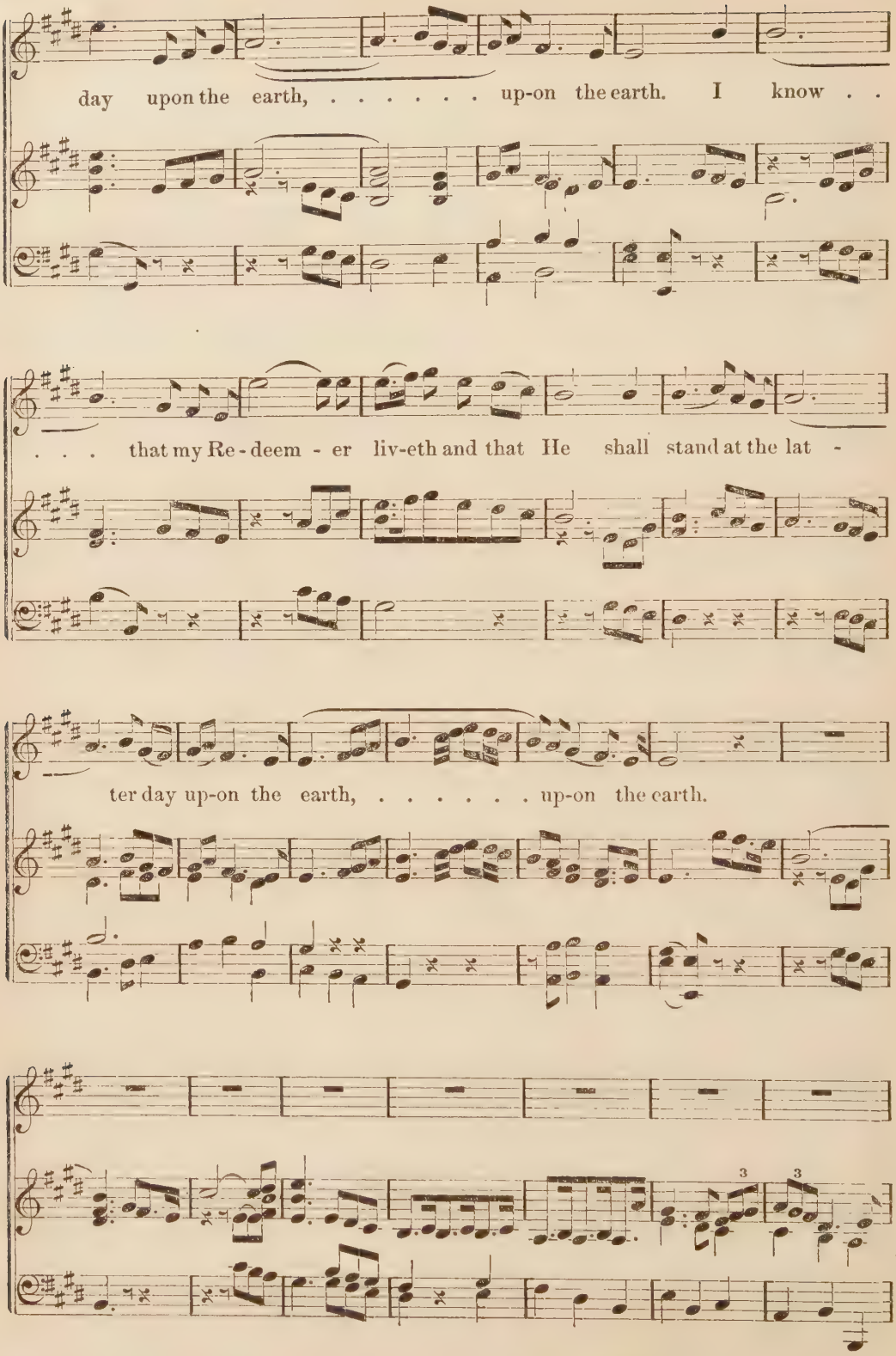
FROM THE "MESSIAH"

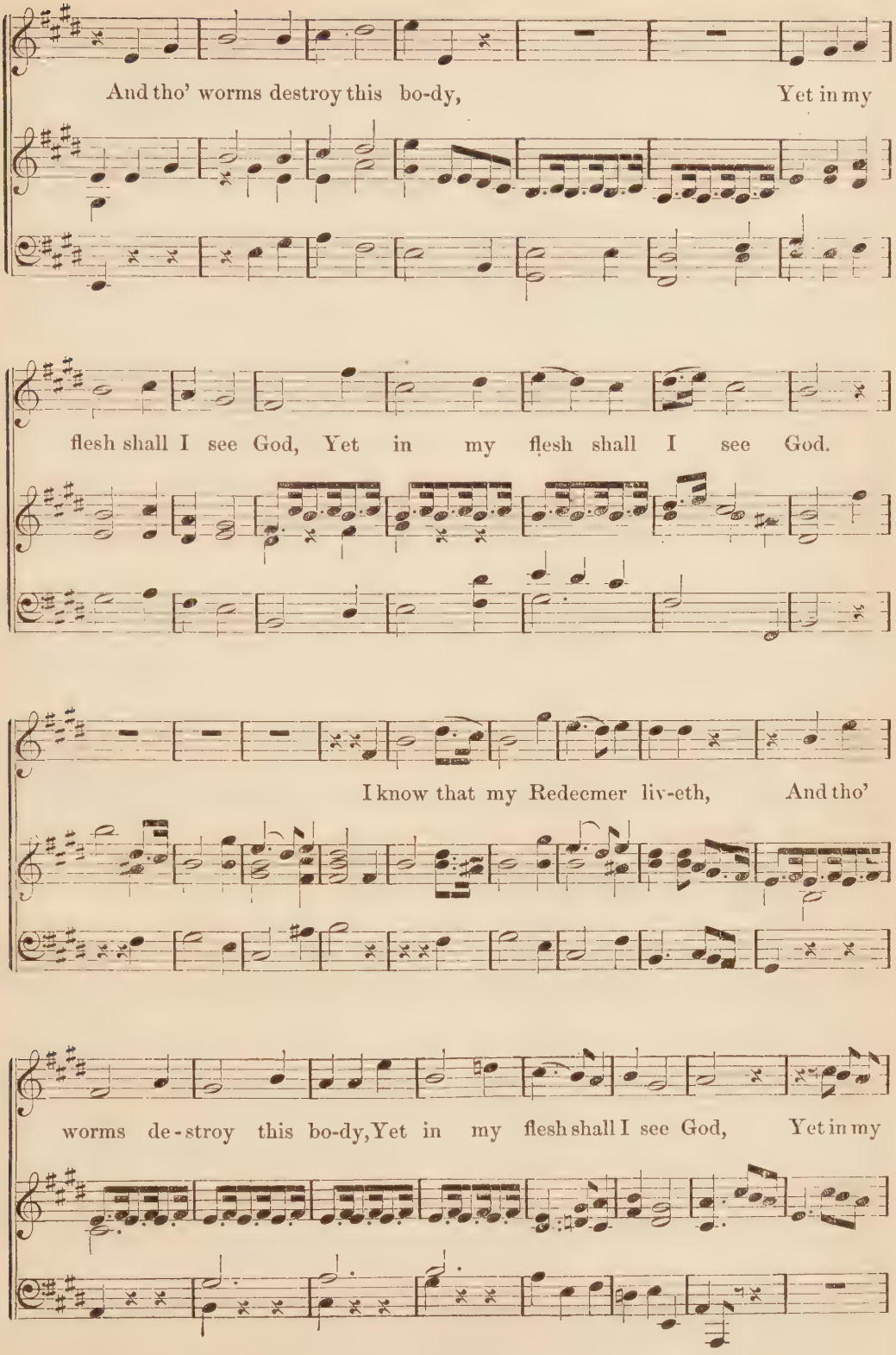
HANDEL.

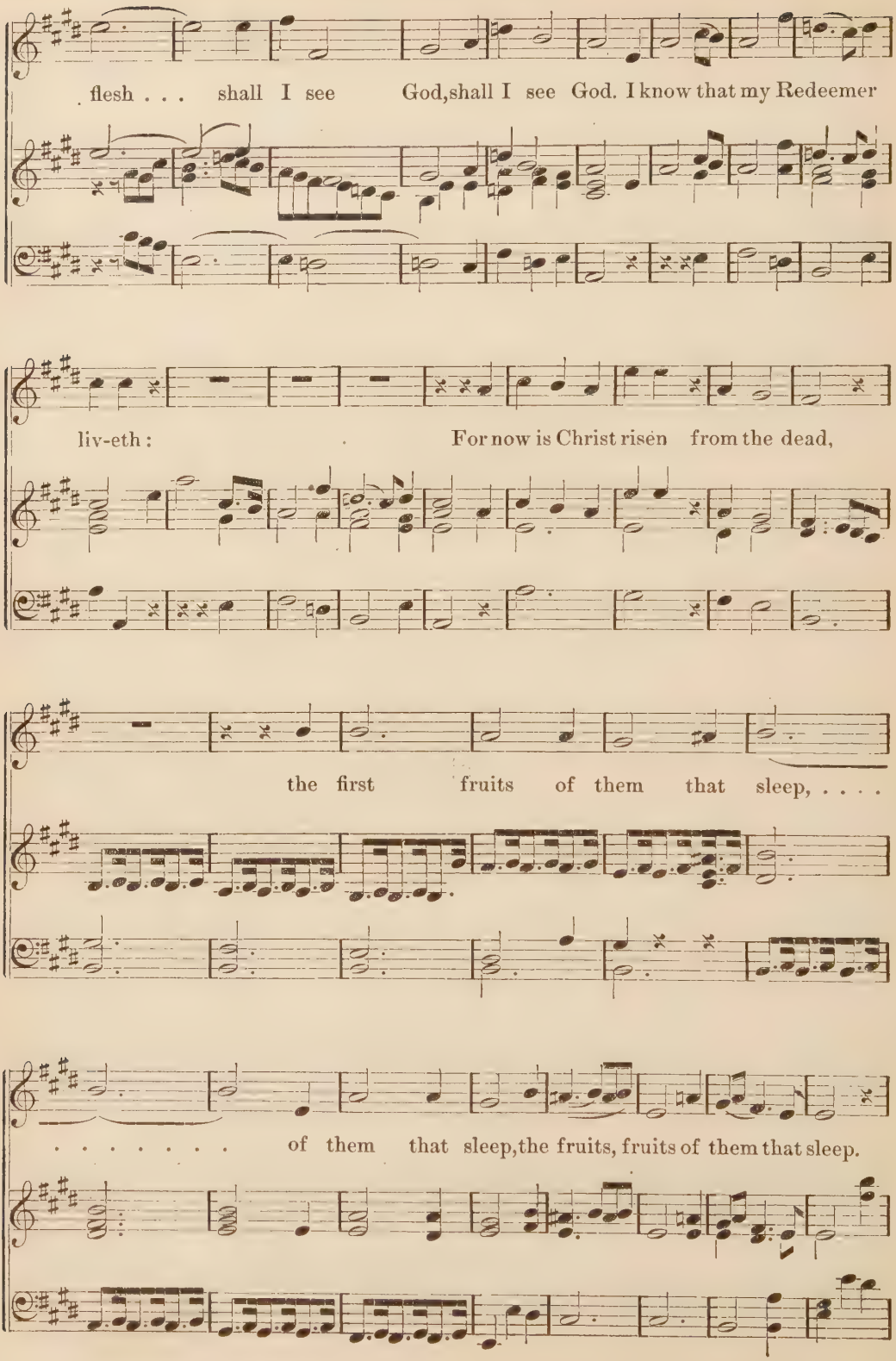
Larghetto.

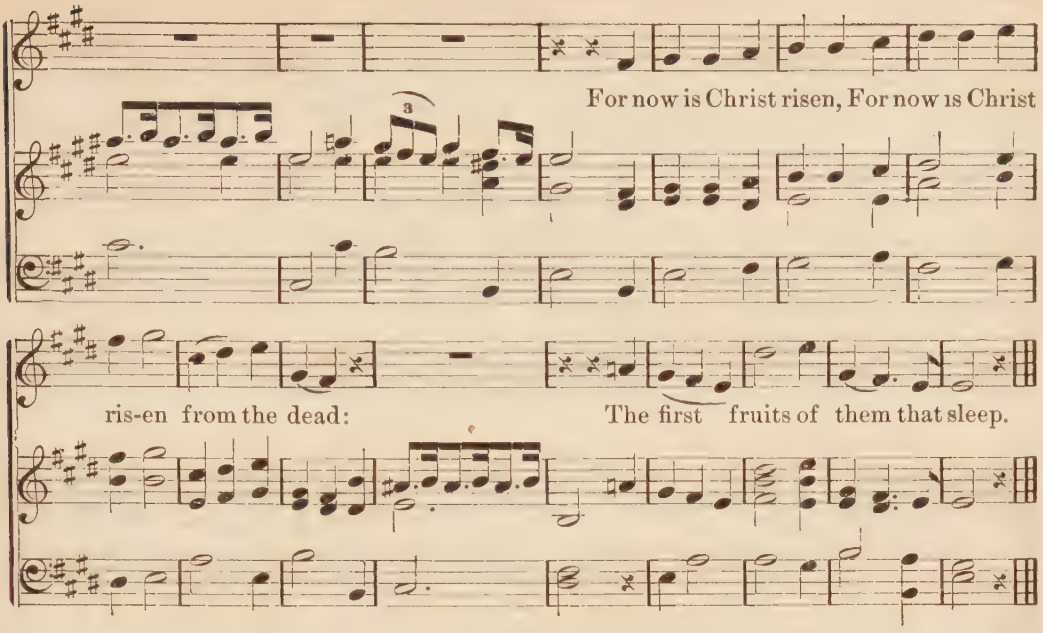


NOTE.—Play first five measures for introduction.


day upon the earth, ... up-on the earth. I know . .
. . . that my Re-deem - er liv-eth and that He shall stand at the lat -
ter day up-on the earth, ... up-on the earth.
3
3

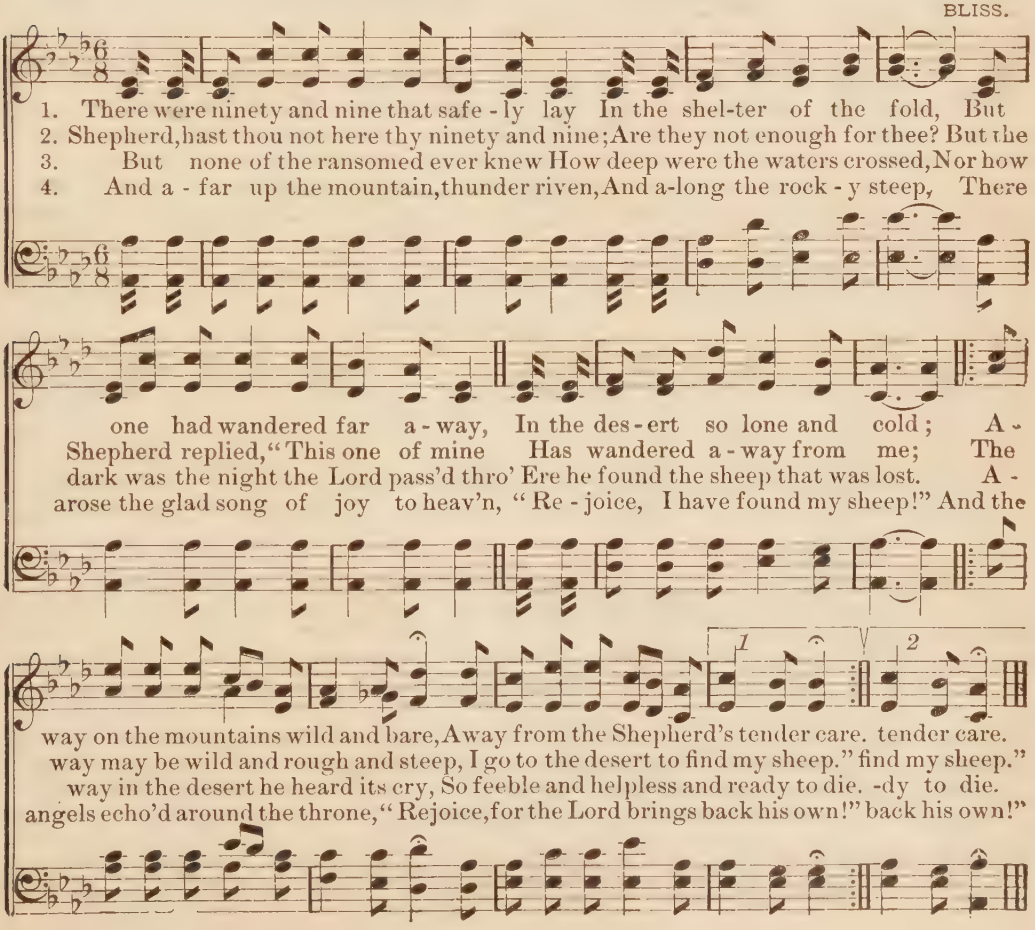

And tho' worms destroy this bo-dy, Yet in my
flesh shall I see God, Yet in my flesh shall I see God.
I know that my Redeemer liv-eth, And tho'
worms de-stroy this bo-dy, Yet in my flesh shall I see God, Yet in my


flesh . . . shall I see God, shall I see God. I know that my Redeemer
liv-eth: For now is Christ risen from the dead,
the first fruits of them that sleep, ...
. . . . . of them that sleep, the fruits, fruits of them that sleep.



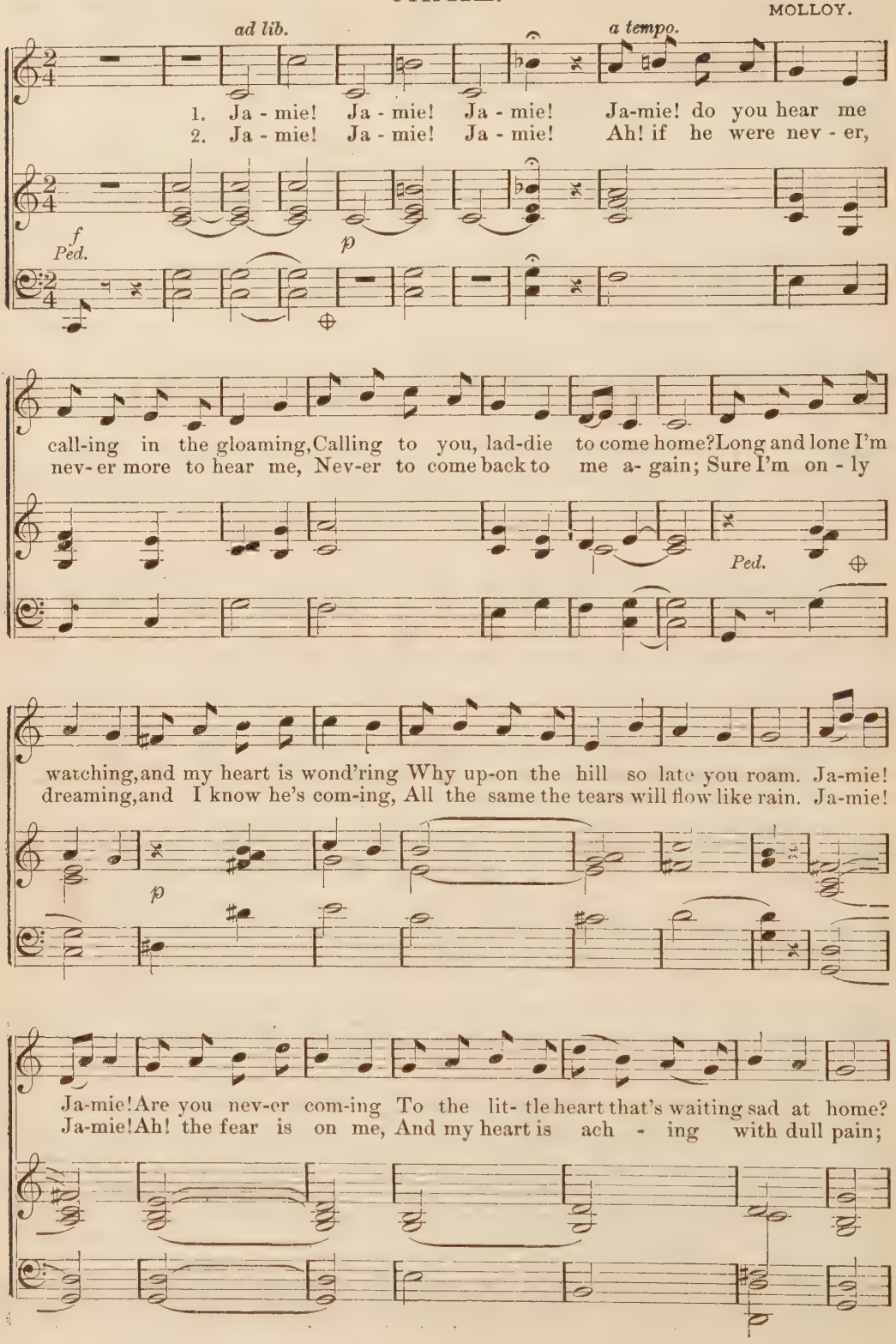
THE NINETY AND NINE.

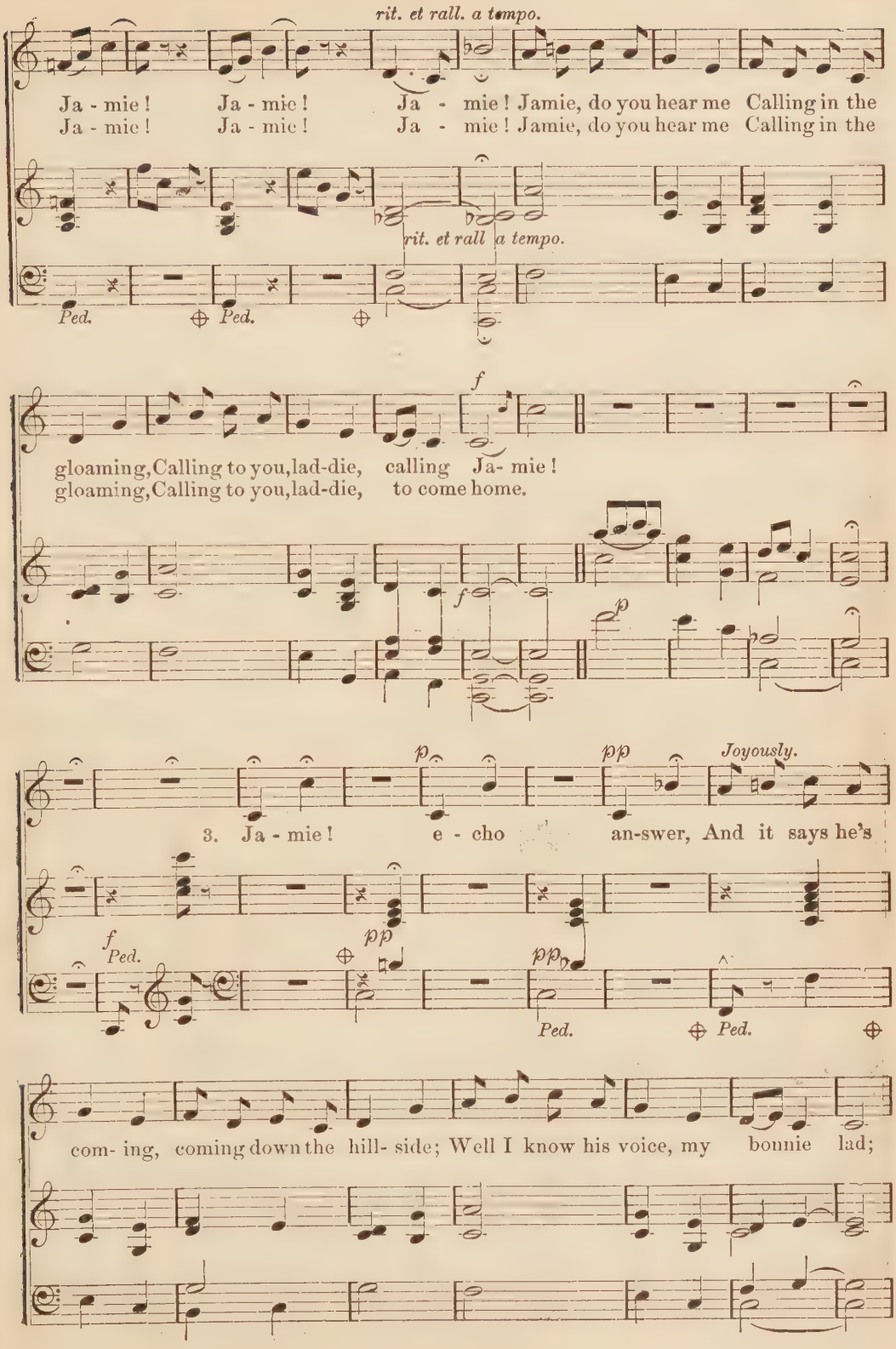
BLISS.

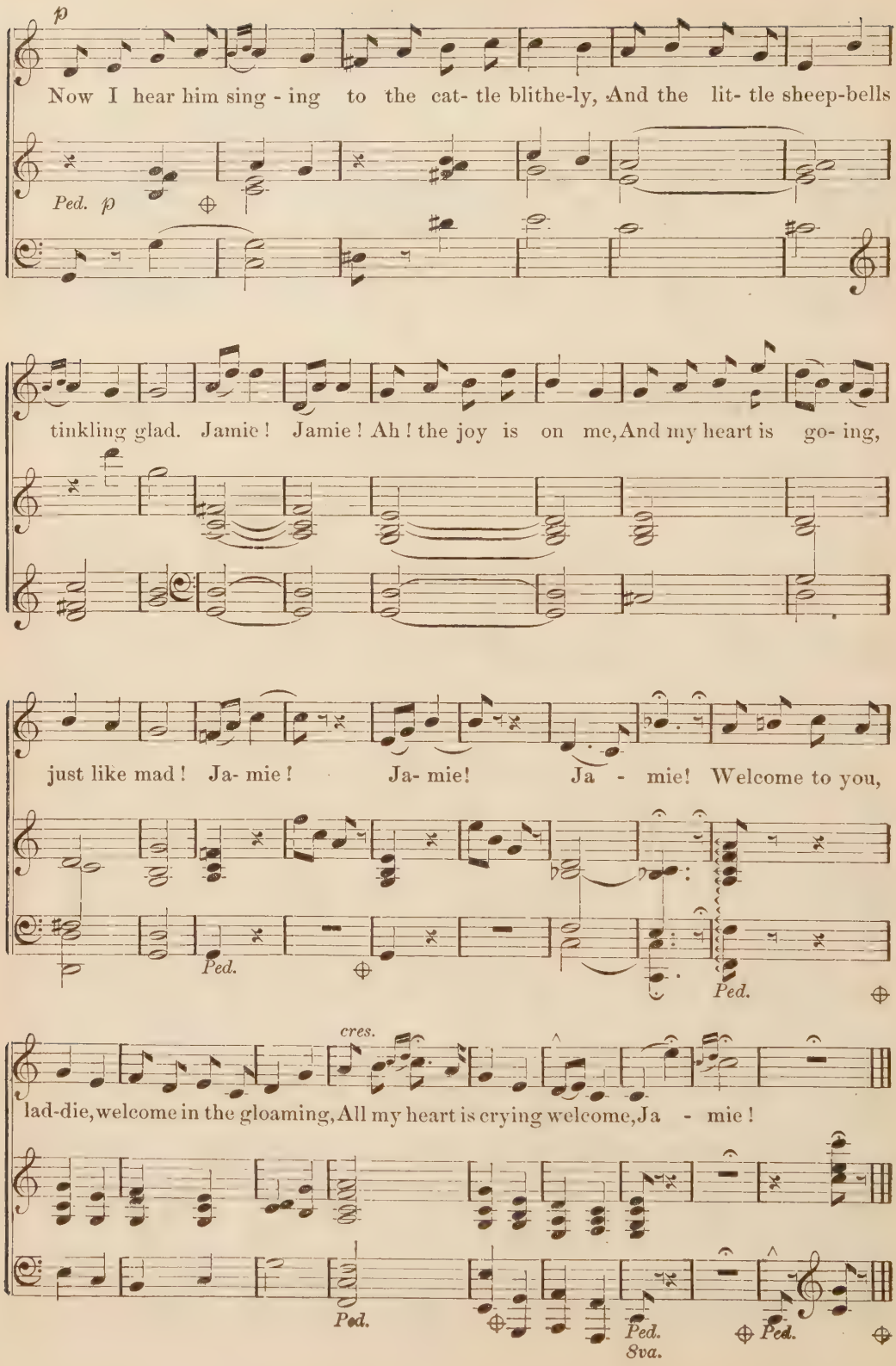


JAMIE.

MOLLOY.



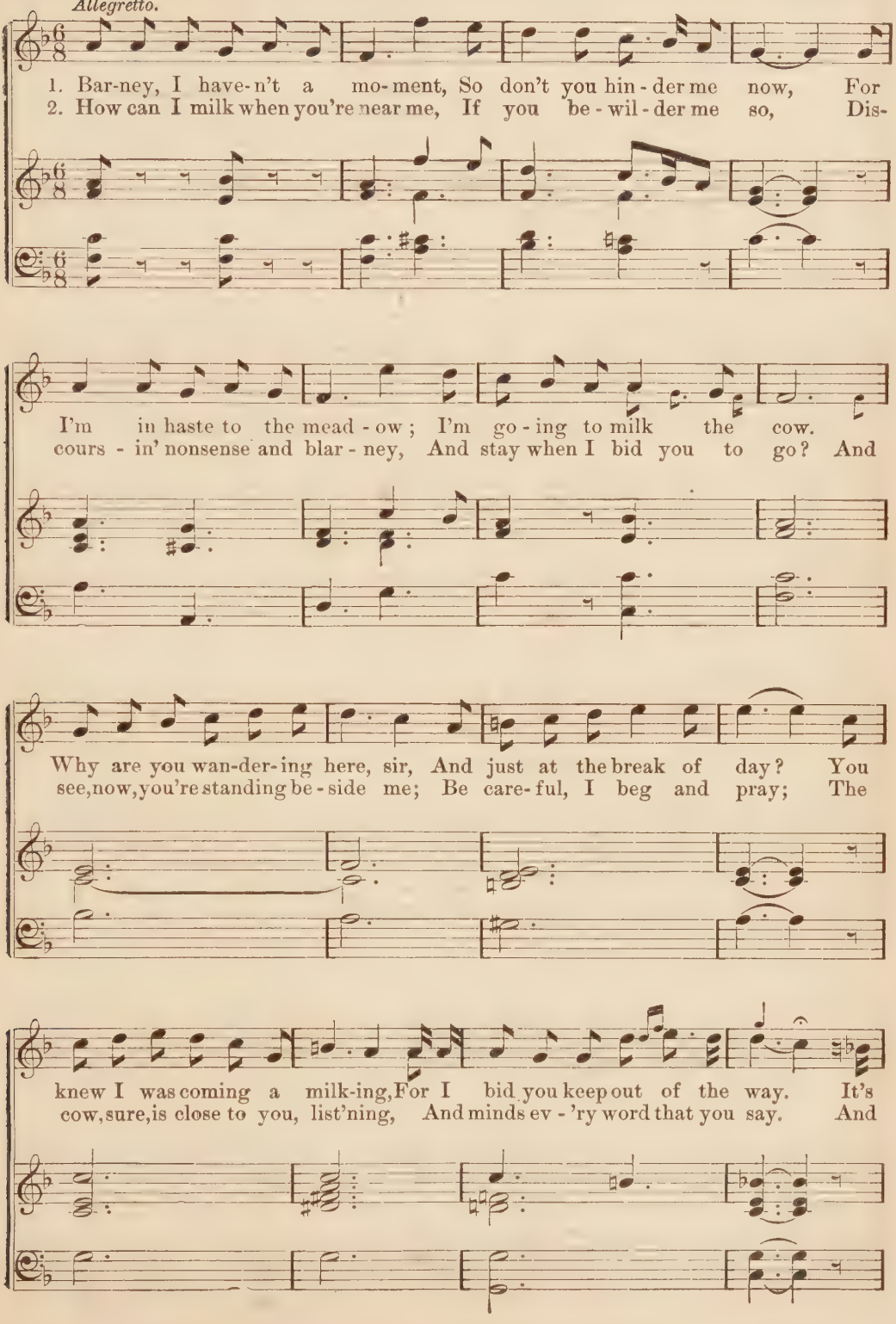

rit. et rall. a tempo.
Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Jamie, do you hear me Calling in the
Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Jamie, do you hear me Calling in the
rit. et rall a tempo.
Ped. Ped.
f
gloaming, Calling to you, lad-die, calling Ja- mie!
gloaming, Calling to you, lad-die, to come home.
f
p
p pp Joyously.
3. Ja - mie! e - cho an-swer, And it says he's
f Ped.
pp
pp
Ped. Ped.
com- ing, coming down the hill- side; Well I know his voice, my bonnie lad;

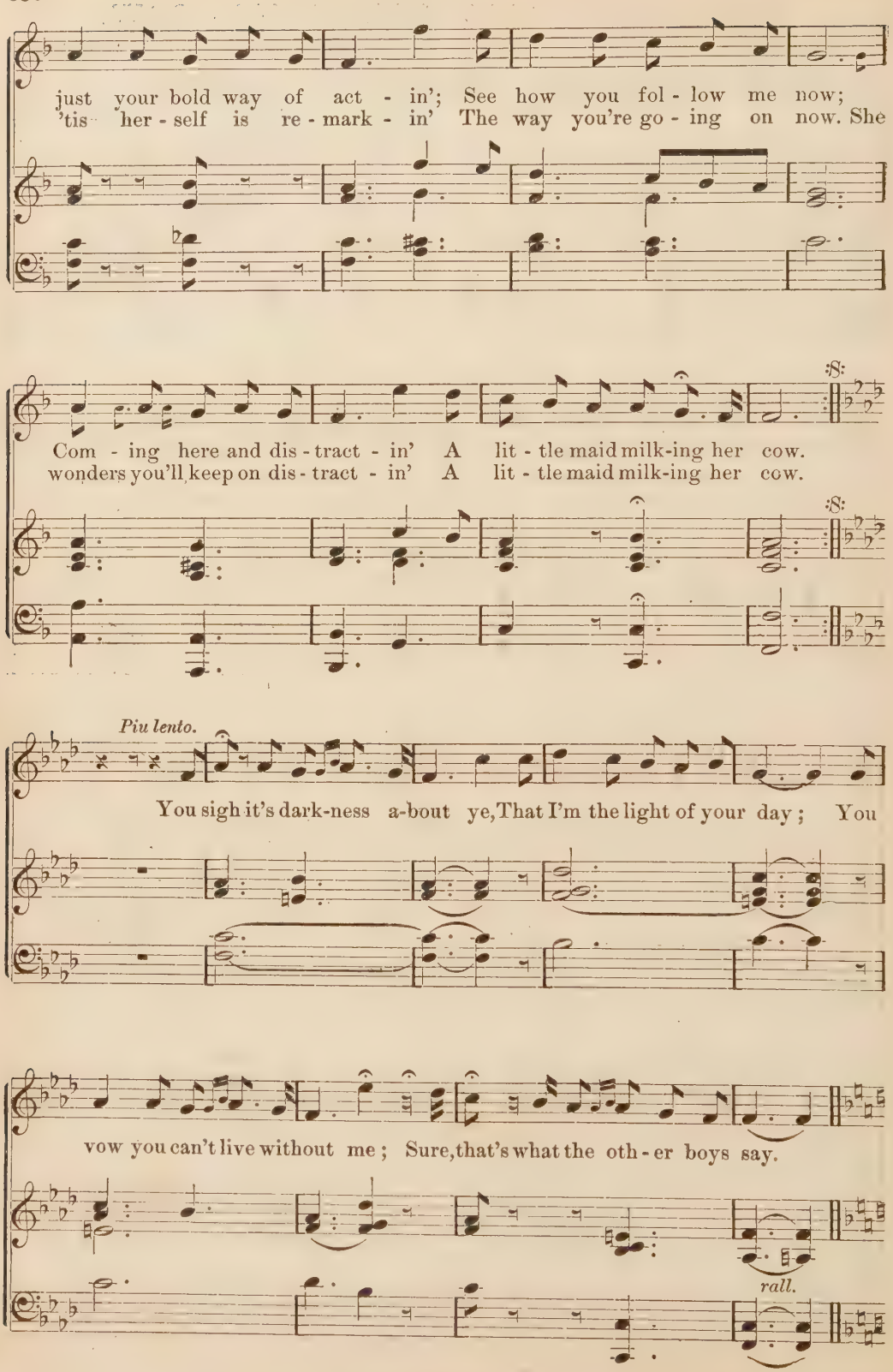

p
Now I hear him sing - ing to the cat- tle blithe-ly, And the lit- tle sheep-bells
Ped. p
tinkling glad. Jamie! Jamie! Ah! the joy is on me, And my heart is go- ing,
just like mad! Ja- mie! Ja- mie! Ja - mie! Welcome to you,
Ped.
Ped.
cres.
lad-die, welcome in the gloaming, All my heart is crying welcome, Ja - mie!
Ped.
Ped.
8va.
Ped.

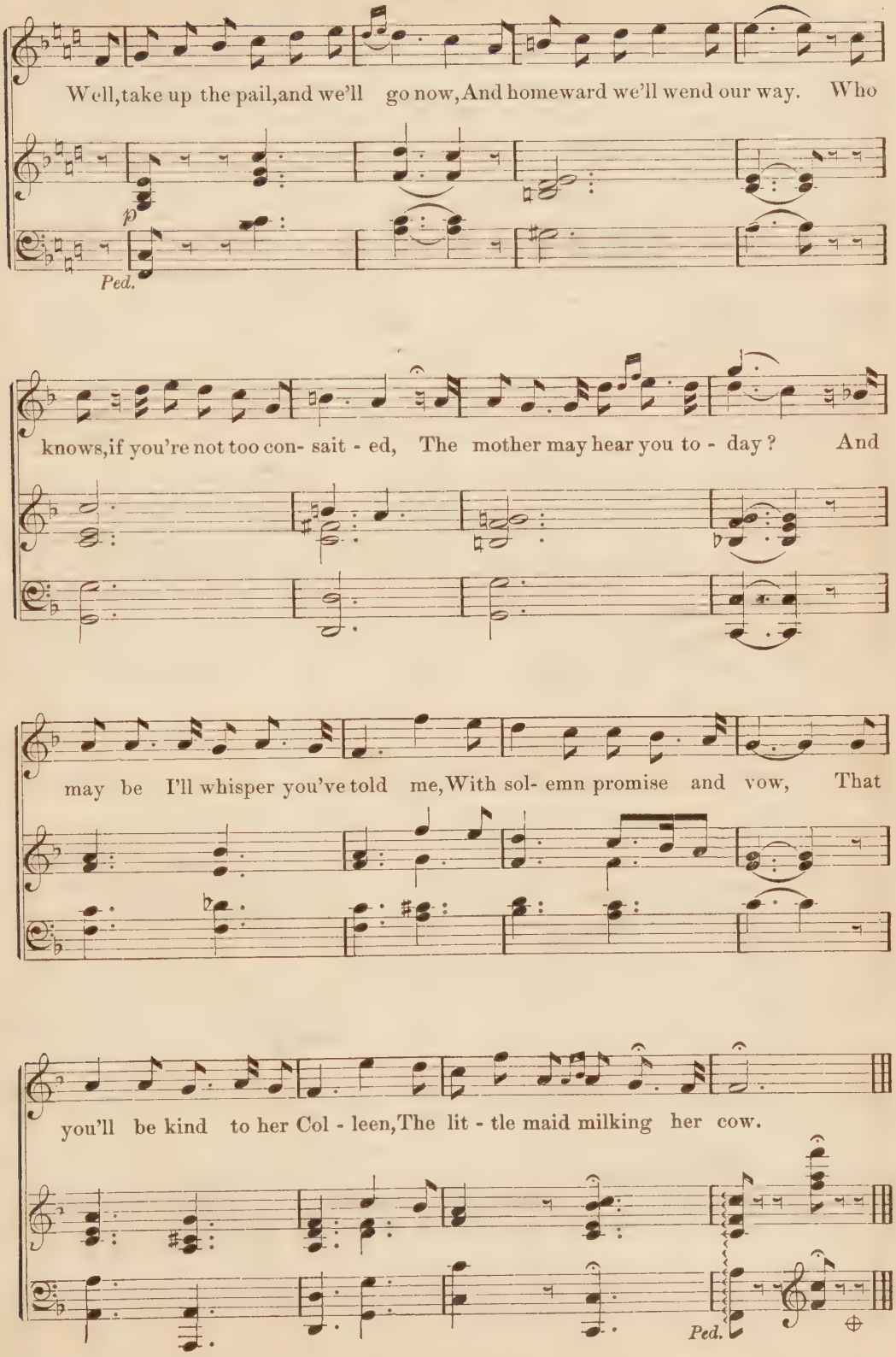
THE LITTLE MAID MILKING HER COW.

MOLLOY.

Allegretto.

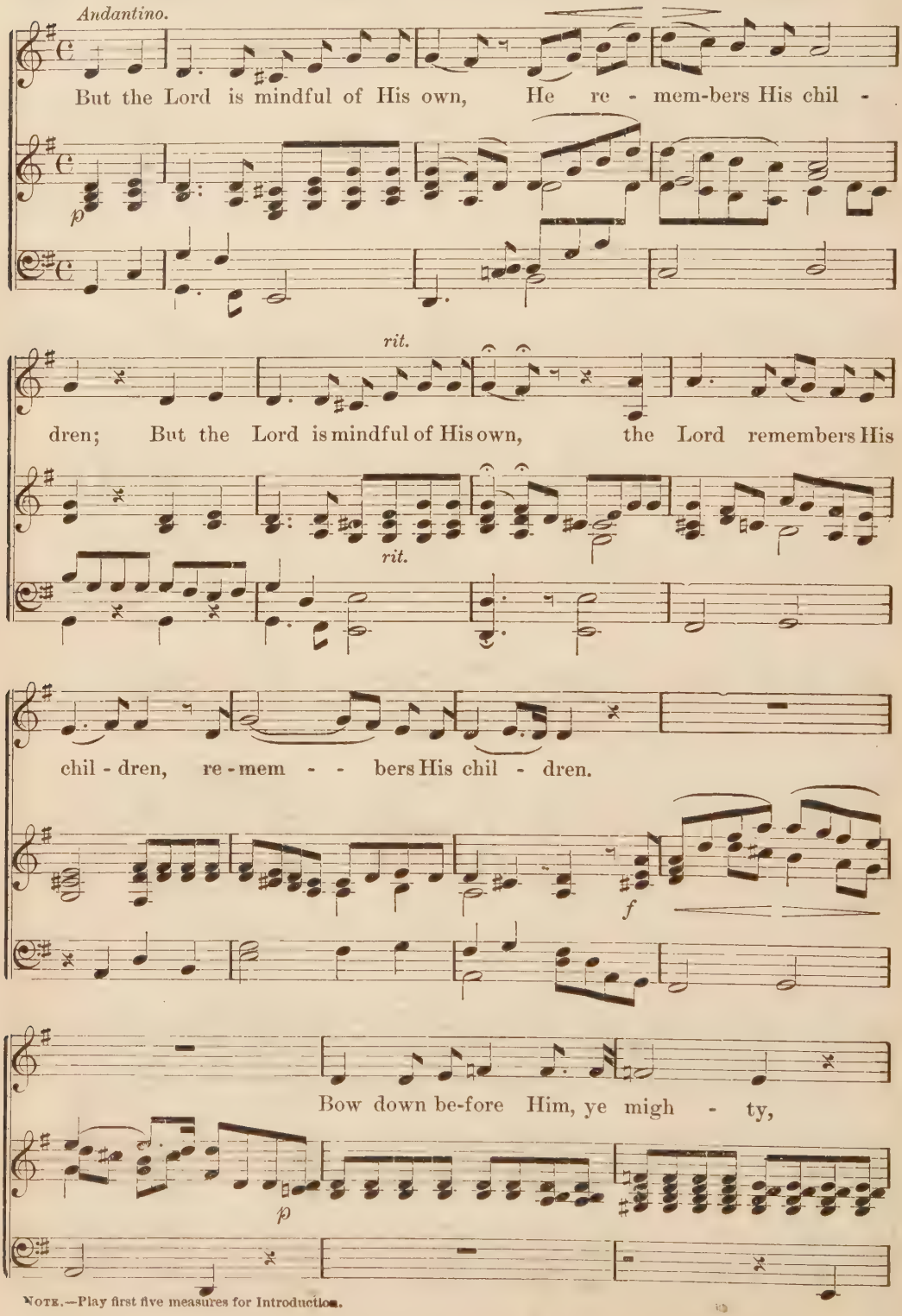



just your bold way of act - in'; See how you fol - low me now;
'tis her - self is re - mark - in' The way you're go - ing on now. She
Com - ing here and dis - tract - in' A lit - tle maid milk-ing her cow.
wonders you'll keep on dis - tract - in' A lit - tle maid milk-ing her cow.
Piu lento.
You sigh it's dark-ness a-bout ye, That I'm the light of your day; You
vow you can't live without me; Sure, that's what the oth - er boys say.
rall.

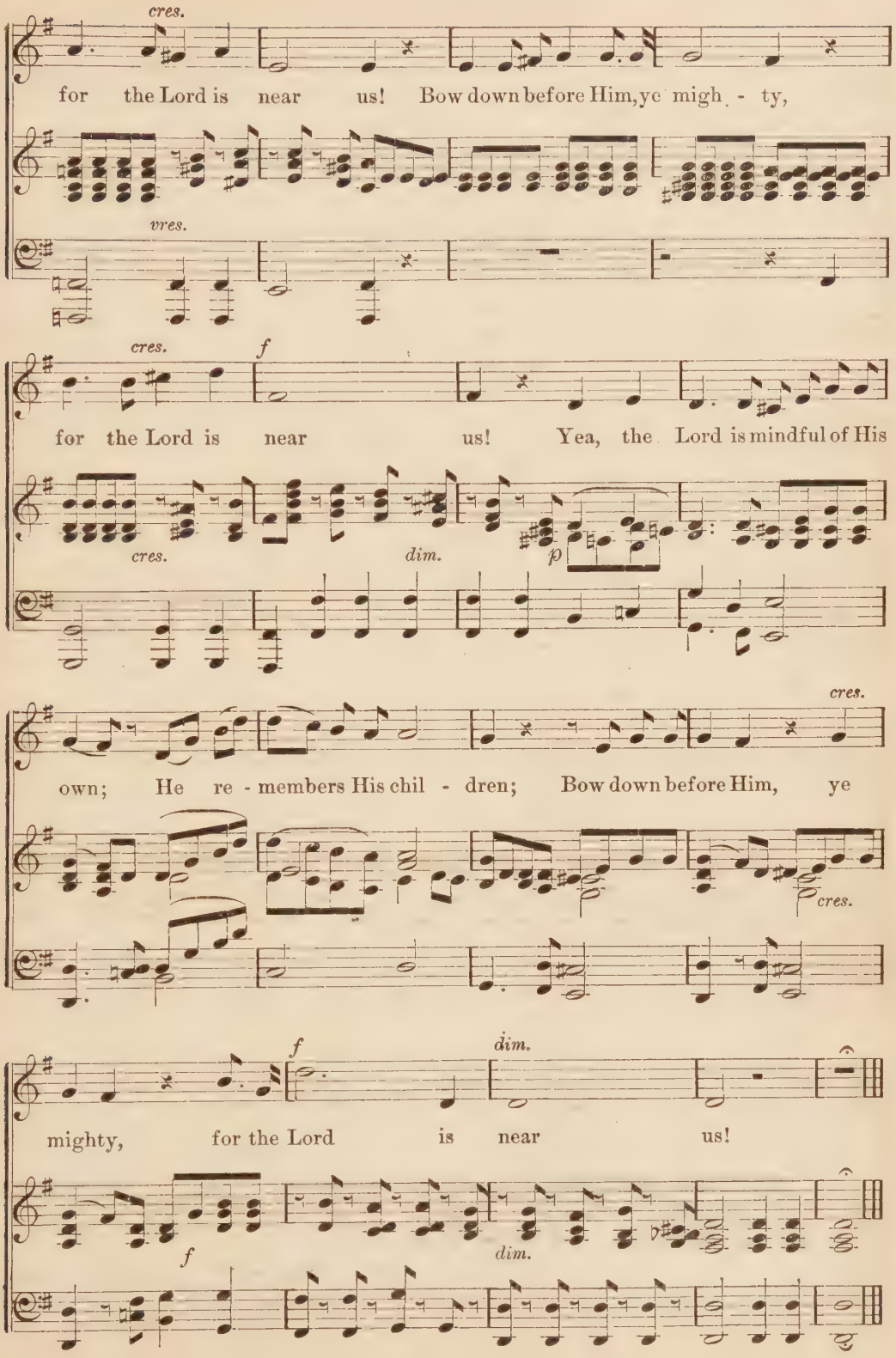

Well, take up the pail, and we'll go now, And homeward we'll wend our way. Who
p
Ped.
knows, if you're not too con- sait - ed, The mother may hear you to - day? And
may be I'll whisper you've told me, With sol- emn promise and vow, That
you'll be kind to her Col - leen, The lit - tle maid milking her cow.
Ped.

BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

FROM "ST. PAUL." MENDELSSOHN.



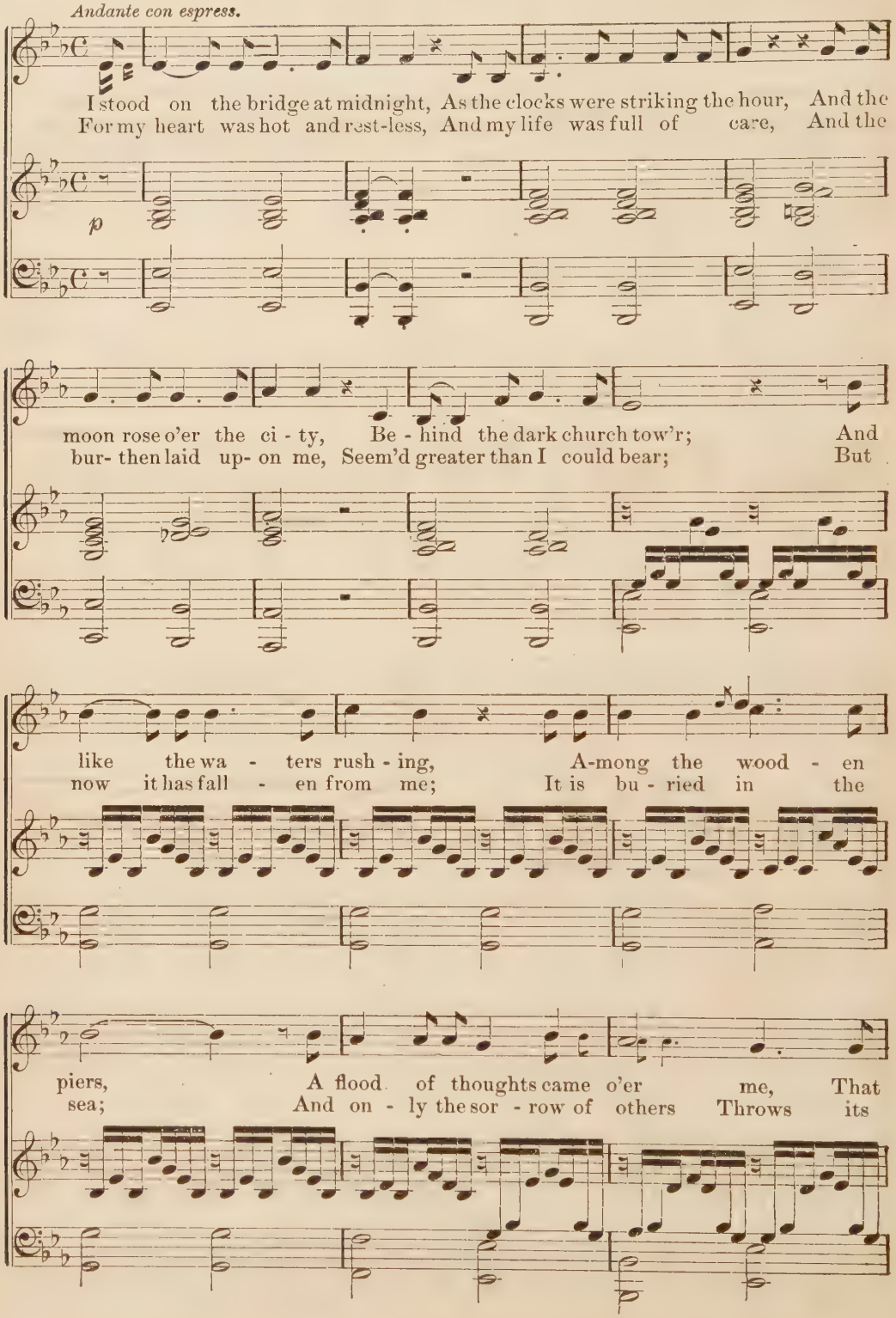
NOTE.—Play first five measures for Introduction.

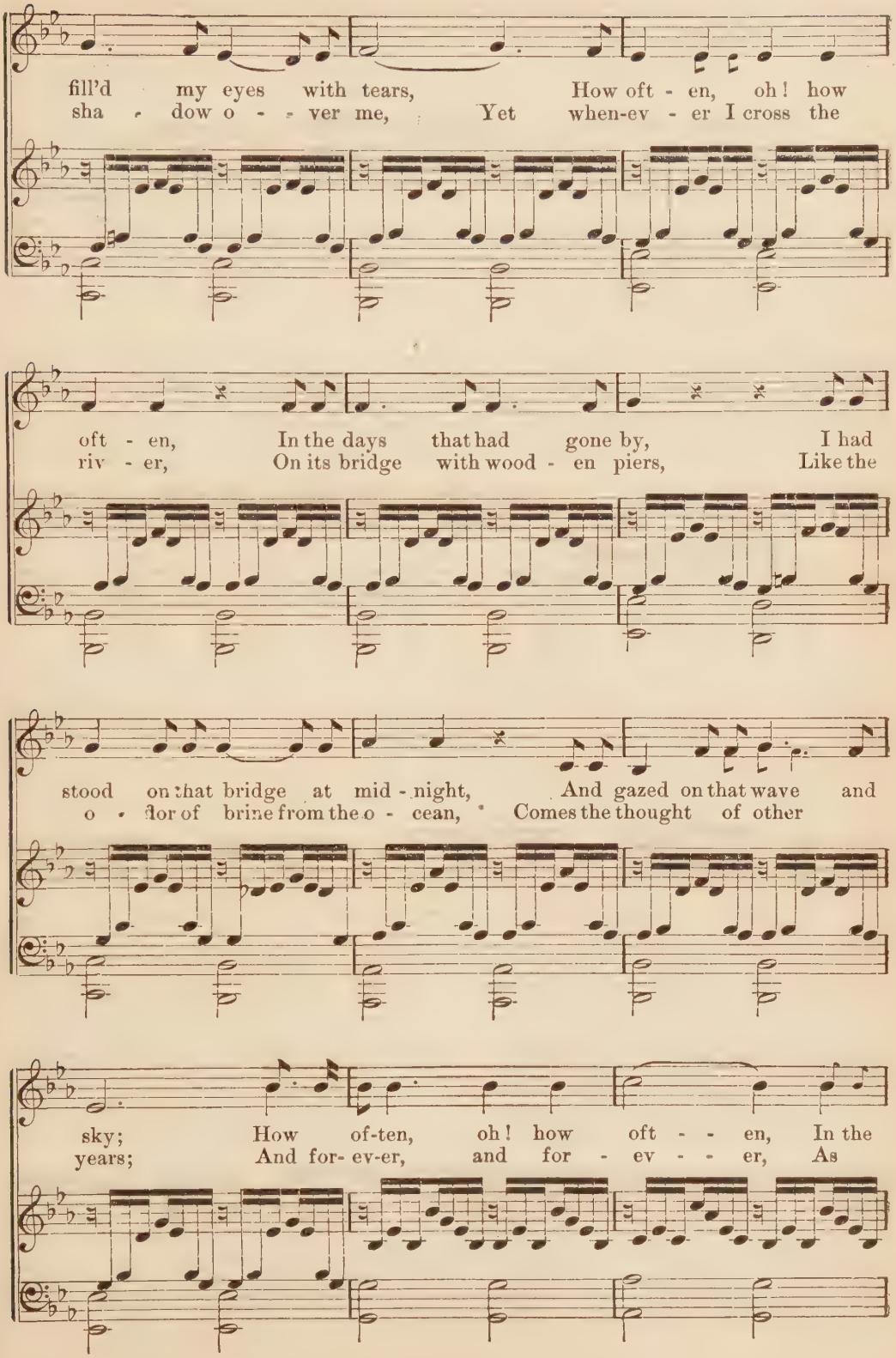

cres.
for the Lord is near us! Bow down before Him, ye migh - ty,
vres.
cres.
f
for the Lord is near us! Yea, the Lord is mindful of His
cres.
dim.
p
own; He re - members His chil - dren; Bow down before Him, ye
cres.
cres.
f
dim.
mighty, for the Lord is near us!
f
dim.

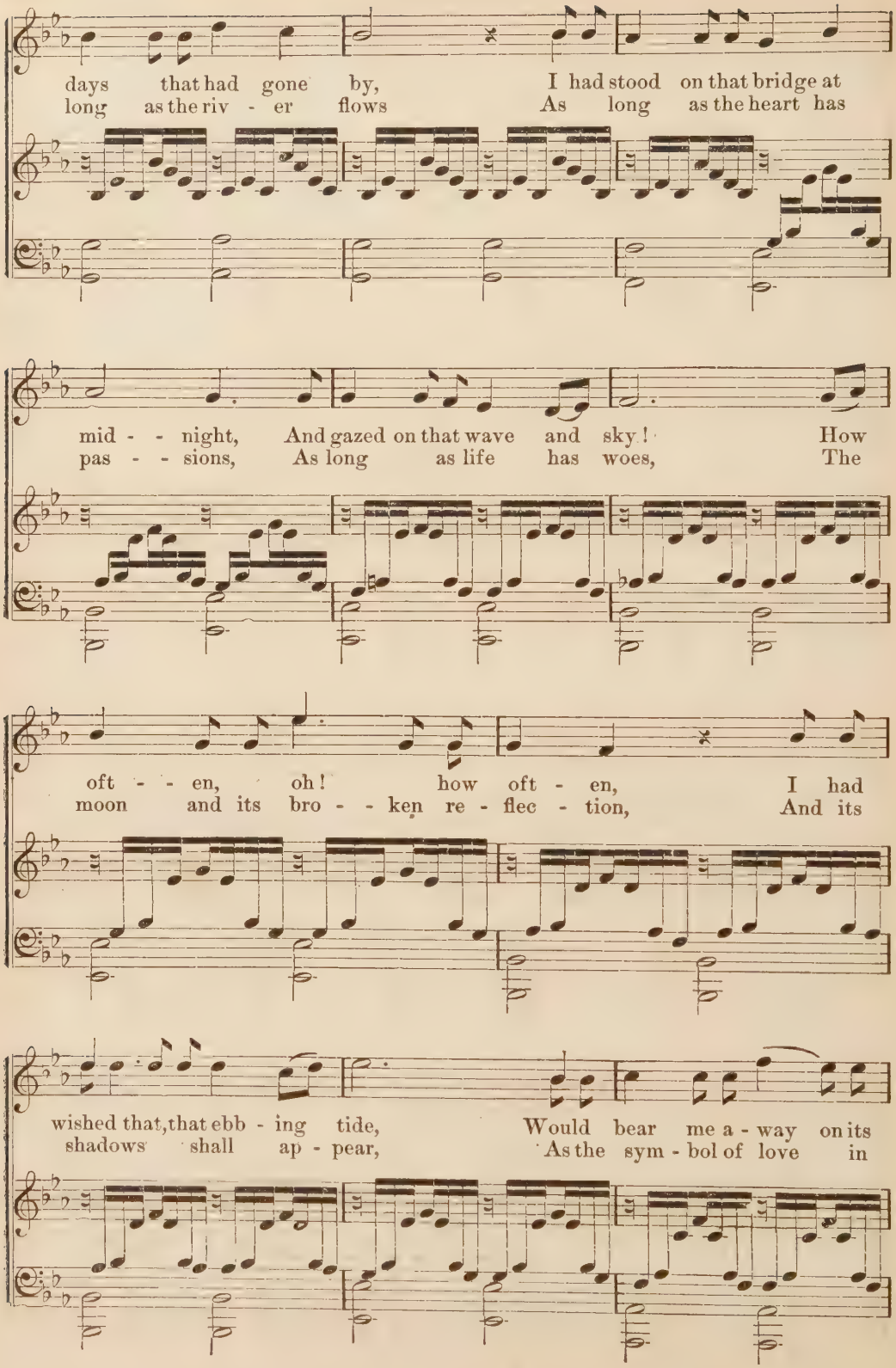
THE BRIDGE.

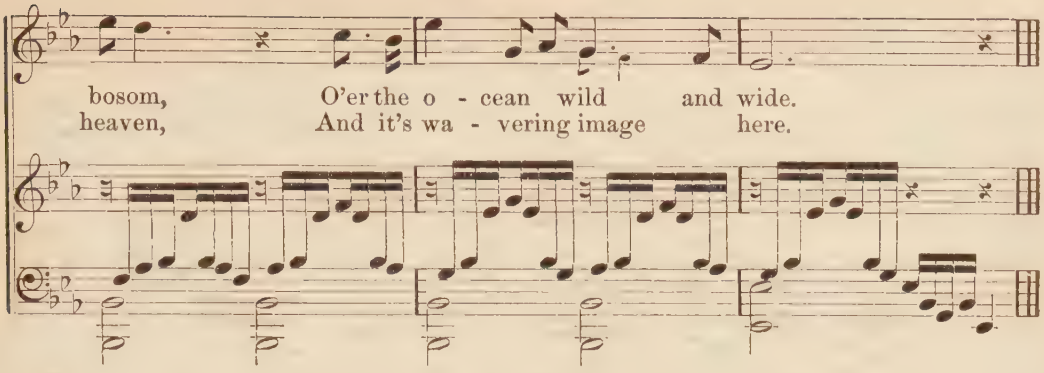
LONGFELLOW. LINDSAY.

Andante con espress.



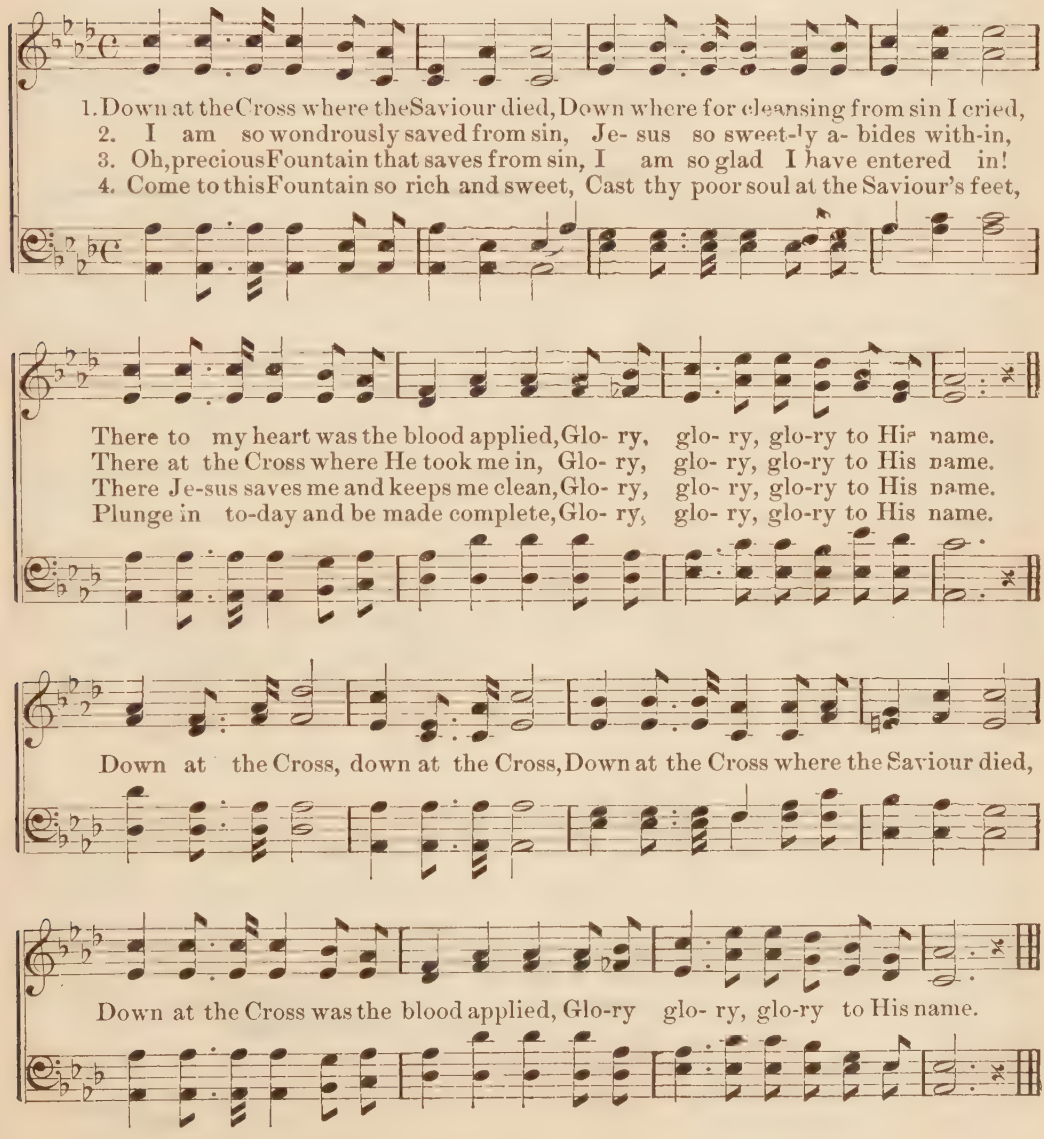

fill'd my eyes with tears, How oft - en, oh! how
sha - dow o - - ver me, Yet when-ev - er I cross the
oft - en, In the days that had gone by, I had
riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en piers, Like the
stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gazed on that wave and
o - dor of brine from the o - cean, Comes the thought of other
sky; How of-ten, oh! how oft - - en, In the
years; And for- ev-er, and for - ev - - er, As


days that had gone by, I had stood on that bridge at
long as the riv - er flows As long as the heart has
mid - - night, And gazed on that wave and sky! How
pas - - sions, As long as life has woes, The
oft - - en, oh! how oft - en, I had
moon and its bro - - ken re - flec - tion, And its
wished that, that ebb - ing tide, Would bear me a - way on its
shadows shall ap - pear, As the sym - bol of love in



DOWN AT THE CROSS.

SWENEY. By per.



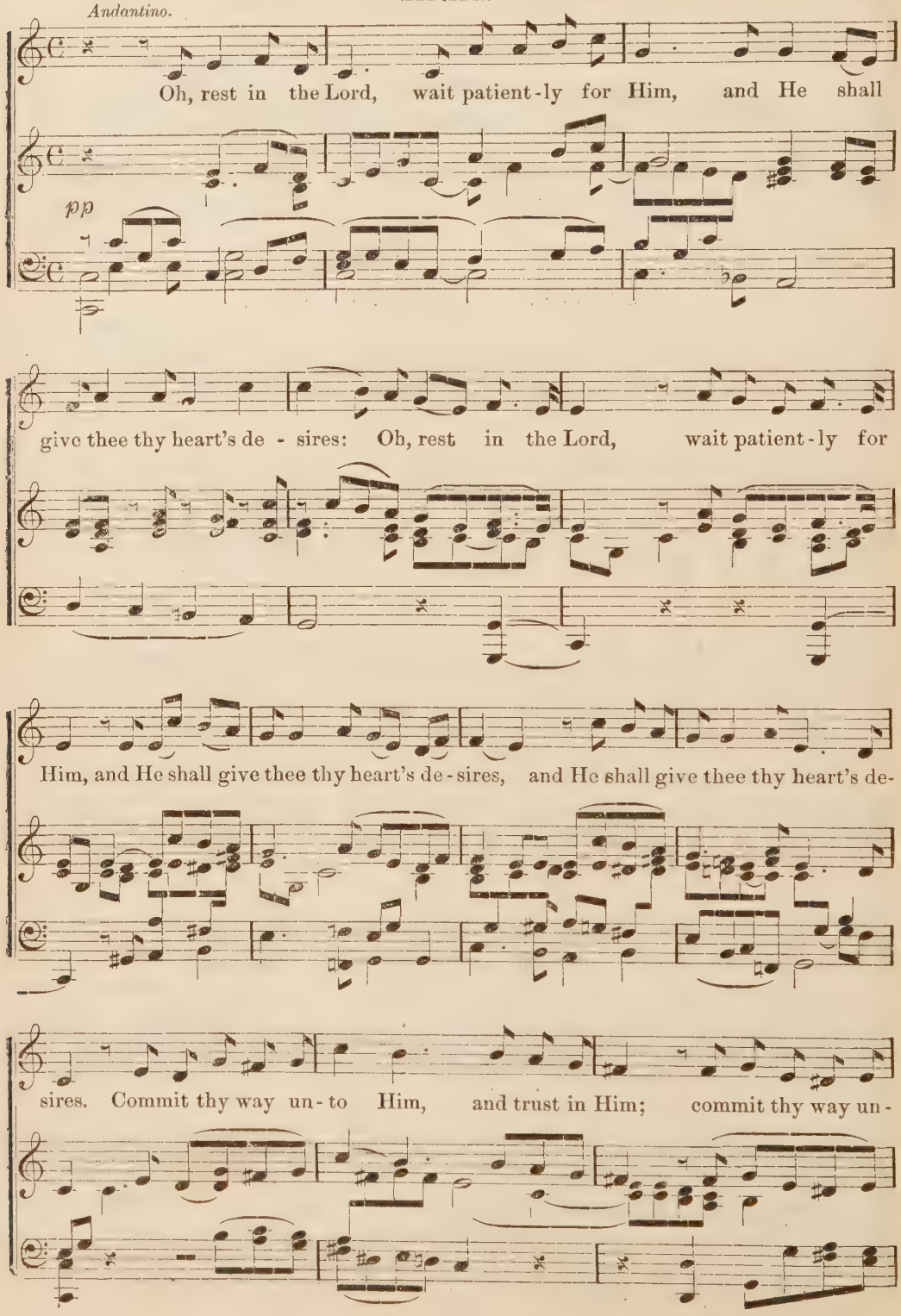
OH, REST IN THE LORD.

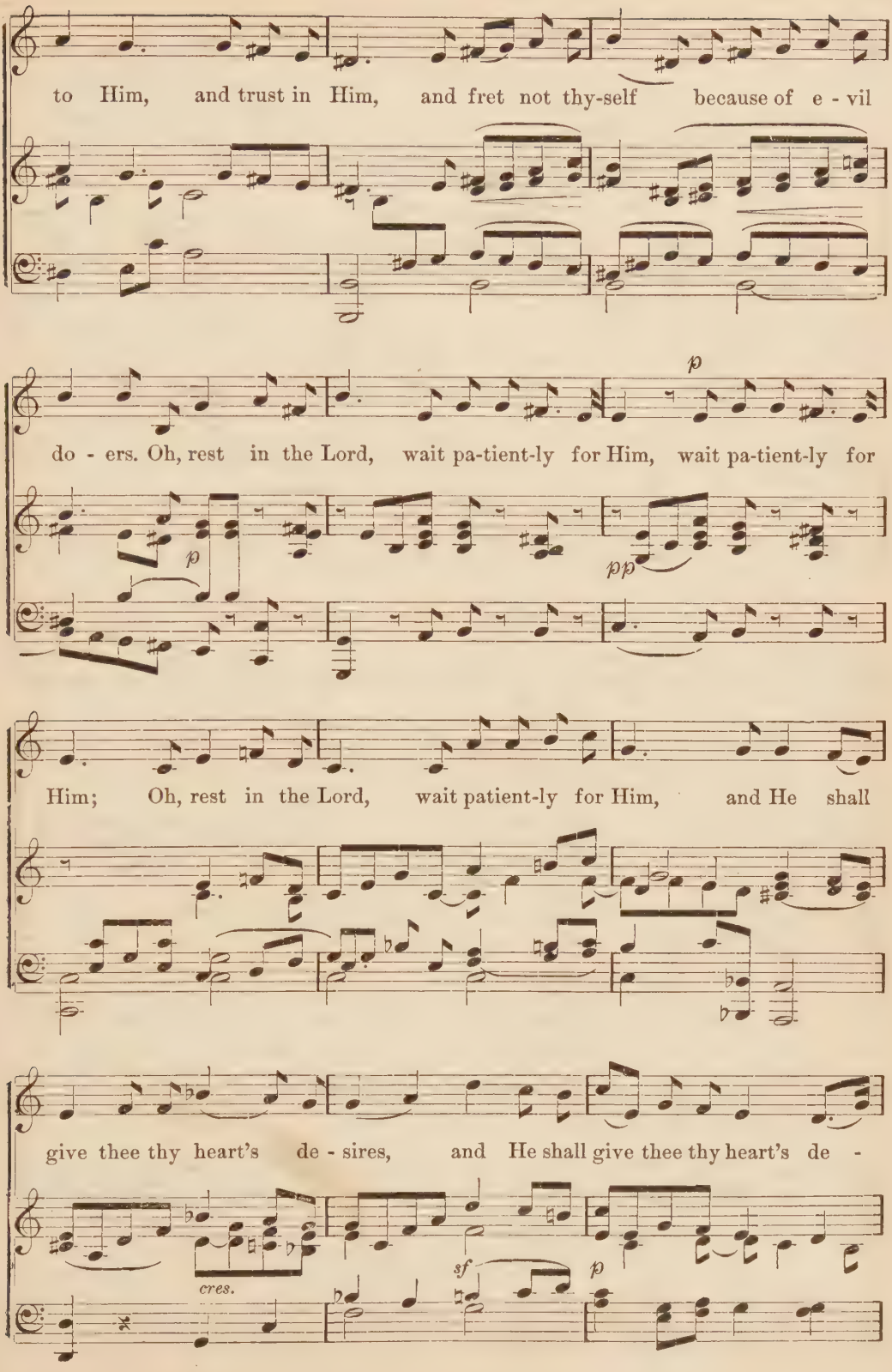
(ARIA.)

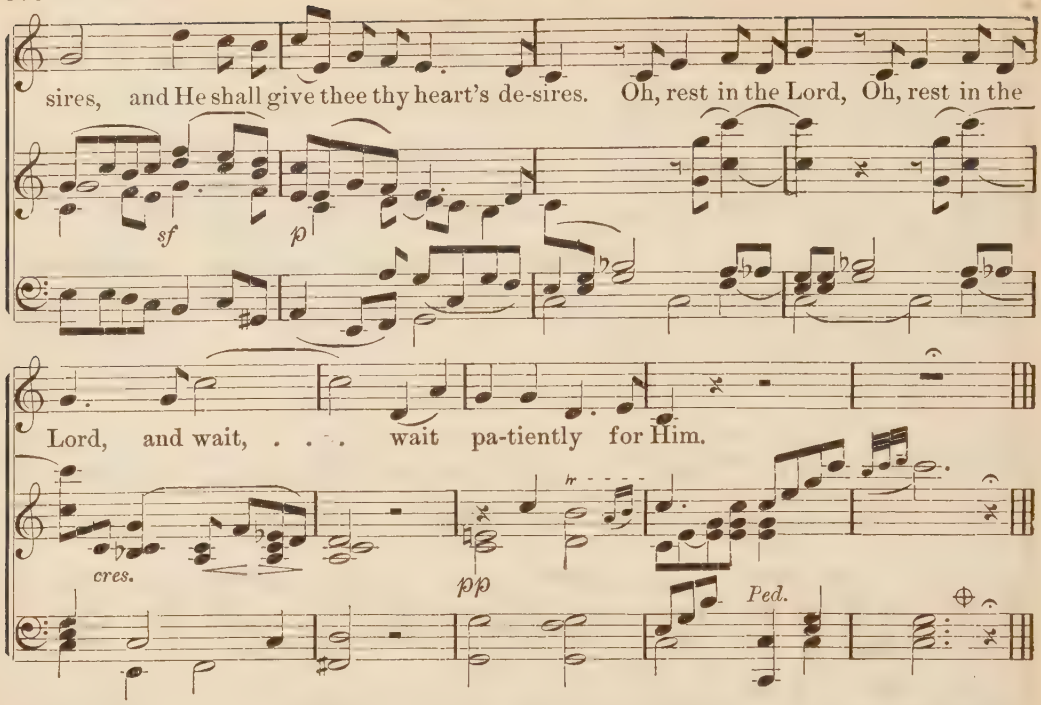
FROM "ELIJAH."

MENDELSSOHN.

Andantino.

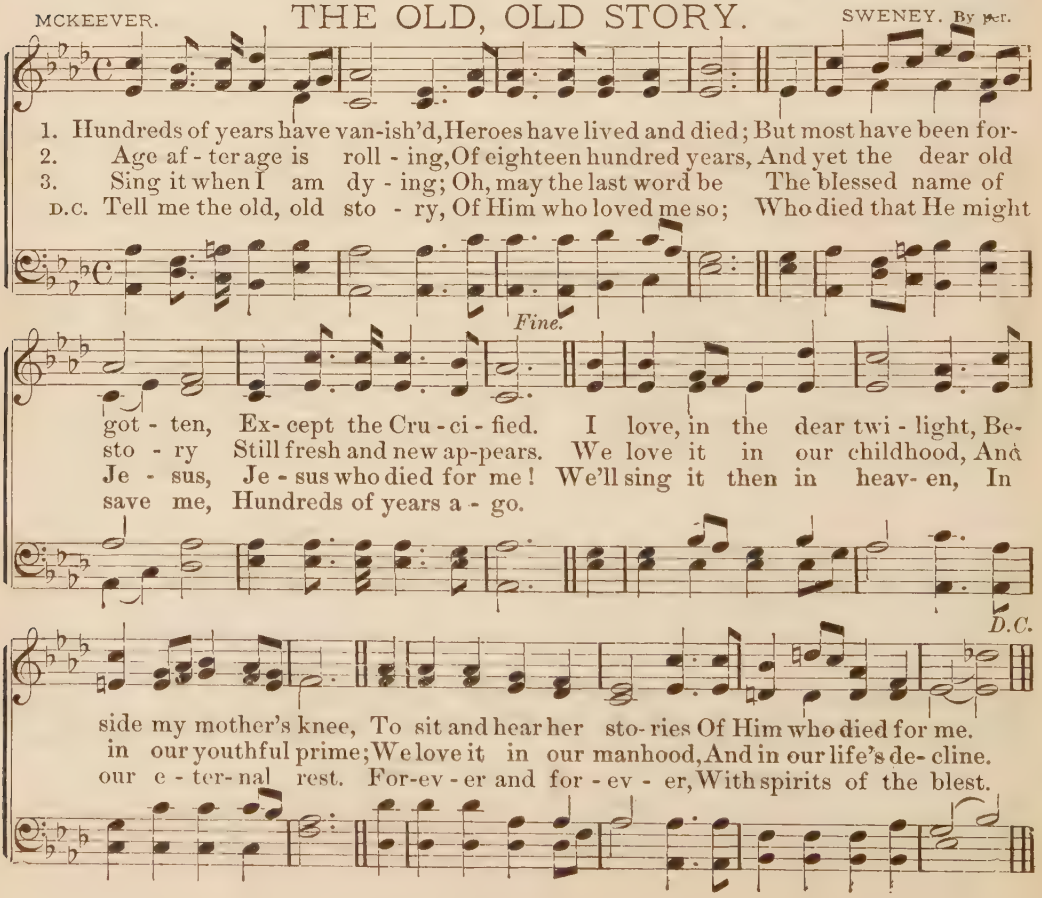



to Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thy-self because of e - vil
p
do - ers. Oh, rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, wait pa-tient-ly for
p
pp
Him; Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patient-ly for Him, and He shall
give thee thy heart's de - sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de -
cres.
sf
p



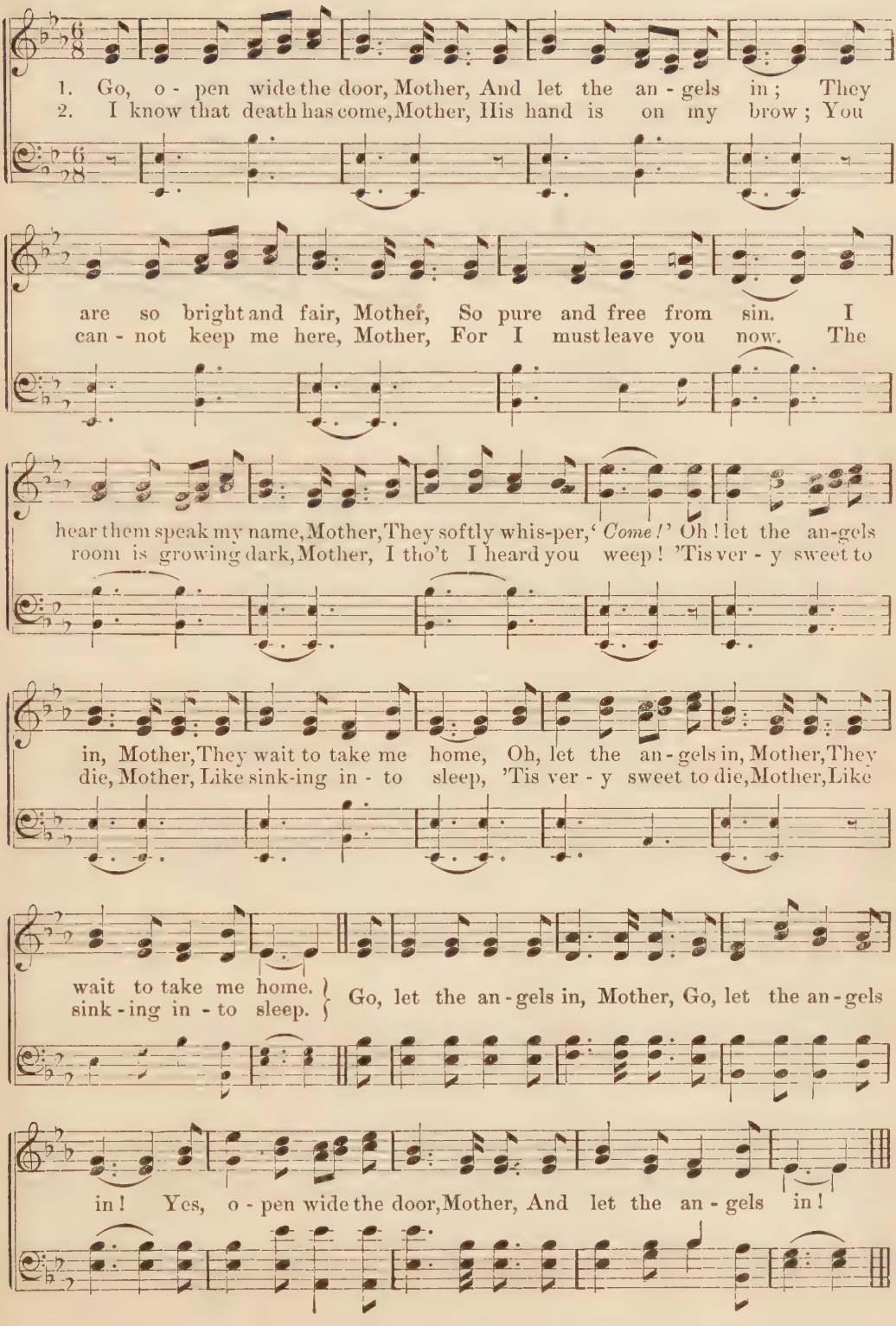
THE OLD, OLD STORY.

MCKEEVER. SWENEY. By per.



GO, LET THE ANGELS IN.

ANDERSON.



REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

WOOD. DOLFUSS. By per

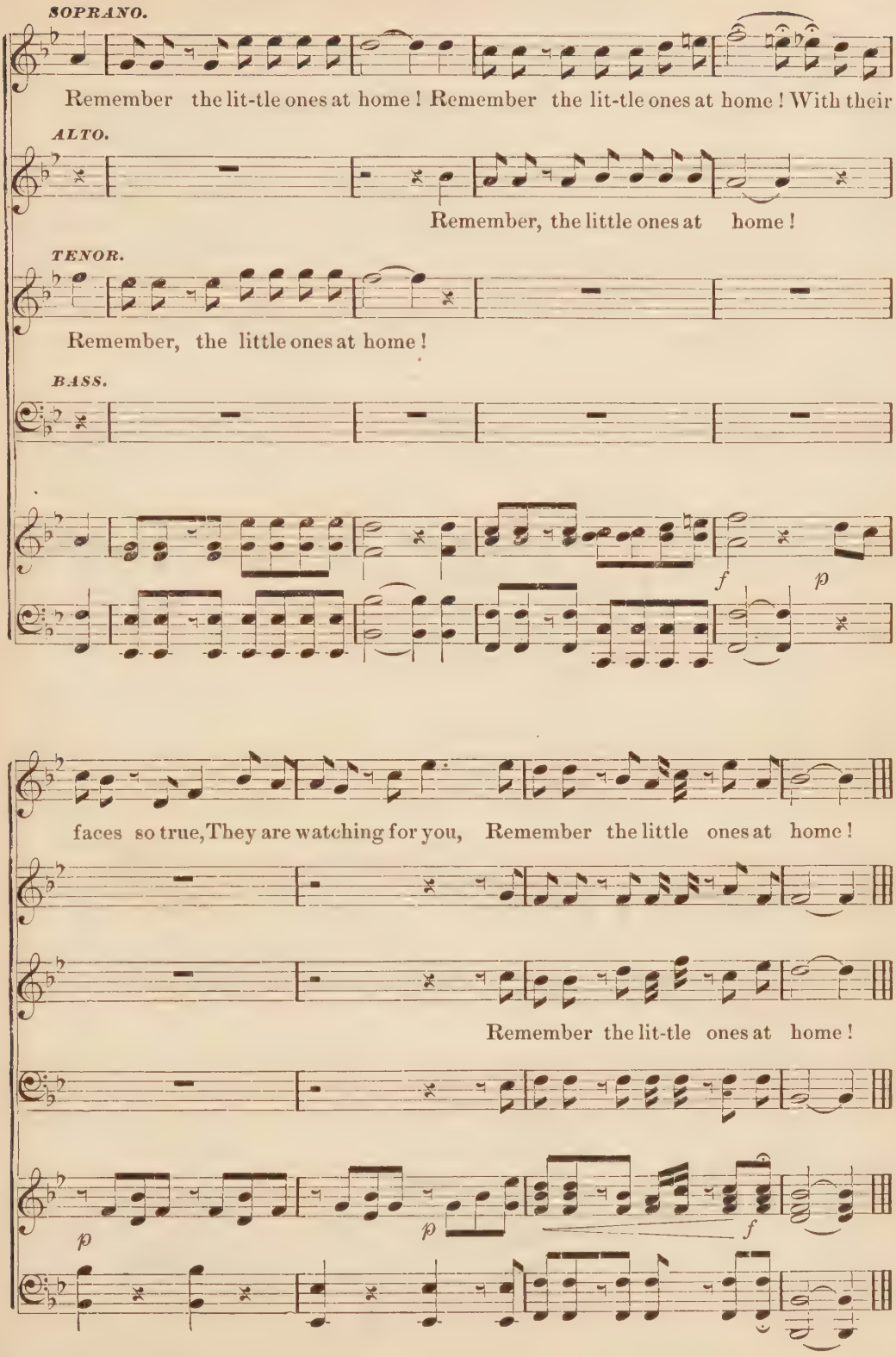
Moderato.

p

1. Re - mem-ber the lit - tle ones at home . . . . That you
2. Re - mem-ber the lit - tle ones at home . . . . With their
3. Re - mem-ber the lit - tle ones at home . . . . With their

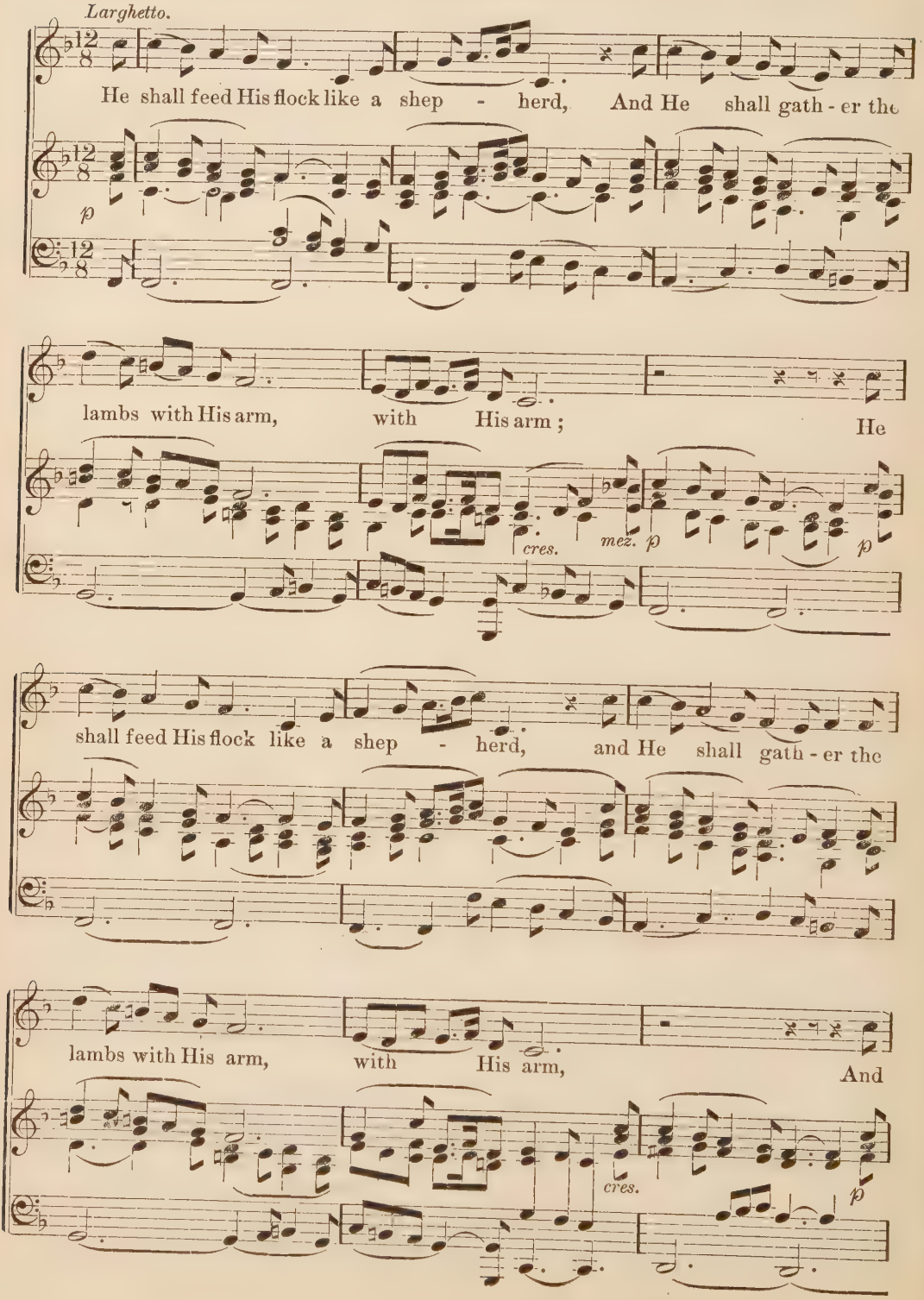
kiss'd with a fa-ther's fond pride; . . . . They'll be watching for you when you
sweet lit - tle faces so true; . . . . . Yes! where ev-er your foot-steps may
fa - ces so full of de - light, ... When they see you at eve - ning come

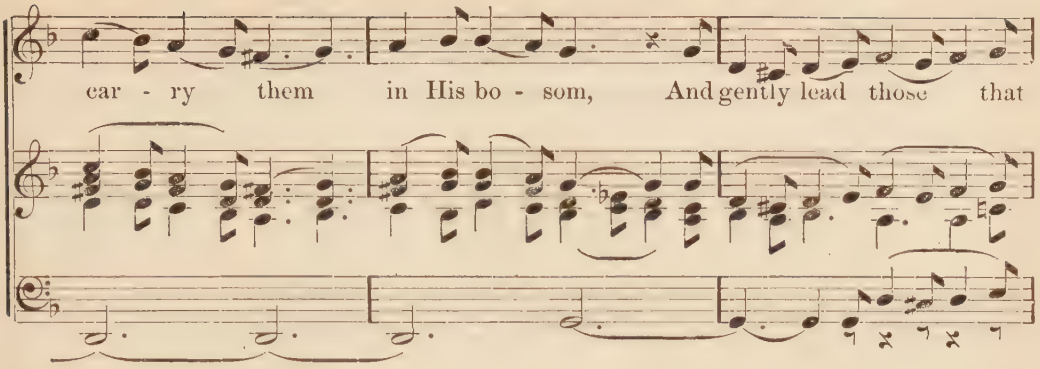
come, . . . To re-ceive you in their arms o - pen wide. . . .
roam, . . . They are think - ing, and watch - ing for you. . . . .
home, . . . For the first kiss, each one claims a right. . . . .


SOPRANO.
Remember the lit-tle ones at home! Remember the lit-tle ones at home! With their
ALTO.
Remember, the little ones at home!
TENOR.
Remember, the little ones at home!
BASS.
f
p
faces so true, They are watching for you, Remember the little ones at home!
Remember the lit-tle ones at home!
p
p
f

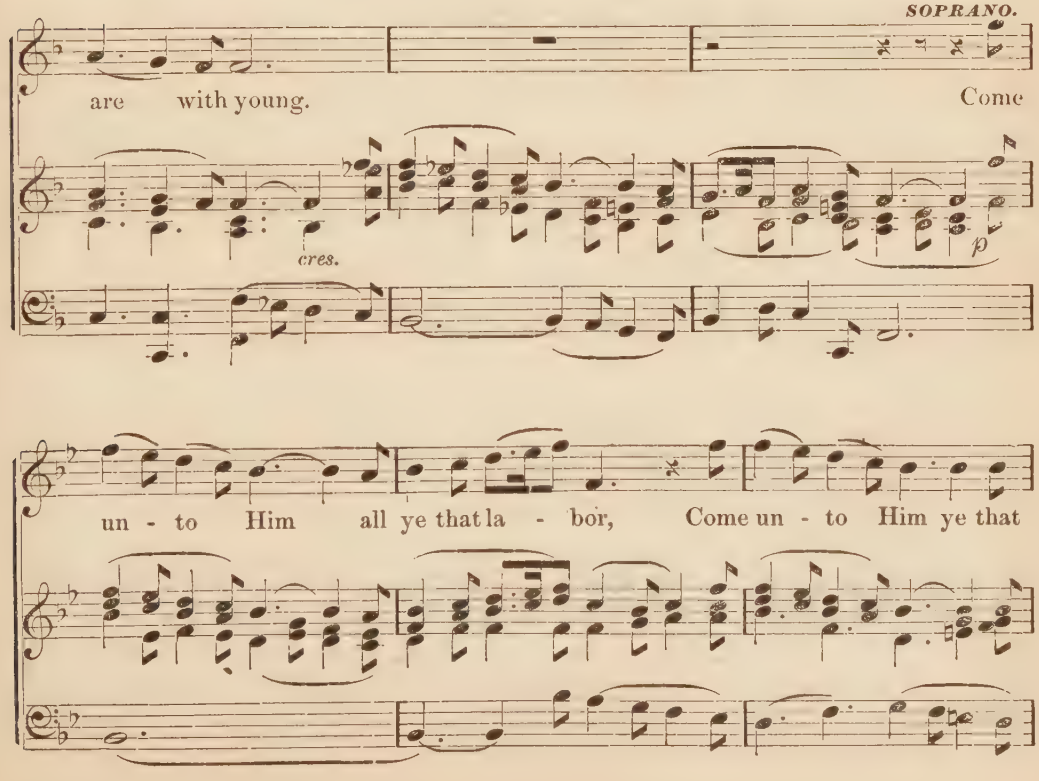
HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK.

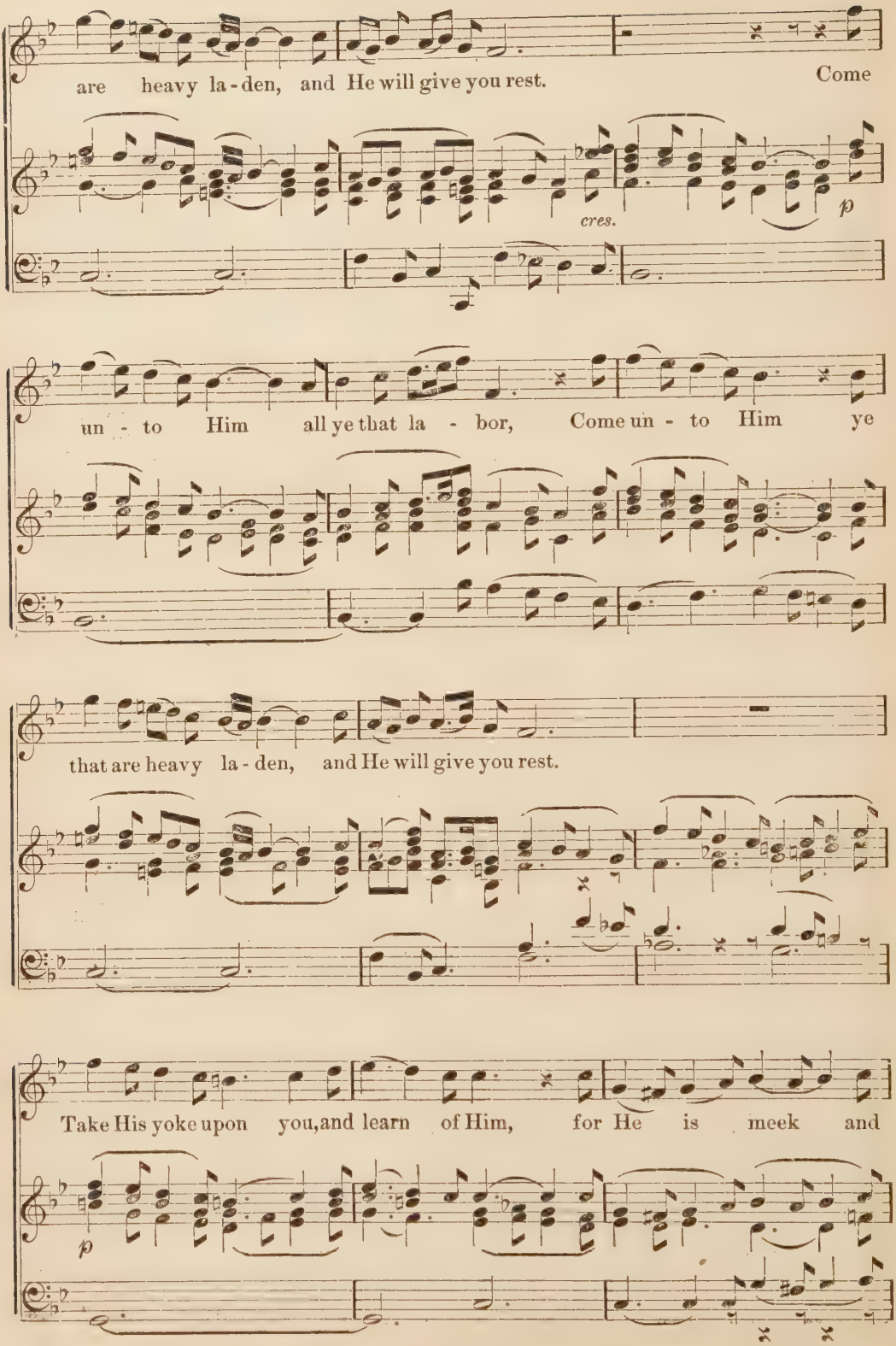
FROM THE "MESSIAH." COME UNTO HIM. HANDEL.

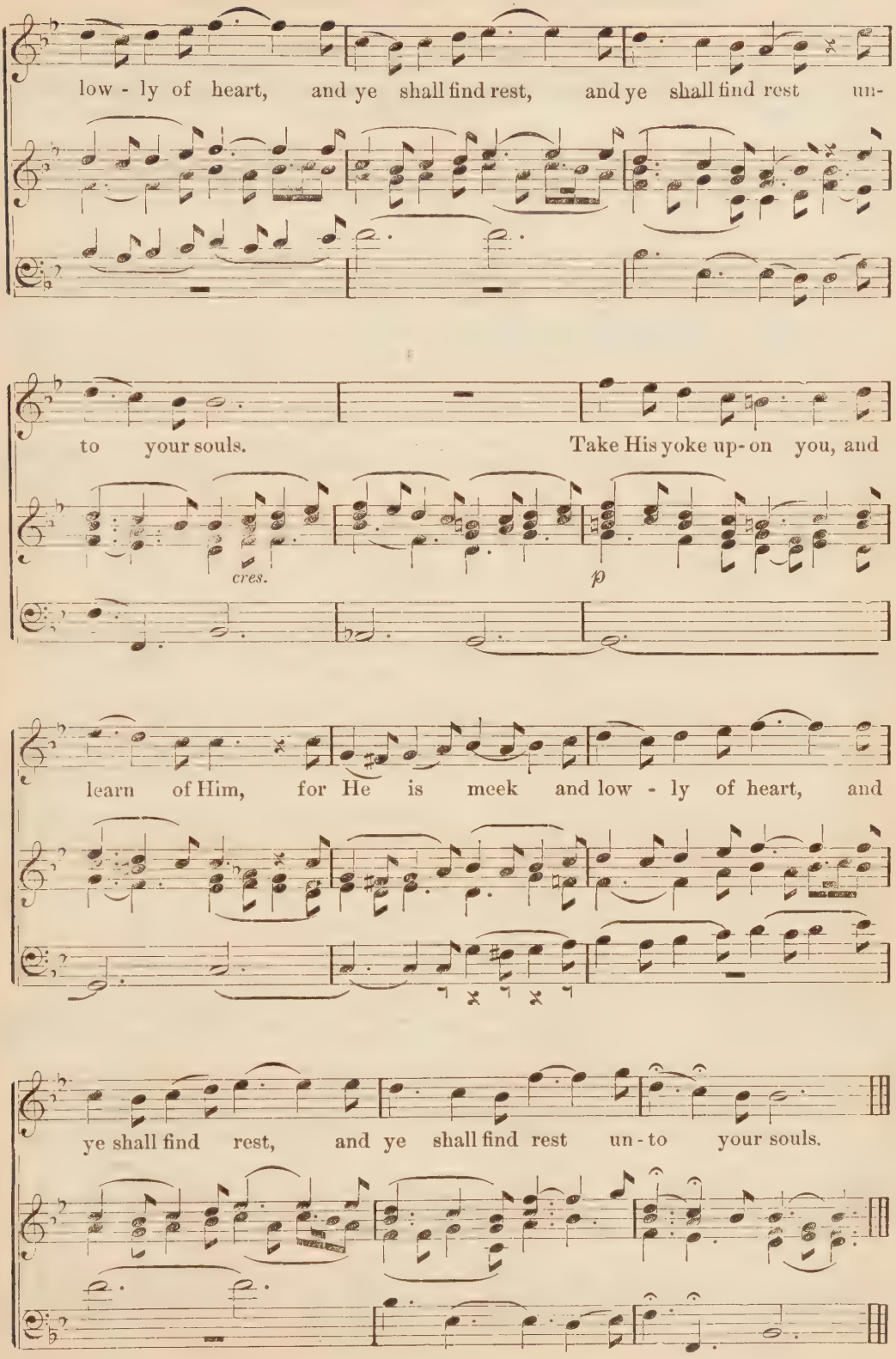




COME UNTO HIM.

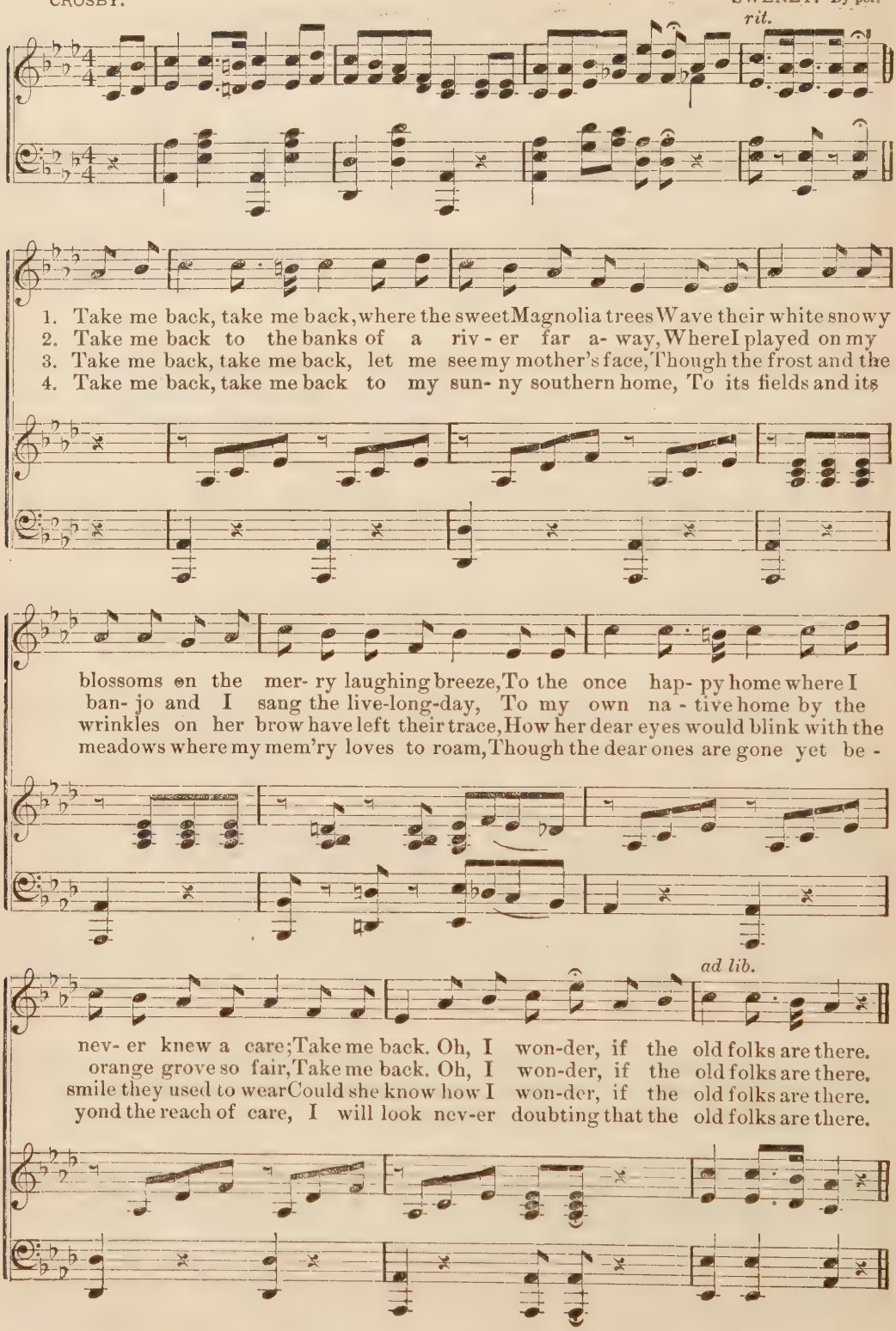


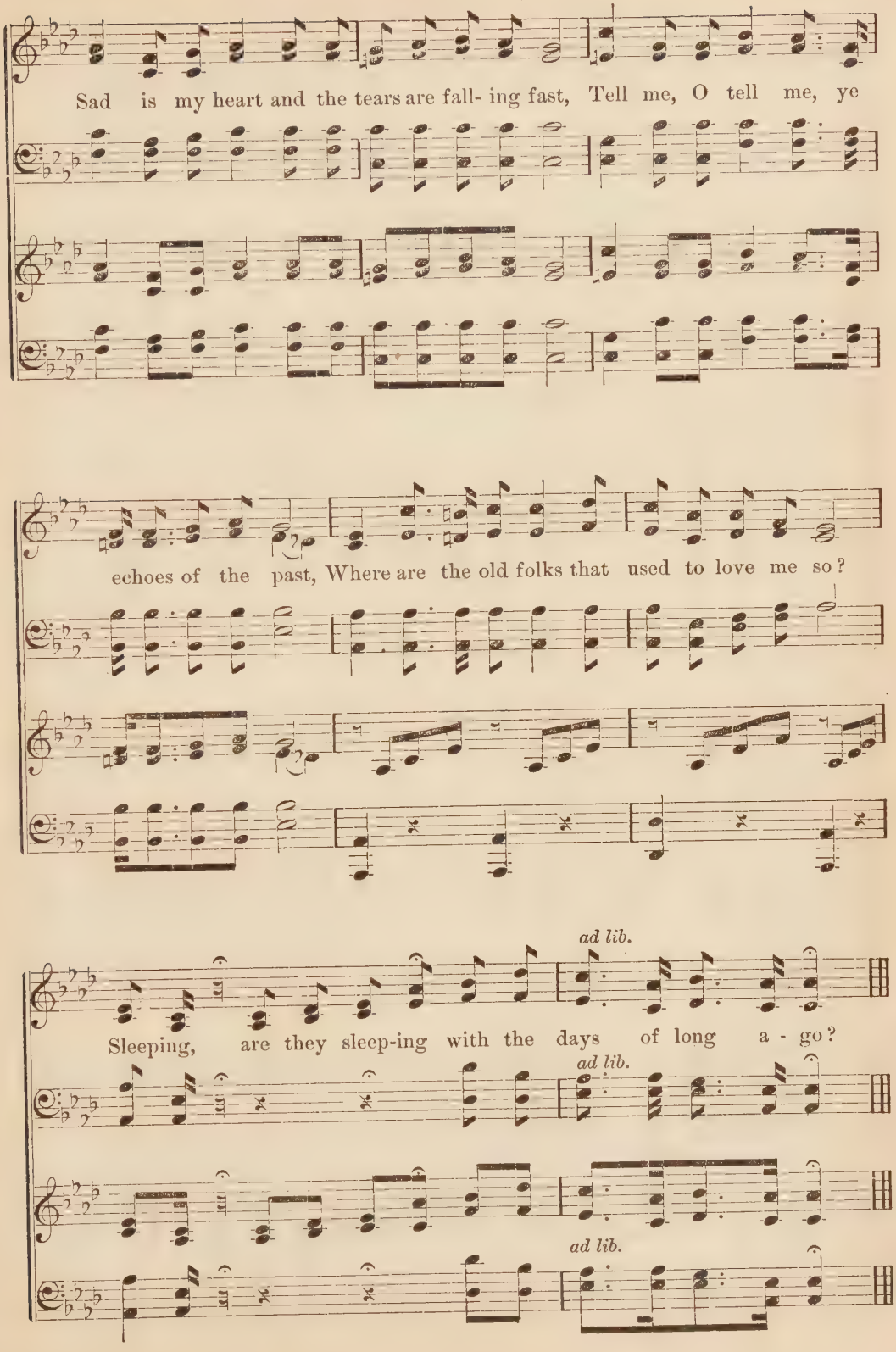

are heavy la-den, and He will give you rest. Come
cres.
p
un - to Him all ye that la - bor, Come un - to Him ye
that are heavy la-den, and He will give you rest.
Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him, for He is meek and
p


low - ly of heart, and ye shall find rest, and ye shall find rest un-
to your souls. Take His yoke up-on you, and
cres.
p
learn of Him, for He is meek and low - ly of heart, and
ye shall find rest, and ye shall find rest un - to your souls.

WHERE ARE THE OLD FOLKS?

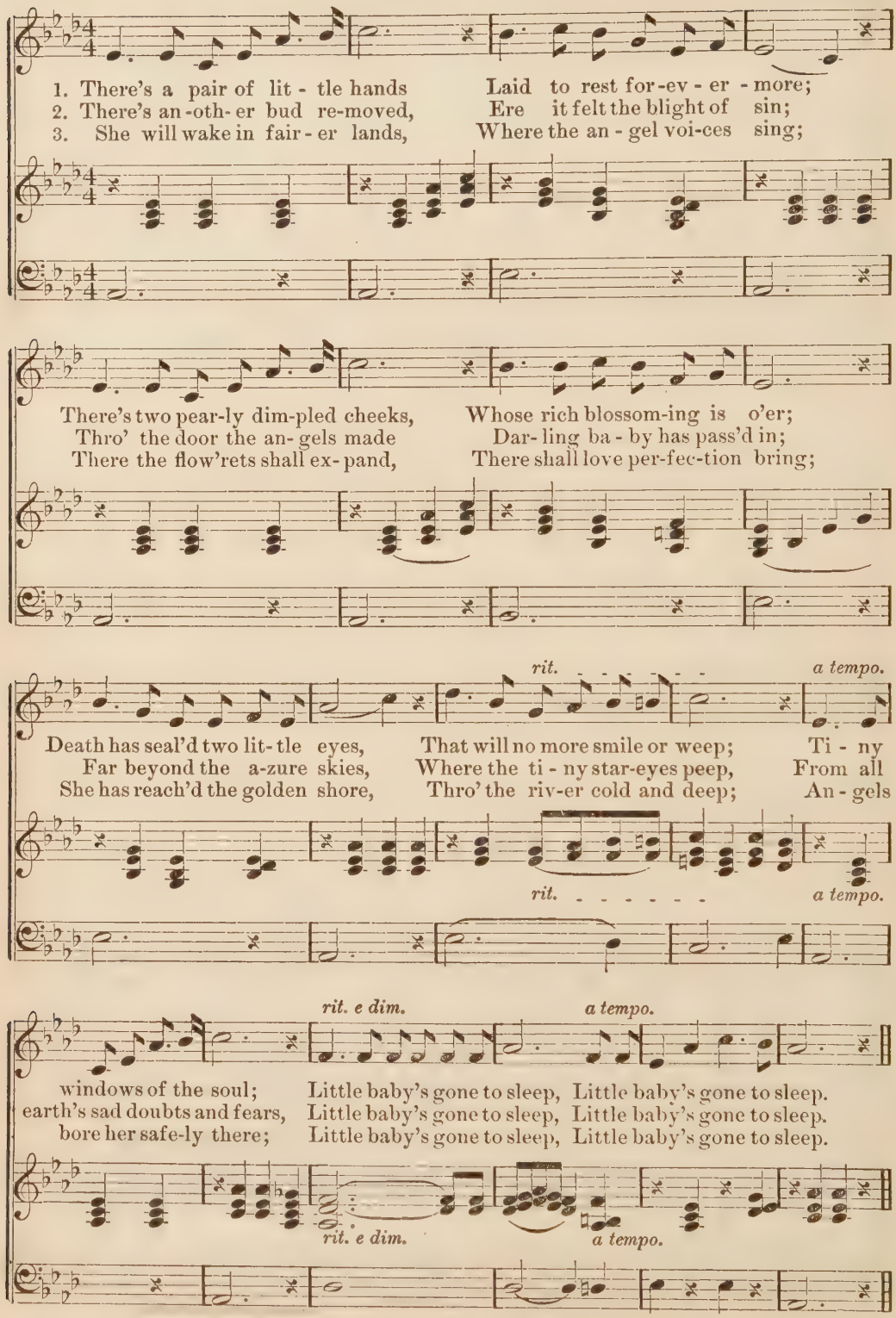
CROSBY. SWENEY. By per.

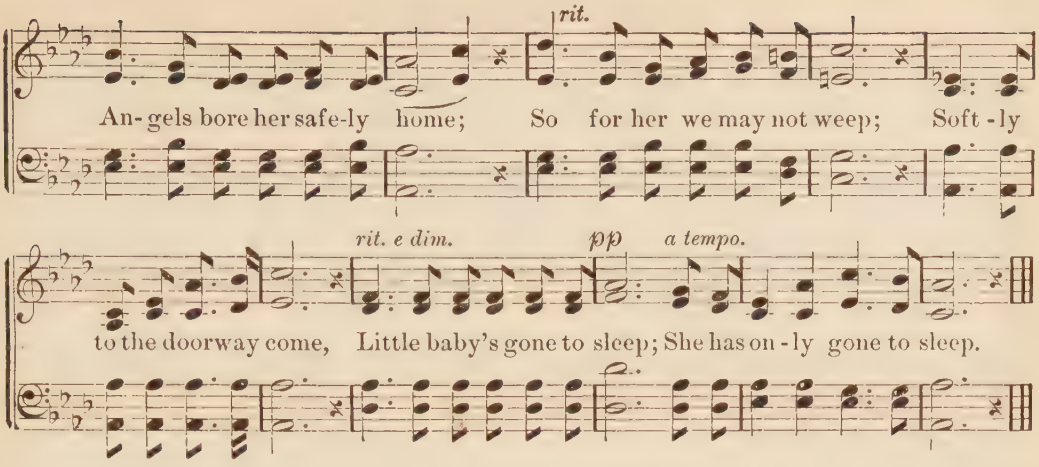



Sad is my heart and the tears are fall- ing fast, Tell me, O tell me, ye
echoes of the past, Where are the old folks that used to love me so?
ad lib.
Sleeping, are they sleep-ing with the days of long a - go?
ad lib.
ad lib.

BABY'S GONE TO SLEEP.

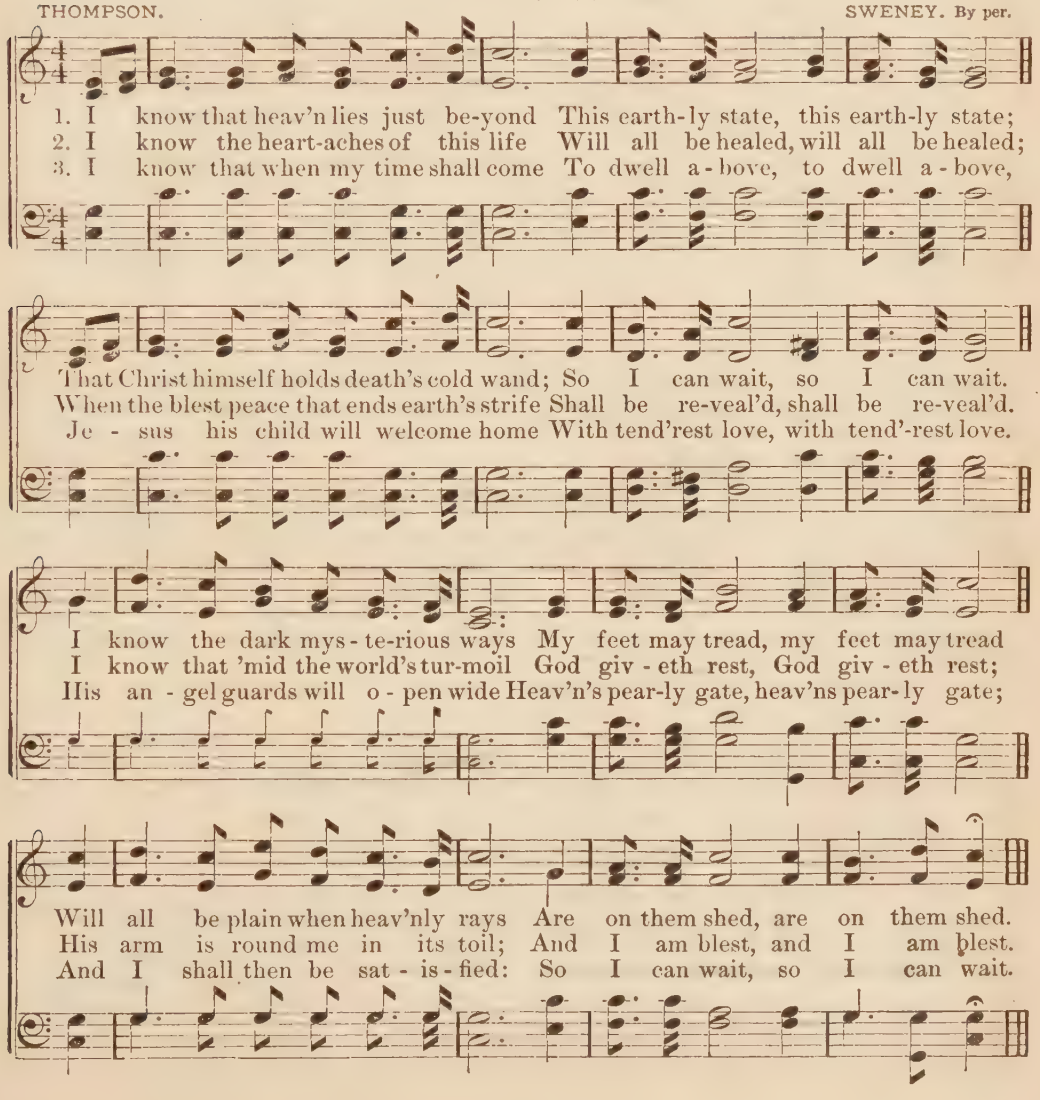
SMITH. MURRAY.





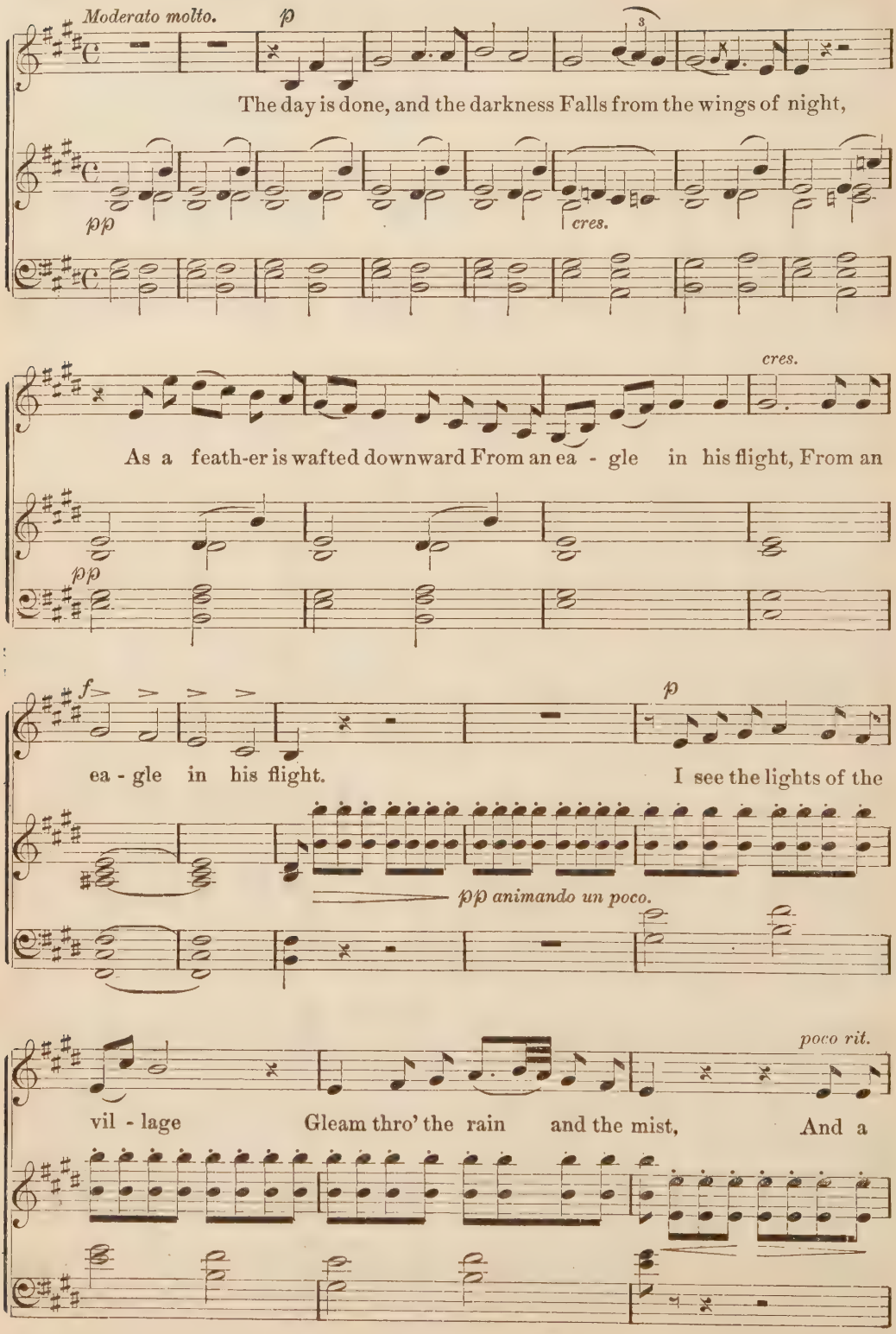
SO I CAN WAIT.

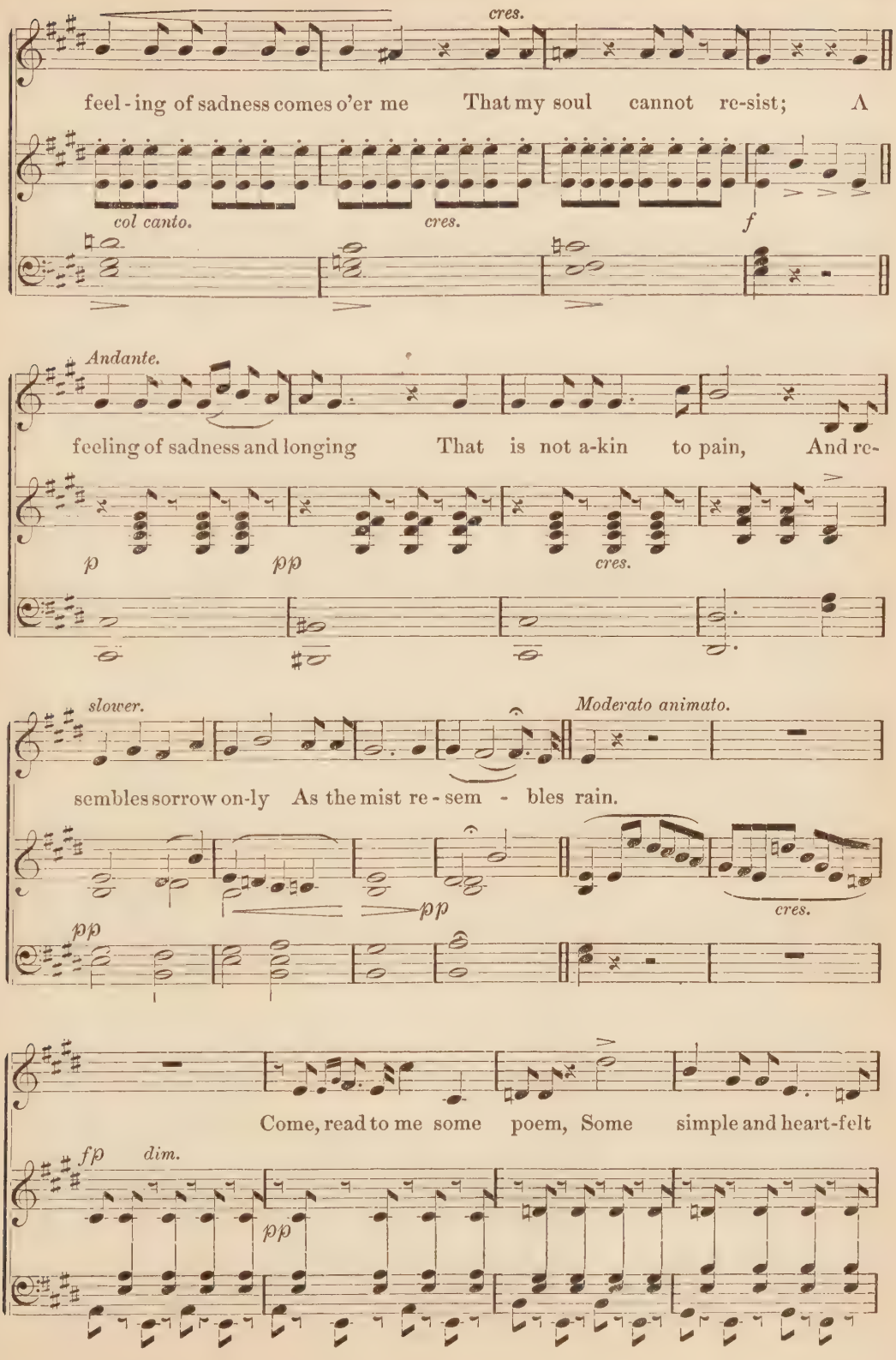
THOMPSON. SWENEY. By per.

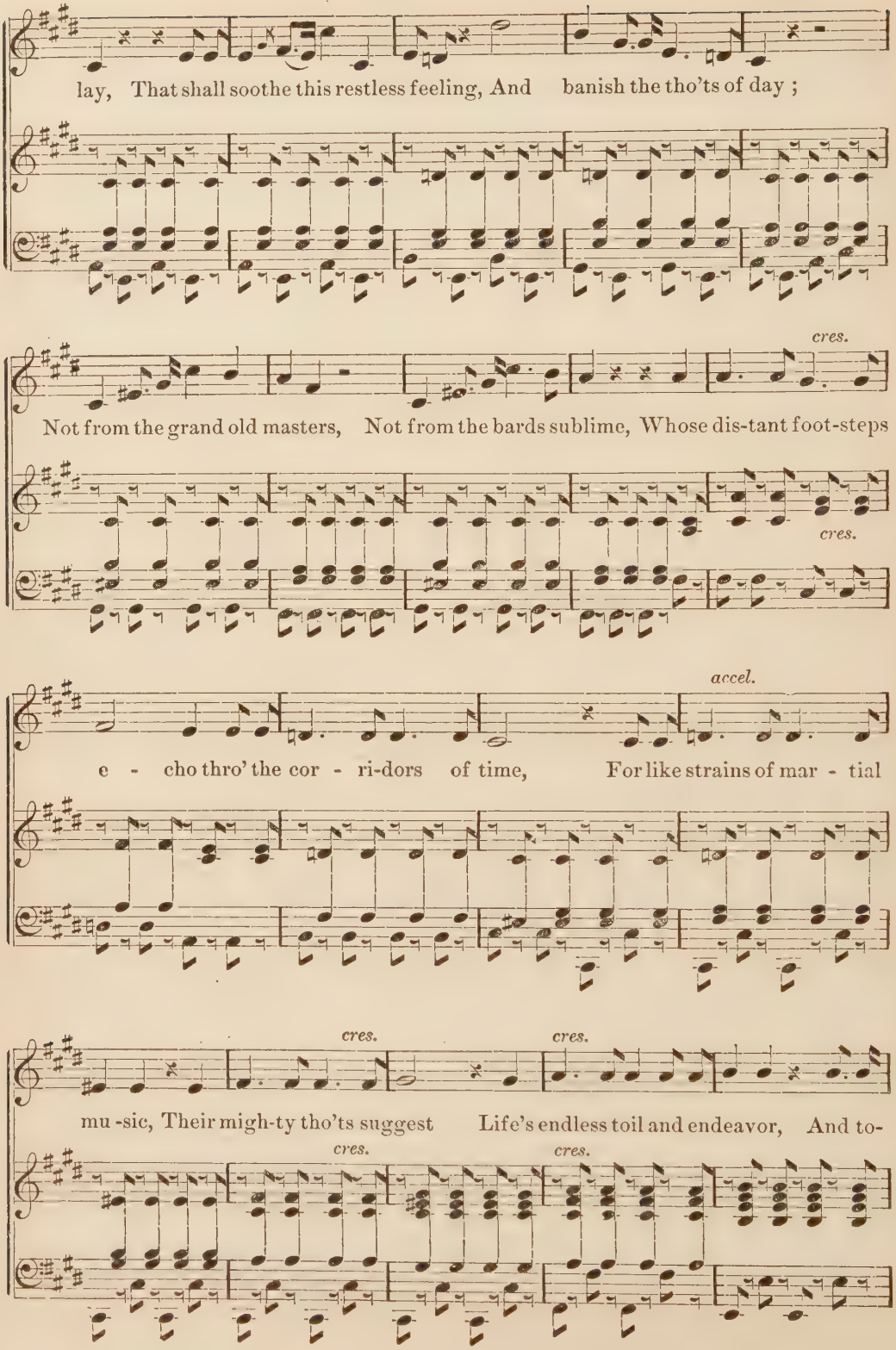


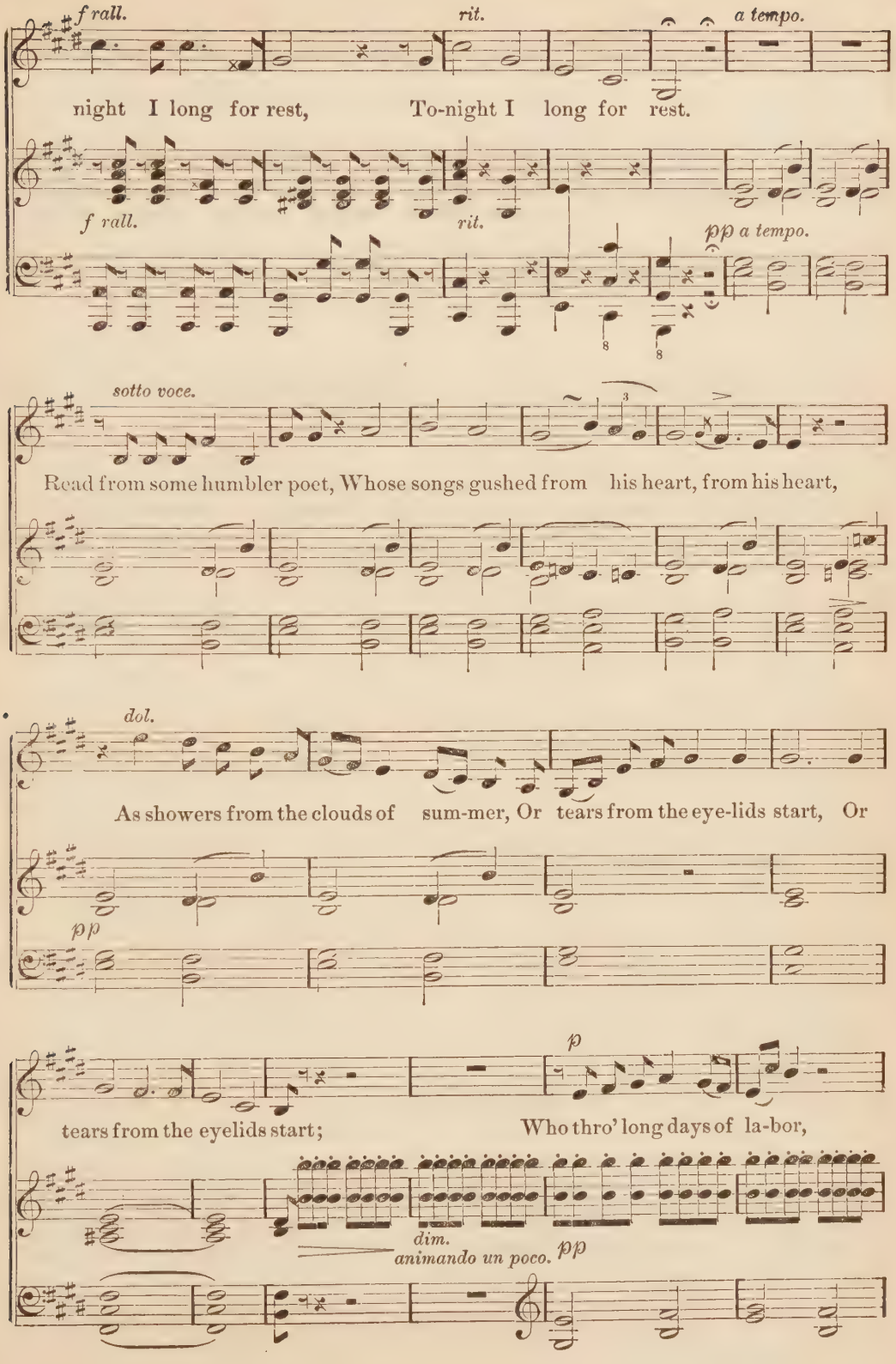
THE DAY IS DONE.

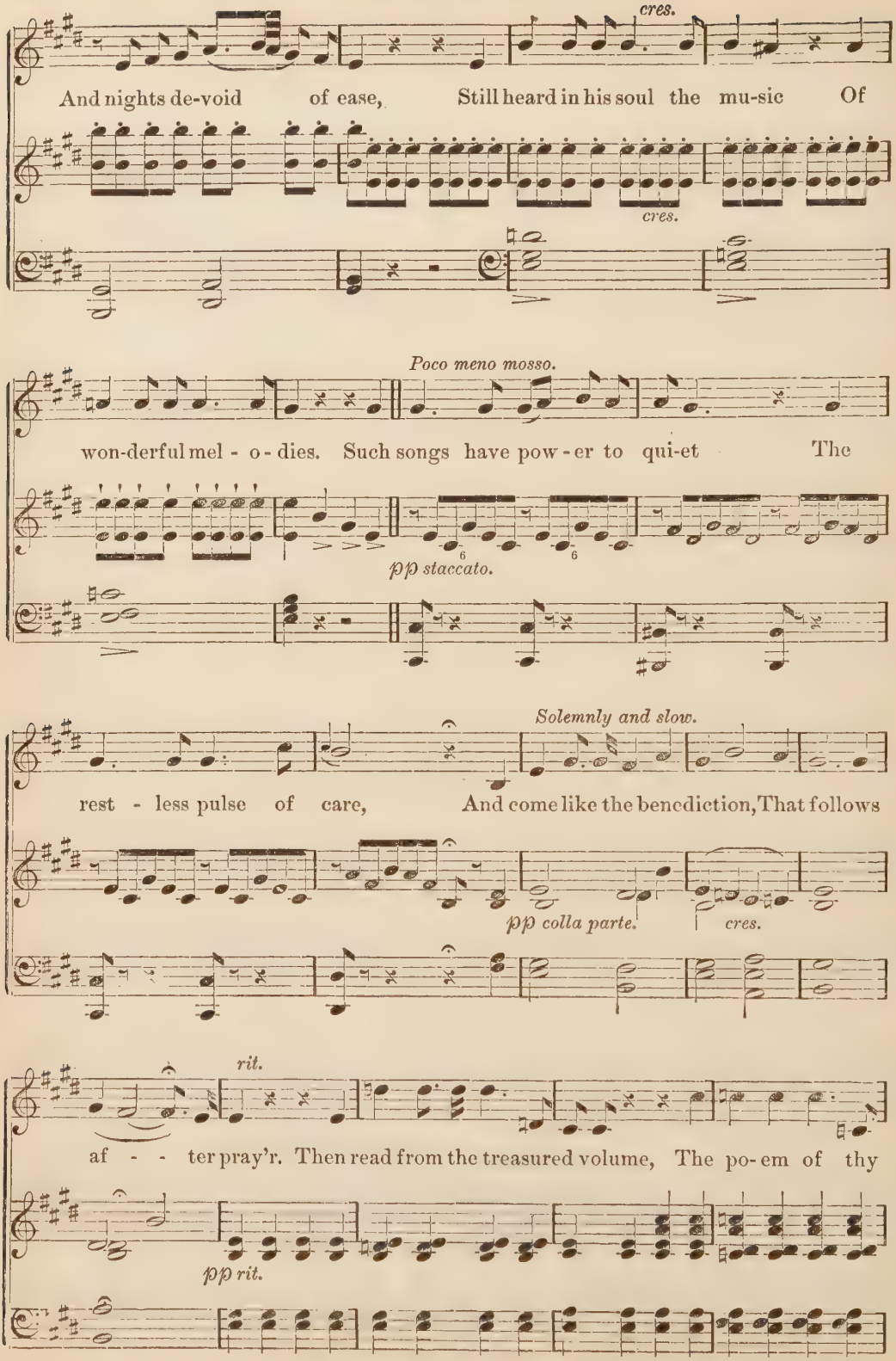
LONGFELLOW. BALFE.

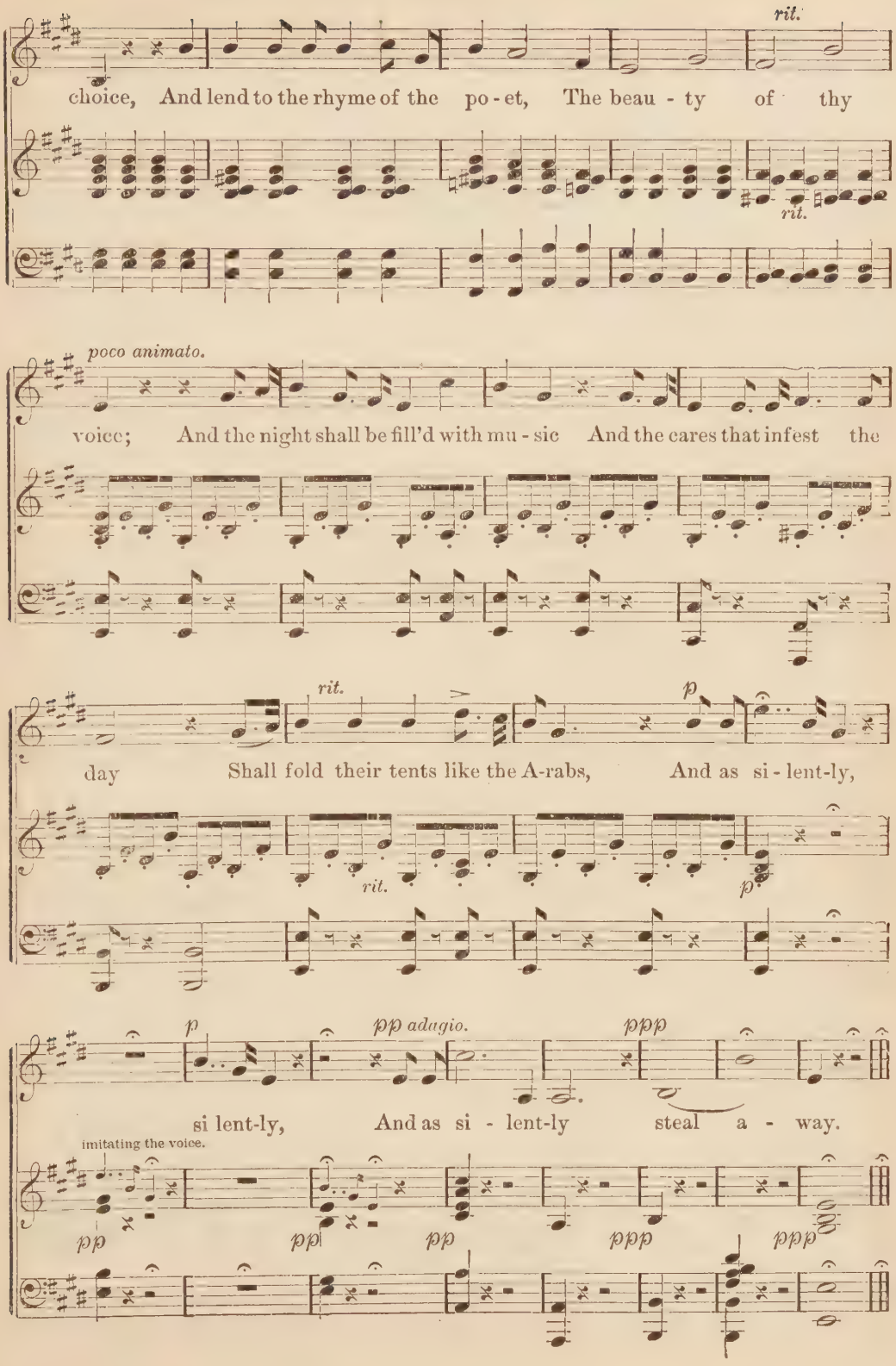



cres.
feel-ing of sadness comes o'er me That my soul cannot re-sist; A
col canto.
cres.
f
Andante.
feeling of sadness and longing That is not a-kin to pain, And re-
p
pp
cres.
slower.
Moderato animato.
sembles sorrow on-ly As the mist re-sem - bles rain.
pp
pp
cres.
Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heart-felt
fp
dim.
pp


lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling, And banish the tho'ts of day ;
cres.
Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose dis-tant foot-steps
cres.
accel.
e - cho thro' the cor - ri-dors of time, For like strains of mar - tial
cres.
cres.
mu-sic, Their migh-ty tho'ts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor, And to-
cres.
cres.

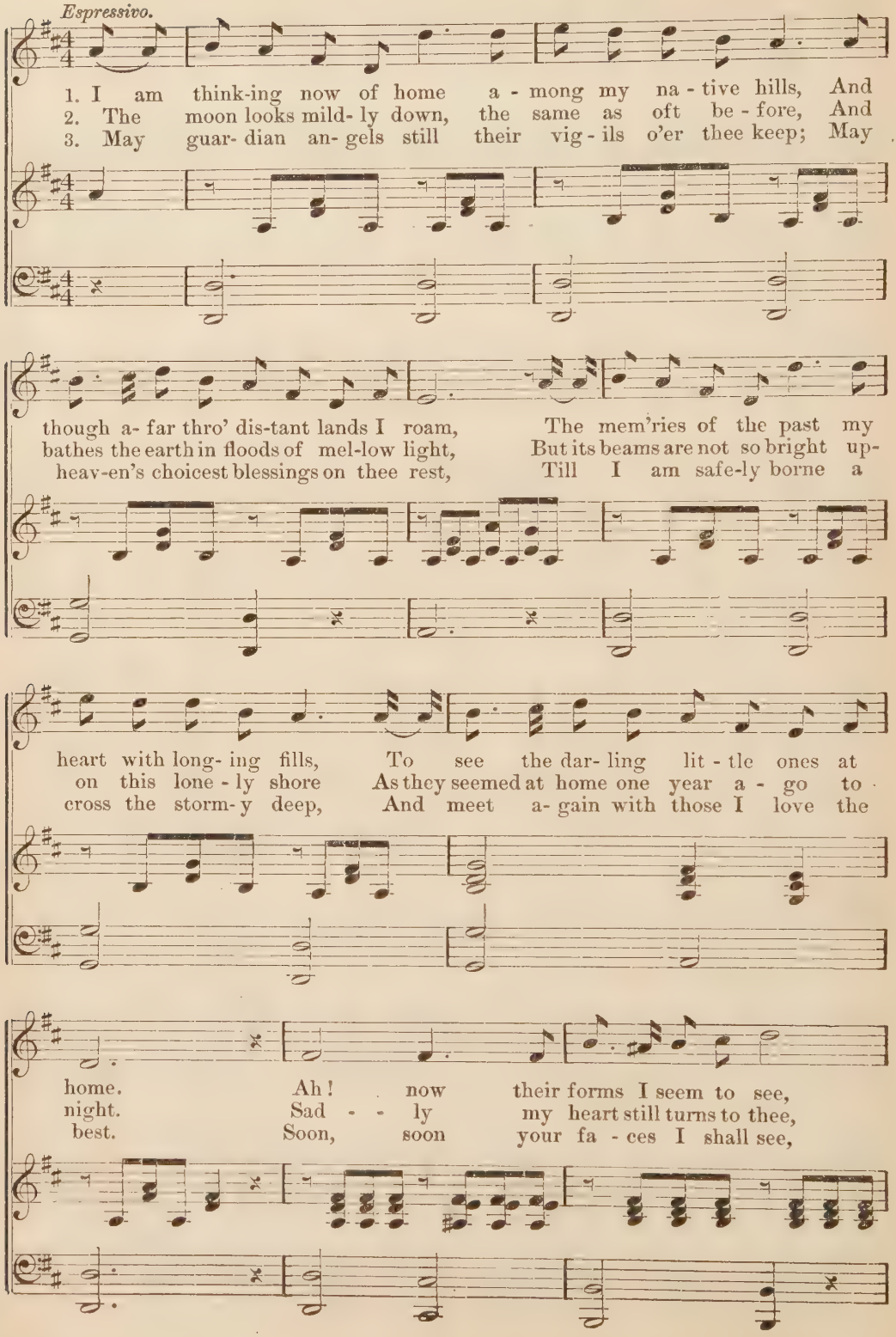

f rall.
rit.
a tempo.
night I long for rest, To-night I long for rest.
f rall.
rit.
pp a tempo.
sotto voce.
Read from some humbler poet, Whose songs gushed from his heart, from his heart,
dol.
As showers from the clouds of sum-mer, Or tears from the eye-lids start, Or
pp
p
tears from the eyelids start; Who thro' long days of la-bor,
dim.
animando un poco.
pp

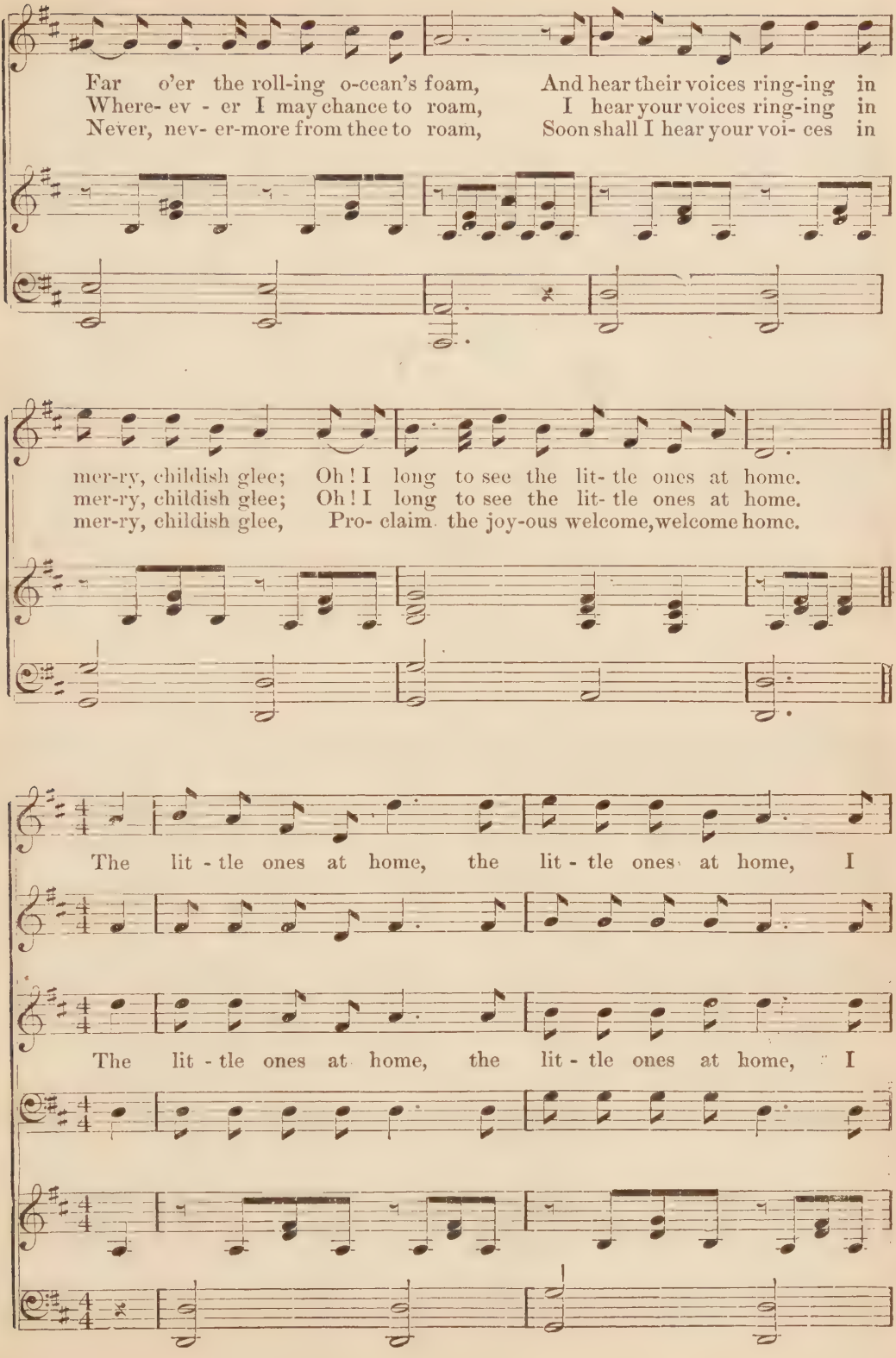

cres.
And nights de-void of ease, Still heard in his soul the mu-sic Of
cres.
Poco meno mosso.
won-derful mel - o - dies. Such songs have pow - er to qui-et The
pp staccato.
Solemnly and slow.
rest - less pulse of care, And come like the benediction, That follows
pp colla parte.
cres.
rit.
af - - ter pray'r. Then read from the treasured volume, The po-em of thy
pp rit.

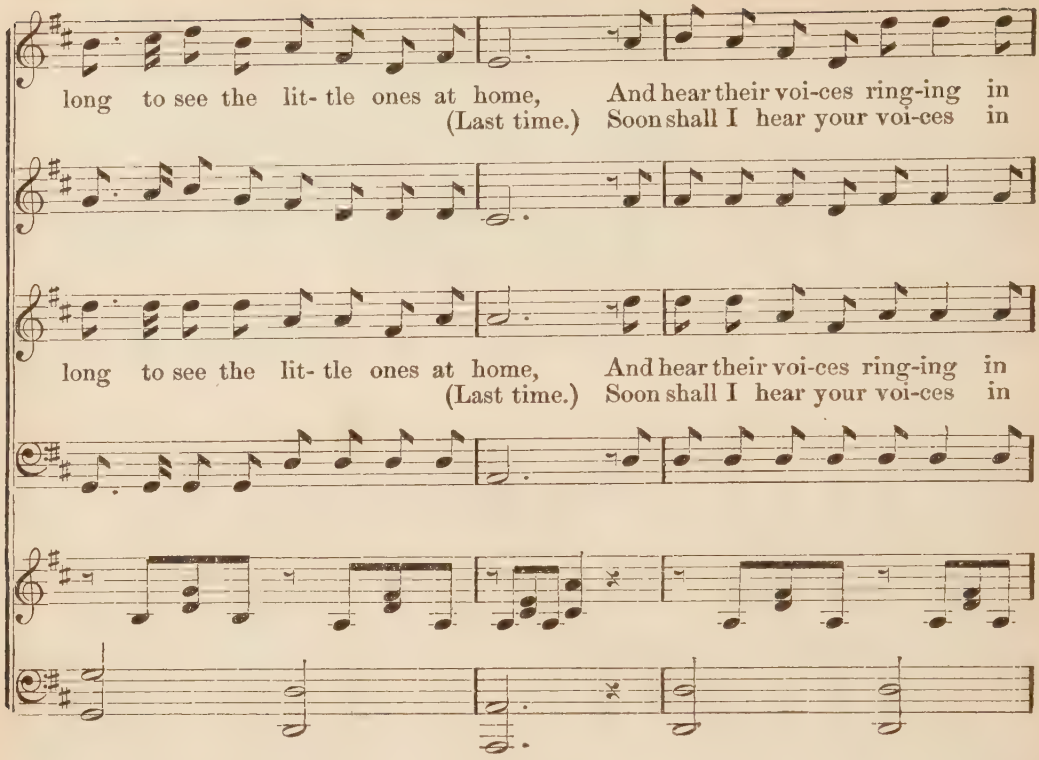

rit.
choice, And lend to the rhyme of the po - et, The beau - ty of thy
rit.
poco animato.
voice; And the night shall be fill'd with mu - sic And the cares that infest the
rit.
p
day Shall fold their tents like the A-rabs, And as si - lent-ly,
rit.
p
p
pp adagio.
ppp
si lent-ly, And as si - lent-ly steal a - way.
imitating the voice.
pp
pp
pp
ppp
ppp

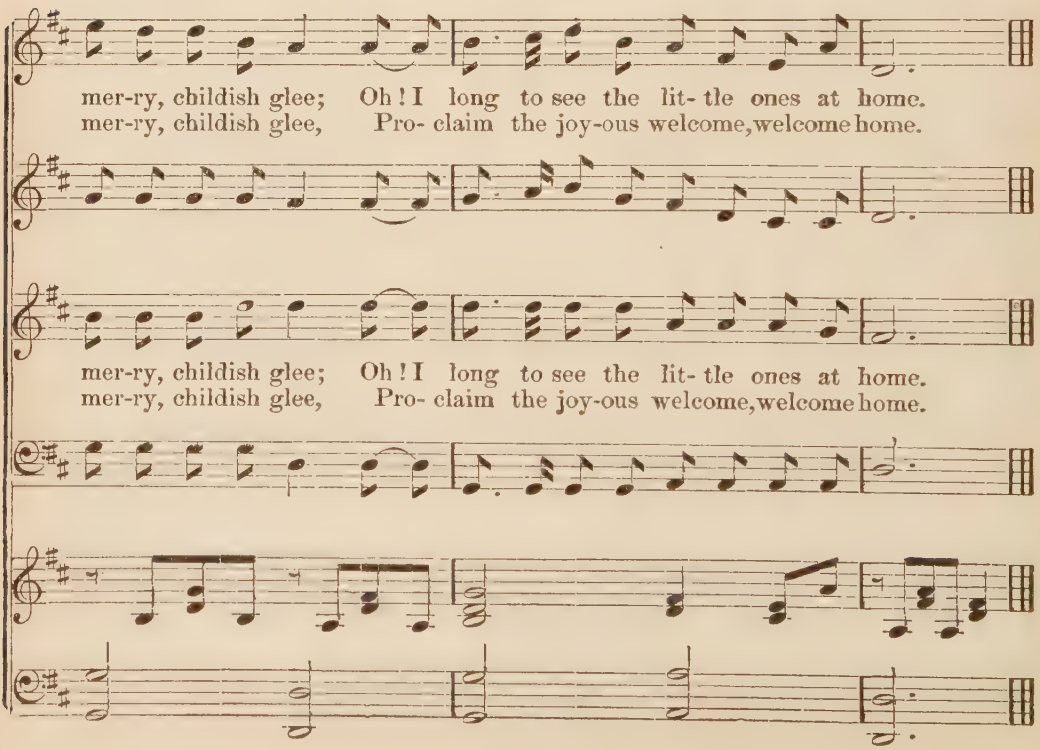
THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

LOCKWOOD. By per.



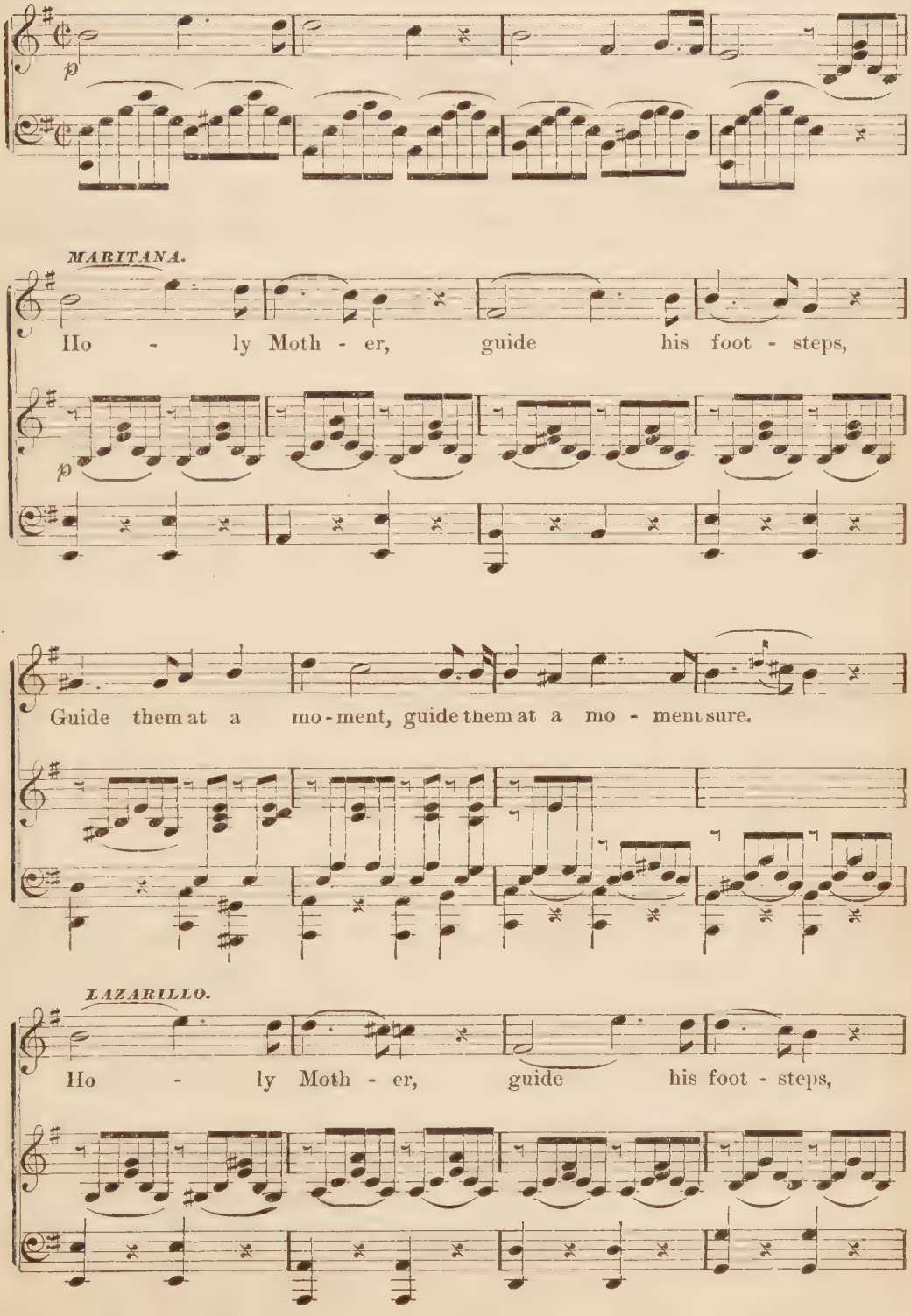

Far o'er the roll-ing o-cean's foam, And hear their voices ring-ing in
Where- ev - er I may chance to roam, I hear your voices ring-ing in
Never, nev- er-more from thee to roam, Soon shall I hear your voi- ces in
mer-ry, childish glee; Oh! I long to see the lit- tle ones at home.
mer-ry, childish glee; Oh! I long to see the lit- tle ones at home.
mer-ry, childish glee, Pro- claim the joy-ous welcome, welcome home.
The lit - tle ones at home, the lit - tle ones at home, I
The lit - tle ones at home, the lit - tle ones at home, I

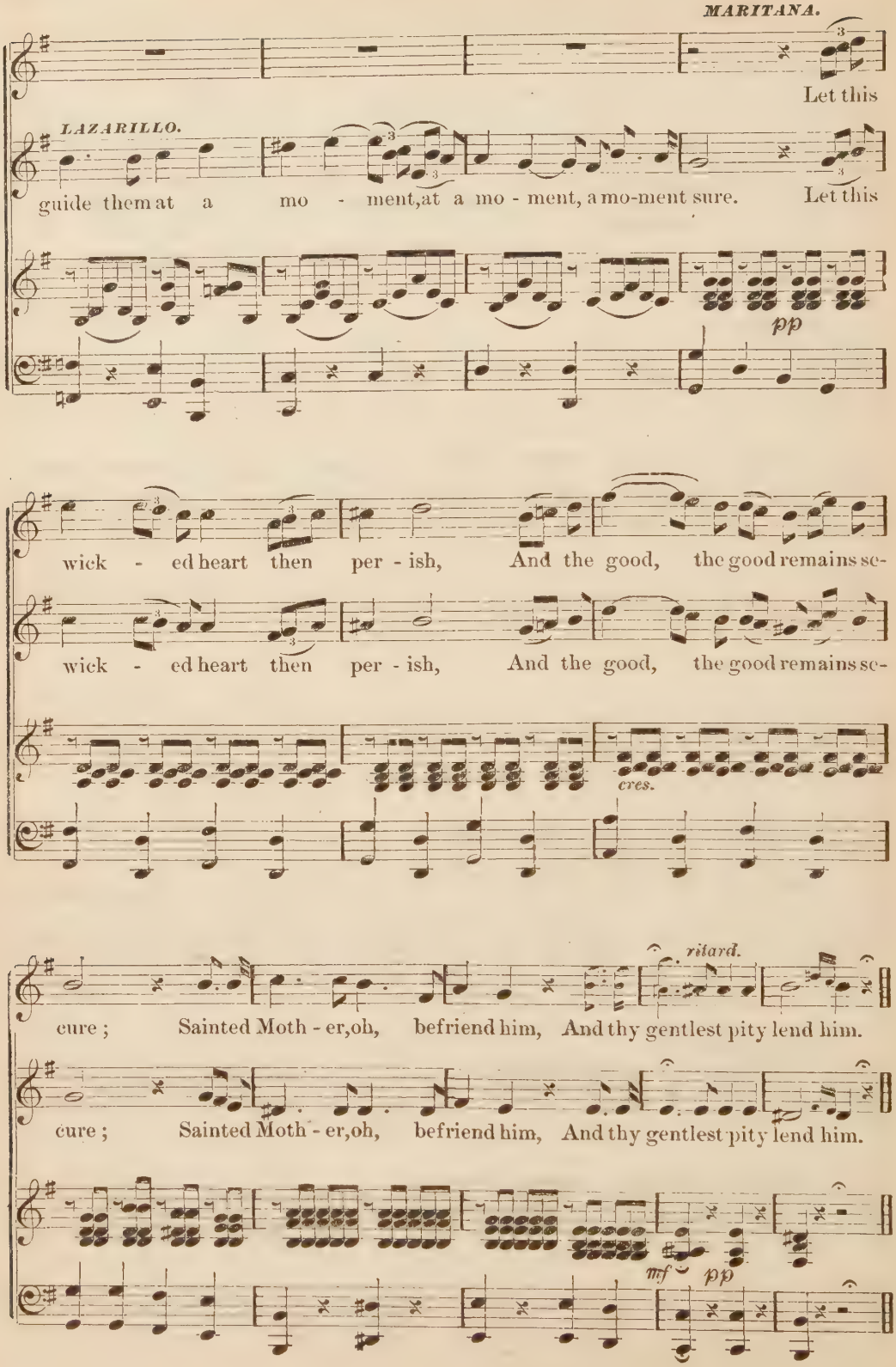

long to see the lit- tle ones at home, And hear their voi-ces ring-ing in
(Last time.) Soon shall I hear your voi-ces in
long to see the lit- tle ones at home, And hear their voi-ces ring-ing in
(Last time.) Soon shall I hear your voi-ces in

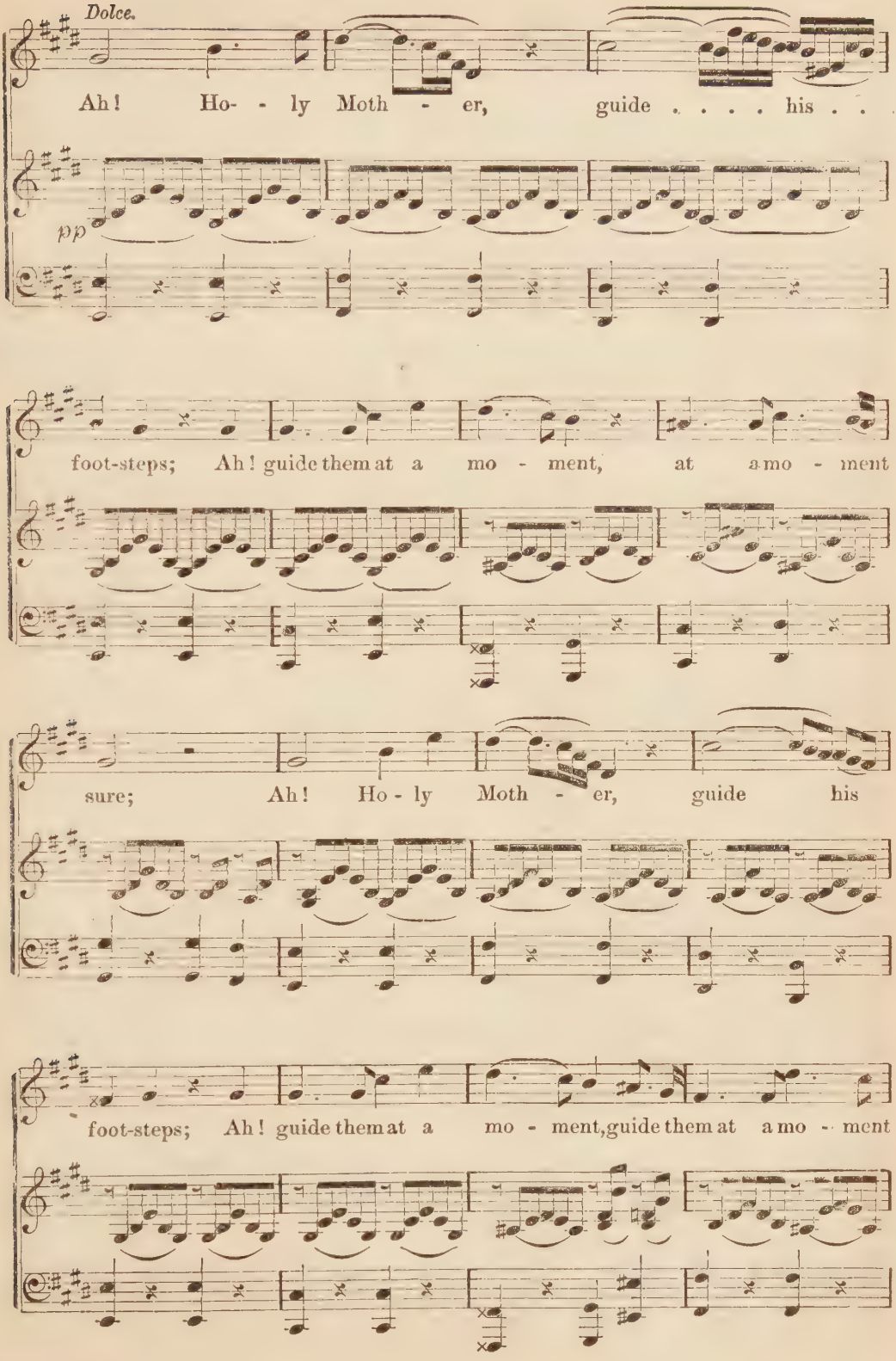

mer-ry, childish glee; Oh! I long to see the lit- tle ones at home.
mer-ry, childish glee, Pro- claim the joy-ous welcome, welcome home.
mer-ry, childish glee; Oh! I long to see the lit- tle ones at home.
mer-ry, childish glee, Pro- claim the joy-ous welcome, welcome home.

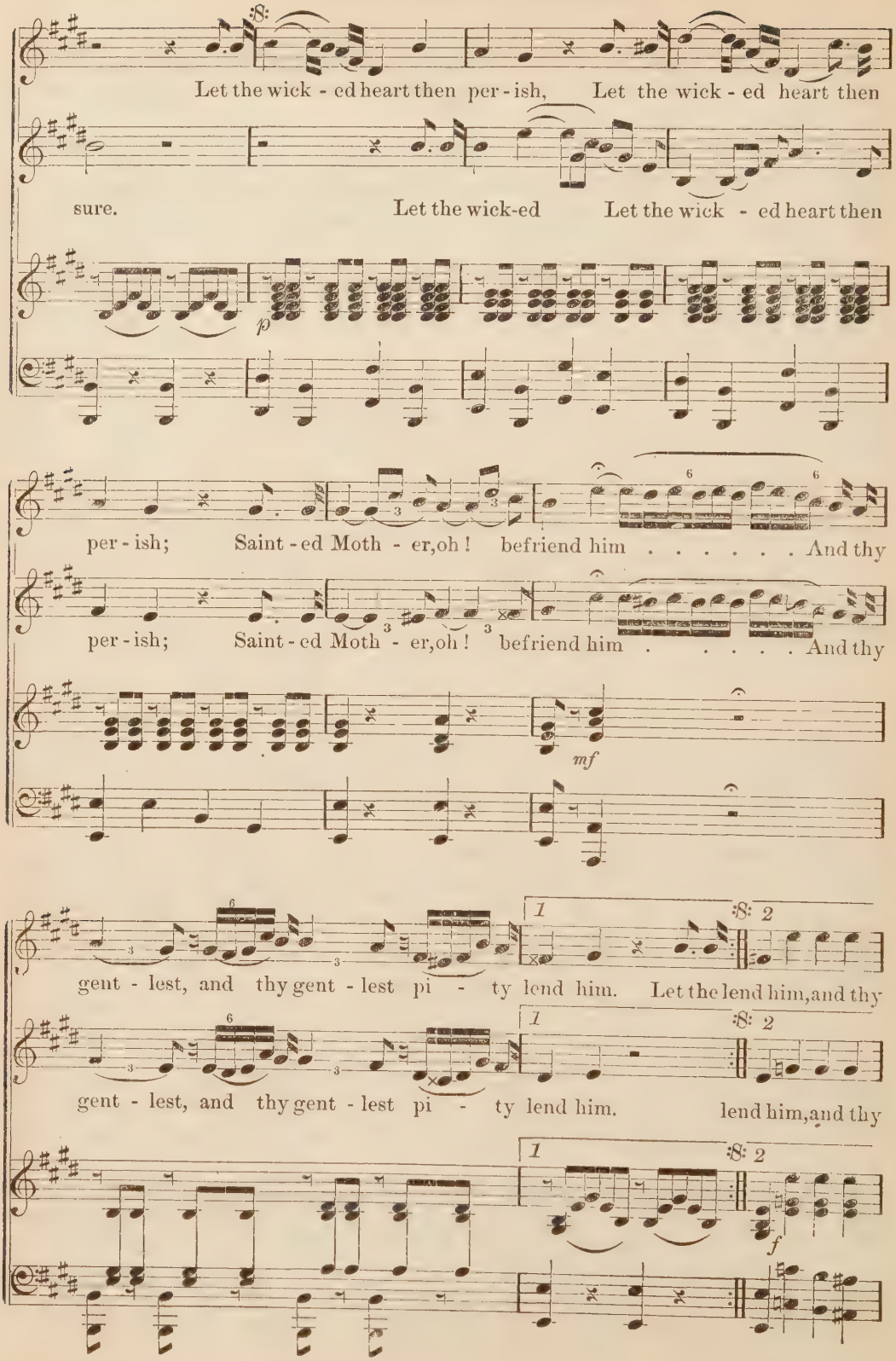
HOLY MOTHER, GUIDE HIS FOOT-STEPS.

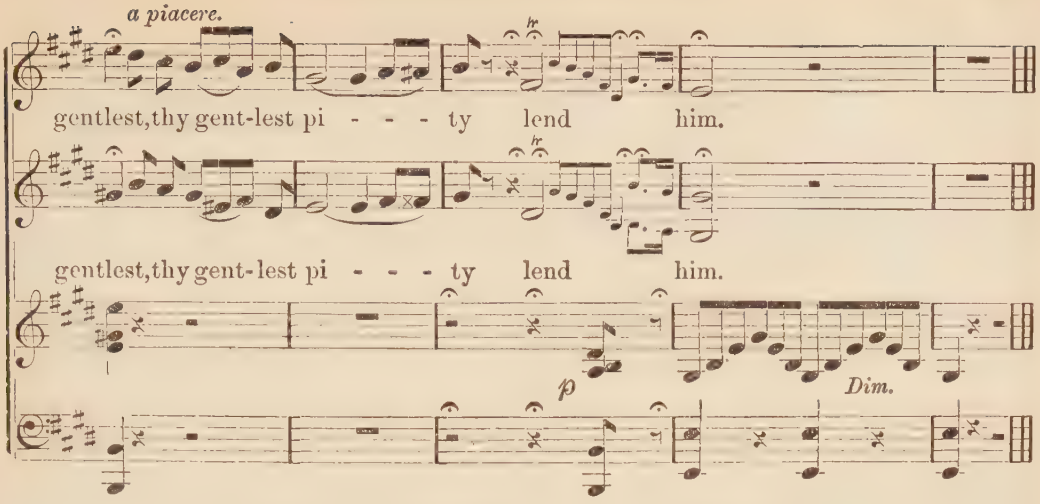
FROM "MARITANA."




MARITANA.
Let this
LAZARILLO.
guide them at a mo - ment, at a mo - ment, a mo-ment sure. Let this
pp
wick - ed heart then per - ish, And the good, the good remains se-
wick - ed heart then per - ish, And the good, the good remains se-
cres.
ritard.
cure; Sainted Moth - er, oh, befriend him, And thy gentlest pity lend him.
cure; Sainted Moth - er, oh, befriend him, And thy gentlest pity lend him.
mf
pp

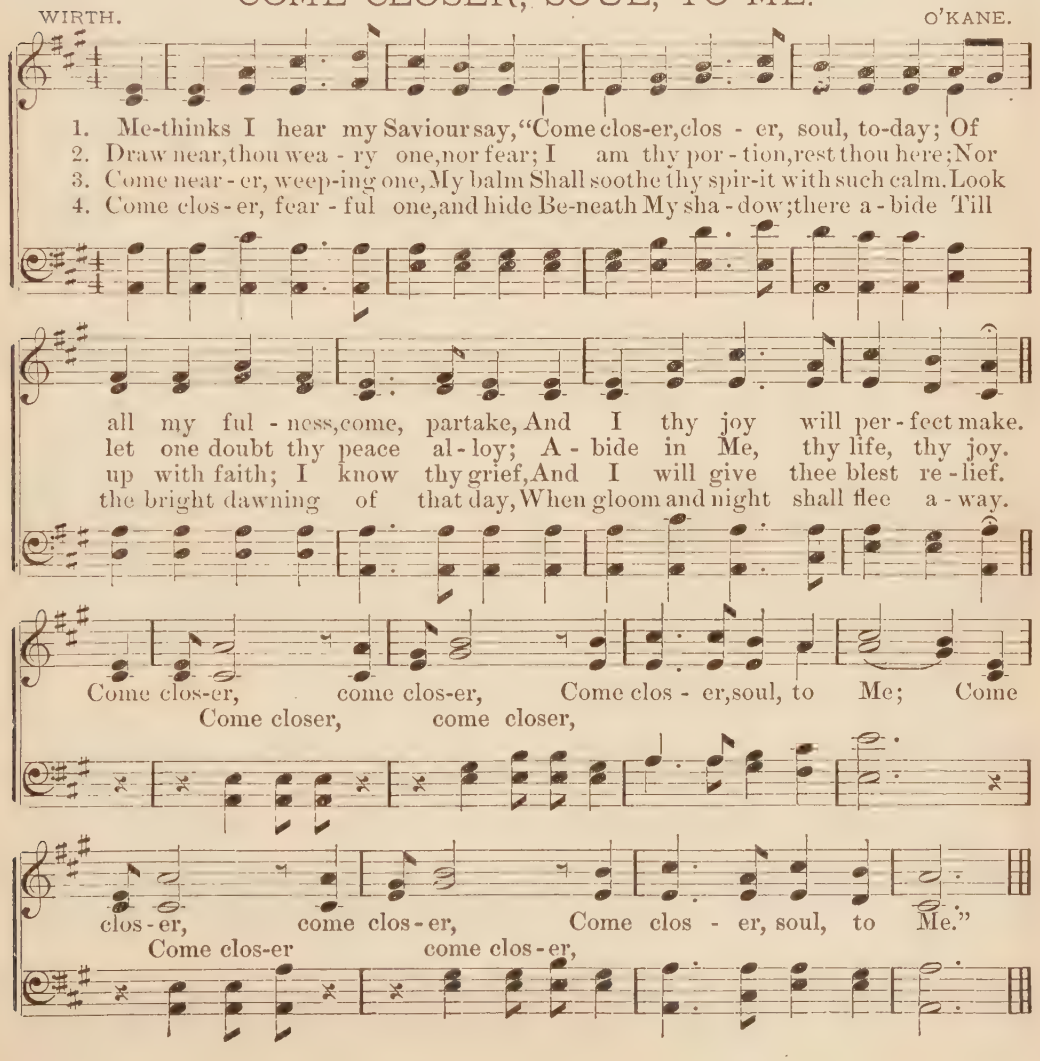

Dolce.
Ah! Ho- - ly Moth - er, guide . . . . his . .
pp
foot-steps; Ah! guide them at a mo - ment, at a mo - ment
sure; Ah! Ho - ly Moth - er, guide his
foot-steps; Ah! guide them at a mo - ment, guide them at a mo - ment


Let the wick - ed heart then per - ish, Let the wick - ed heart then
sure. Let the wick-ed Let the wick - ed heart then
p
per - ish; Saint - ed Moth - er, oh! befriend him . . . . . And thy
per - ish; Saint - ed Moth - er, oh! befriend him . . . . . And thy
mf
gent - lest, and thy gent - lest pi - ty lend him. Let the lend him, and thy
gent - lest, and thy gent - lest pi - ty lend him. lend him, and thy
1
2
f



COME CLOSER, SOUL, TO ME.

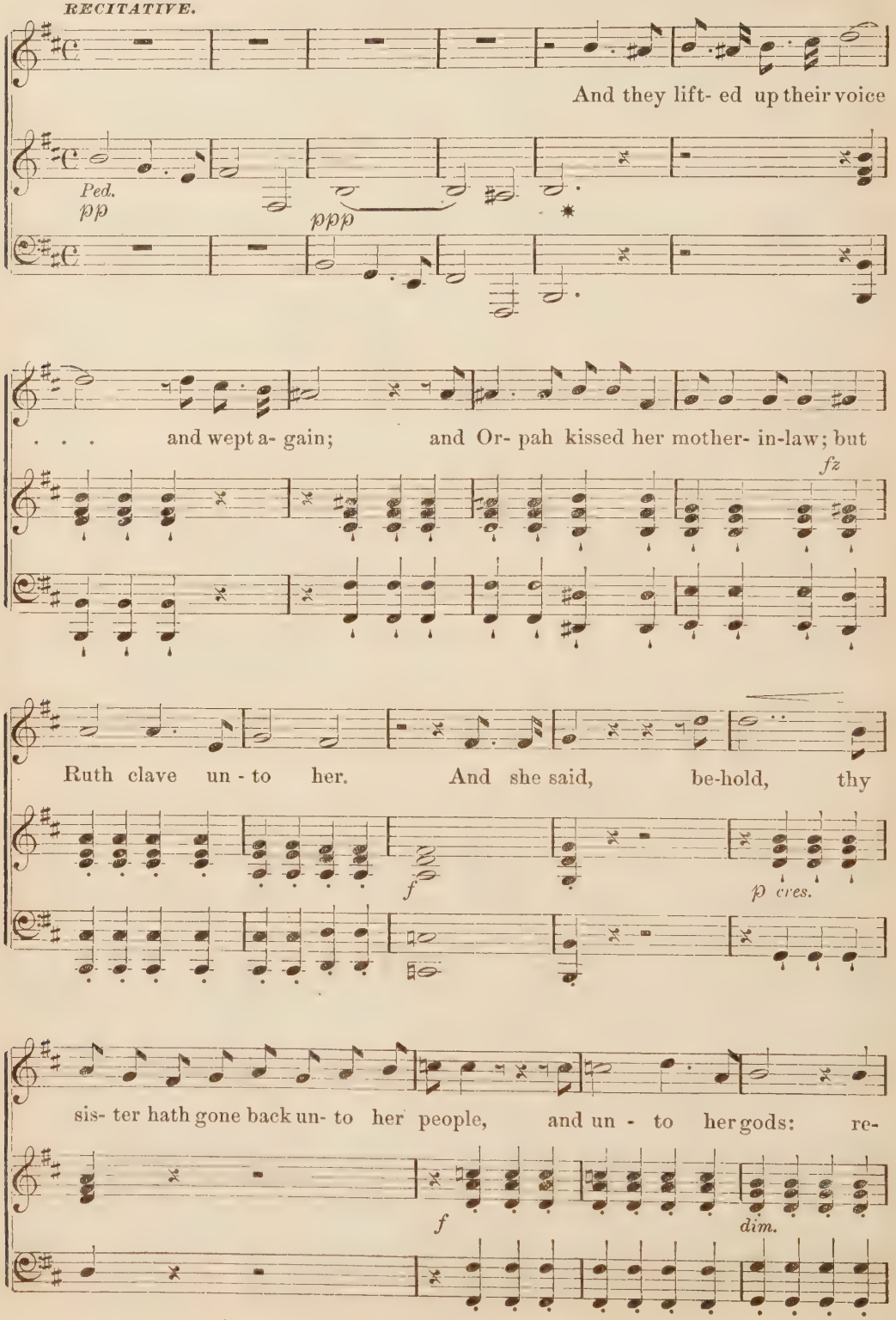
WIRTH. O'KANE.

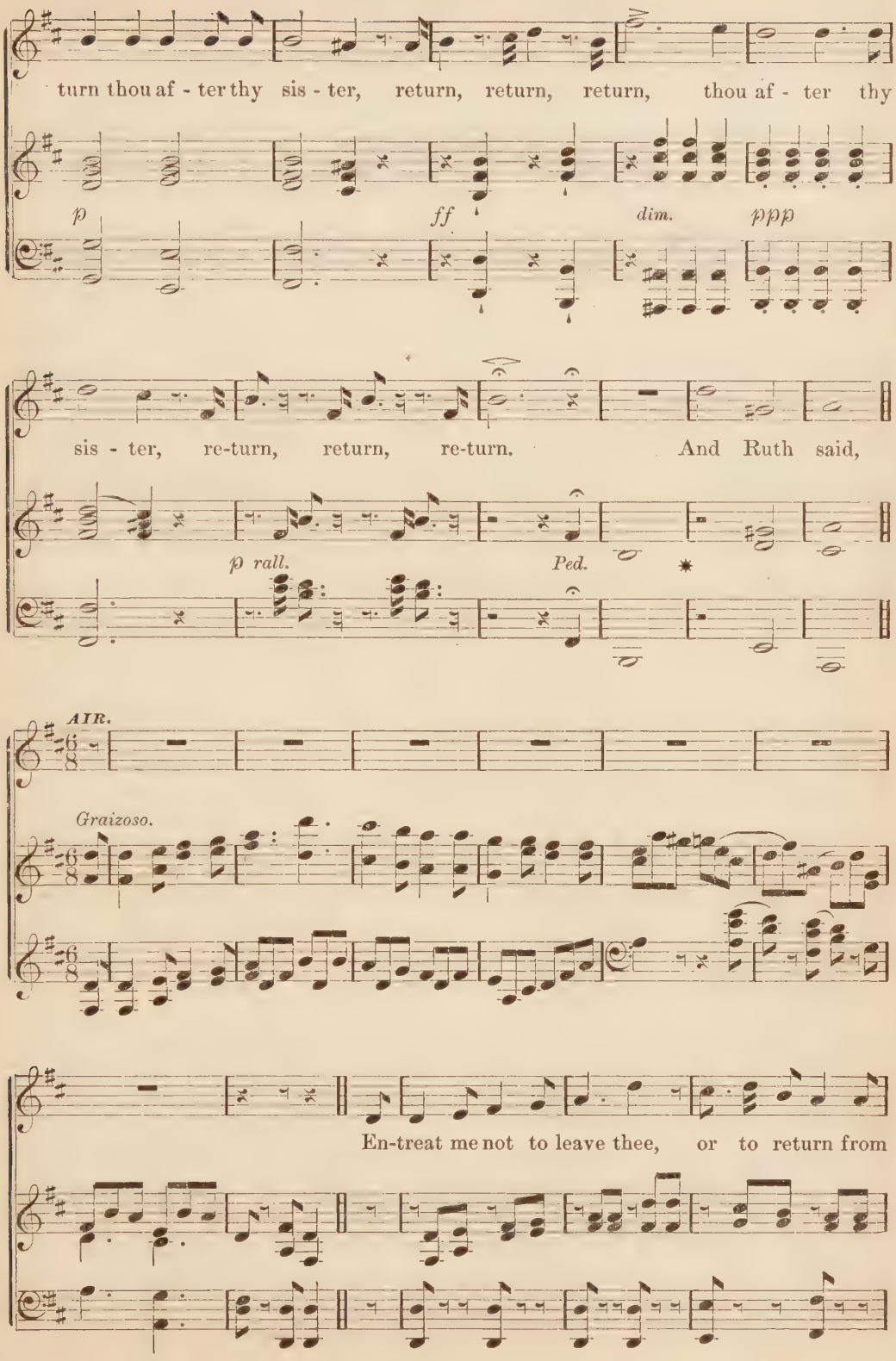


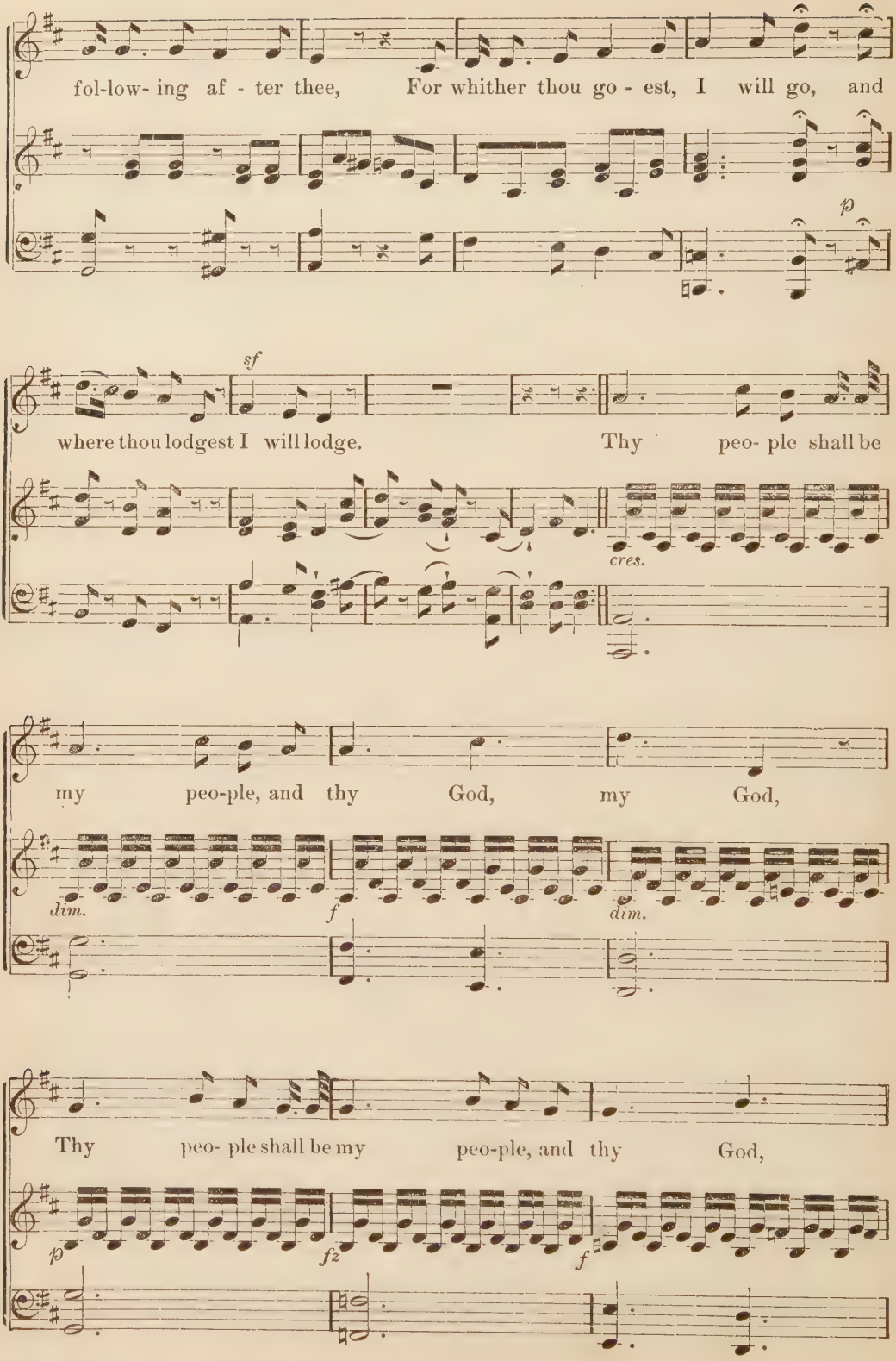
RUTH AND NAOMI.

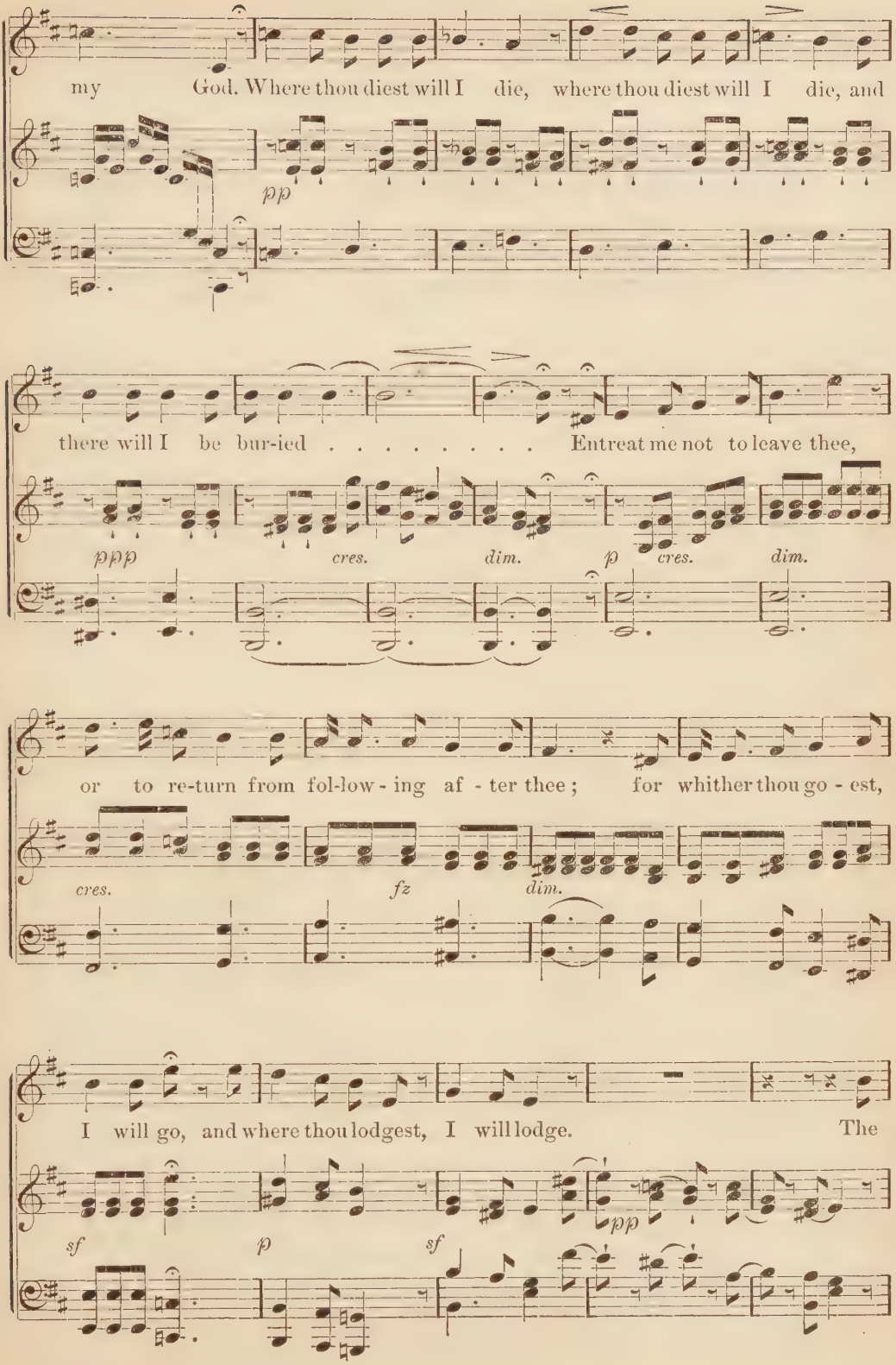
TOPLIFF.

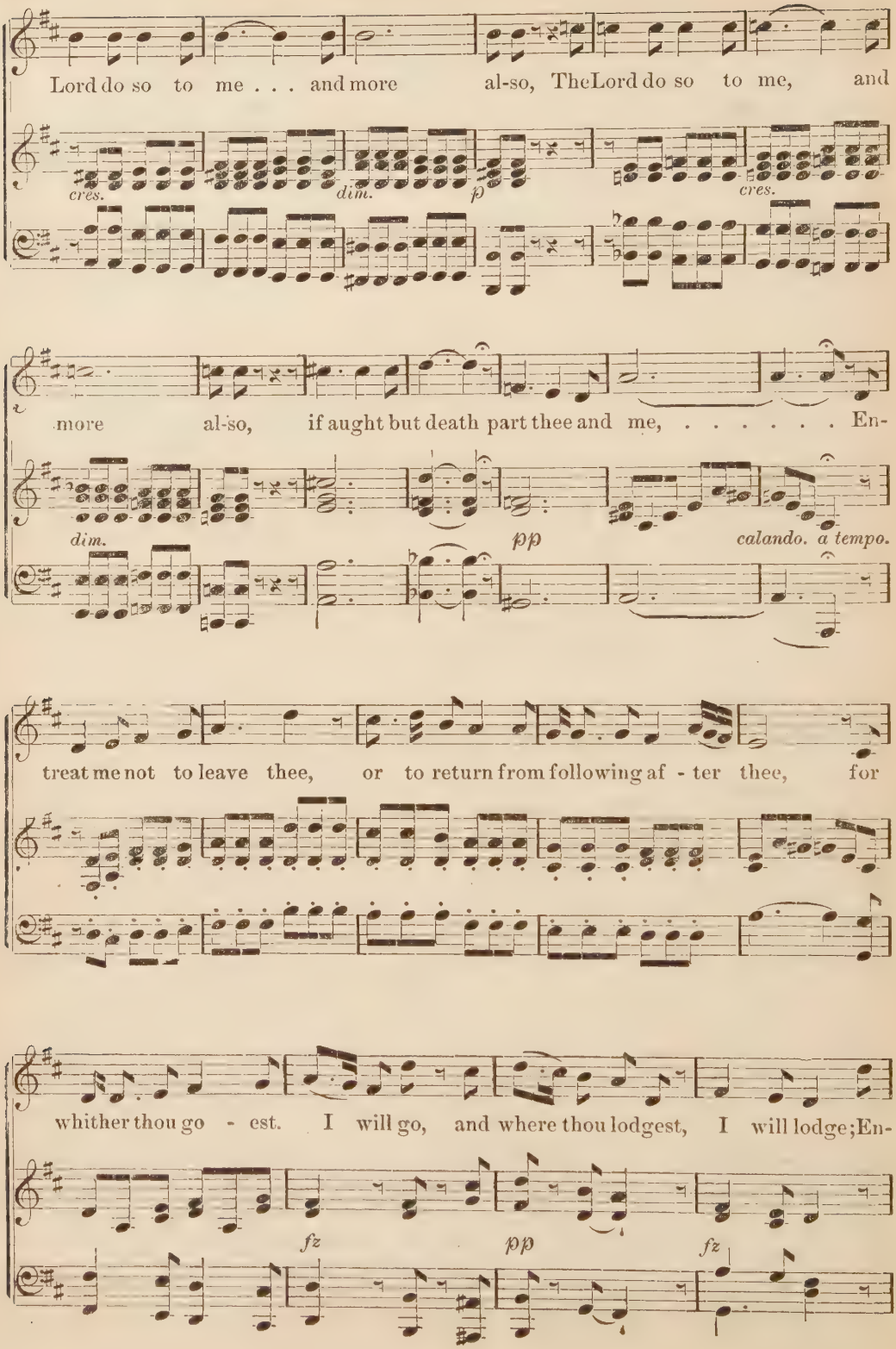
RECITATIVE.

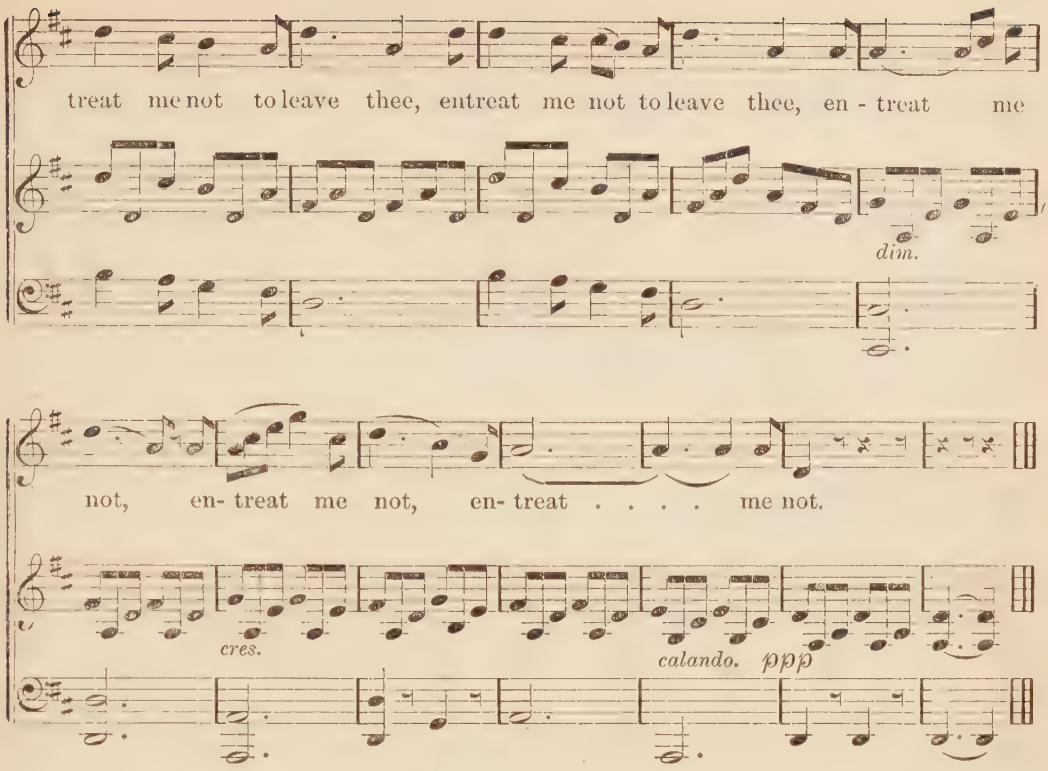



turn thou af - ter thy sis - ter, return, return, return, thou af - ter thy
p
ff
dim.
ppp
sis - ter, re-turn, return, re-turn. And Ruth said,
p rall.
Ped.
AIR.
Graizoso.
En-treat me not to leave thee, or to return from


fol-low- ing af - ter thee, For whither thou go - est, I will go, and
p
sf
where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy peo- ple shall be
cres.
my peo-ple, and thy God, my God,
dim.
f
dim.
Thy peo- ple shall be my peo-ple, and thy God,
p
fz
f

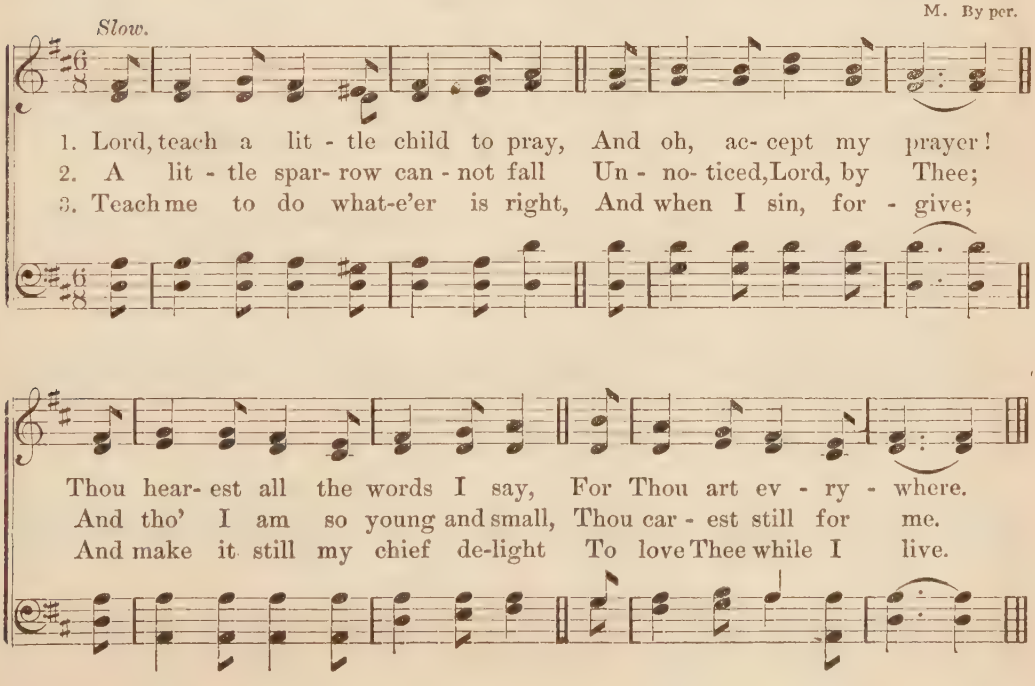

my God. Where thou diest will I die, where thou diest will I die, and
pp
there will I be bur-ied . . . . . Entreat me not to leave thee,
ppp
cres.
dim.
p
cres.
dim.
or to re-turn from fol-low - ing af - ter thee; for whither thou go - est,
cres.
fz
dim.
I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. The
sf
p
sf
pp


Lord do so to me . . . and more al-so, The Lord do so to me, and
cres.
dim.
p
cres.
more al-so, if aught but death part thee and me, ... En-
dim.
pp
calando. a tempo.
treat me not to leave thee, or to return from following af - ter thee, for
whither thou go - est. I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; En-
fz
pp
fz



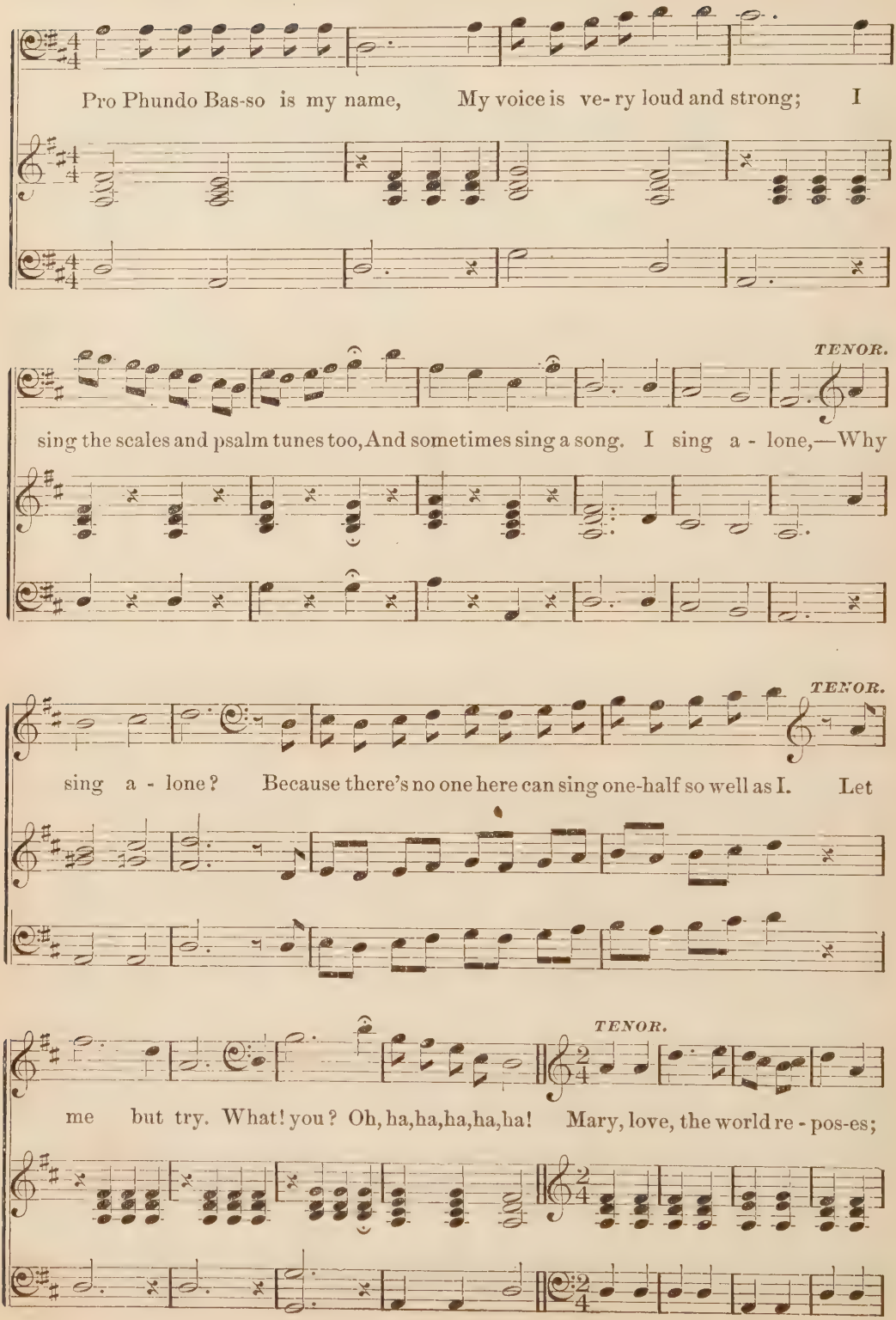
LORD, TEACH A LITTLE CHILD TO PRAY.

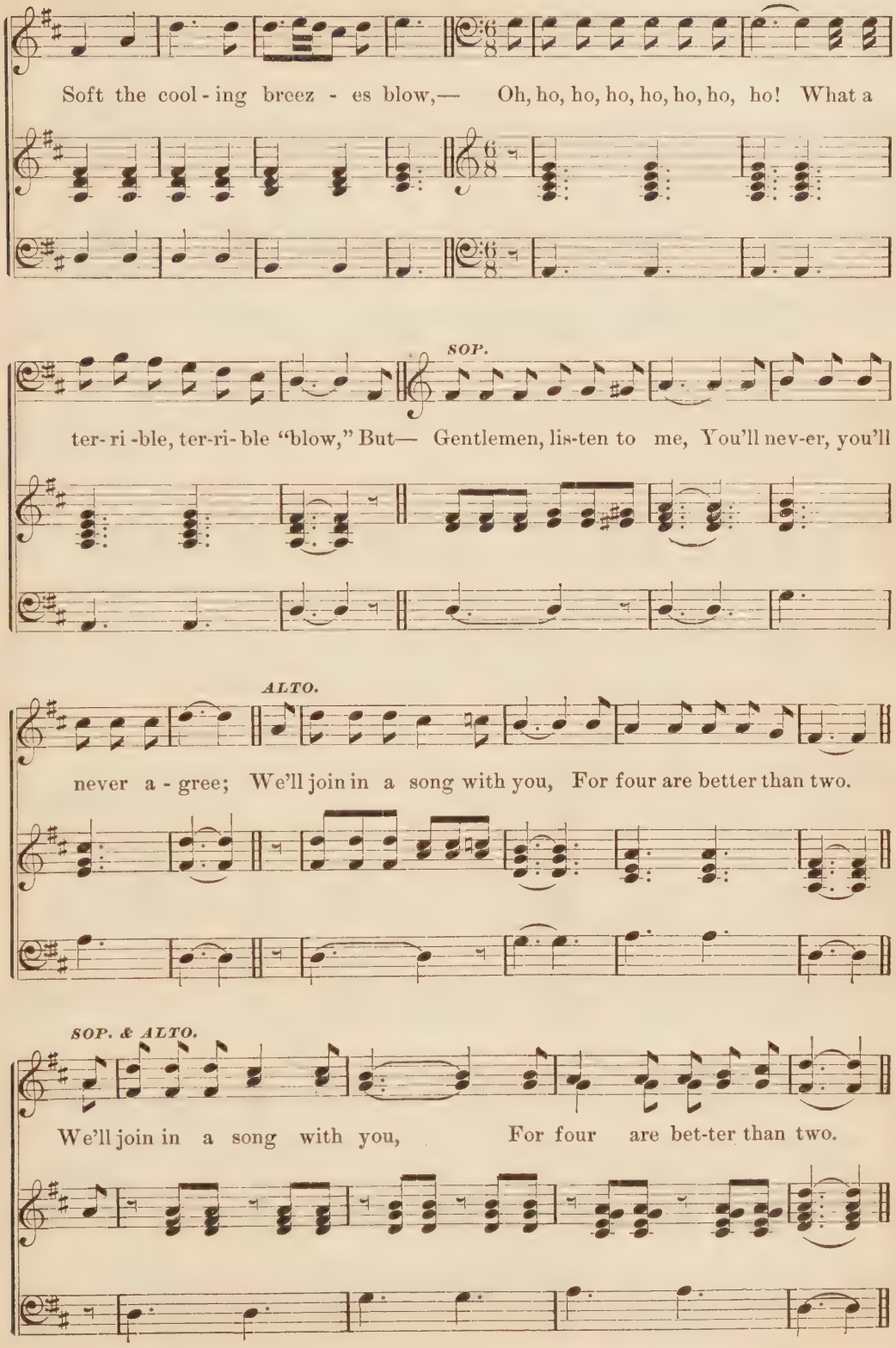
M. By per.

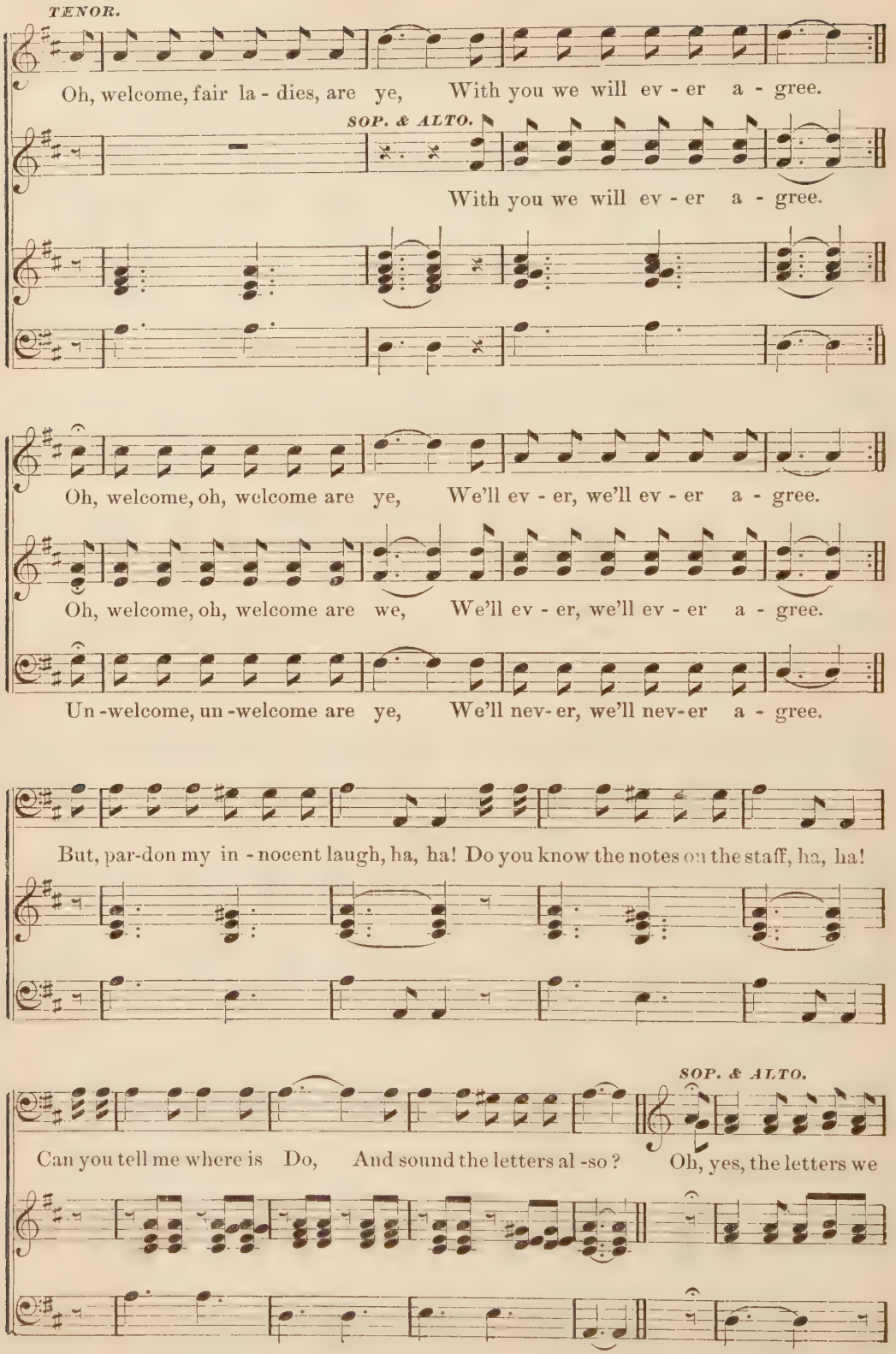


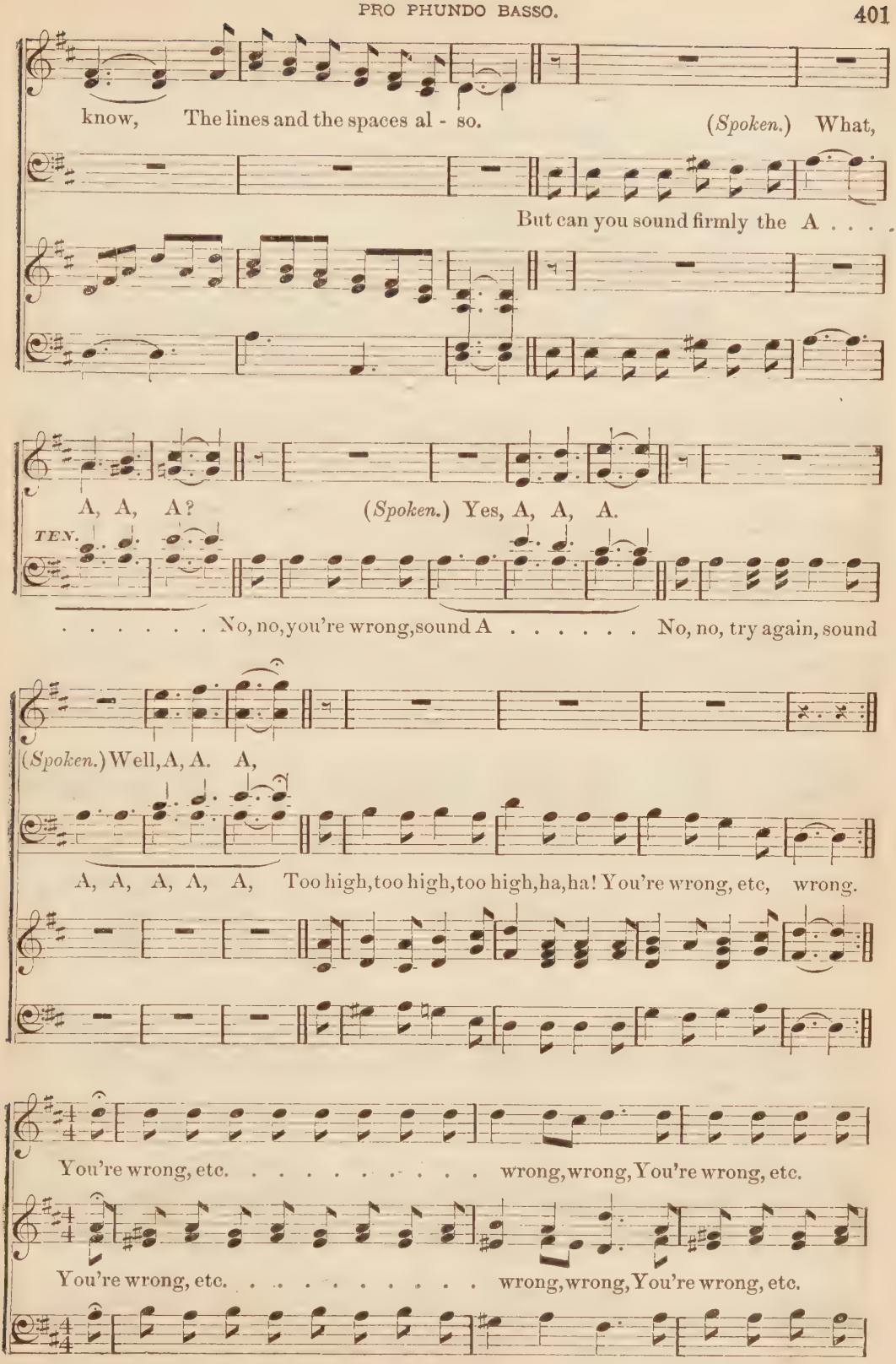
PRO PHUNDO BASSO.

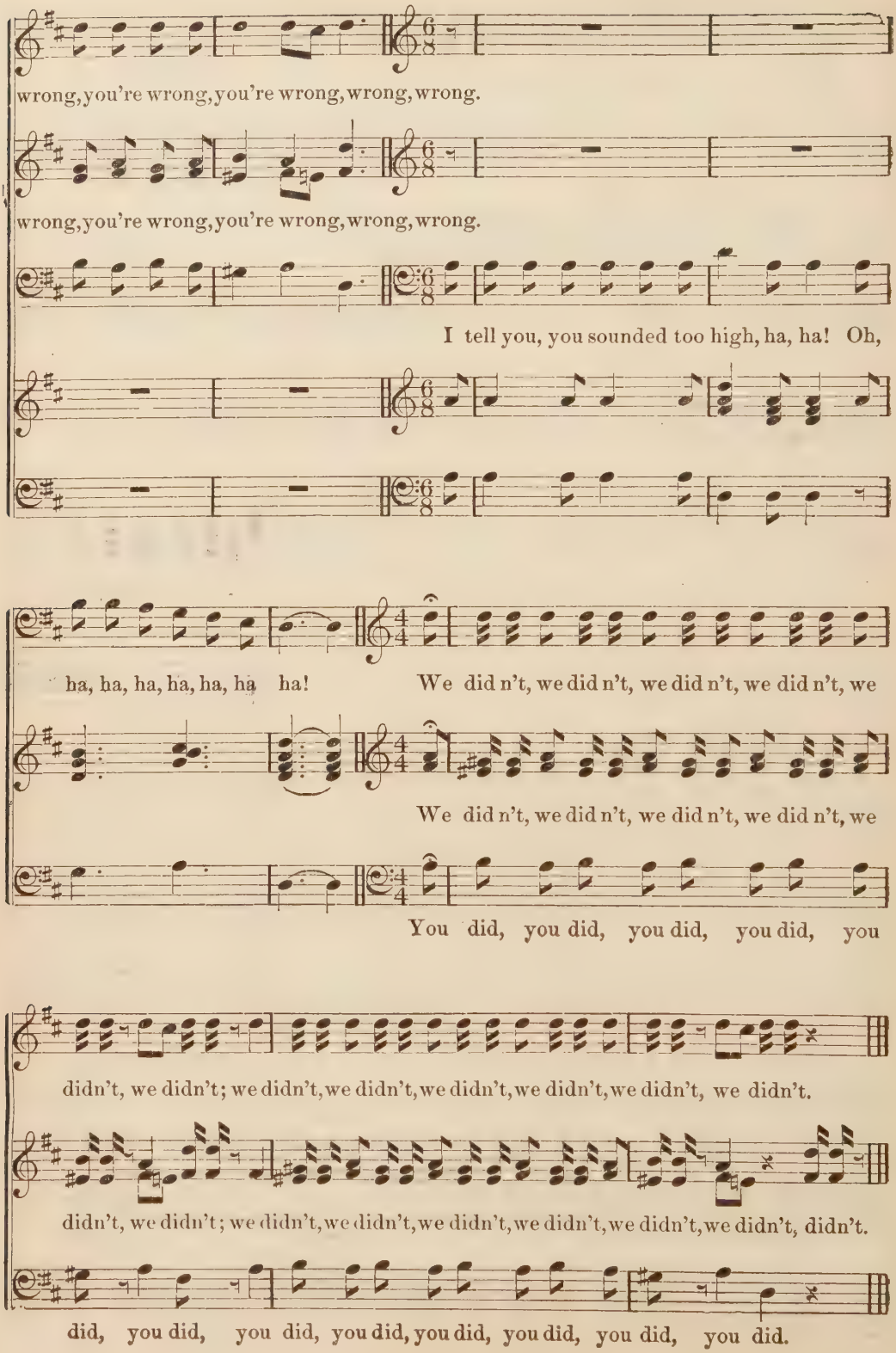
BLISS. By per.




Soft the cool - ing breez - es blow,— Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! What a
SOP.
ter- ri -ble, ter-ri- ble "blow," But— Gentlemen, lis-ten to me, You'll nev-er, you'll
ALTO.
never a - gree; We'll join in a song with you, For four are better than two.
SOP. & ALTO.
We'll join in a song with you, For four are bet-ter than two.


TENOR.
Oh, welcome, fair la - dies, are ye, With you we will ev - er a - gree.
SOP. & ALTO.
With you we will ev - er a - gree.
Oh, welcome, oh, welcome are ye, We'll ev - er, we'll ev - er a - gree.
Oh, welcome, oh, welcome are we, We'll ev - er, we'll ev - er a - gree.
Un - welcome, un - welcome are ye, We'll nev - er, we'll nev - er a - gree.
But, par-don my in - nocent laugh, ha, ha! Do you know the notes on the staff, ha, ha!
SOP. & ALTO.
Can you tell me where is Do, And sound the letters al - so? Oh, yes, the letters we

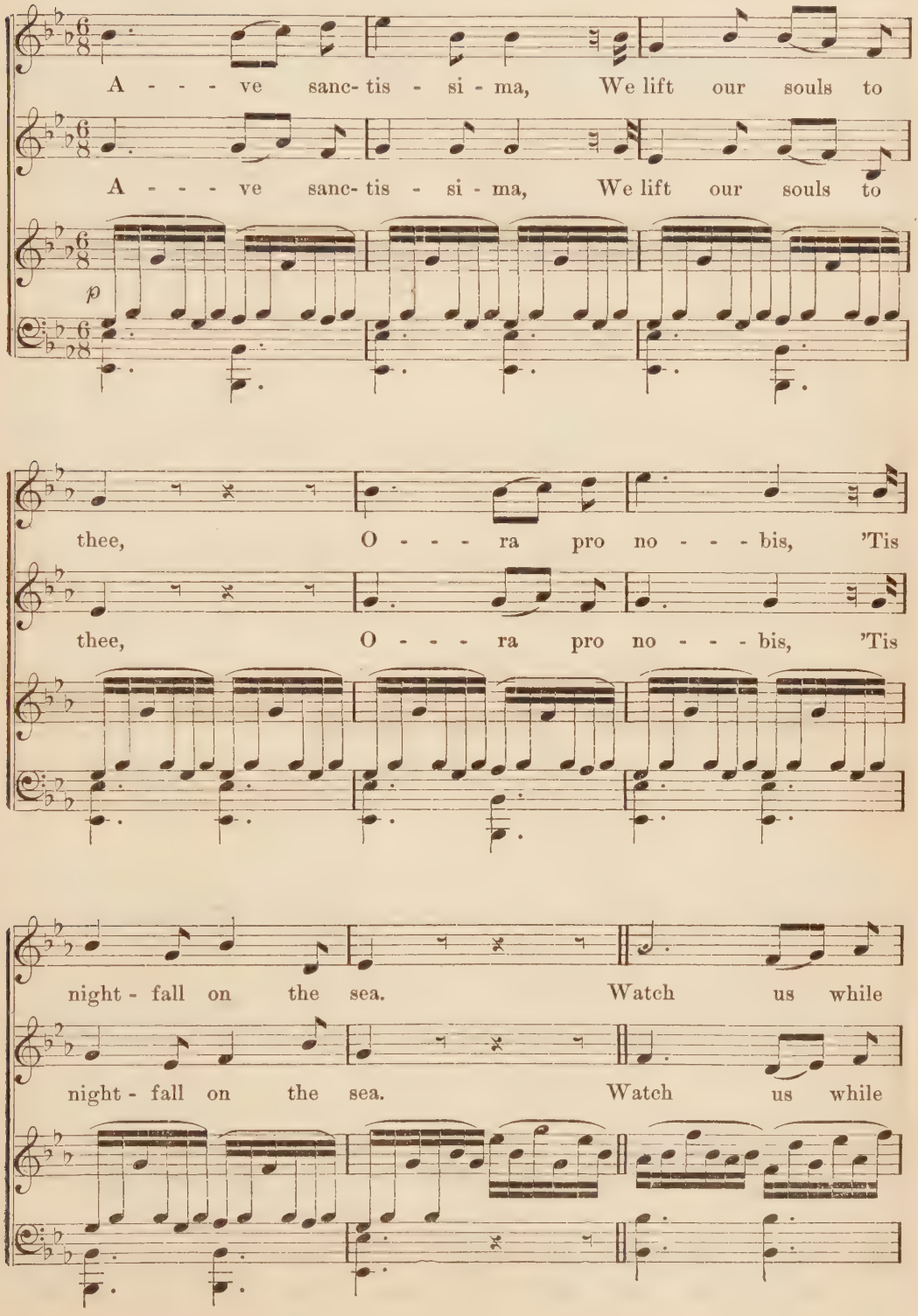

know, The lines and the spaces al - so. (*Spoken.*) What,
But can you sound firmly the A . . . .
A, A, A? (*Spoken.*) Yes, A, A, A.
TEN.
. . . . . No, no, you're wrong, sound A . . . . . No, no, try again, sound
(*Spoken.*) Well, A, A. A,
A, A, A, A, A, Too high, too high, too high, ha, ha! You're wrong, etc, wrong.
You're wrong, etc. . . . . wrong, wrong, You're wrong, etc.
You're wrong, etc. . . . . wrong, wrong, You're wrong, etc.

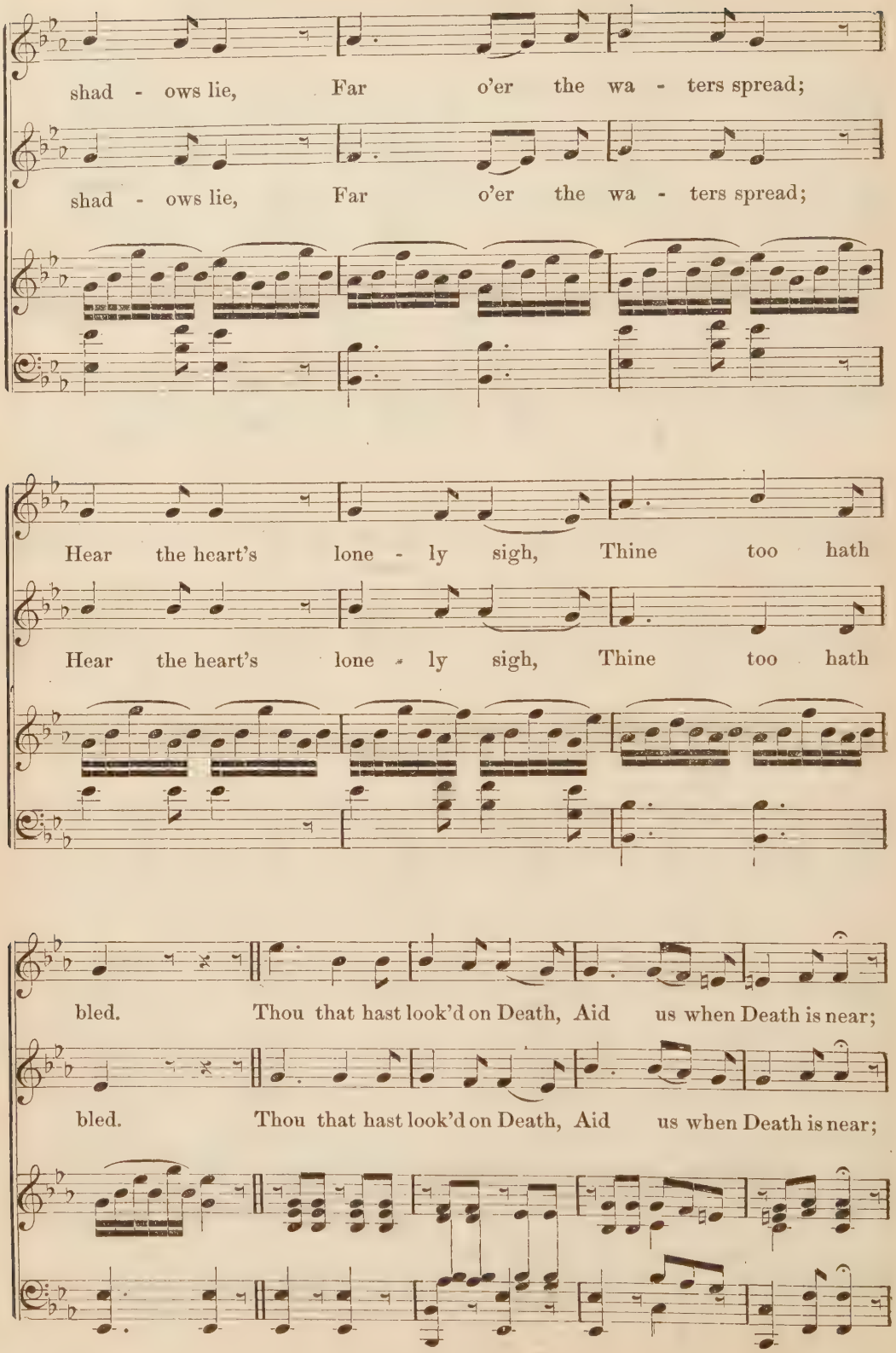

wrong, you're wrong, you're wrong, wrong, wrong.
wrong, you're wrong, you're wrong, wrong, wrong.
I tell you, you sounded too high, ha, ha! Oh,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ha!
We did n't, we did n't, we did n't, we did n't, we
We did n't, we did n't, we did n't, we did n't, we
You did, you did, you did, you did, you
didn't, we didn't; we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't.
didn't, we didn't; we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, didn't.
did, you did, you did, you did, you did, you did, you did, you did.

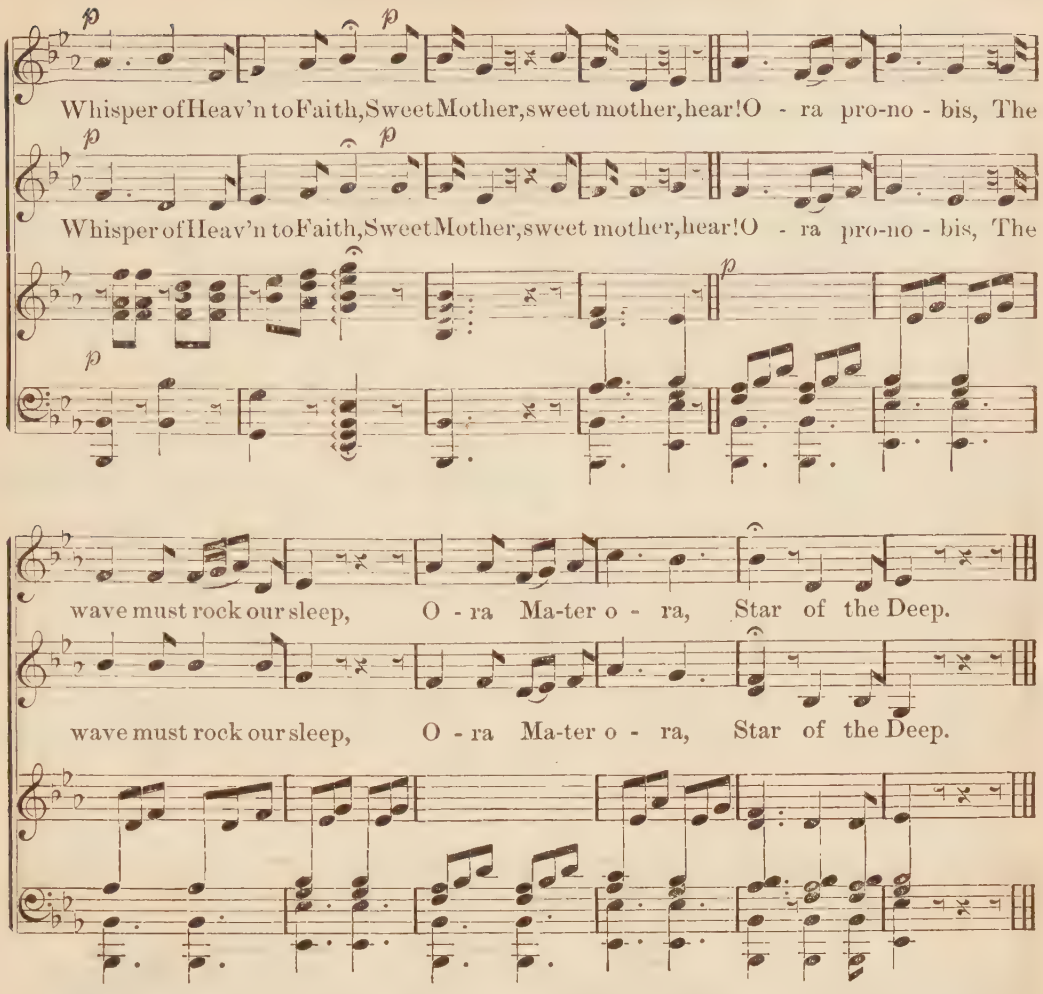
EVENING SONG TO THE VIRGIN.

HEMANS

MUSIC BY HER SISTER.

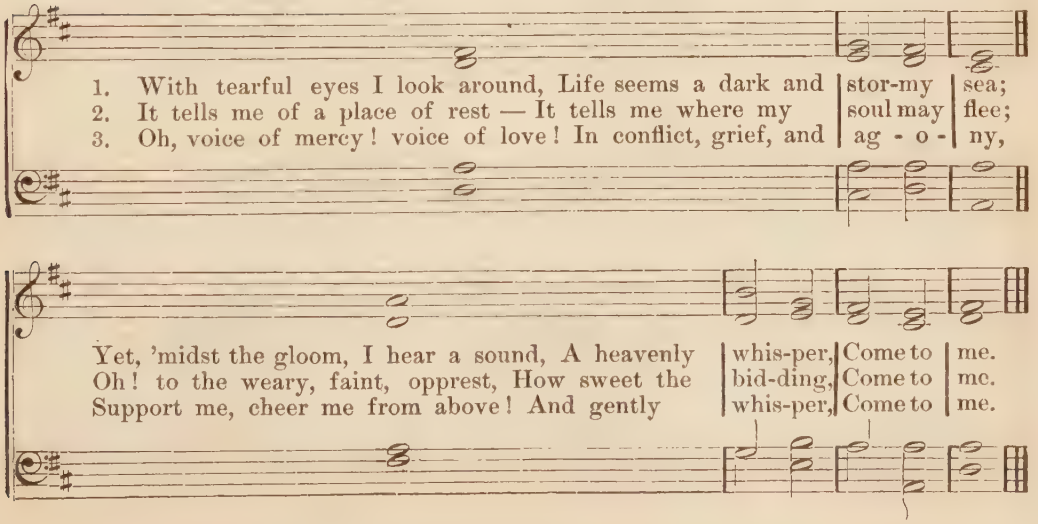



shad - ows lie, Far o'er the wa - ters spread;
shad - ows lie, Far o'er the wa - ters spread;
Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh, Thine too hath
Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh, Thine too hath
bled. Thou that hast look'd on Death, Aid us when Death is near;
bled. Thou that hast look'd on Death, Aid us when Death is near;



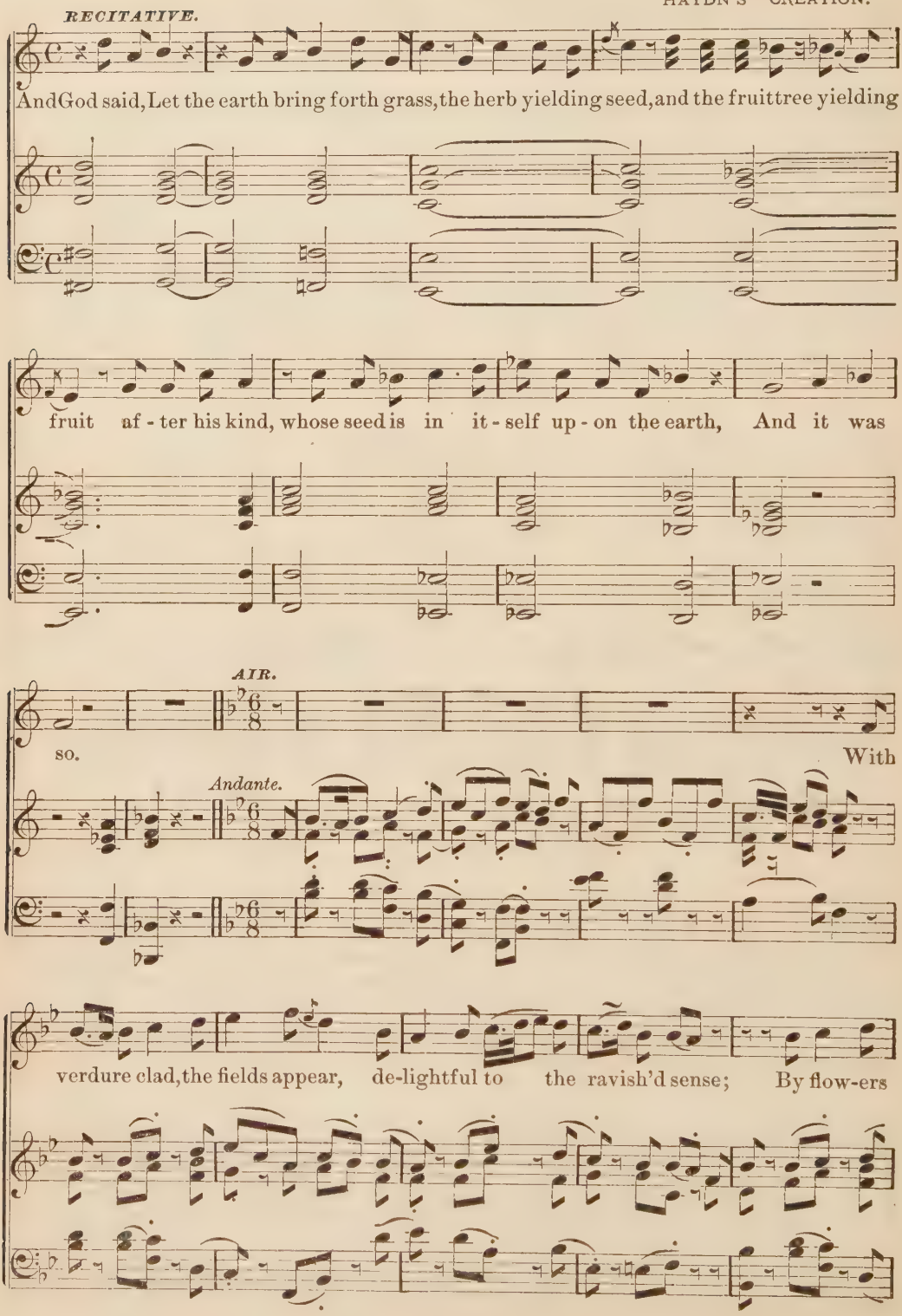
WITH TEARFUL EYES

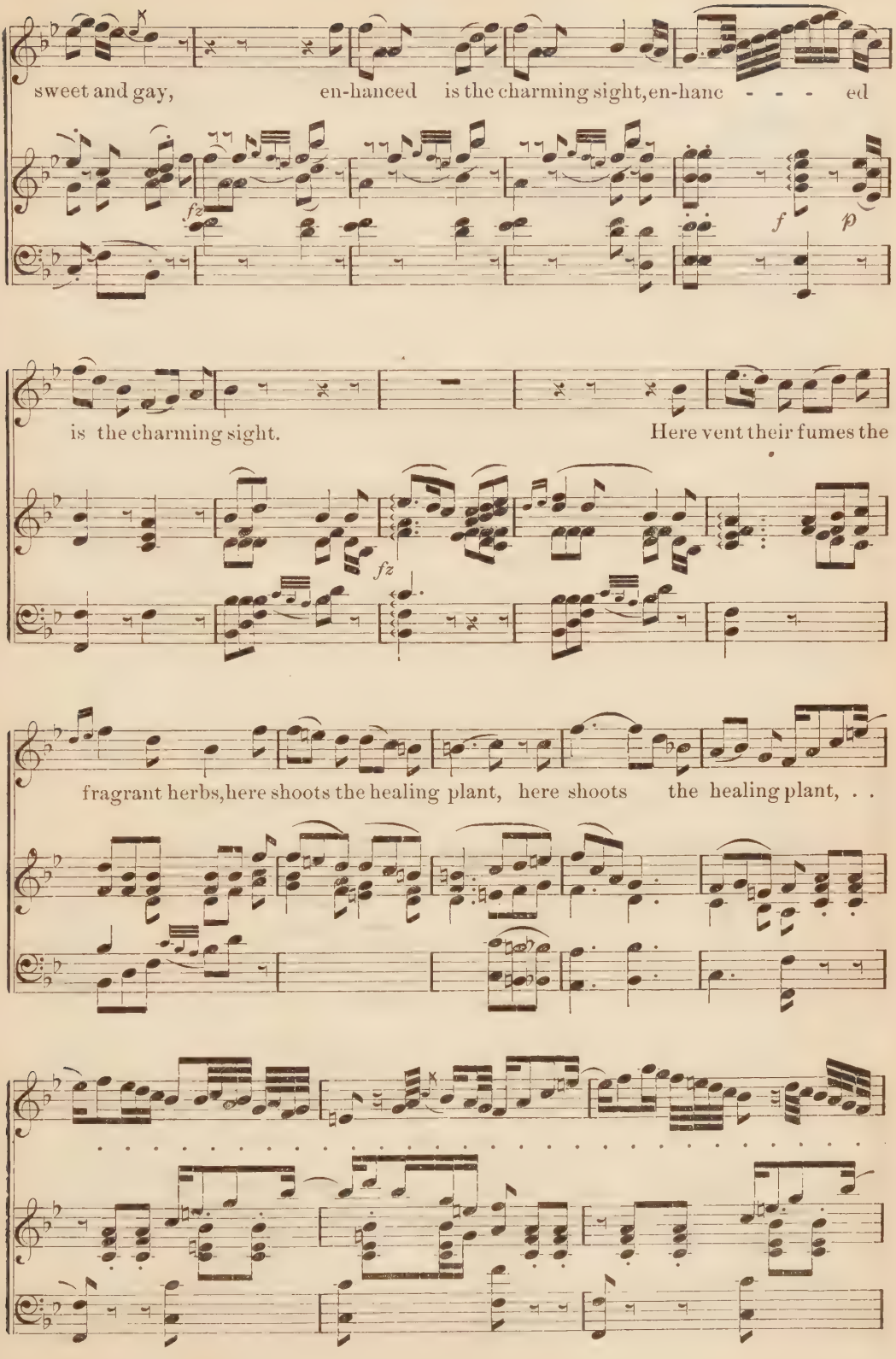
W. By per.

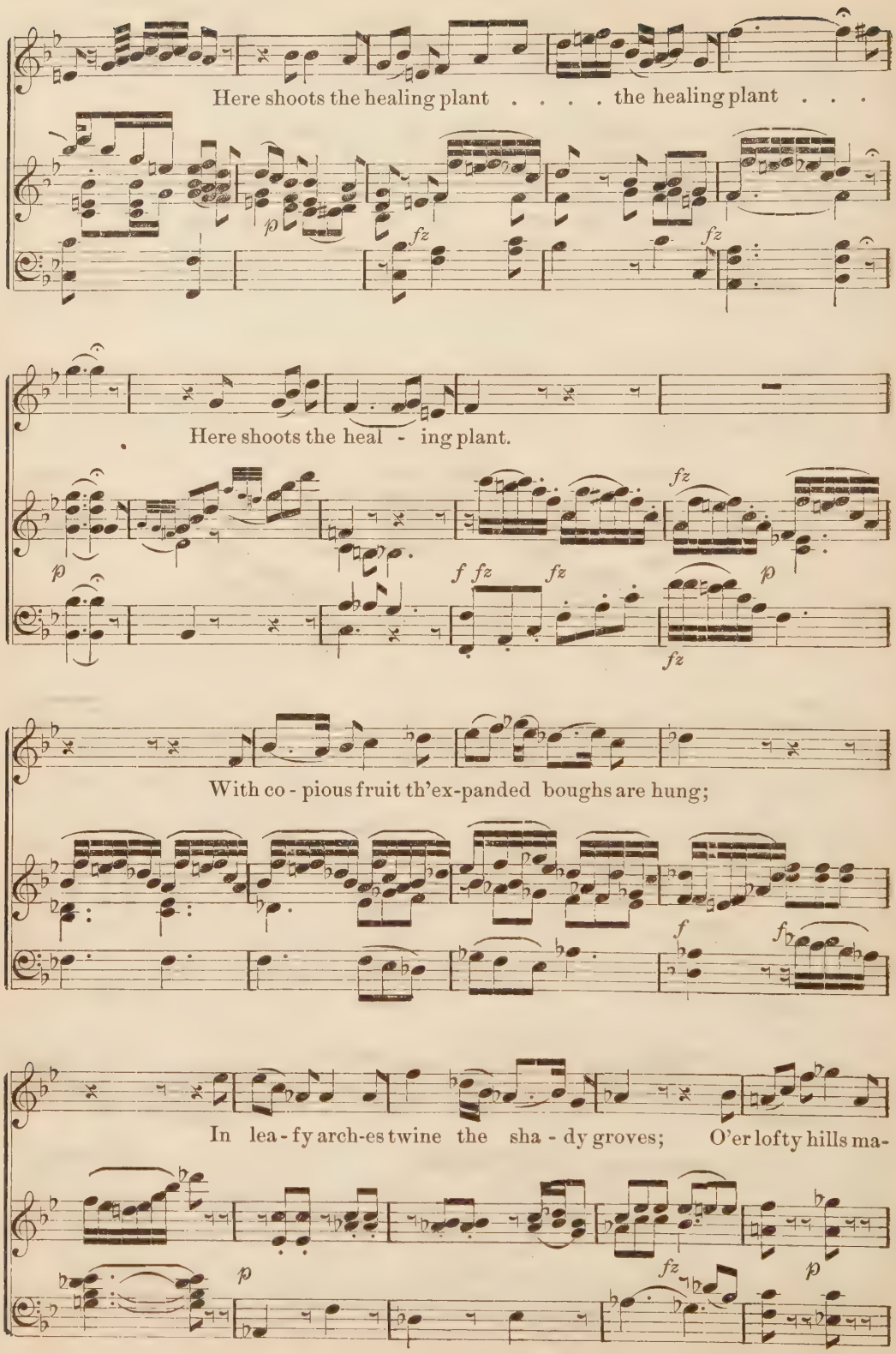


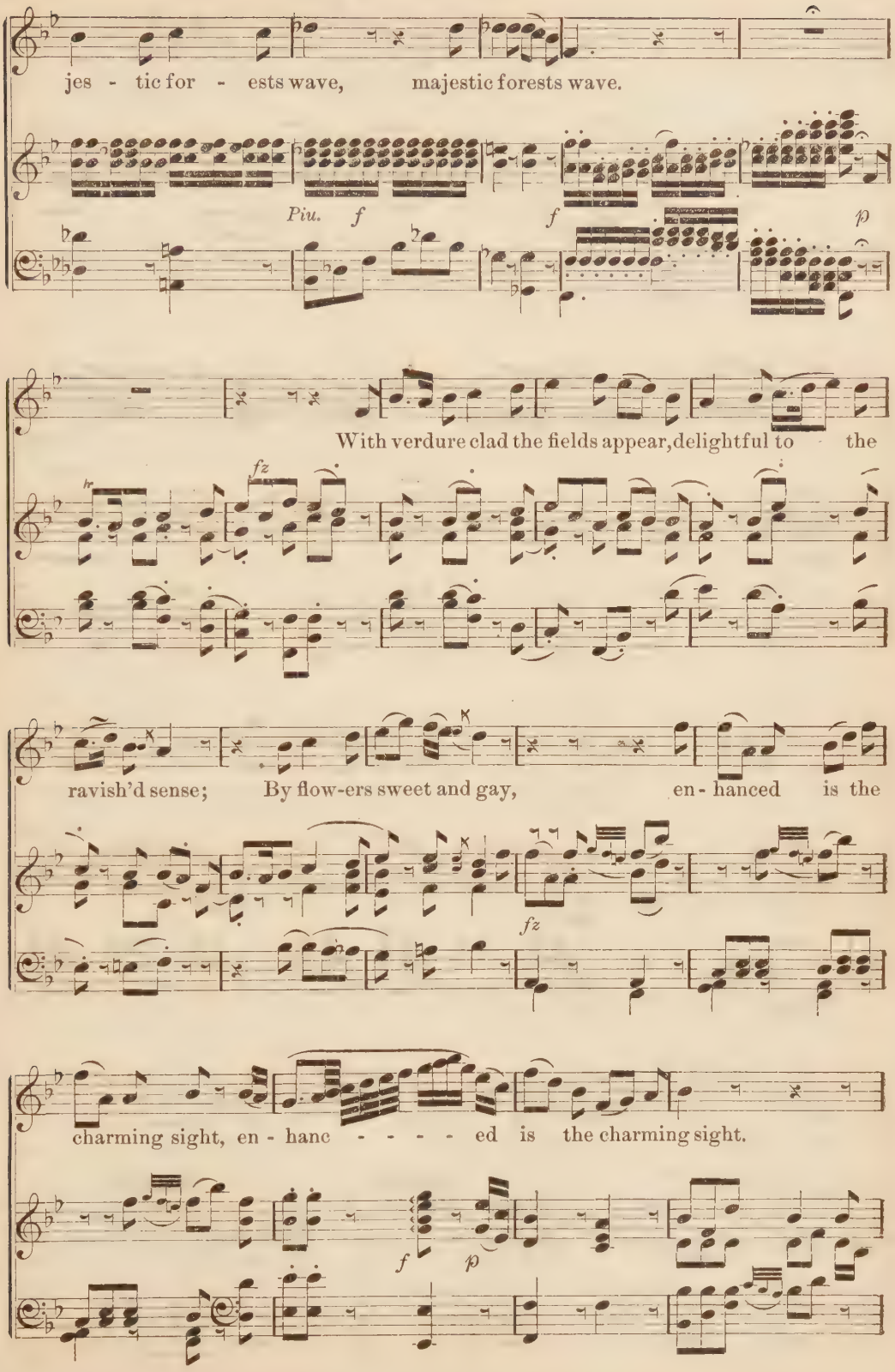
WITH VERDURE CLAD.

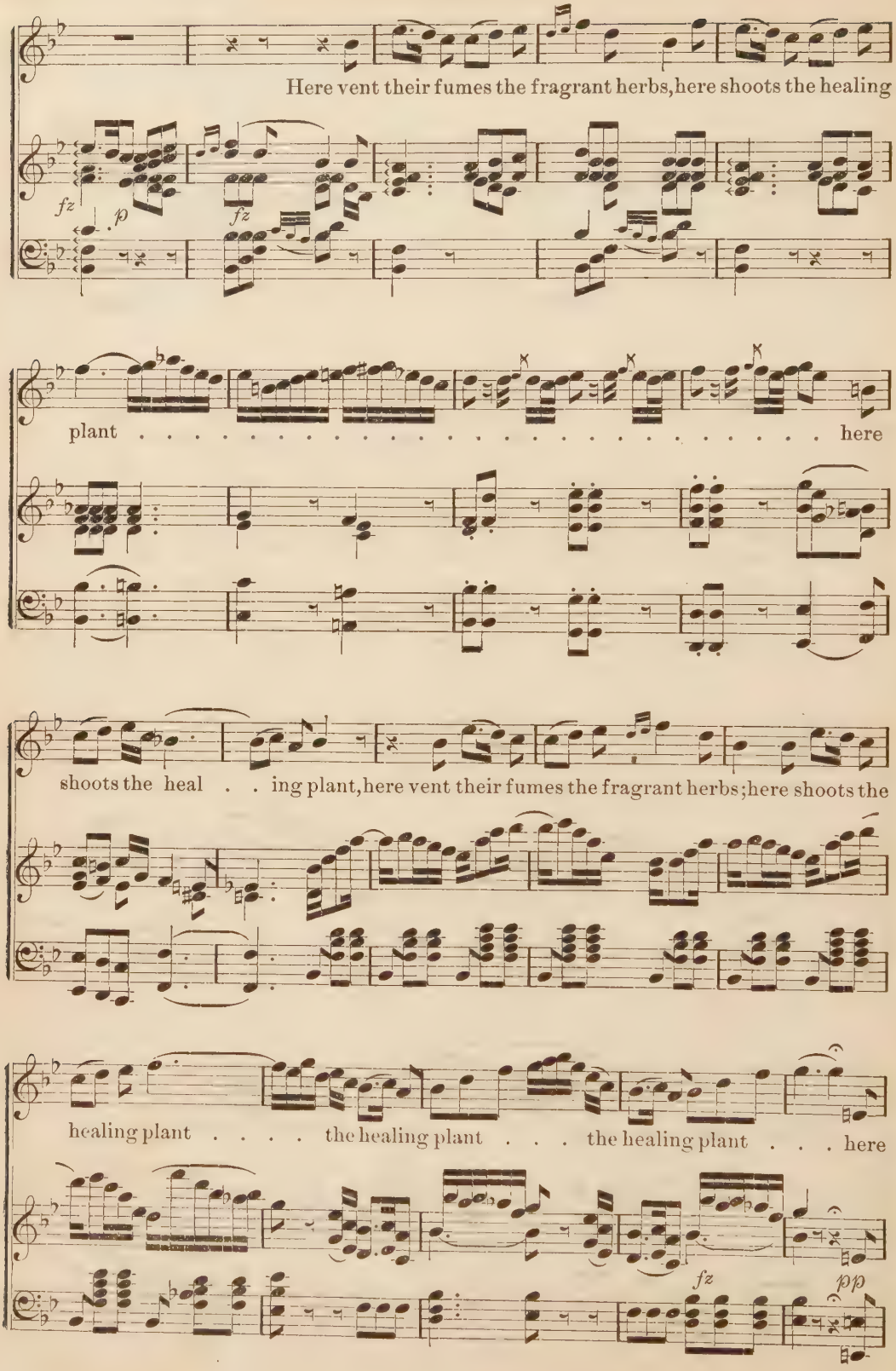
HAYDN'S "CREATION."

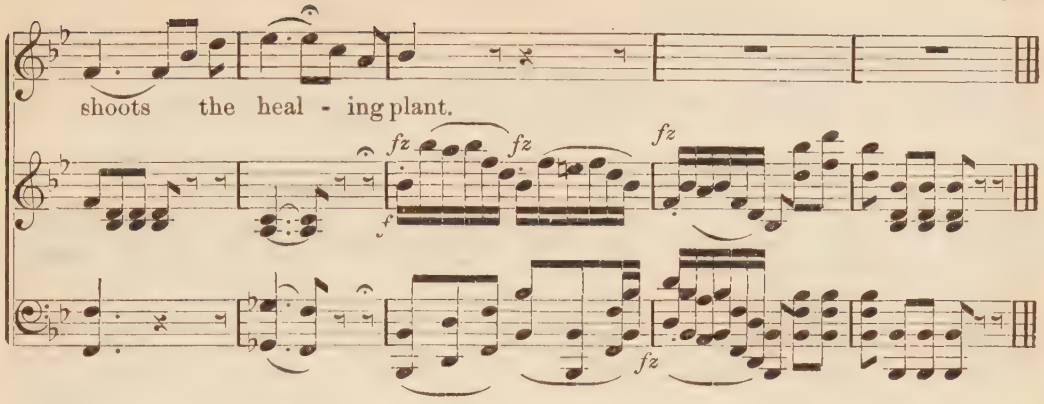



sweet and gay, en-hanced is the charming sight, en-hanc - - - ed
fz
f
p
is the charming sight. Here vent their fumes the
fz
fragrant herbs, here shoots the healing plant, here shoots the healing plant, . .


Here shoots the healing plant . . . . the healing plant . . .
Here shoots the heal - ing plant.
With co - pious fruit th'ex-panded boughs are hung;
In lea - fy arch-es twine the sha - dy groves; O'er lofty hills ma-


jes - tic for - ests wave, majestic forests wave.
Piu. f
f
p
With verdure clad the fields appear, delightful to the
fz
ravish'd sense; By flow-ers sweet and gay, en - hanced is the
fz
charming sight, en - hanc - - - - ed is the charming sight.
f
p


Here vent their fumes the fragrant herbs, here shoots the healing
fz
p
fz
plant . . . . . here
shoots the heal . . ing plant, here vent their fumes the fragrant herbs; here shoots the
healing plant . . . . the healing plant . . . the healing plant . . . here
fz
pp



FOLLOW ME.

O'KANE. O'KANE. By per.

1. Hear you not the Sa-viour call-ing, Call - ing you so earn - est - ly?
2. "Lay not up - on earth your treasure; Tran-sient, per - ish - ing 'twill be;
3. "In my Fa - ther's house in heaven, Let your hearts un-trou - bled be;
4. "Be thy path-way bright or drea - ry, Whith - er du - ty lead - eth thee,
5. "When thy days on earth are end - ing, And the close of life you see,

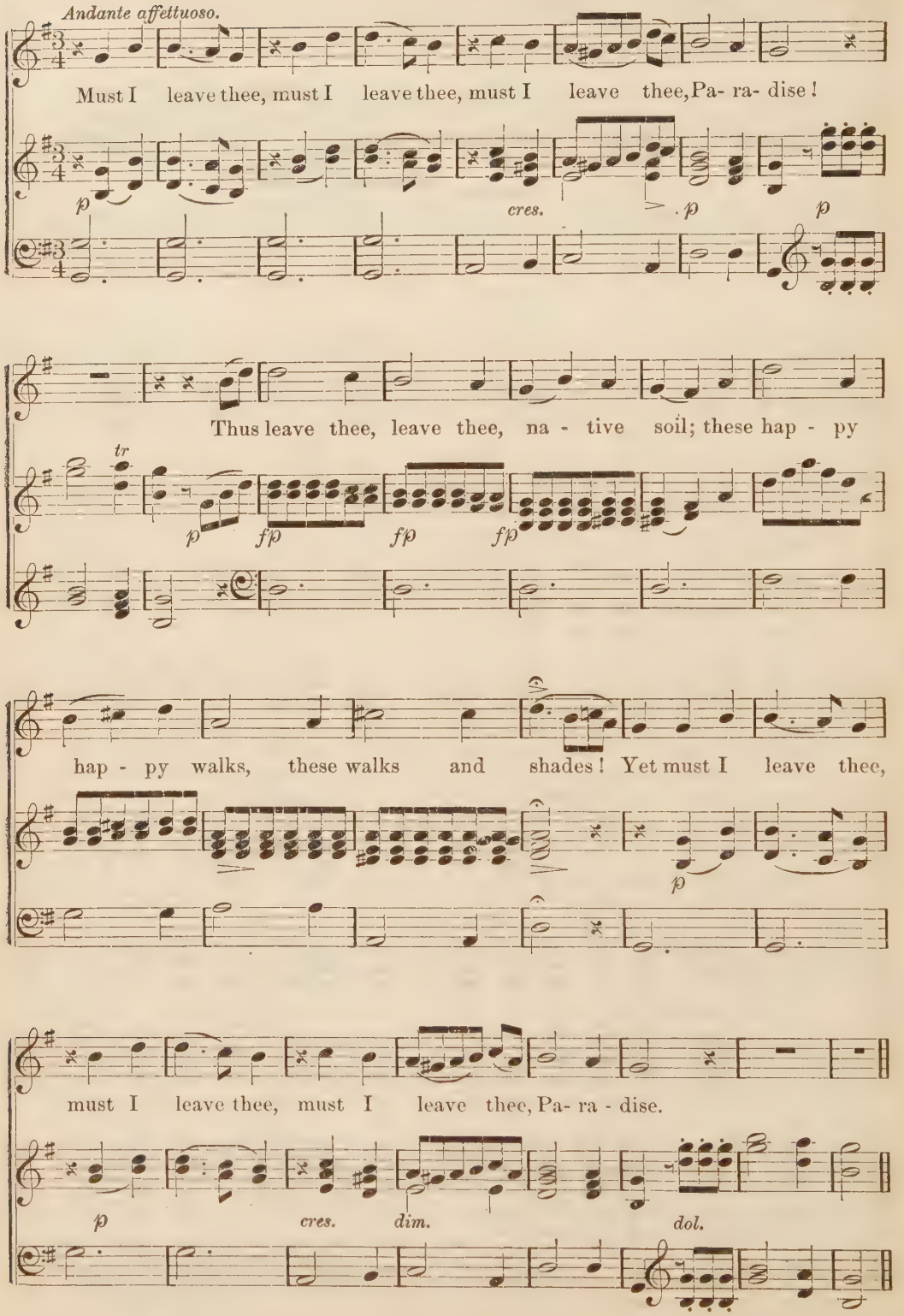
Gen - tly, too, the tones are fall - ing, "Come, oh, come, and fol - low Me.
Rath - er seek e - ter - nal pleasure; Would you find it? Fol-low Me.
Glo-rious man-sions will be giv - en, On - ly come and fol - low Me.
Strong thy steps, or faint and wea - ry, I will guide thee, fol - low Me.
E - ven to the grave descending, Nev - er fear, but fol - low Me."

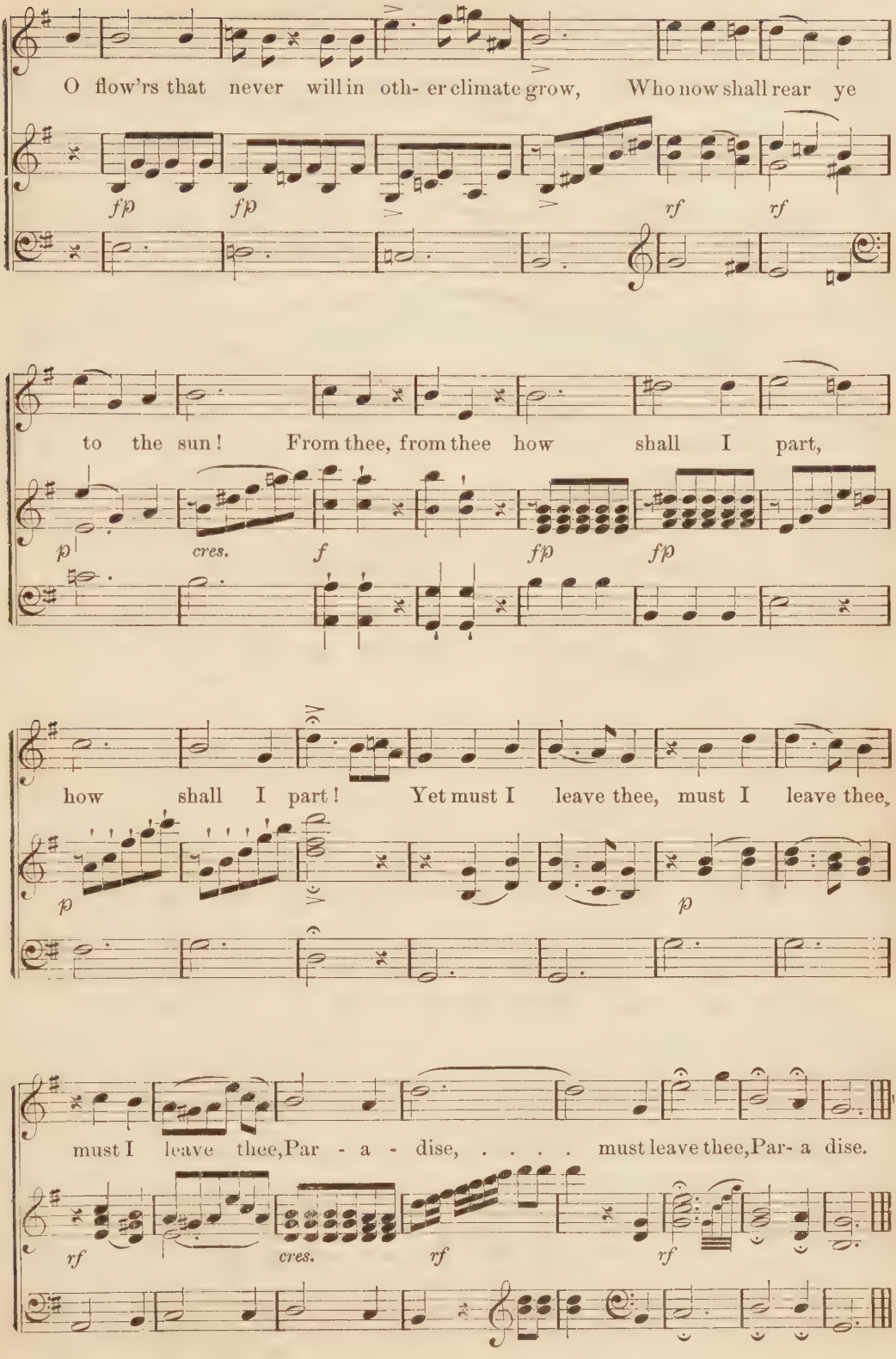
Let us round our Lead-er ral - ly, Je - sus bids us each to come;

He will lead us thro' life's val - ley, O'er the riv - er safe - ly home.

EVE'S LAMENTATION.

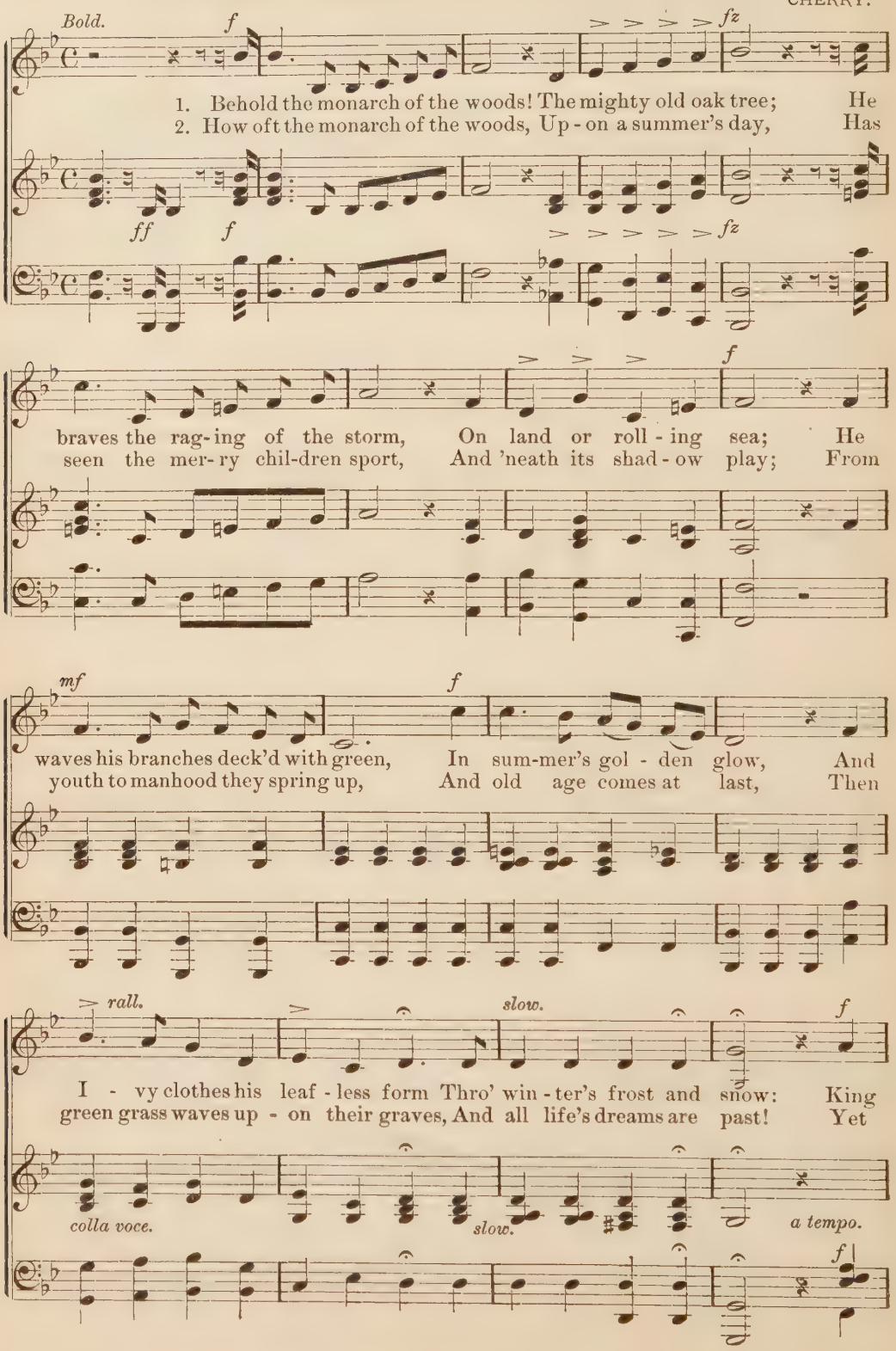
KING.

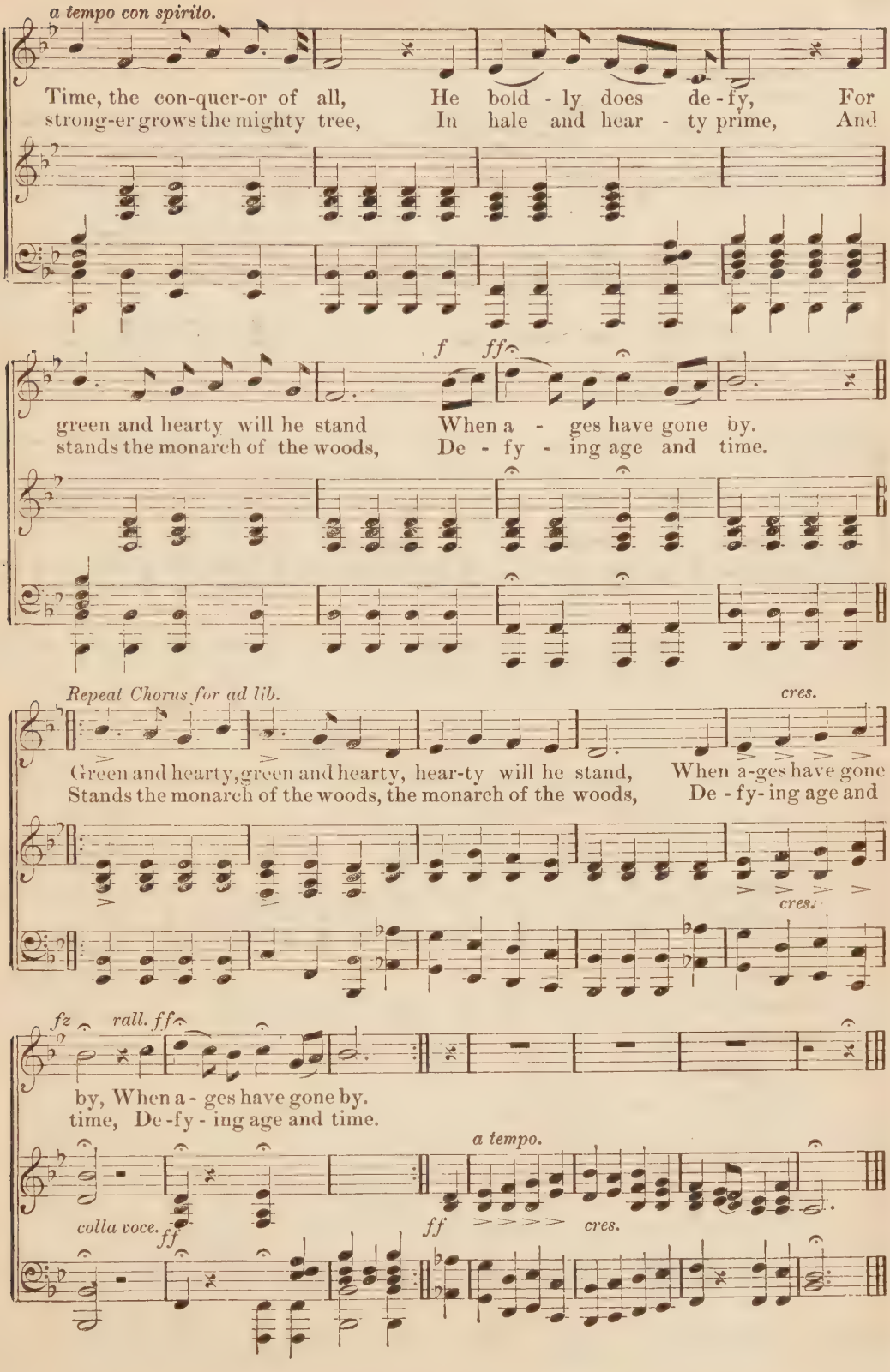



O flow'rs that never will in oth- er climate grow, Who now shall rear ye
fp fp rf rf
to the sun! From thee, from thee how shall I part,
p cres. f fp fp
how shall I part! Yet must I leave thee, must I leave thee,
p p
must I leave thee, Par - a - dise, ... must leave thee, Par- a dise.
rf cres. rf rf

THE MONARCH OF THE WOODS.

CHERRY.



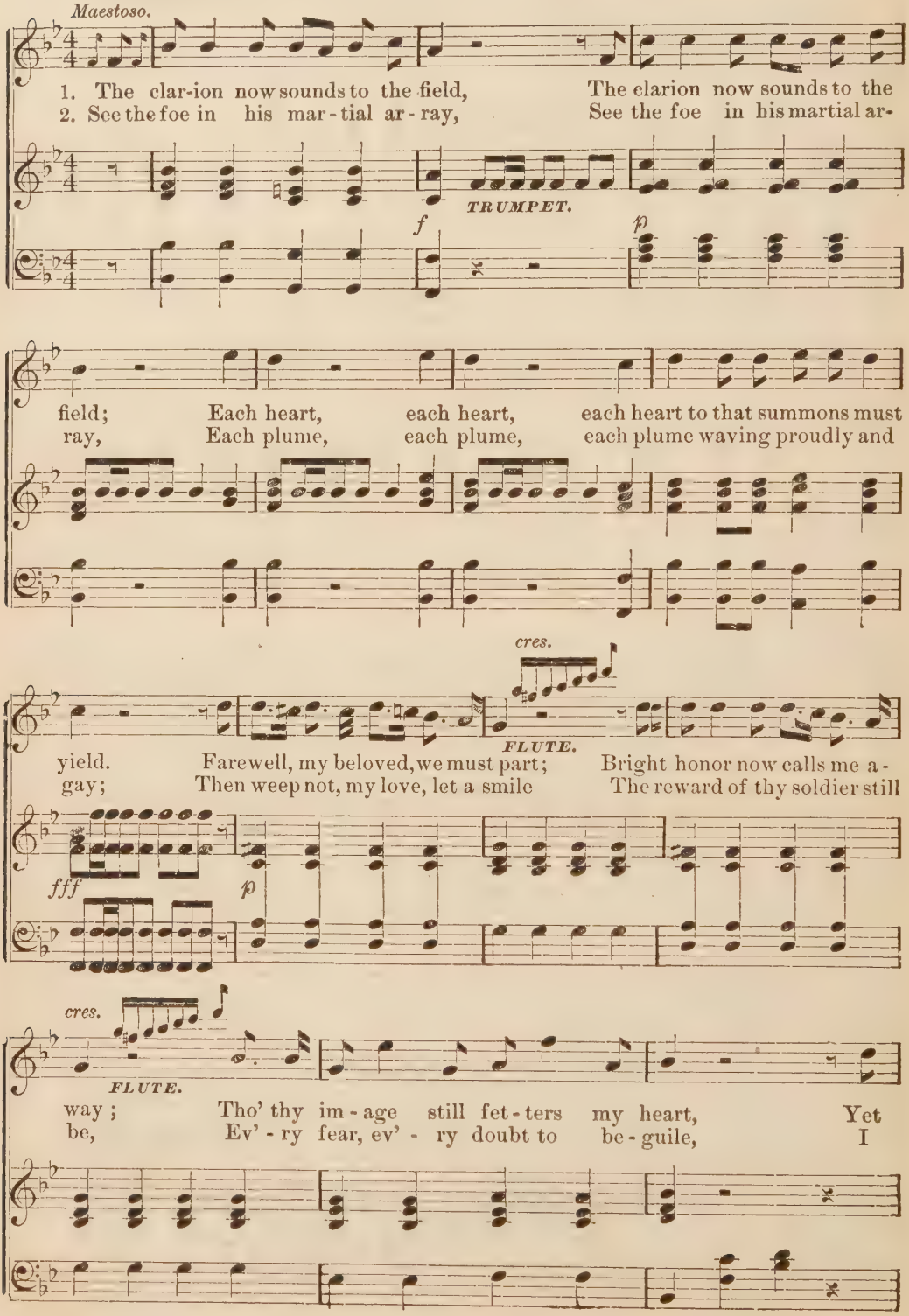

a tempo con spirito.
Time, the con-quer-or of all, He bold - ly does de - fy, For
strong-er grows the mighty tree, In hale and hear - ty prime, And
f ff
green and hearty will he stand When a - ges have gone by.
stands the monarch of the woods, De - fy - ing age and time.
Repeat Chorus for ad lib.
cres.
Green and hearty, green and hearty, hear-ty will he stand, When a-ges have gone
Stands the monarch of the woods, the monarch of the woods, De - fy - ing age and
cres.
fz rall. ff
by, When a - ges have gone by.
time, De - fy - ing age and time.
a tempo.
colla voce. ff
ff cres.

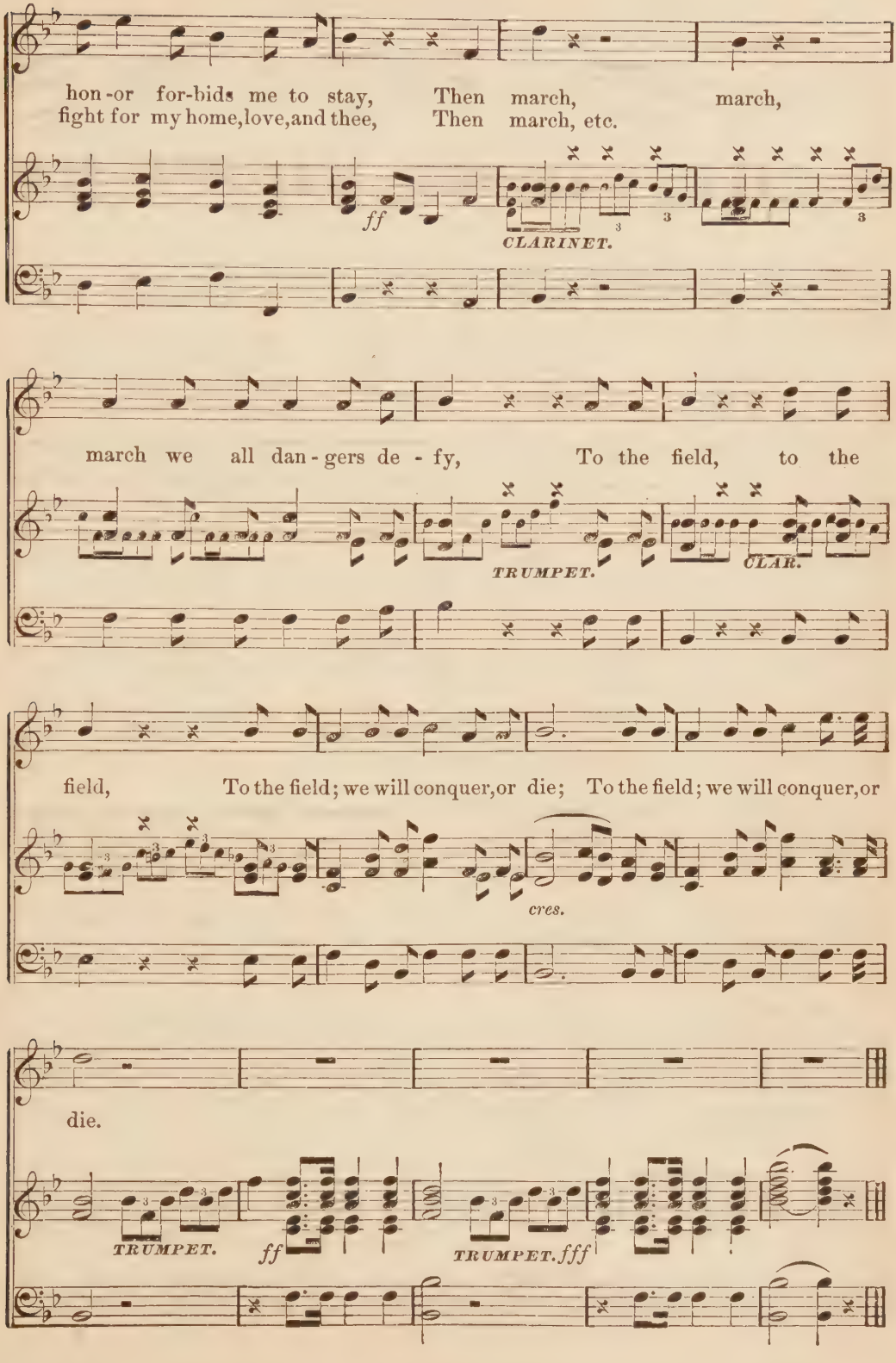
THE CLARION NOW SOUNDS TO THE FIELD.

WALTON. MARSHALL. By per,

TENOR SOLO.

Maestoso.




hon-or for-bids me to stay, Then march, march,
fight for my home, love, and thee, Then march, etc.
ff
CLARINET.
march we all dan-gers de-fy, To the field, to the
TRUMPET.
CLAR.
field, To the field; we will conquer, or die; To the field; we will conquer, or
cres.
die.
TRUMPET.
ff
TRUMPET. fff

PRETTY AS A PICTURE.

COOPER. BISHOP. By per

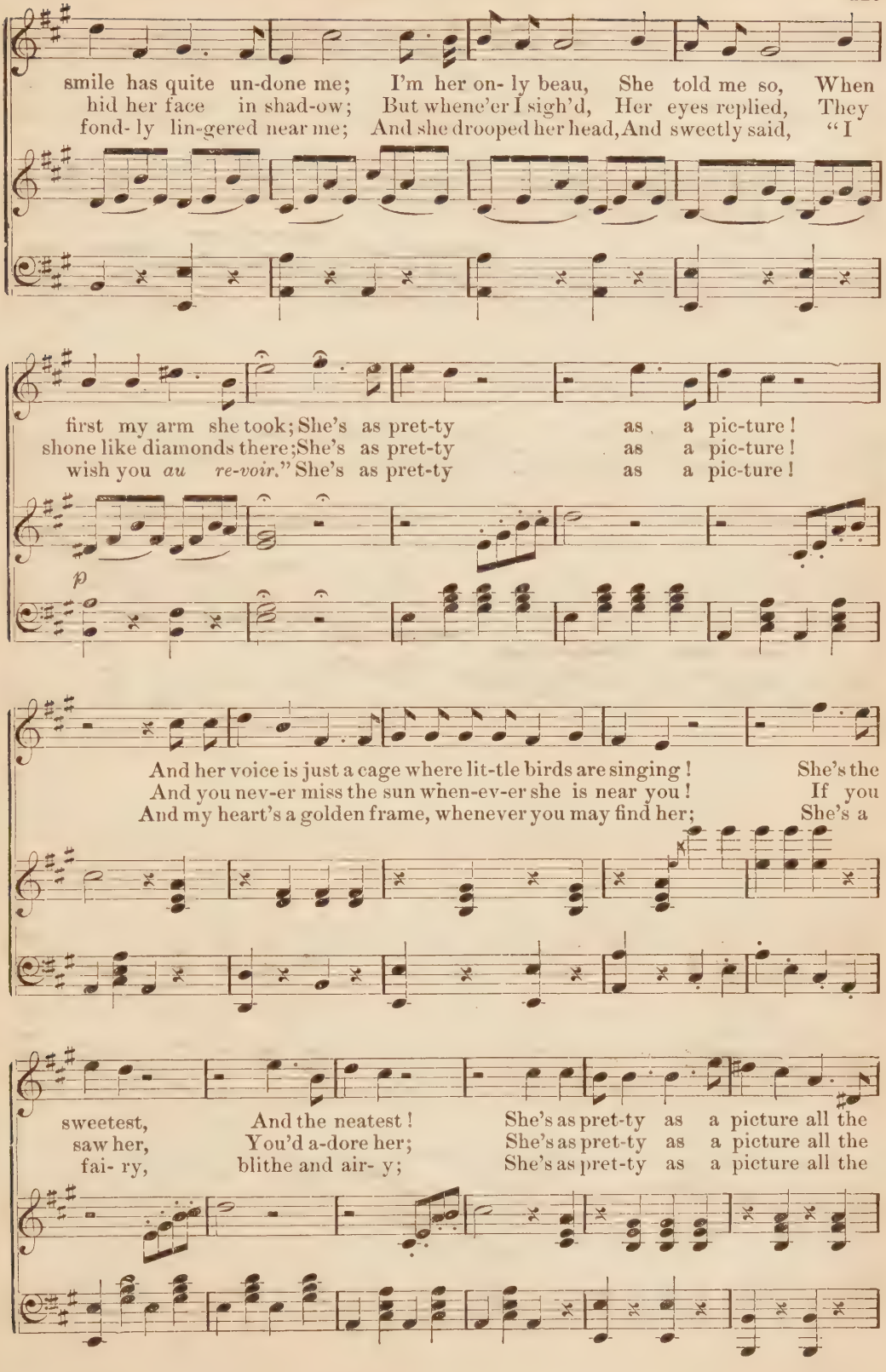
Moderato.

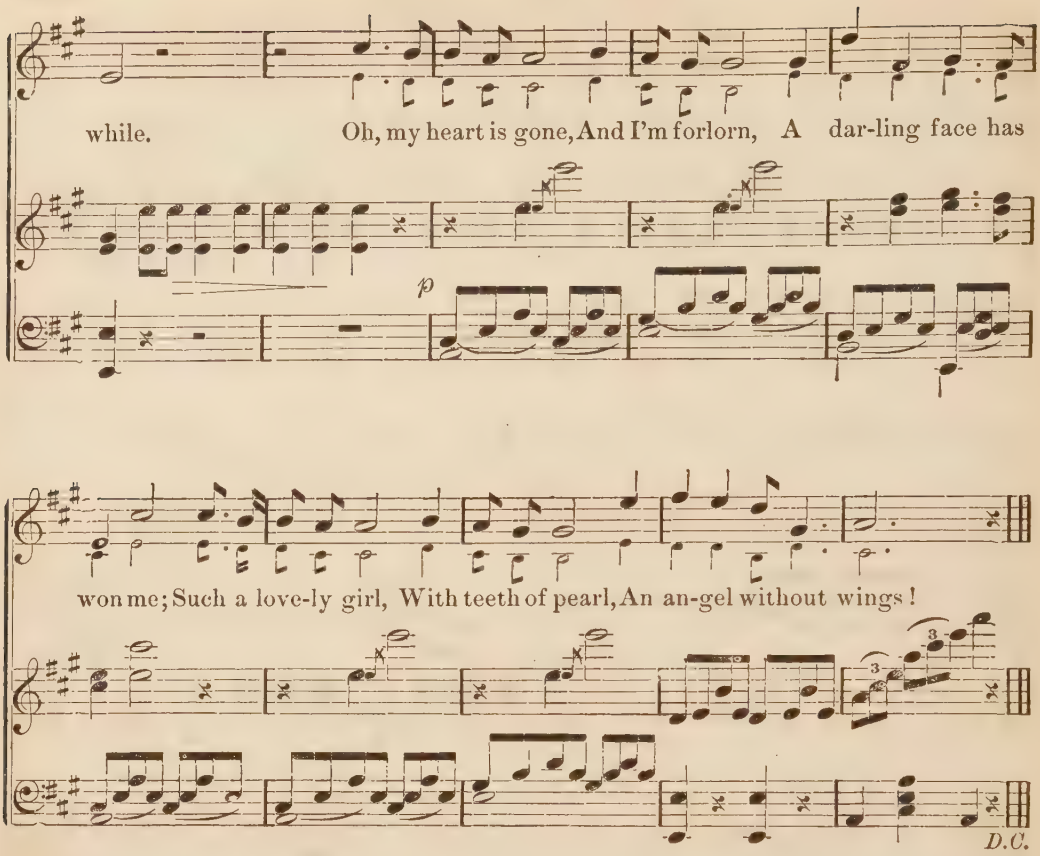
p

1. Oh, my heart is gone, And I'm forlorn, A
2. As we stray'd along, The sweet bird's song Was
3. When 'twas time to go, We talked so low The

dar-ling face has won me; Such a love-ly girl, With teeth of pearl, I
ring-ing o'er the meadow; And I cull'd a rose, You may suppose, To
ro - ses scarce could hear us; Then my heart in sport, 'Twas cu-pid caught, Like

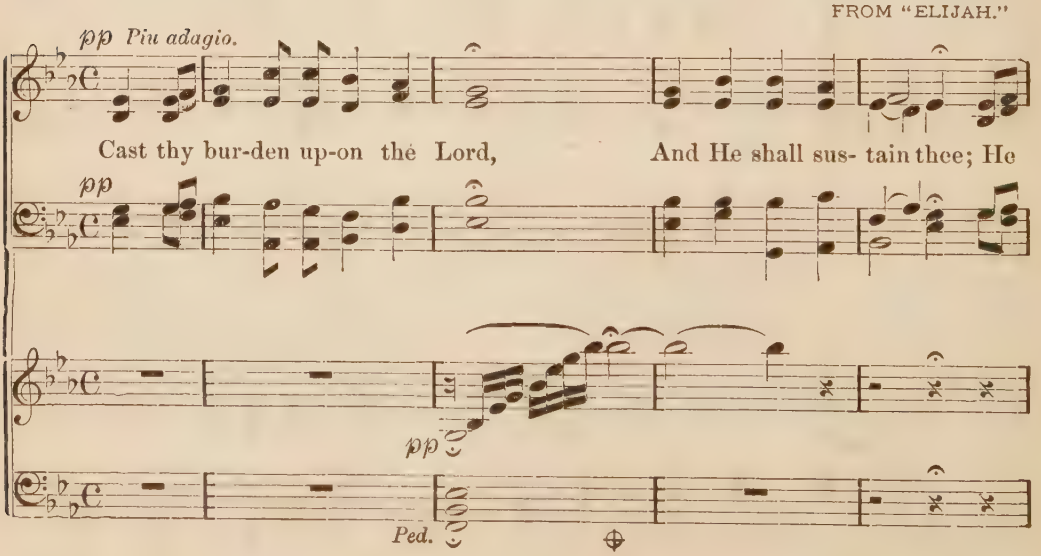
met down by the brook! She's the pret-ti - est, And the wit- ti - est, Her
give my charm- er fair. So we'd gai-ly chat, While her Gyp-sy hat Half
fish- es near the shore. When I told her so, As I turned to go, She

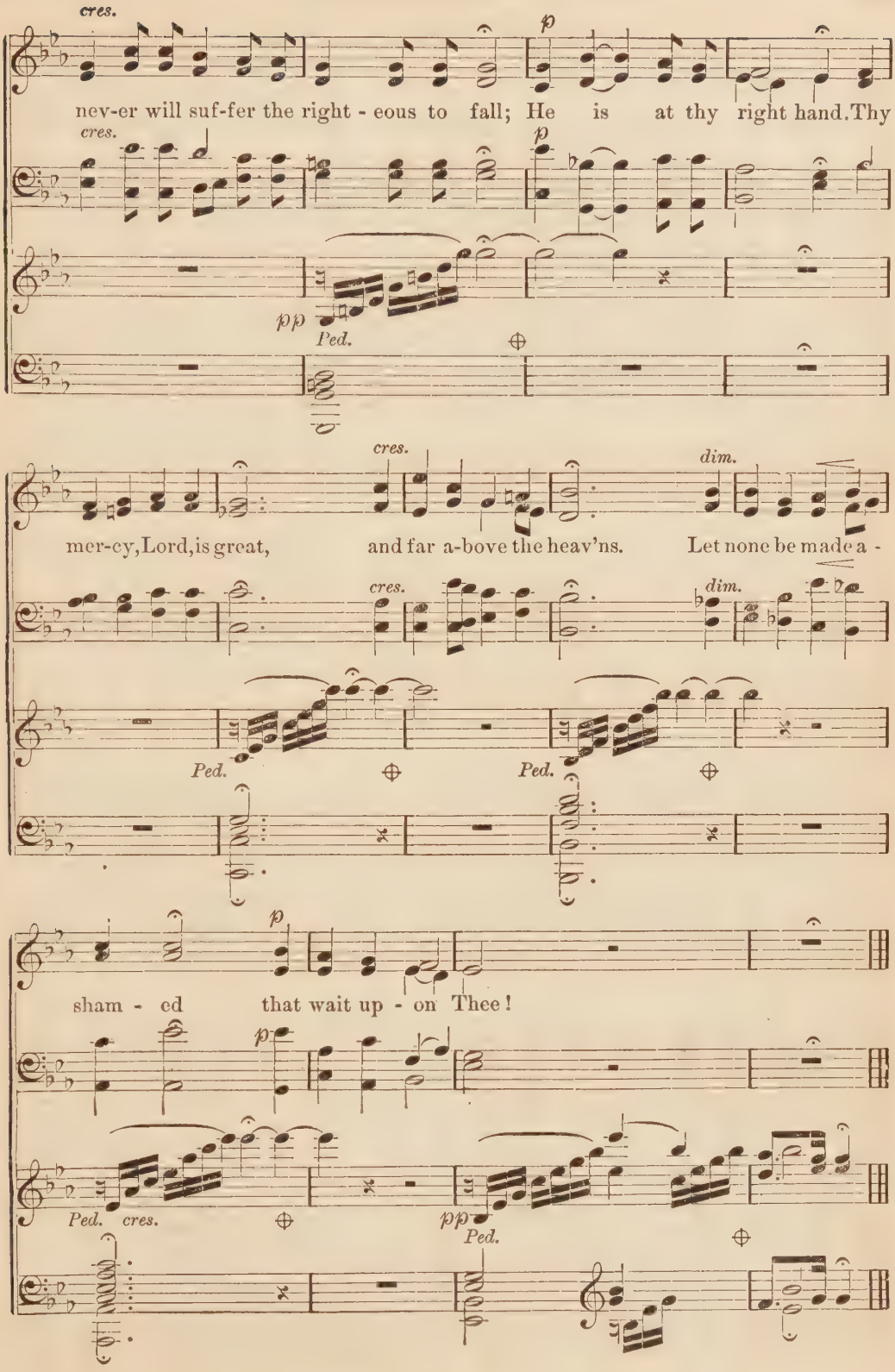

smile has quite un-done me; I'm her on- ly beau, She told me so, When
hid her face in shad-ow; But whene'er I sigh'd, Her eyes replied, They
fond- ly lin-gered near me; And she drooped her head, And sweetly said, "I
first my arm she took; She's as pret-ty as a pic-ture!
shone like diamonds there; She's as pret-ty as a pic-ture!
wish you au re-voir." She's as pret-ty as a pic-ture!
p
And her voice is just a cage where lit-tle birds are singing! She's the
And you nev-er miss the sun when-ev-er she is near you! If you
And my heart's a golden frame, whenever you may find her; She's a
sweetest, And the neatest! She's as pret-ty as a picture all the
saw her, You'd a-dore her; She's as pret-ty as a picture all the
fai- ry, blithe and air- y; She's as pret-ty as a picture all the



CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD.

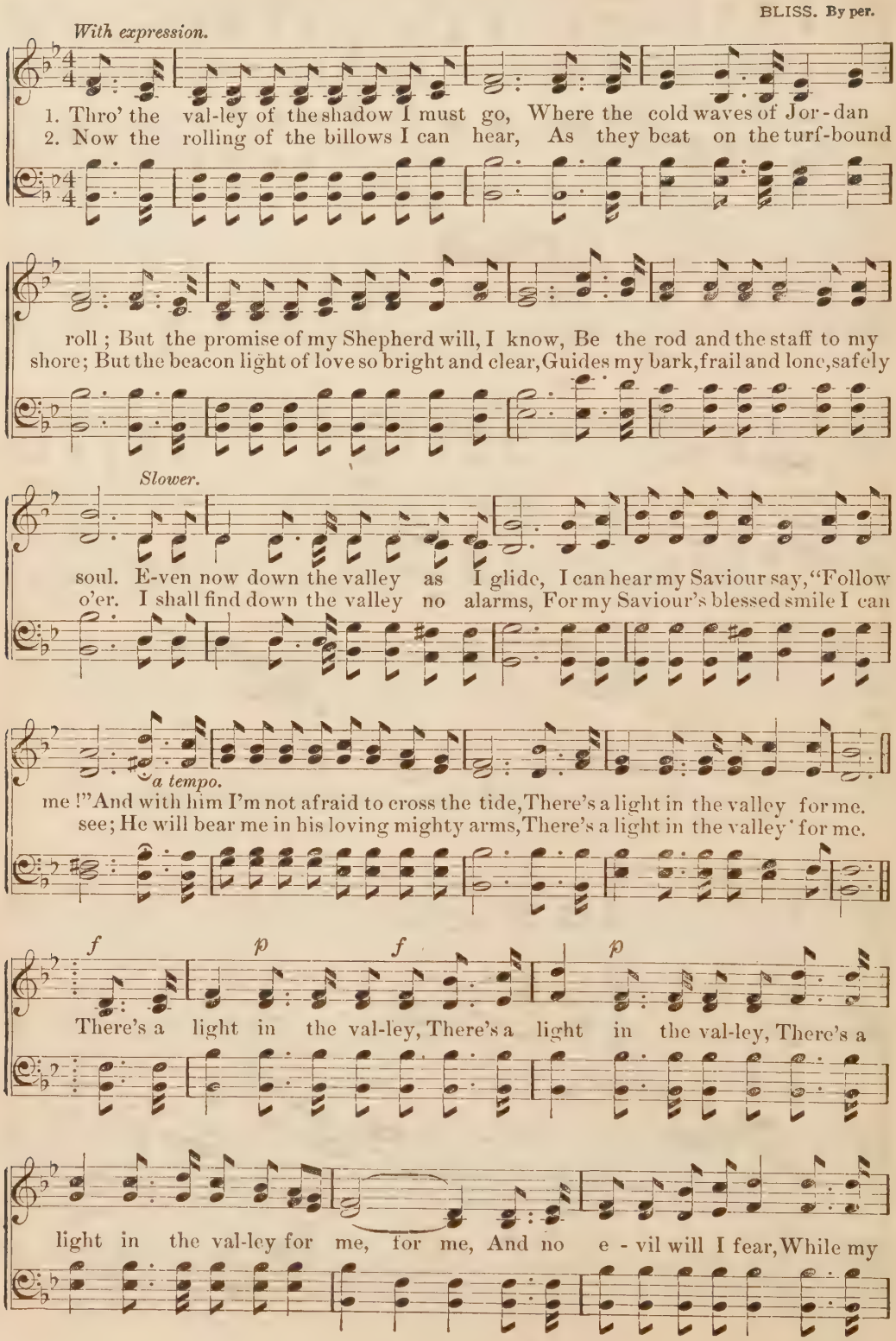
FROM "ELIJAH."




cres.
p
nev-er will suf-fer the right - eous to fall; He is at thy right hand. Thy
cres.
p
pp
Ped.
cres.
dim.
mer-cy, Lord, is great, and far a-bove the heav'ns. Let none be made a -
cres.
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
p
sham - ed that wait up - on Thee!
p
Ped.
cres.
pp
Ped.

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

BLISS. By per.



repeat. pp

Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val-ley for me, for me.

REST ON THE BOSOM OF LOVE.

ROOT.

Andantino.

1. Pil-grim, tho' la - den with sor - row, Look from the clouds and the gloom;
2. Here, tho' thy heart may be wea - ry, Long with temp-ta-tions op-pressed,
3. Safe from tempta- tion and tri - al, Safe from all sor - row and woe,

Bright-ly the gleam of the mor - row Shines on the path to the tomb;
Here, tho' thy path may be drear - y, Sweet is the prom-ise of rest;
Safe from the cut - ting de - ni - al, Mer - it oft meets with be - low,

Soon shall thy spir - it a - wak - ing, Gaze on the rap-tures a - bove;
Rest from thy la - bor for - ev - er; Rest in the mansions a - bove;
Safe "as a brand from the burn - ing," Thanks to the Sa-viour a - bove;

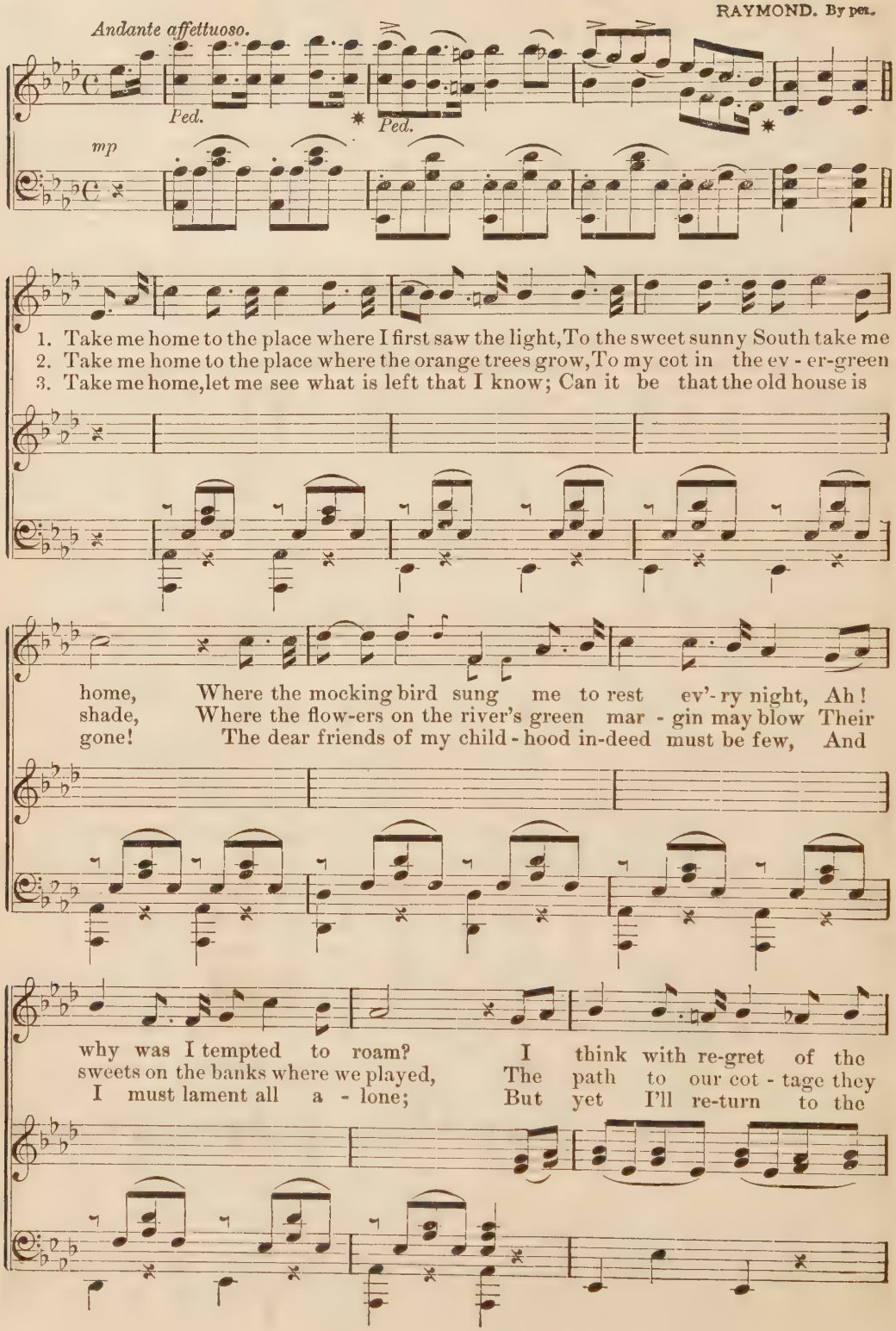
Then all its sor - row for - sak - ing, Rest on the bo - som of love.
Naught shall dis-turb thee, oh, nev - er, Safe on the bo - som of love.
Safe from all trou - bles re - turn - ing, Here, on the bo - som of love.

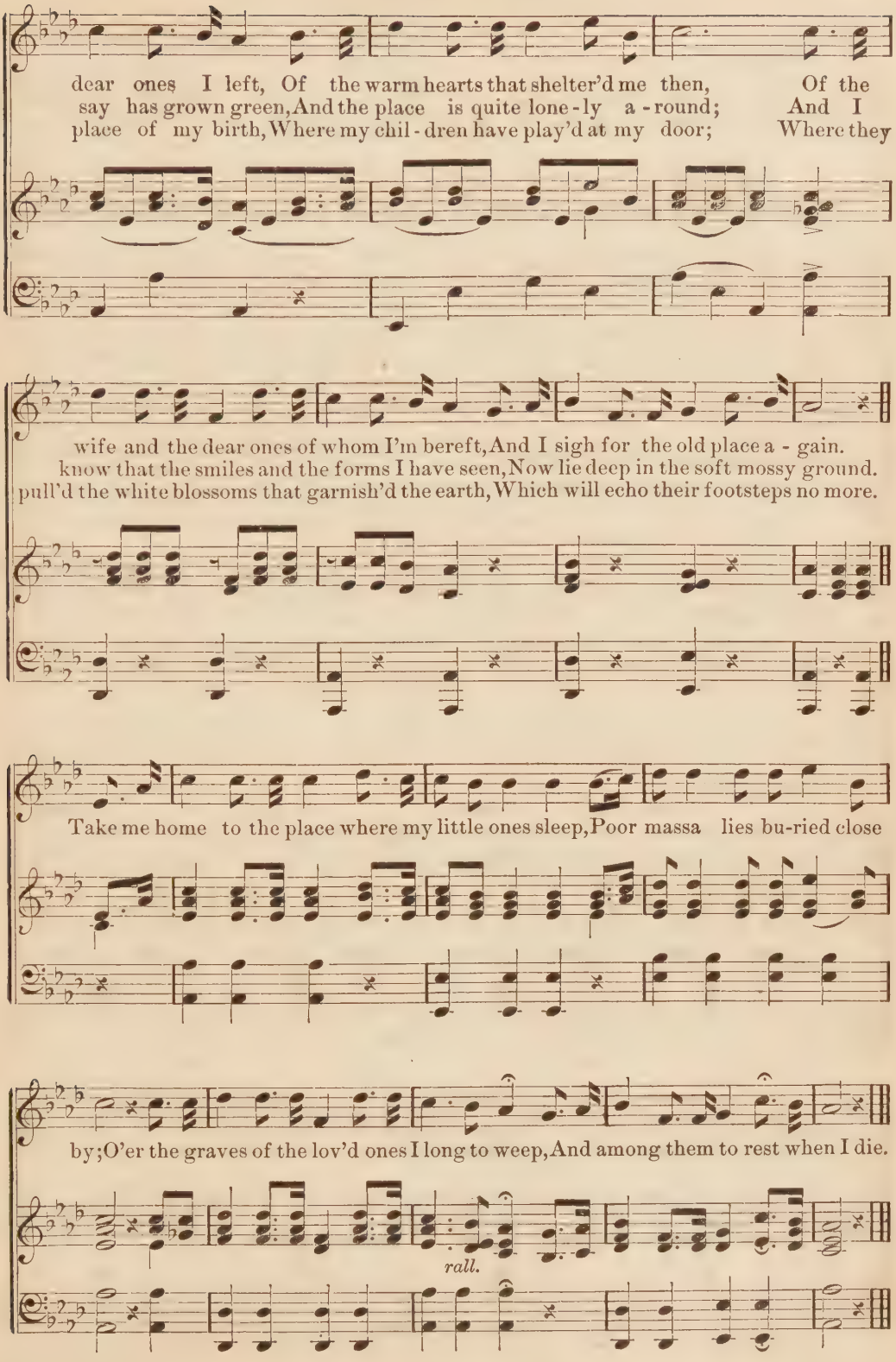
Rest, Rest, Yes, rest on the bo - som of love.
Rest, Rest, Yes, rest on the bo - som of love.
Rest, on the bo - som of love, Yes, rest on the bo - som of love.

Rest,

TAKE ME HOME.

RAYMOND. By per.

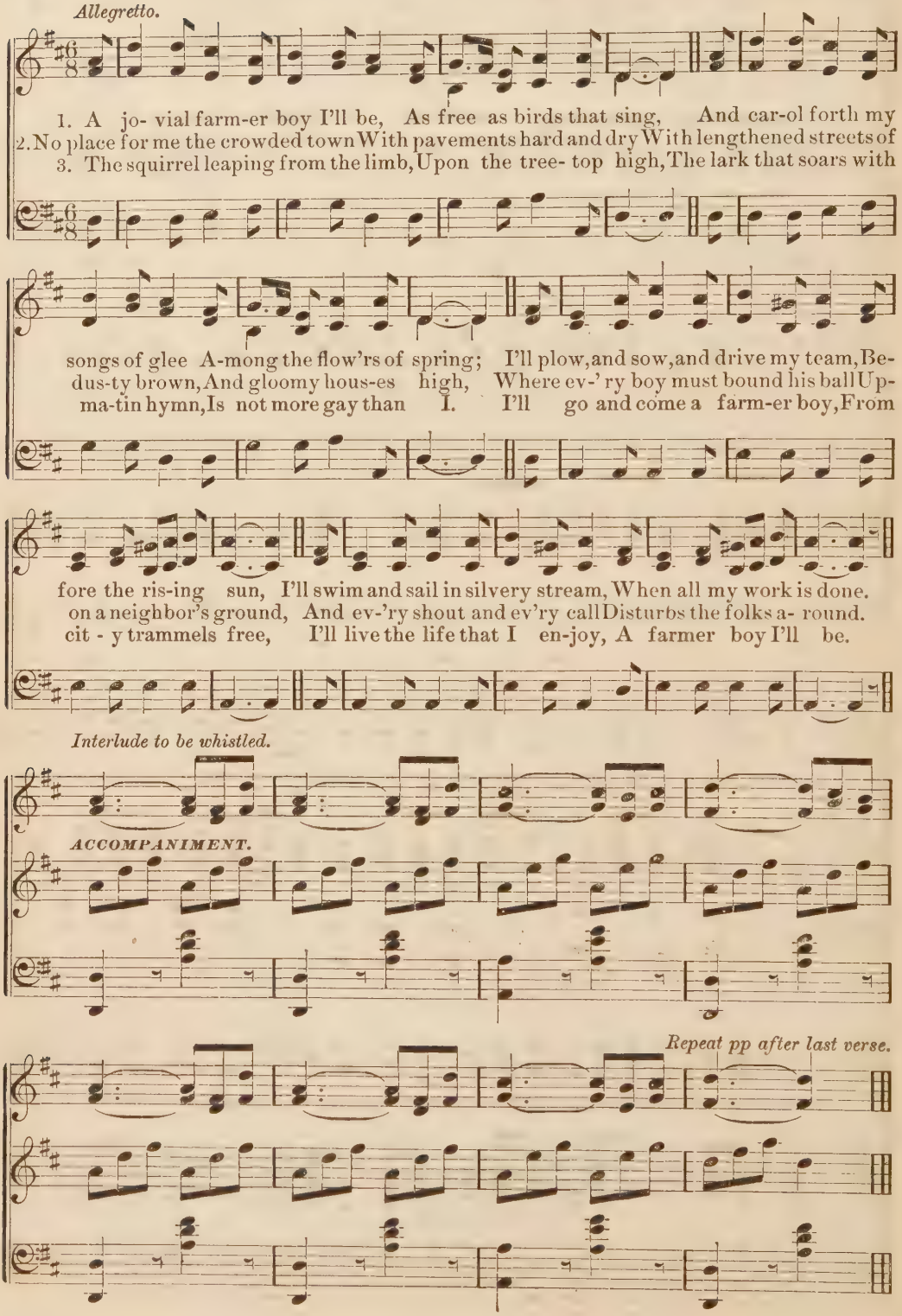



dear ones I left, Of the warm hearts that shelter'd me then, Of the
say has grown green, And the place is quite lone-ly a-round; And I
place of my birth, Where my chil-dren have play'd at my door; Where they
wife and the dear ones of whom I'm bereft, And I sigh for the old place a-gain.
know that the smiles and the forms I have seen, Now lie deep in the soft mossy ground.
pull'd the white blossoms that garnish'd the earth, Which will echo their footsteps no more.
Take me home to the place where my little ones sleep, Poor massa lies bu-ried close
by; O'er the graves of the lov'd ones I long to weep, And among them to rest when I die.
rall.

THE JOVIAL FARMER BOY.

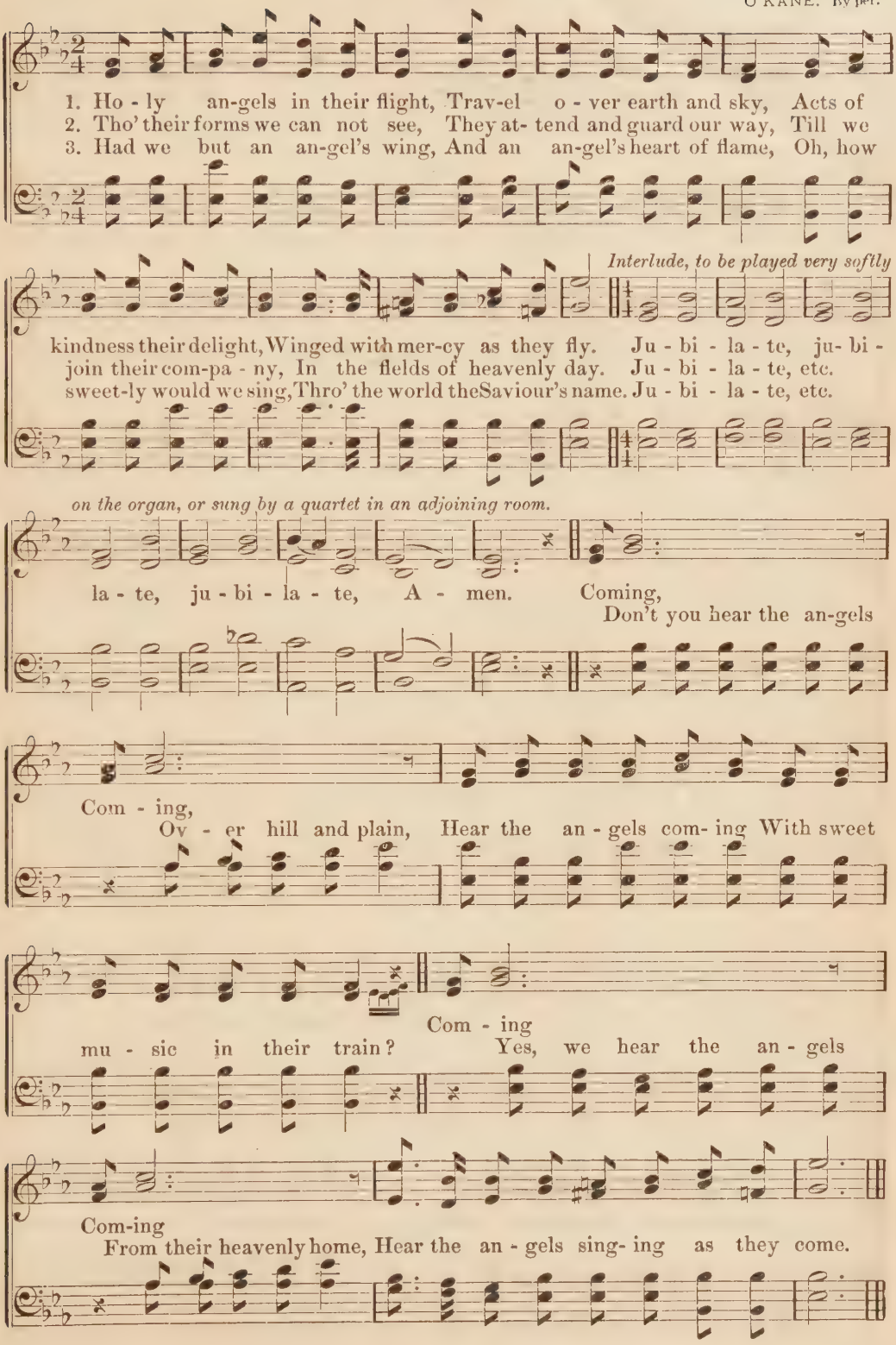
ARR. FROM "TRUMPET OF REFORM." By per.

Allegretto.



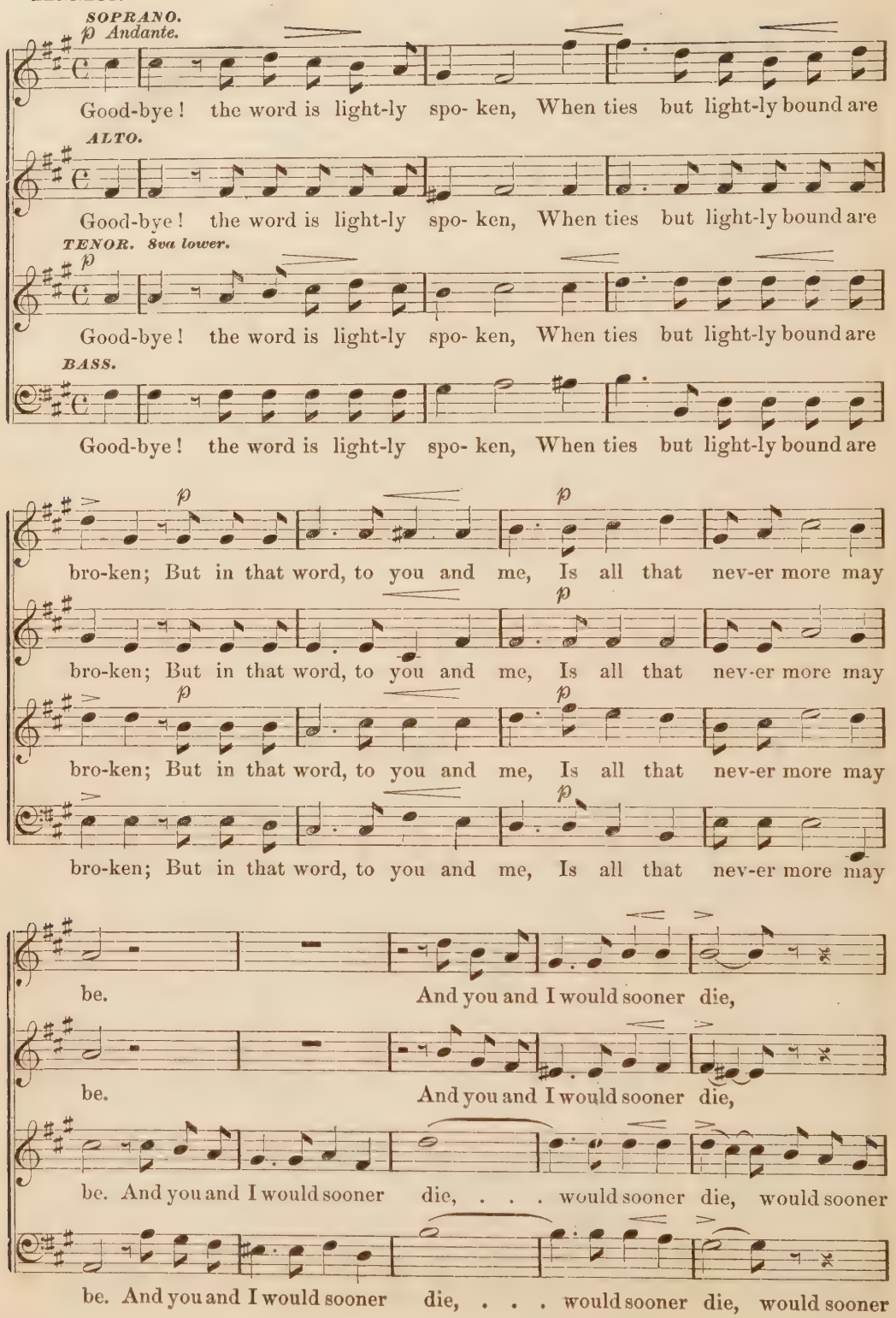
HEAR THE ANGELS.

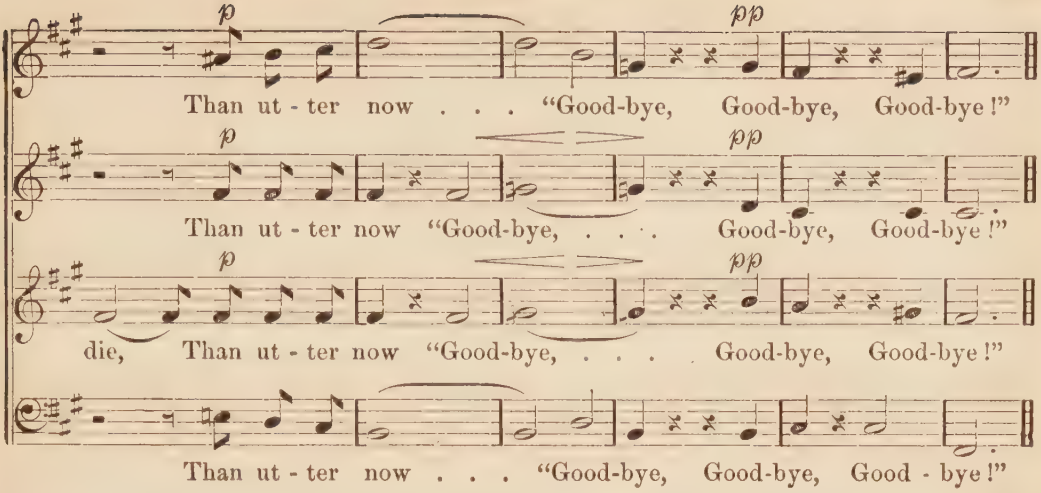
O'KANE. By per.

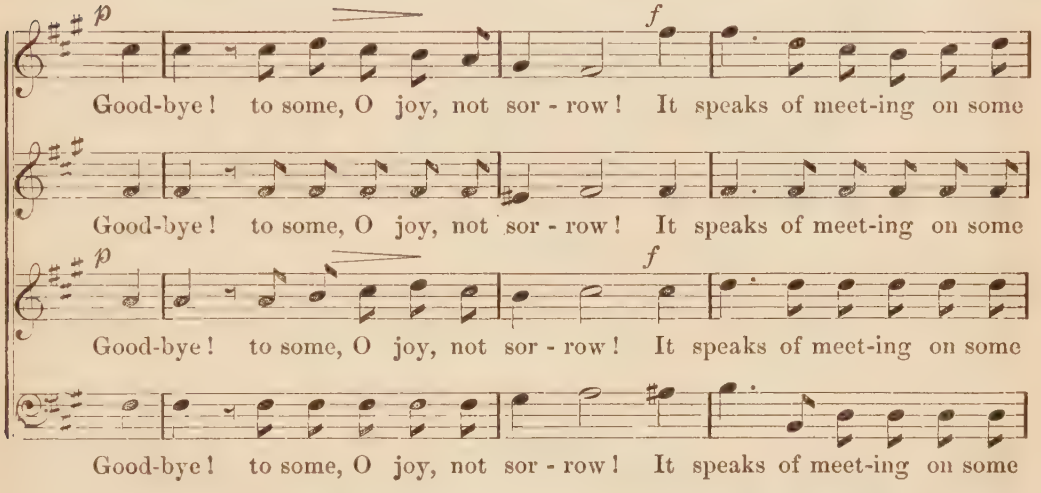


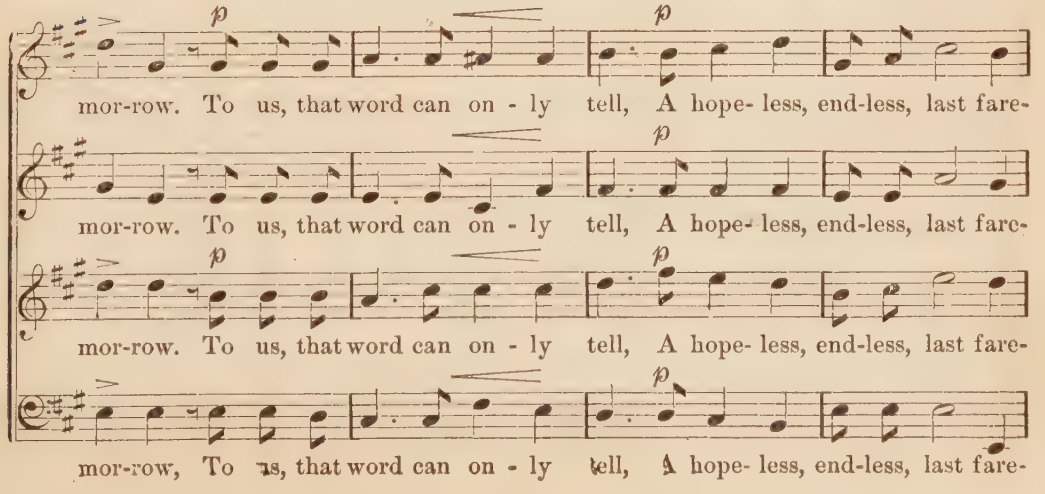
GOOD-BYE!

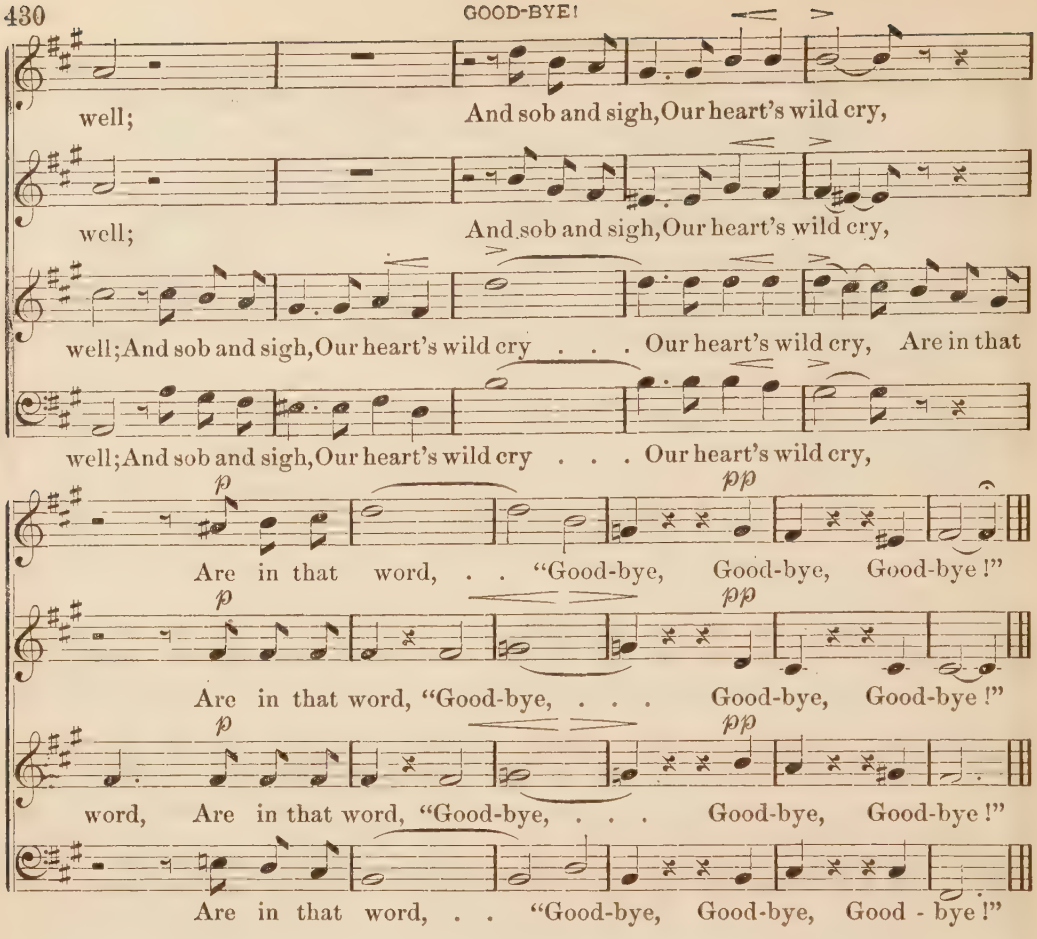
BENNETT. HATTON.




p
pp
Than ut - ter now . . . "Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye!"
Than ut - ter now "Good-bye, . . . Good-bye, Good-bye!"
die, Than ut - ter now "Good-bye, . . . Good-bye, Good-bye!"
Than ut - ter now . . . "Good-bye, Good-bye, Good - bye!"

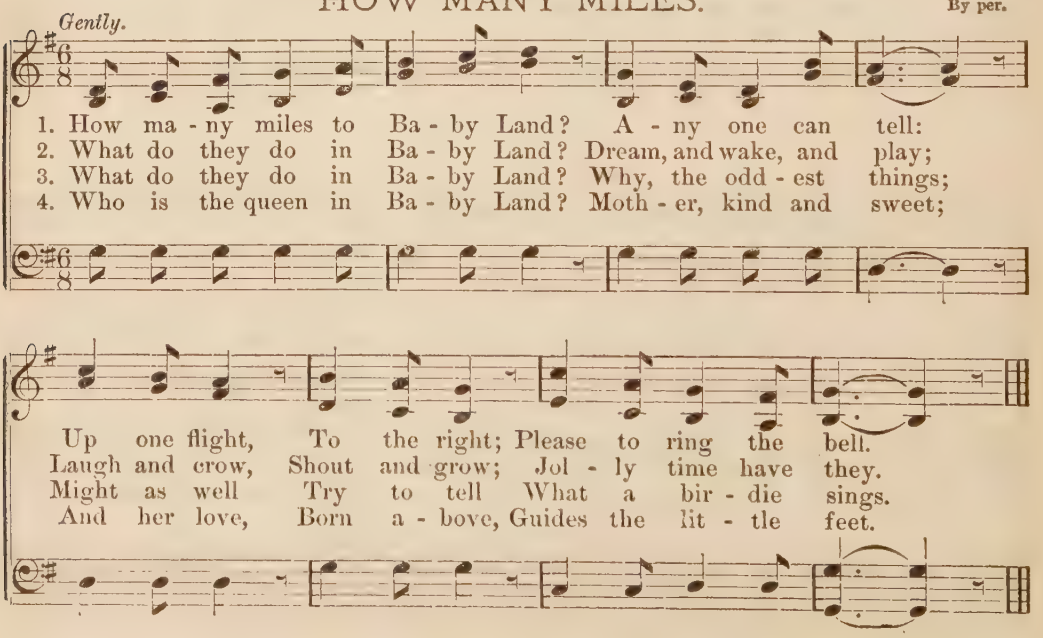

p
f
Good-bye! to some, O joy, not sor - row! It speaks of meet-ing on some
Good-bye! to some, O joy, not sor - row! It speaks of meet-ing on some
Good-bye! to some, O joy, not sor - row! It speaks of meet-ing on some
Good-bye! to some, O joy, not sor - row! It speaks of meet-ing on some


p
mor-row. To us, that word can on - ly tell, A hope- less, end-less, last fare-
mor-row. To us, that word can on - ly tell, A hope- less, end-less, last fare-
mor-row. To us, that word can on - ly tell, A hope- less, end-less, last fare-
mor-row, To us, that word can on - ly tell, A hope- less, end-less, last fare-



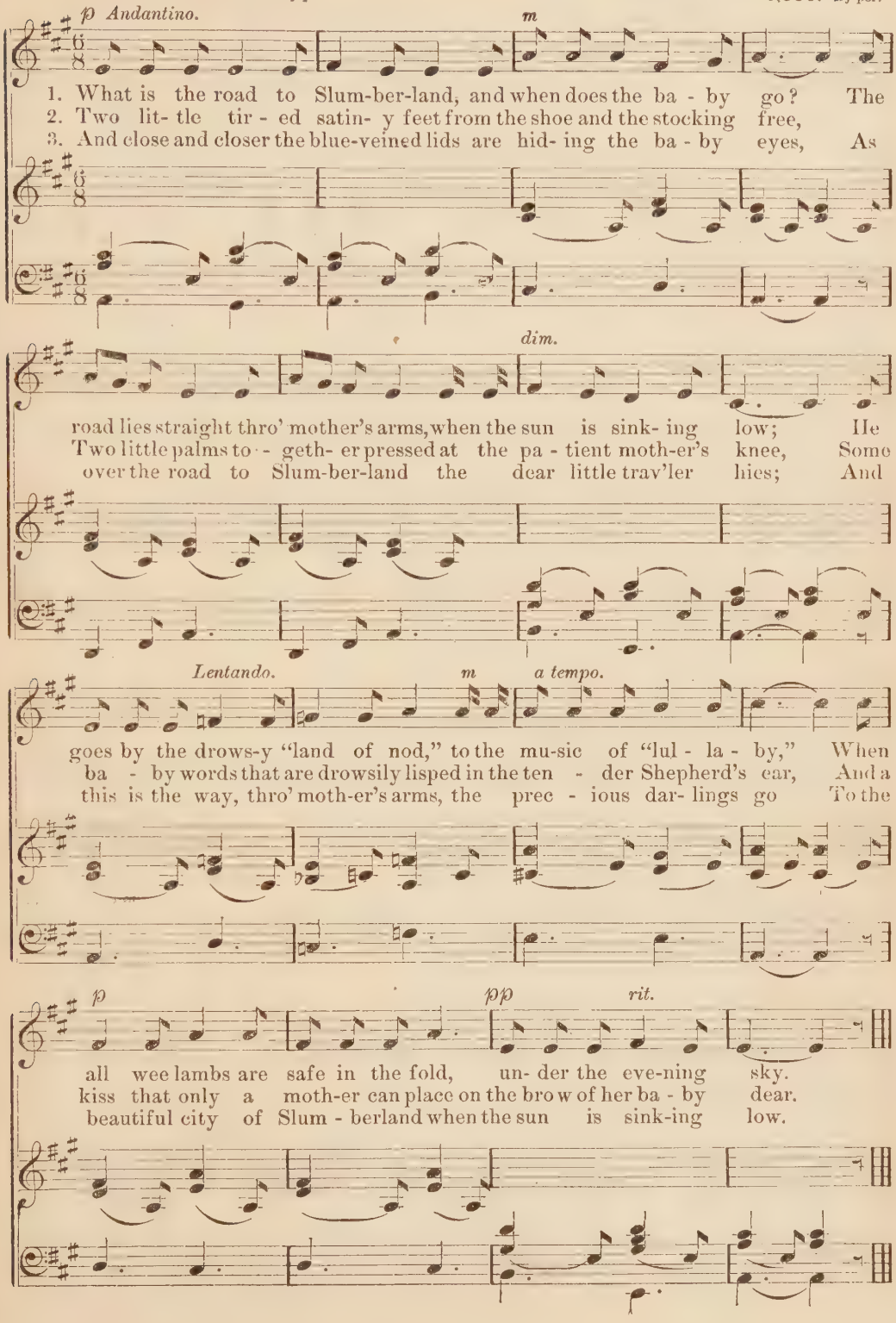
HOW MANY MILES.

By per.



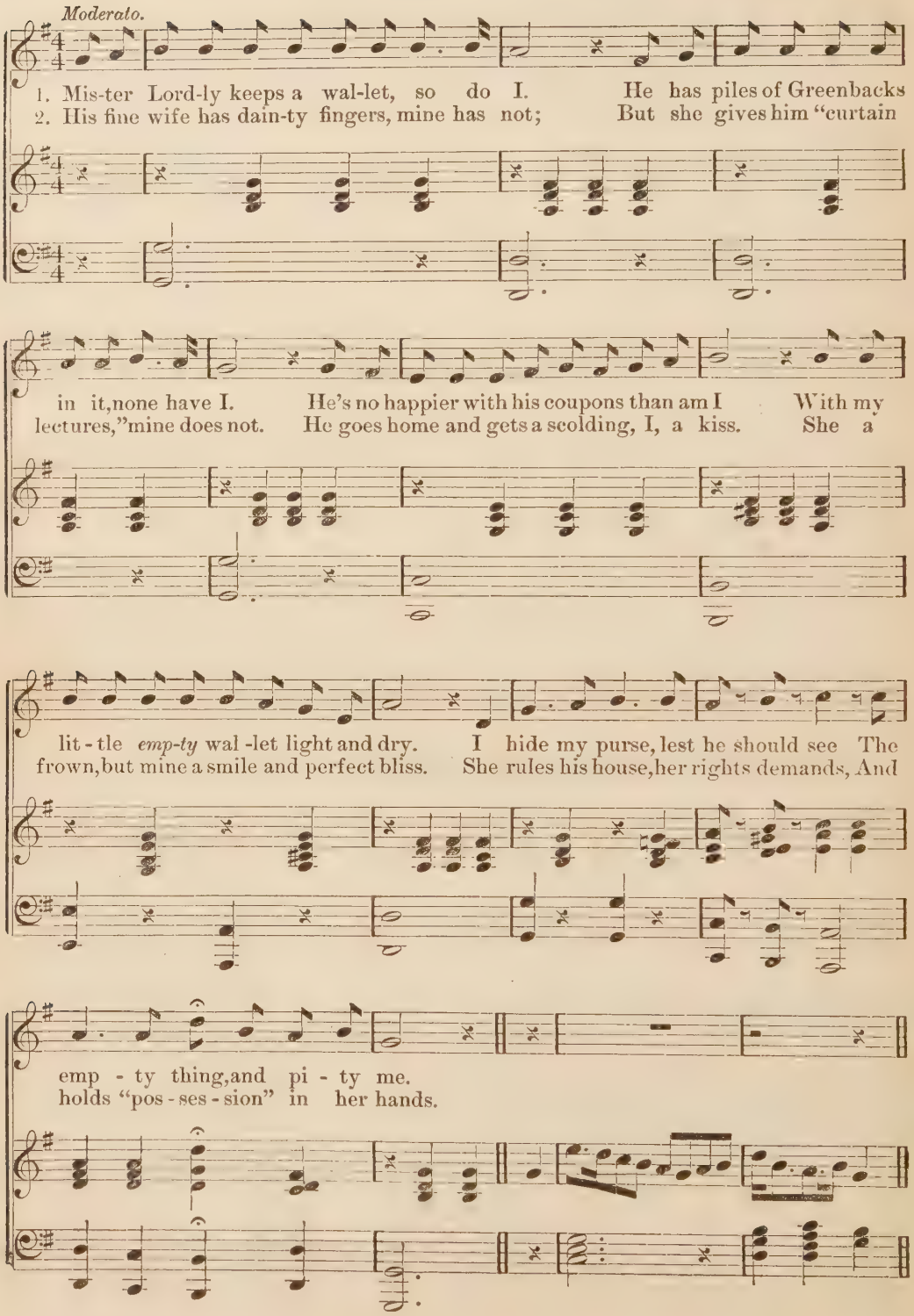
THE ROAD TO SLUMBER-LAND.

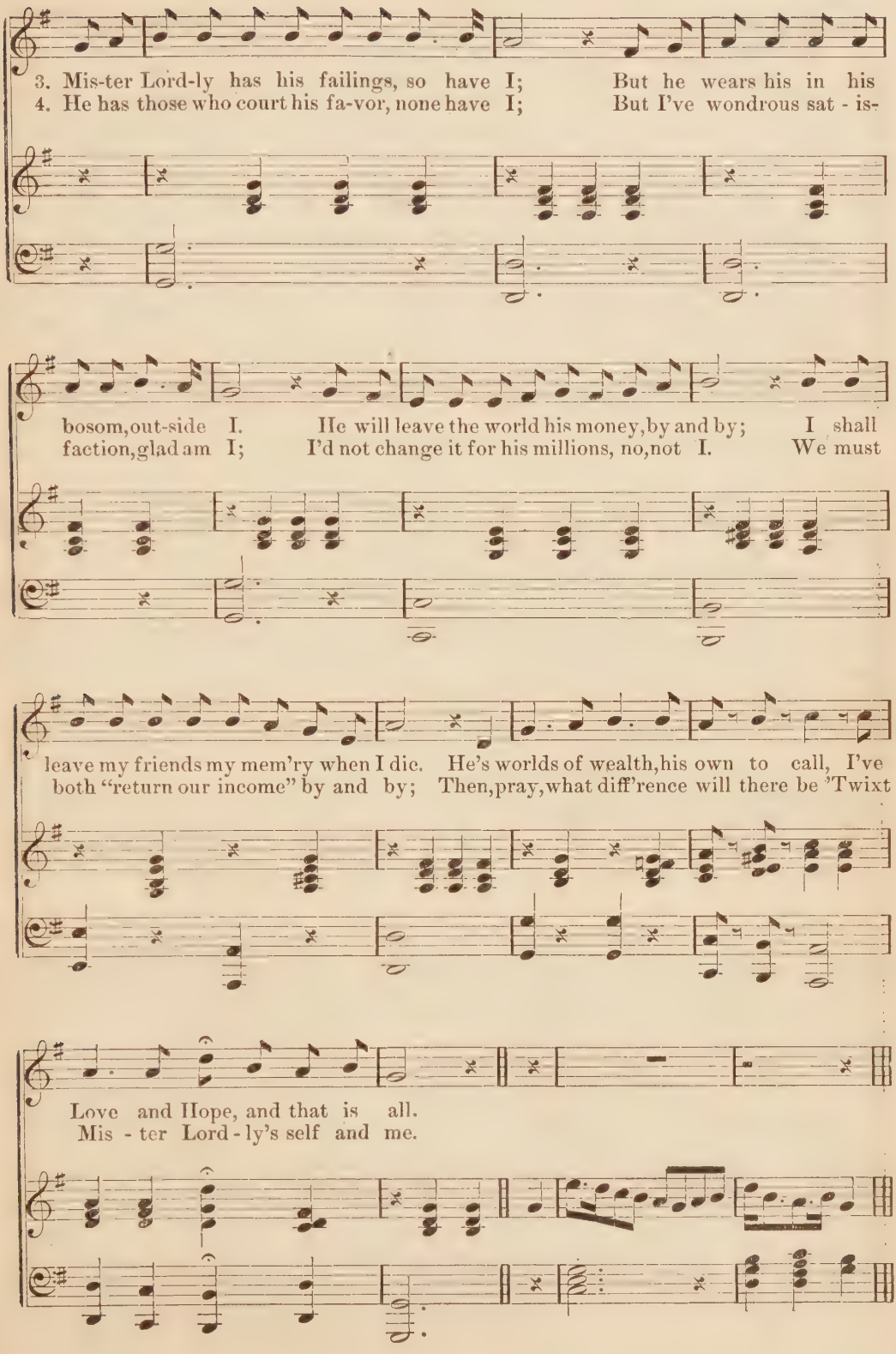
FROM "THE NURSERY." By per. ROOT. By per.



MR. LORDLY AND I;

BLISS. By per.

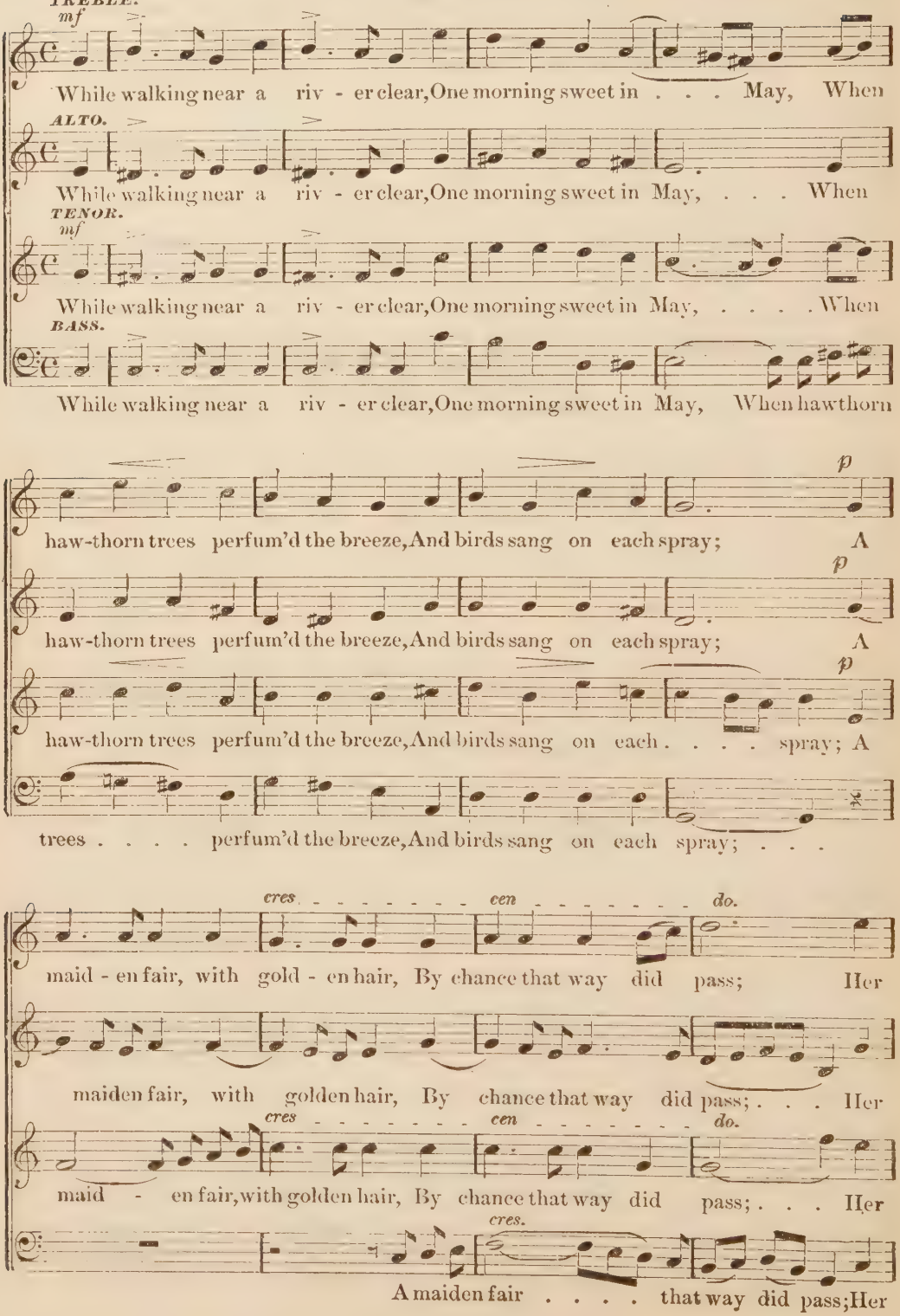


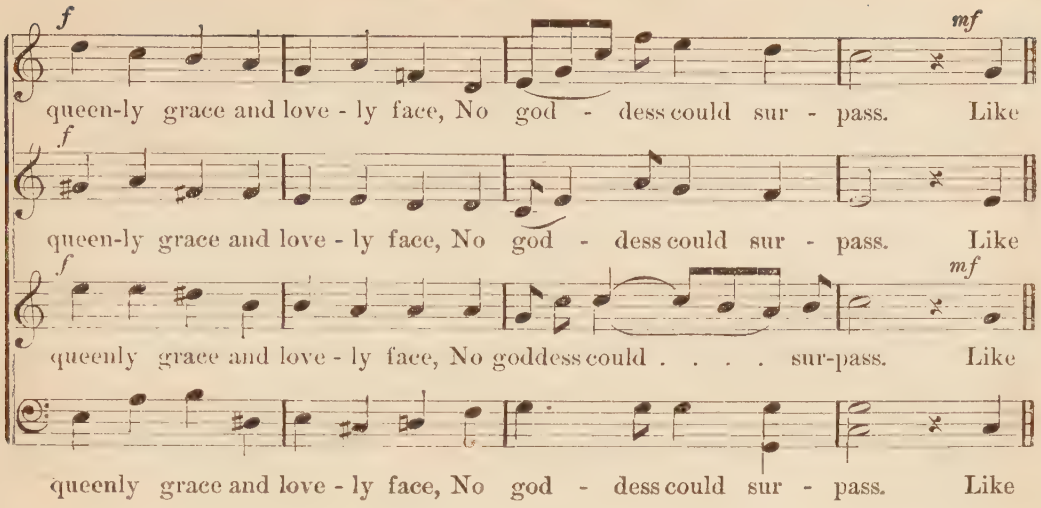

3. Mis-ter Lord-ly has his failings, so have I; But he wears his in his
4. He has those who court his fa-vor, none have I; But I've wondrous sat - is-
bosom, out-side I. He will leave the world his money, by and by; I shall
faction, glad am I; I'd not change it for his millions, no, not I. We must
leave my friends my mem'ry when I die. He's worlds of wealth, his own to call, I've
both "return our income" by and by; Then, pray, what diff'rence will there be 'Twixt
Love and Hope, and that is all.
Mis - ter Lord - ly's self and me.

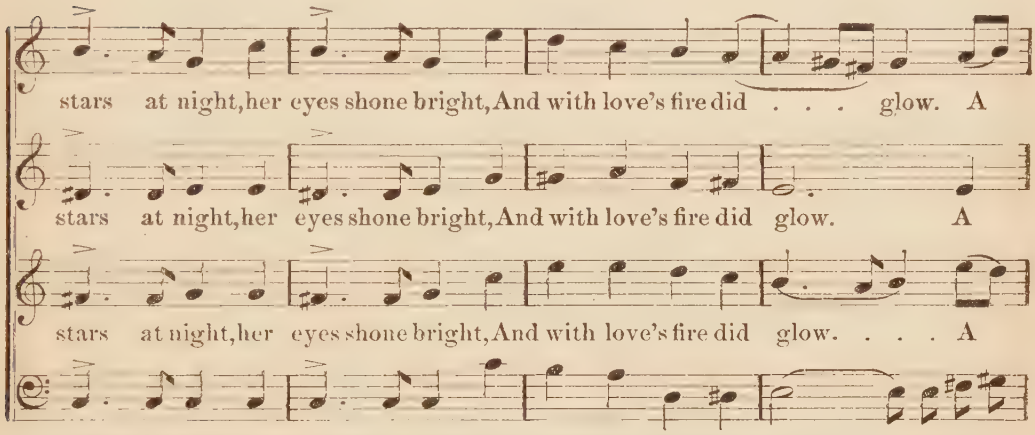
ONE MORNING SWEET IN MAY.

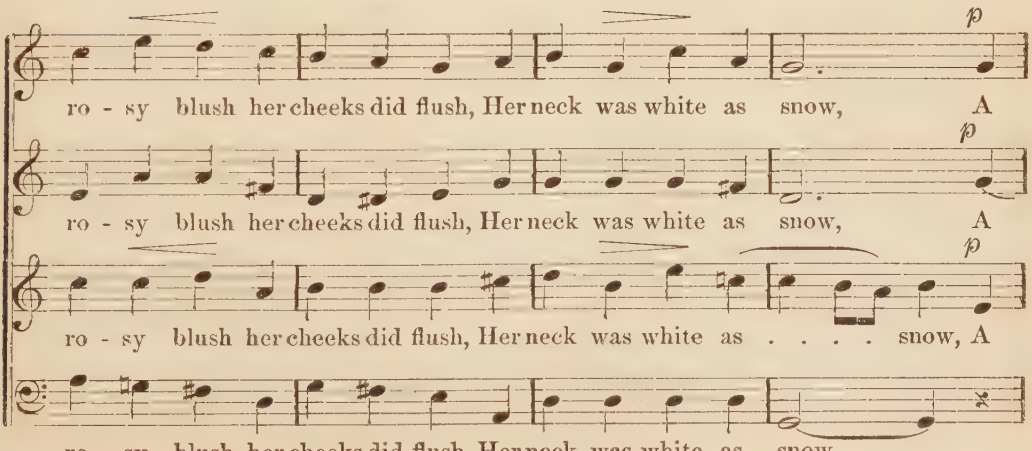
PHILIPS. LESLIE.

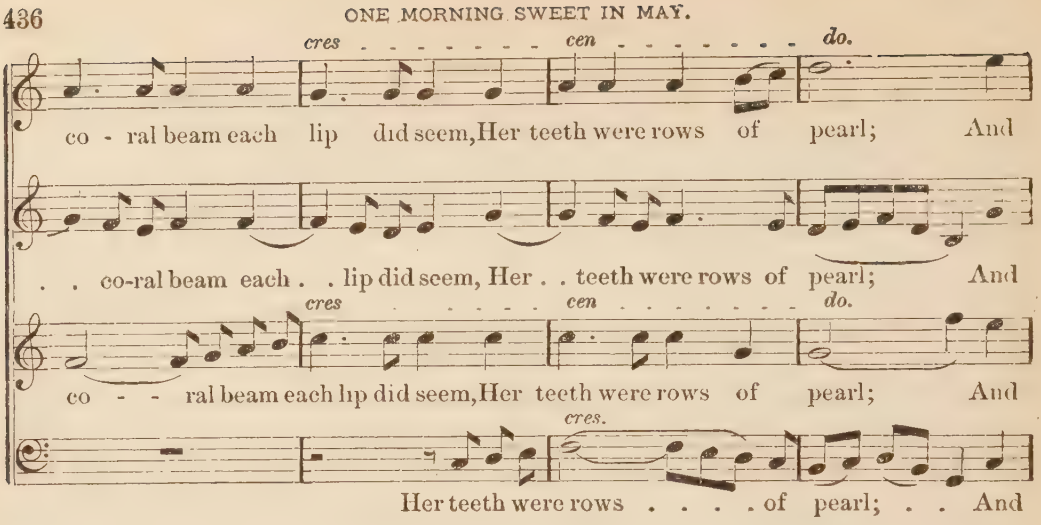
Allegro marziale.

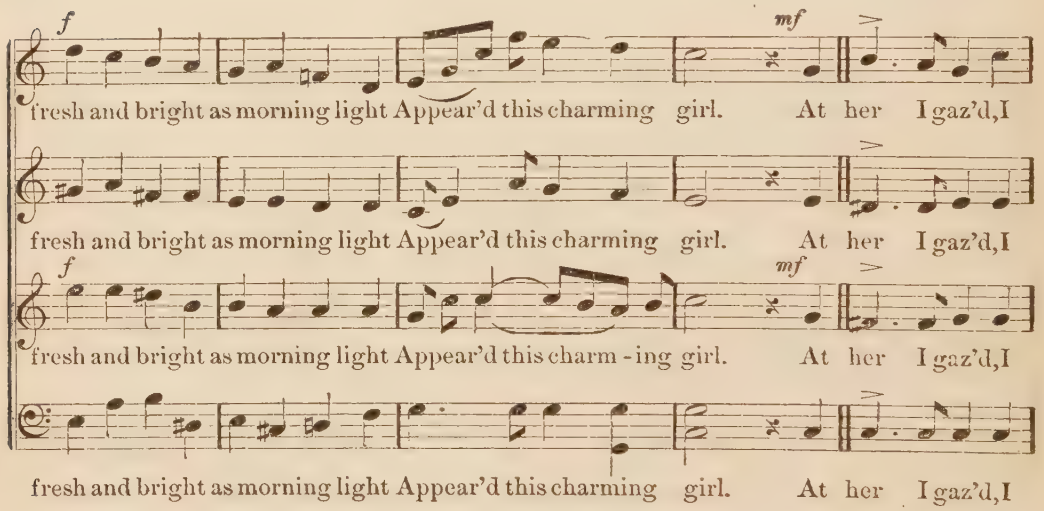


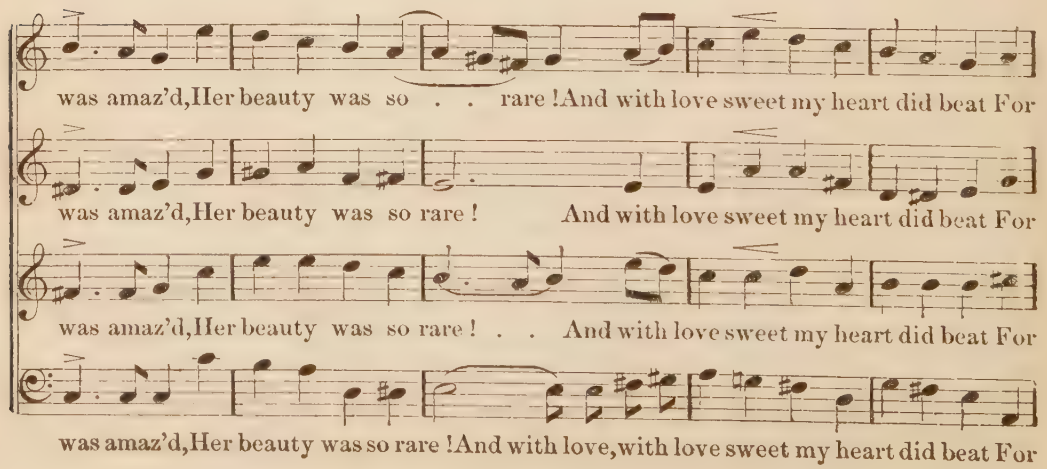

f
mf
queen-ly grace and love - ly face, No god - dess could sur - pass. Like
f
queen-ly grace and love - ly face, No god - dess could sur - pass. Like
f
mf
queenly grace and love - ly face, No goddess could . . . . sur-pass. Like
queenly grace and love - ly face, No god - dess could sur - pass. Like

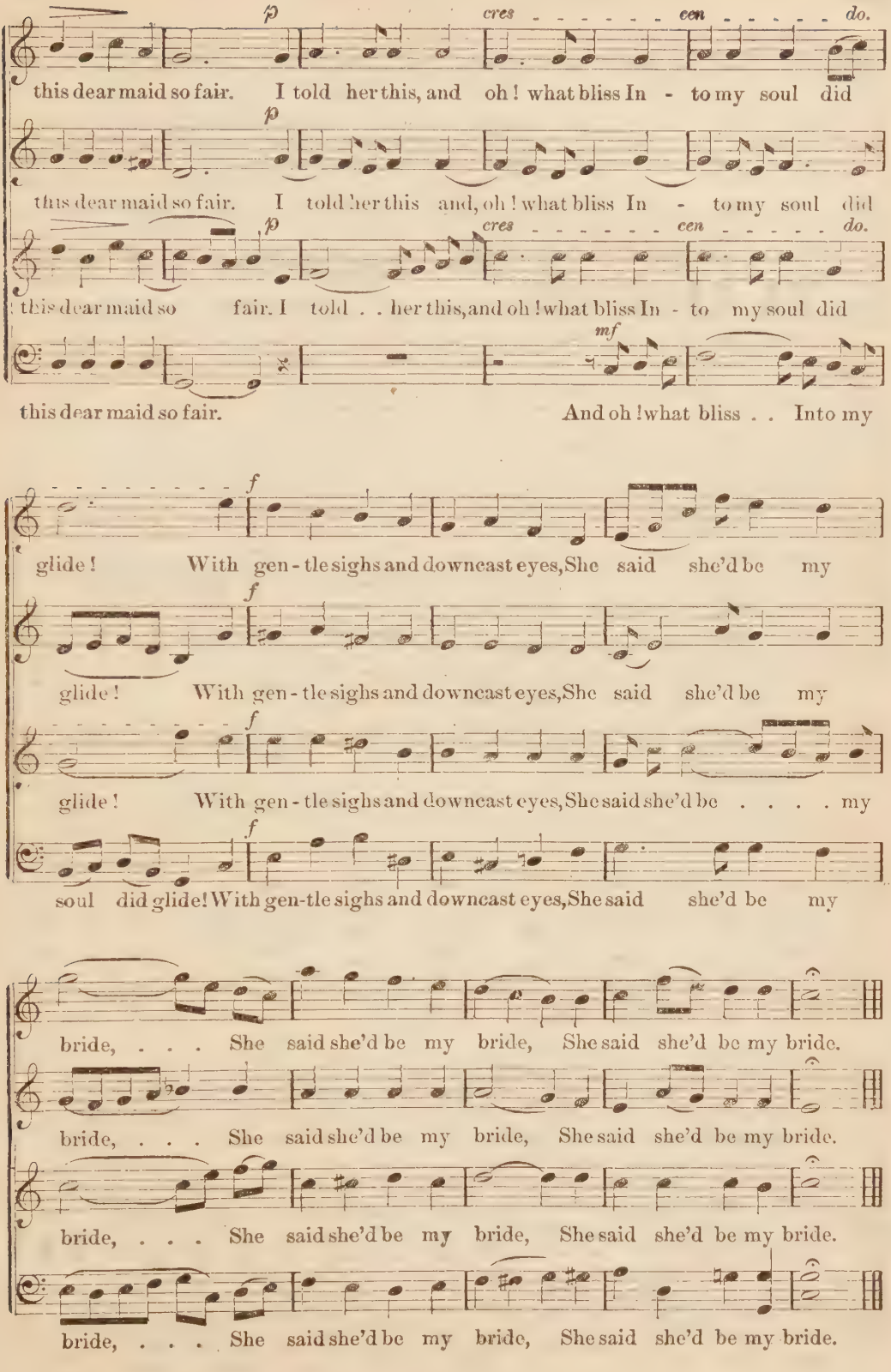

stars at night, her eyes shone bright, And with love's fire did . . . glow. A
stars at night, her eyes shone bright, And with love's fire did glow. A
stars at night, her eyes shone bright, And with love's fire did glow. . . . A
stars at night, her eyes shone bright, And with love's fire did glow. . . A ro - sy,


p
ro - sy blush her cheeks did flush, Her neck was white as snow, A
p
ro - sy blush her cheeks did flush, Her neck was white as snow, A
p
ro - sy blush her cheeks did flush, Her neck was white as . . . . snow, A
ro - sy blush her cheeks did flush, Her neck was white as snow,


cres
cen
do.
co - ral beam each lip did seem, Her teeth were rows of pearl; And
. . co-ral beam each . . lip did seem, Her . . teeth were rows of pearl; And
cres
cen
do.
co - - ral beam each lip did seem, Her teeth were rows of pearl; And
cres.
Her teeth were rows . . . . of pearl; . . And

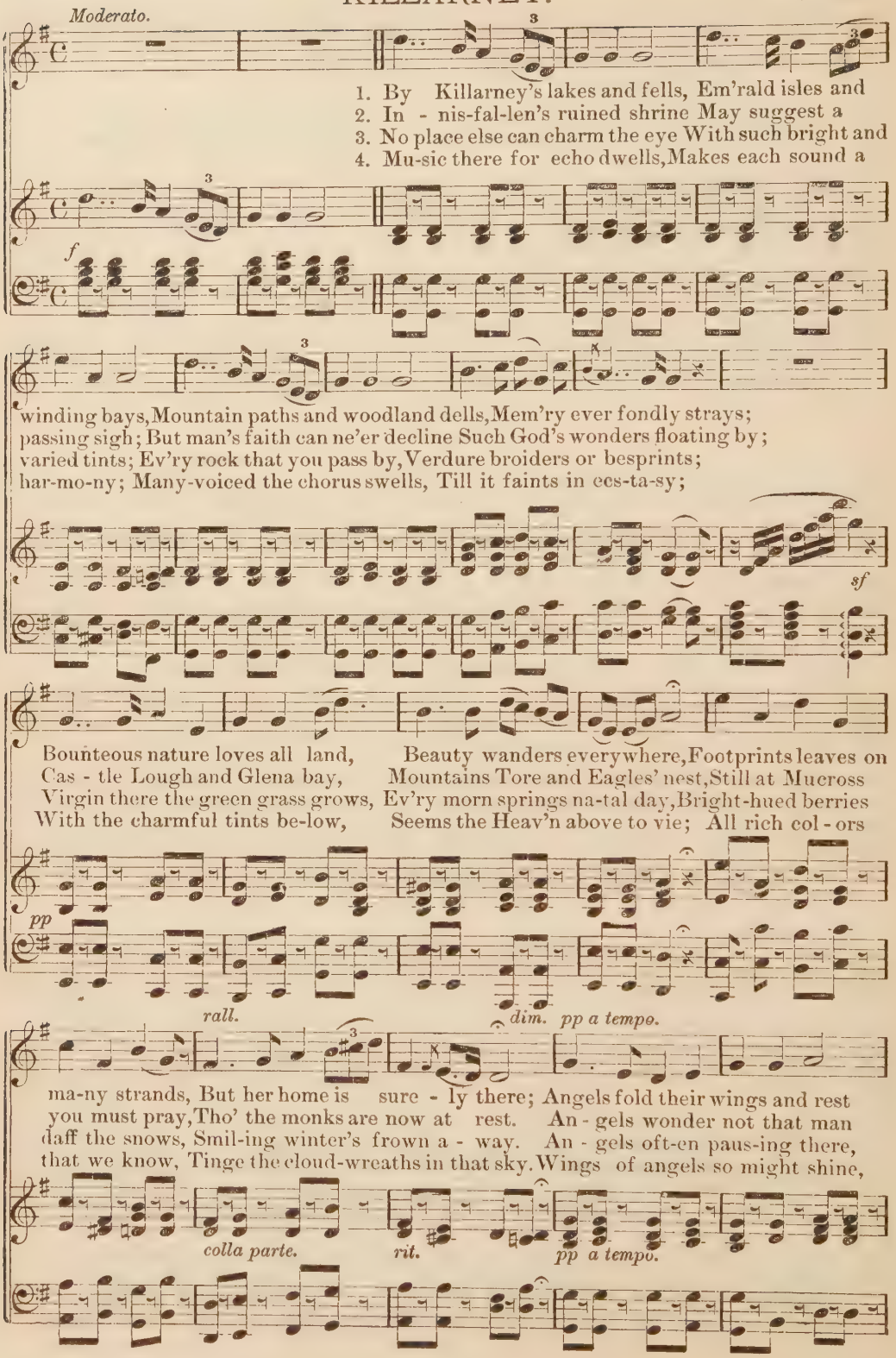

f
mf
fresh and bright as morning light Appear'd this charming girl. At her I gaz'd, I
fresh and bright as morning light Appear'd this charming girl. At her I gaz'd, I
f
mf
fresh and bright as morning light Appear'd this charm - ing girl. At her I gaz'd, I
fresh and bright as morning light Appear'd this charming girl. At her I gaz'd, I

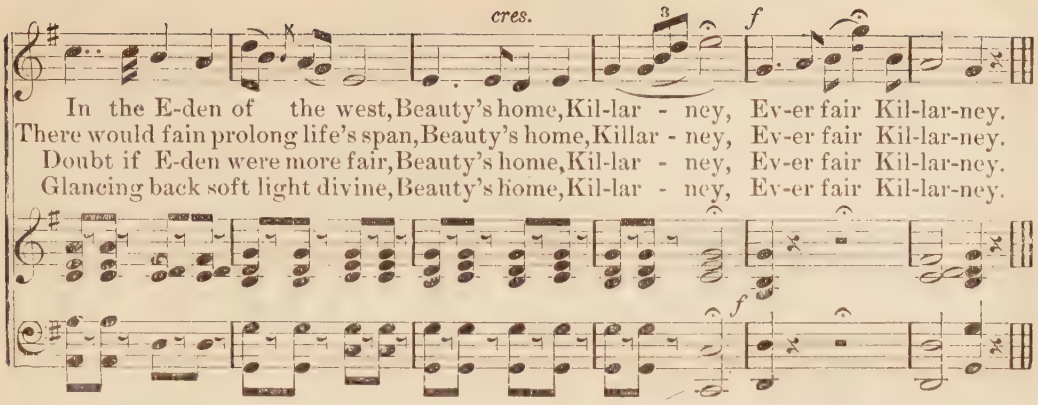

was amaz'd, Her beauty was so . . rare ! And with love sweet my heart did beat For
was amaz'd, Her beauty was so rare ! And with love sweet my heart did beat For
was amaz'd, Her beauty was so rare ! . . And with love sweet my heart did beat For
was amaz'd, Her beauty was so rare ! And with love, with love sweet my heart did beat For


p
cres
cen
do.
this dear maid so fair. I told her this, and oh! what bliss In - to my soul did
p
this dear maid so fair. I told her this and, oh! what bliss In - to my soul did
p
cres
cen
do.
this dear maid so fair. I told . . her this, and oh! what bliss In - to my soul did
mf
this dear maid so fair. And oh! what bliss . . Into my
f
glide! With gen - tle sighs and downcast eyes, She said she'd be my
f
glide! With gen - tle sighs and downcast eyes, She said she'd be my
f
glide! With gen - tle sighs and downcast eyes, She said she'd be . . . . my
f
soul did glide! With gen-tle sighs and downcast eyes, She said she'd be my
bride, . . . She said she'd be my bride, She said she'd be my bride.
bride, . . . She said she'd be my bride, She said she'd be my bride.
bride, . . . She said she'd be my bride, She said she'd be my bride.
bride, . . . She said she'd be my bride, She said she'd be my bride.

KILLARNEY.

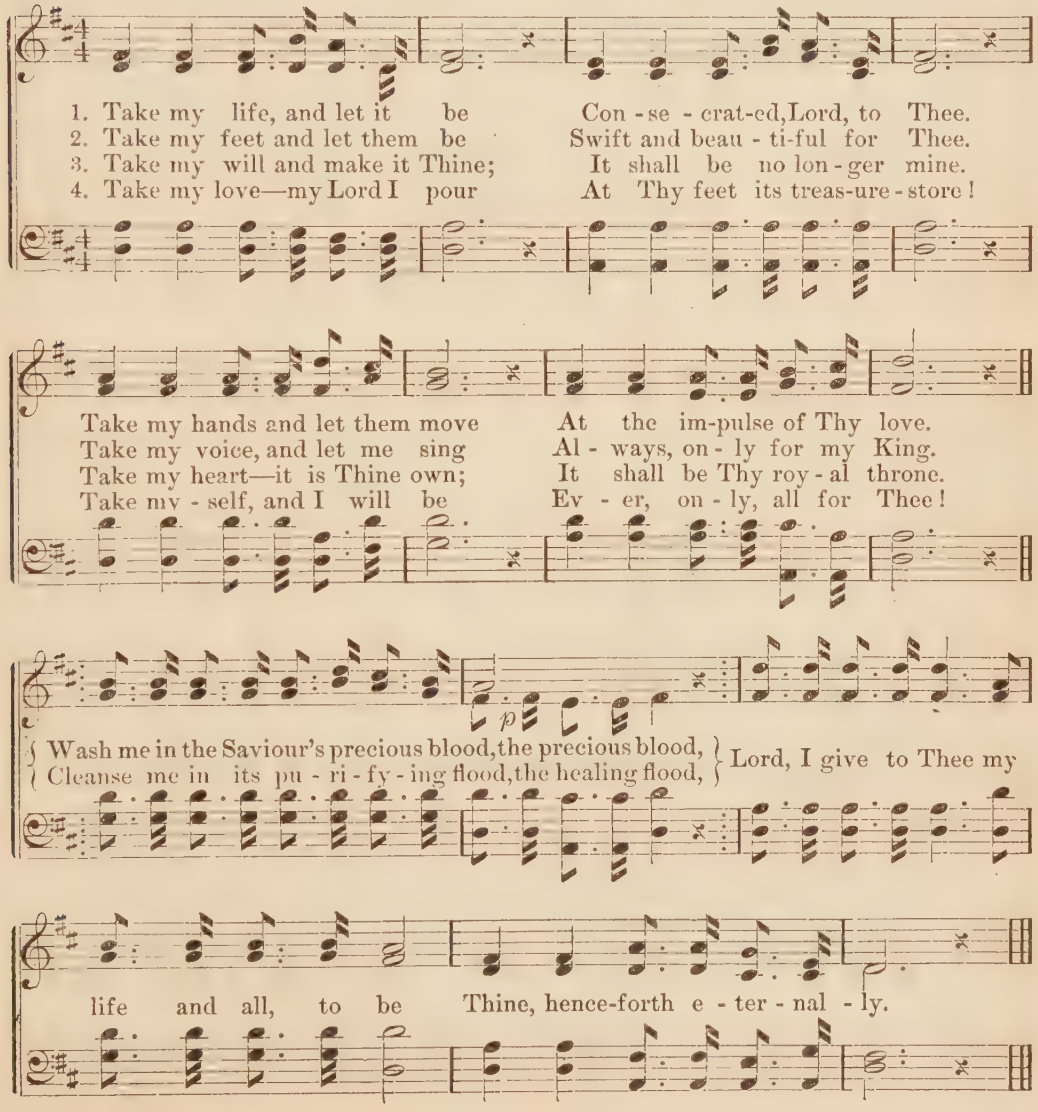
BALFE. (Last song.)





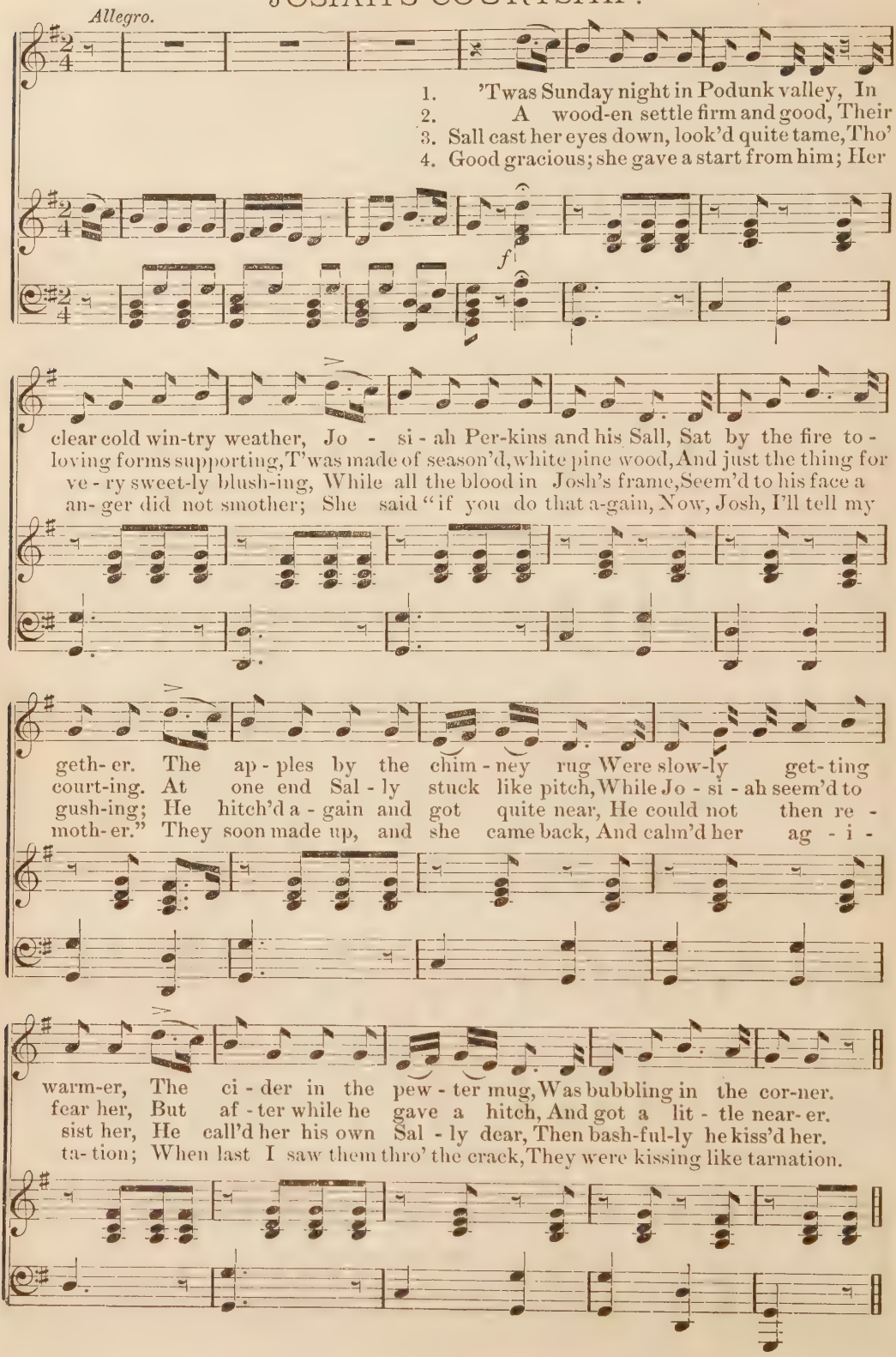
CONSECRATION.

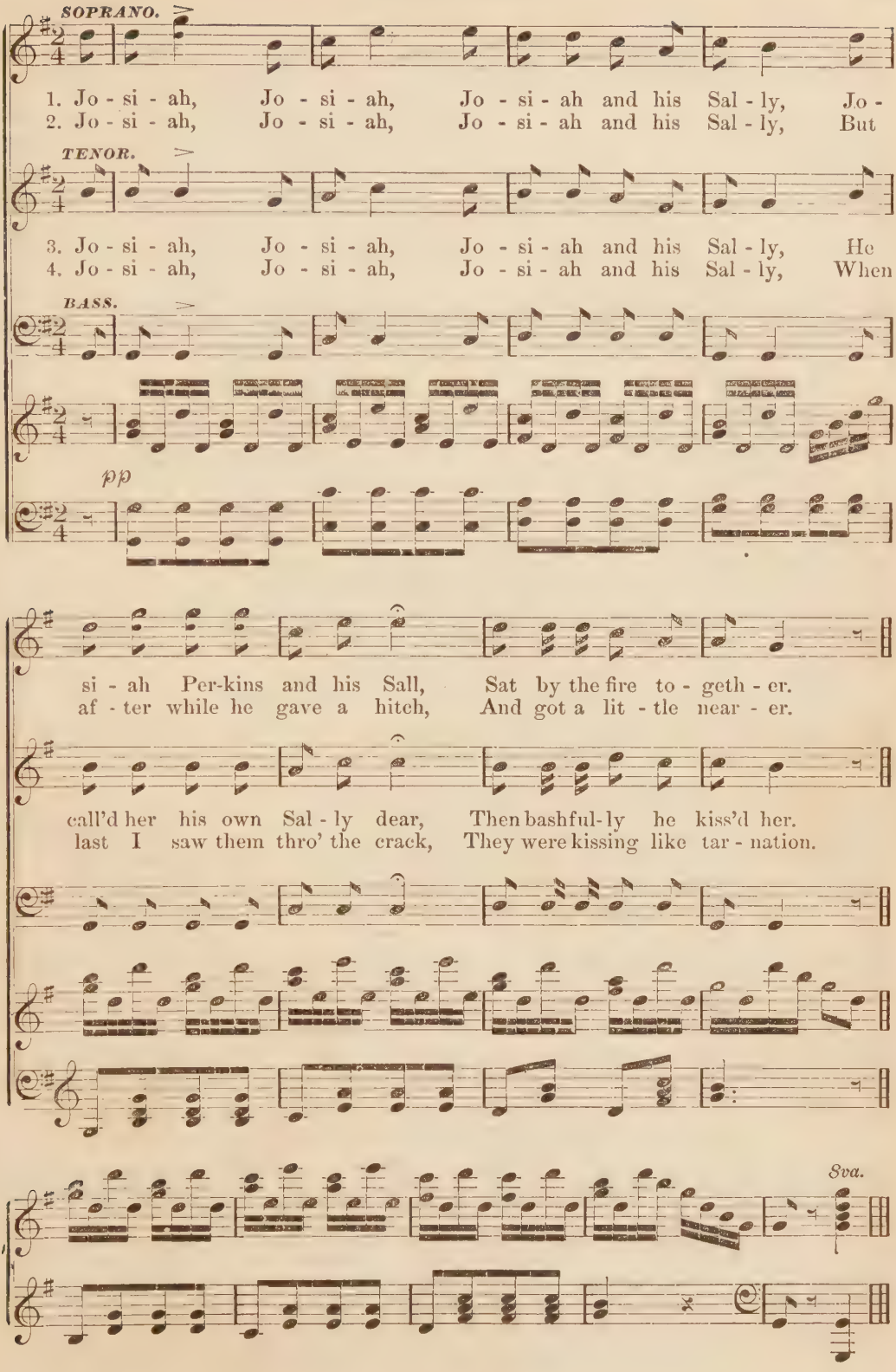
HAVERGAL. KIRKPATRICK, By per.



JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP.

MARKSTEIN. By per.




SOPRANO.
1. Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah and his Sal - ly, Jo -
2. Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah and his Sal - ly, But
TENOR.
3. Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah and his Sal - ly, He
4. Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah and his Sal - ly, When
BASS.
pp
si - ah Per-kins and his Sall, Sat by the fire to - geth - er.
af - ter while he gave a hitch, And got a lit - tle near - er.
call'd her his own Sal - ly dear, Then bashful-ly he kiss'd her.
last I saw them thro' the crack, They were kissing like tar - nation.
8va.

MAY-DAY.

MULLER. NOVELLO.

SOPRANO.

Moderato.f *p* *f*

Spring's delights are all re - viv - - ing, Verdant leaflets clothe each spray, Hawthorn
These delights but last a sea - - son, Fad-ing quickly with the year, Still these

ALTO.

Spring's delights are all re - viv - - ing, Verdant leaflets clothe each spray, Hawthorn
These delights but last a sea - - son, Fad-ing quickly with the year, Still these

TENOR, 8va lower.

Spring's delights are all re - viv - ing, Verdant leaflets clothe each spray,
These delights but last a sea - son, Fad-ing quickly with the year,

BASS.

Spring's delights are all re - viv - ing, Verdant leaflets clothe each spray,
These delights but last a sea - son, Fad-ing quickly with the year,

p *f*

buds give joy-ful tidings, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day, Hawthorn
hours, if spent with reason, Sure-ly bring us Au-tumn cheer, Still these

buds give joy-ful tidings, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day, Hawthorn
hours, if spent with reason, Sure-ly bring us Au-tumn cheer, Still these

p *f*

Hawthorn buds give joyful tiding, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day,
Still these hours, if spent with reason, Surely bring us Au-tumn cheer.

Hawthorn buds give joyful tidings, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day, 'tis blythe May-day,
Still these hours, if spent with reason, Surely bring us Autumn cheer, bring Autumn cheer,

p

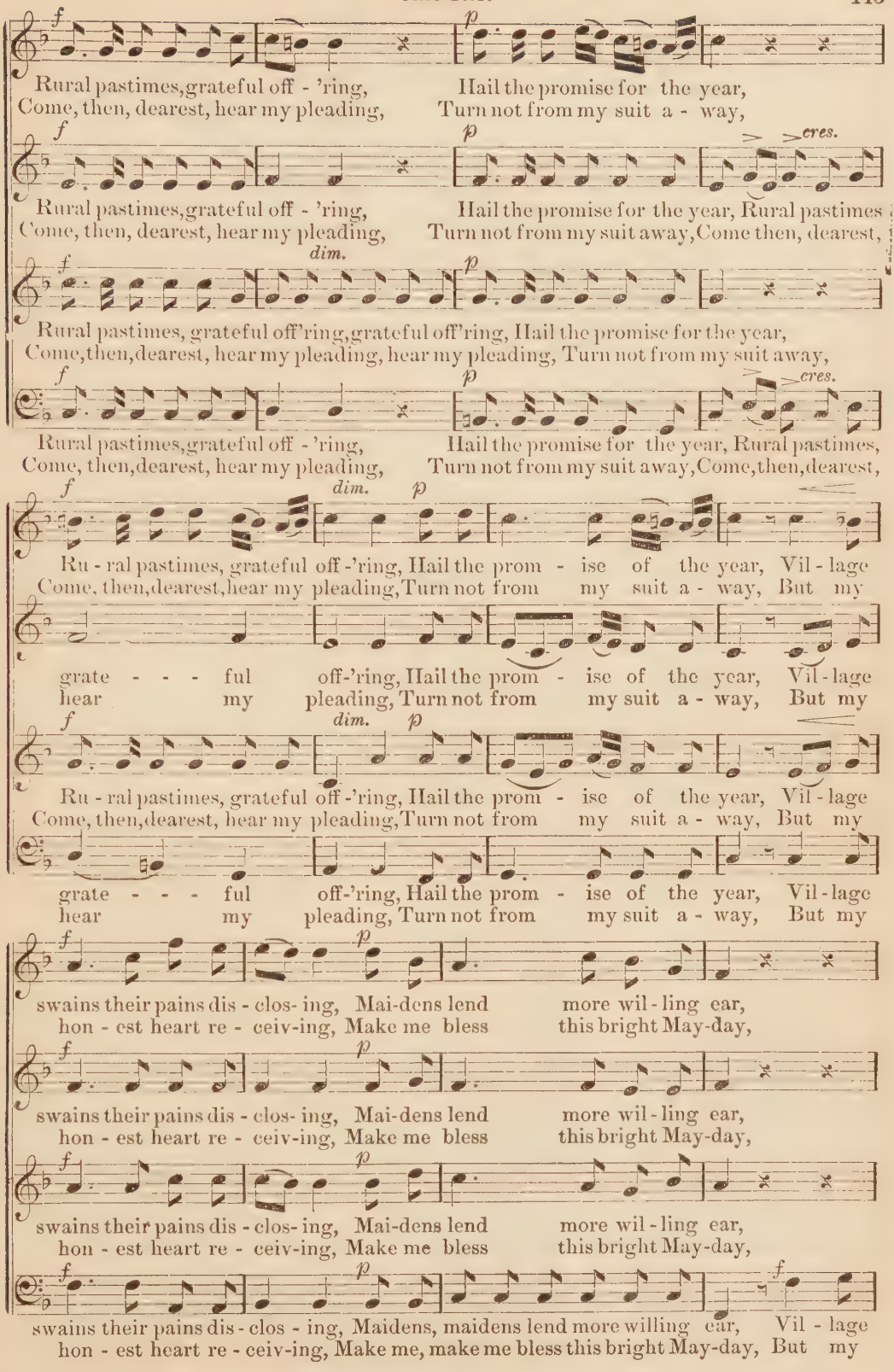
buds, give joy-ful tid-ing, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day.
hours, if spent with rea - son, Sure-ly bring us Autumn cheer.

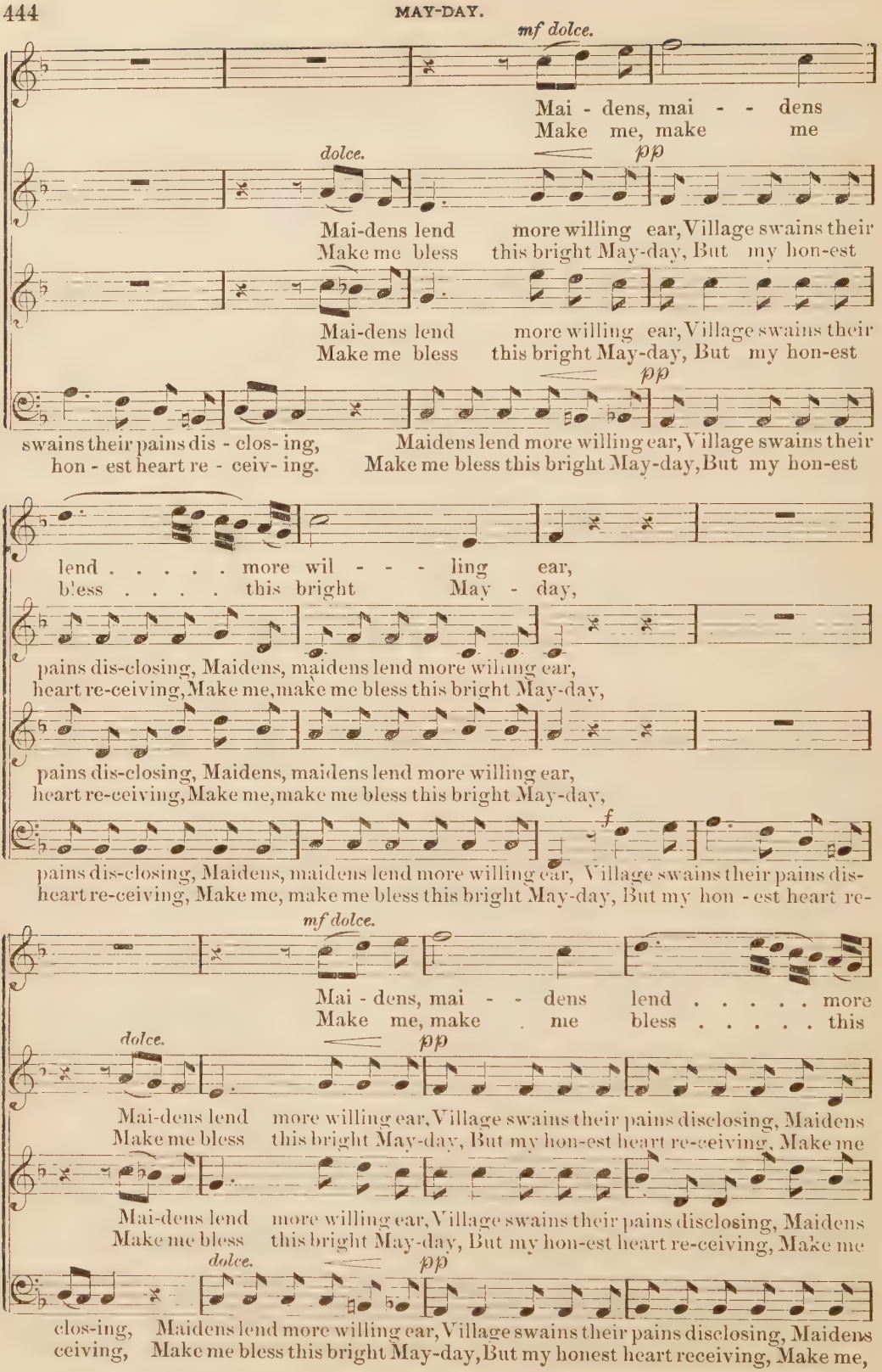
buds, give joyful tiding, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day, 'tis blythe May-day.
hours, if spent with reason, Surely bring us Autumn cheer, bring Autumn cheer.

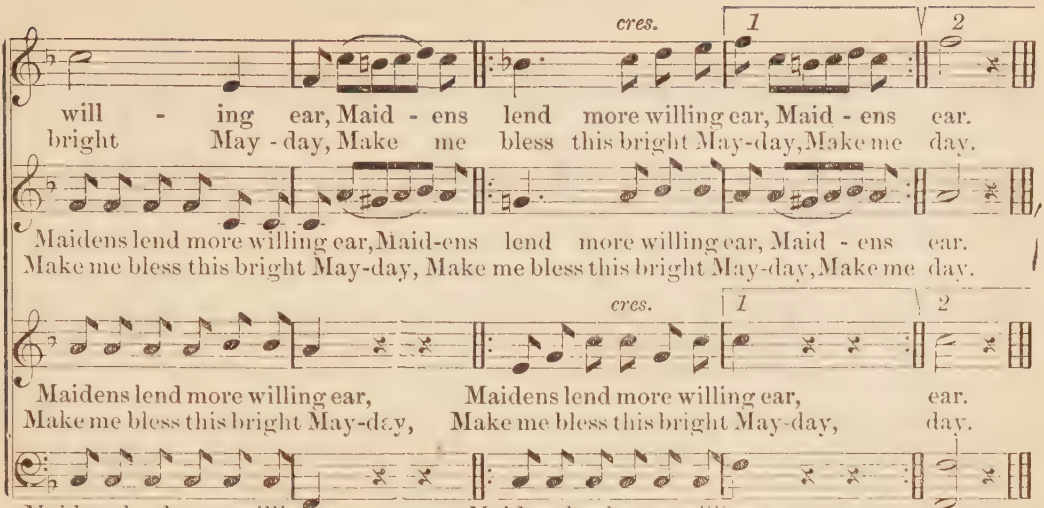
p *pp*

Hawthorn buds give joyful tiding, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day, 'tis blythe May-day.
Still these hours, if spent with reason, Surely bring us Autumn cheer, bring Autumn cheer.

Hawthorn buds give joyful tiding, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day, 'tis blythe May-day.
Still these hours, if spent with reason, Surely bring us Autumn cheer, bring Autumn cheer.

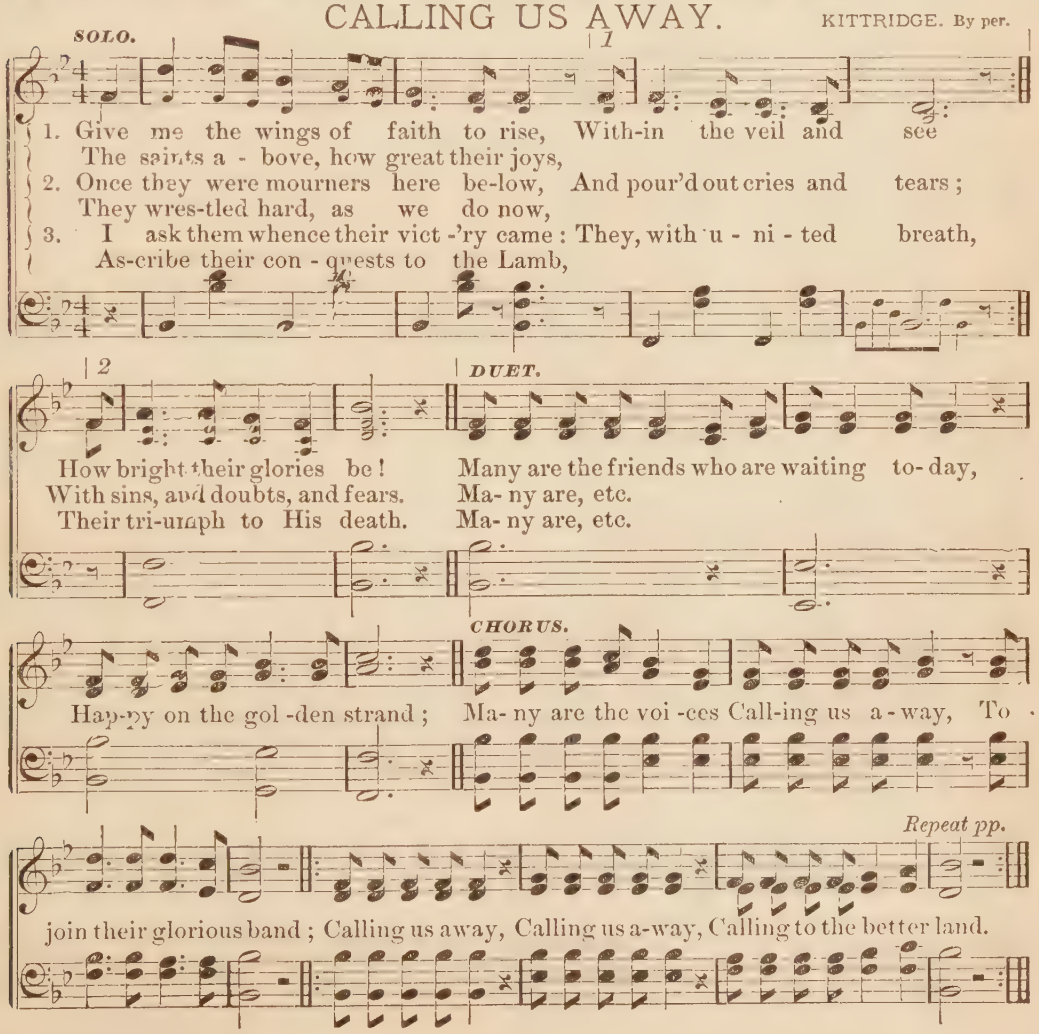

Rural pastimes, grateful off - 'ring, Hail the promise for the year,
Come, then, dearest, hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit a - way,
Rural pastimes, grateful off - 'ring, Hail the promise for the year, Rural pastimes
Come, then, dearest, hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit away, Come then, dearest,
Rural pastimes, grateful off'ring, grateful off'ring, Hail the promise for the year,
Come, then, dearest, hear my pleading, hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit away,
Rural pastimes, grateful off - 'ring, Hail the promise for the year, Rural pastimes,
Come, then, dearest, hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit away, Come, then, dearest,
Ru - ral pastimes, grateful off -'ring, Hail the prom - ise of the year, Vil - lage
Come, then, dearest, hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit a - way, But my
grate - - - ful off-'ring, Hail the prom - ise of the year, Vil - lage
hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit a - way, But my
Ru - ral pastimes, grateful off -'ring, Hail the prom - ise of the year, Vil - lage
Come, then, dearest, hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit a - way, But my
grate - - - ful off-'ring, Hail the prom - ise of the year, Vil - lage
hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit a - way, But my
swains their pains dis - clos- ing, Mai-dens lend more wil - ling ear,
hon - est heart re - ceiv-ing, Make me bless this bright May-day,
swains their pains dis - clos- ing, Mai-dens lend more wil - ling ear,
hon - est heart re - ceiv-ing, Make me bless this bright May-day,
swains their pains dis - clos- ing, Mai-dens lend more wil - ling ear,
hon - est heart re - ceiv-ing, Make me bless this bright May-day,
swains their pains dis - clos - ing, Maidens, maidens lend more willing ear, Vil - lage
hon - est heart re - ceiv-ing, Make me, make me bless this bright May-day, But my


mf dolce.
Mai - dens, mai - - dens
Make me, make me
dolce.
pp
Mai-dens lend more willing ear, Village swains their
Make me bless this bright May-day, But my hon-est
Mai-dens lend more willing ear, Village swains their
Make me bless this bright May-day, But my hon-est
pp
swains their pains dis - clos- ing,
hon - est heart re - ceiv- ing.
Maidens lend more willing ear, Village swains their
Make me bless this bright May-day, But my hon-est
lend . . . . . more wil - - - ling ear,
bless . . . . this bright May - day,
pains dis-closing, Maidens, maidens lend more willing ear,
heart re-ceiving, Make me, make me bless this bright May-day,
pains dis-closing, Maidens, maidens lend more willing ear,
heart re-ceiving, Make me, make me bless this bright May-day,
f
pains dis-closing, Maidens, maidens lend more willing ear, Village swains their pains dis-
heart re-ceiving, Make me, make me bless this bright May-day, But my hon - est heart re-
mf dolce.
Mai - dens, mai - - dens lend . . . . . more
Make me, make me bless . . . . . this
dolce.
pp
Mai-dens lend more willing ear, Village swains their pains disclosing, Maidens
Make me bless this bright May-day, But my hon-est heart re-ceiving, Make me
Mai-dens lend more willing ear, Village swains their pains disclosing, Maidens
Make me bless this bright May-day, But my hon-est heart re-ceiving, Make me
dolce.
pp
clos-ing, Maidens lend more willing ear, Village swains their pains disclosing, Maidens
ceiving, Make me bless this bright May-day, But my honest heart receiving, Make me,



CALLING US AWAY.

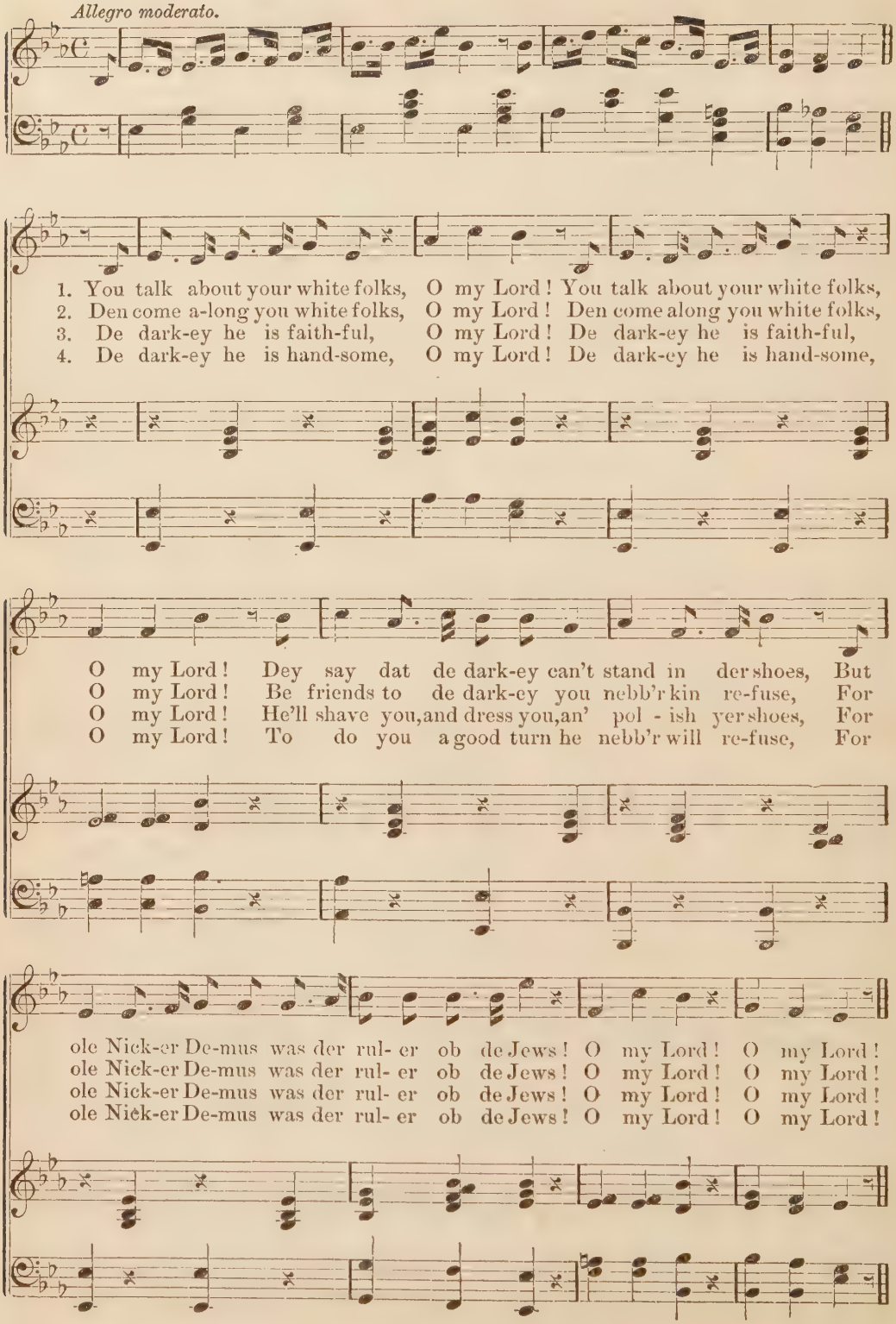
KITTRIDGE. By per.

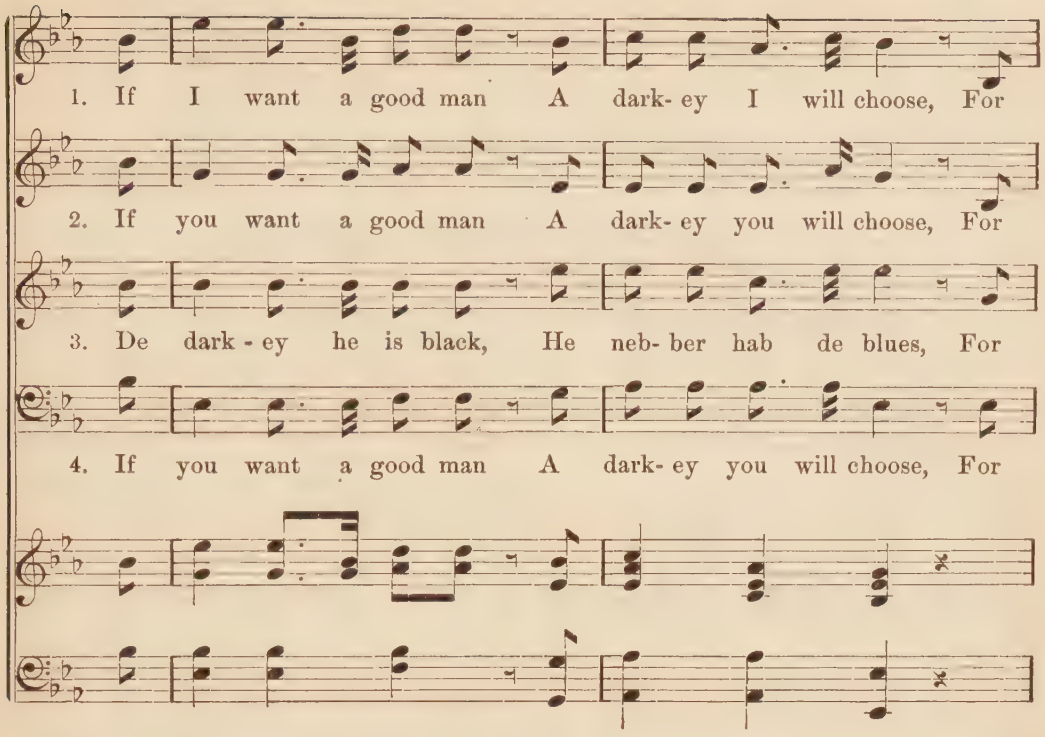


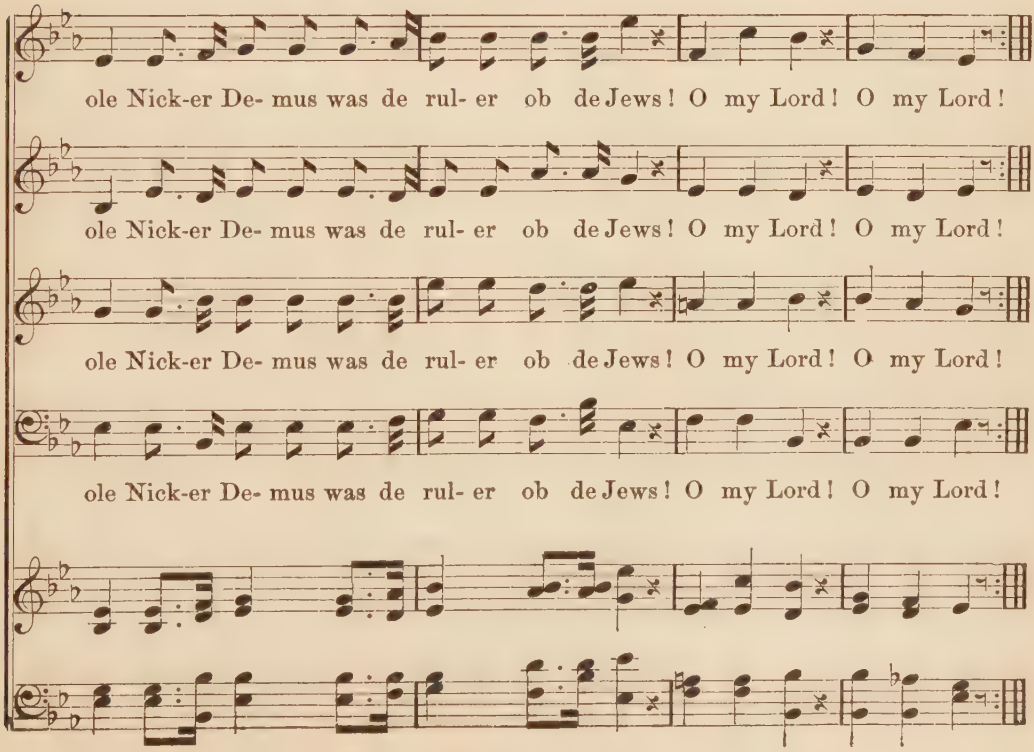
OLE NICKER DEMUS.

LUCAS. By per.

Allegro moderato.




1. If I want a good man A dark- ey I will choose, For
2. If you want a good man A dark- ey you will choose, For
3. De dark - ey he is black, He neb- ber hab de blues, For
4. If you want a good man A dark- ey you will choose, For


ole Nick-er De- mus was de rul- er ob de Jews! O my Lord! O my Lord!
ole Nick-er De- mus was de rul- er ob de Jews! O my Lord! O my Lord!
ole Nick-er De- mus was de rul- er ob de Jews! O my Lord! O my Lord!
ole Nick-er De- mus was de rul- er ob de Jews! O my Lord! O my Lord!

THE DEAD MARCH.

LATHROP. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

m

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way March the feet of a million men.
2. Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom, Out of boyhood pure and fair,
3. Tramp, tramp, tramp till a drunkard's grave Hides the broken life of shame,

tramp, tramp, tramp,

If none shall pity and none shall save, Where will all this marching end?
O - ver the tho'ts of love and home, Past the check of a mother's pray'r,
While souls that Jesus has died to save Meet a future we dare not name, tramp, tramp, tramp,

The young, the strong, and the old are there, In woe - ful ranks as they
On - ward and swift to a drunk-ard's crime, O - ver the plea of the
God help us all—there's a cross to bear, tramp, tramp, tramp, And work to do for the

hur - ry past, With not a mo - ment to think or care What the
wife and child, O - ver the ho - li - est ties of time, Rea - son
mighty throng; tramp, tramp, tramp, God gives us strength, till the toil and pray'r Shall give

pp *mp*

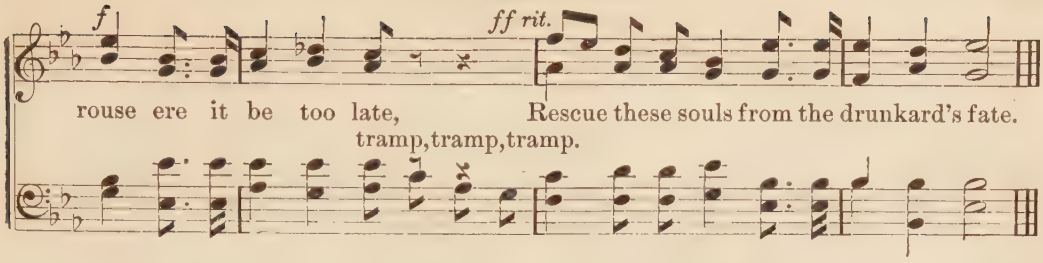
fate that comes at last. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
lost, and soul gone wild. They are rushing madly on,
place to the vic-tor's song.

tramp, tramp, tramp,

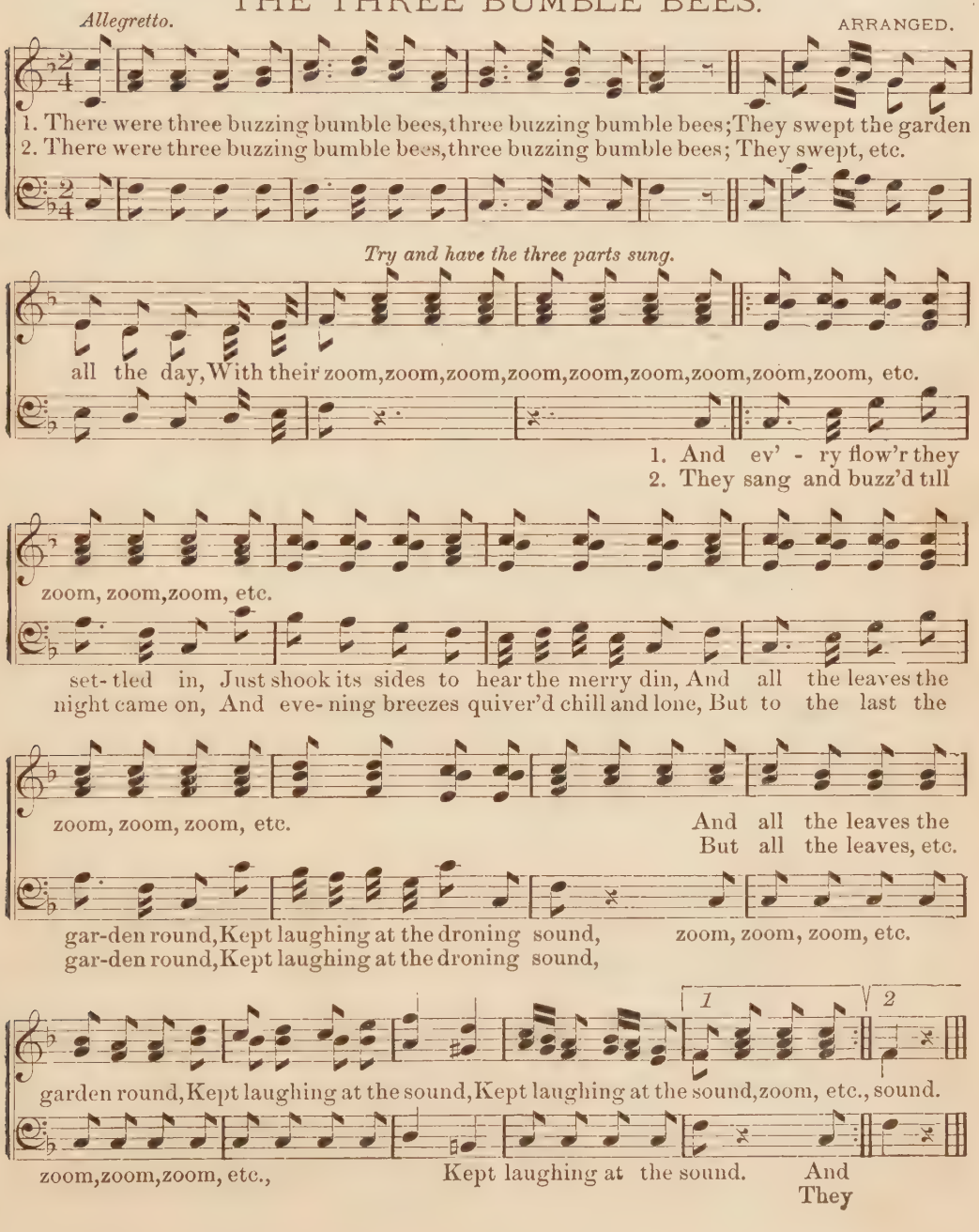
f

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, What a fearful ghast - ly throng; Rouse, Christian

tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

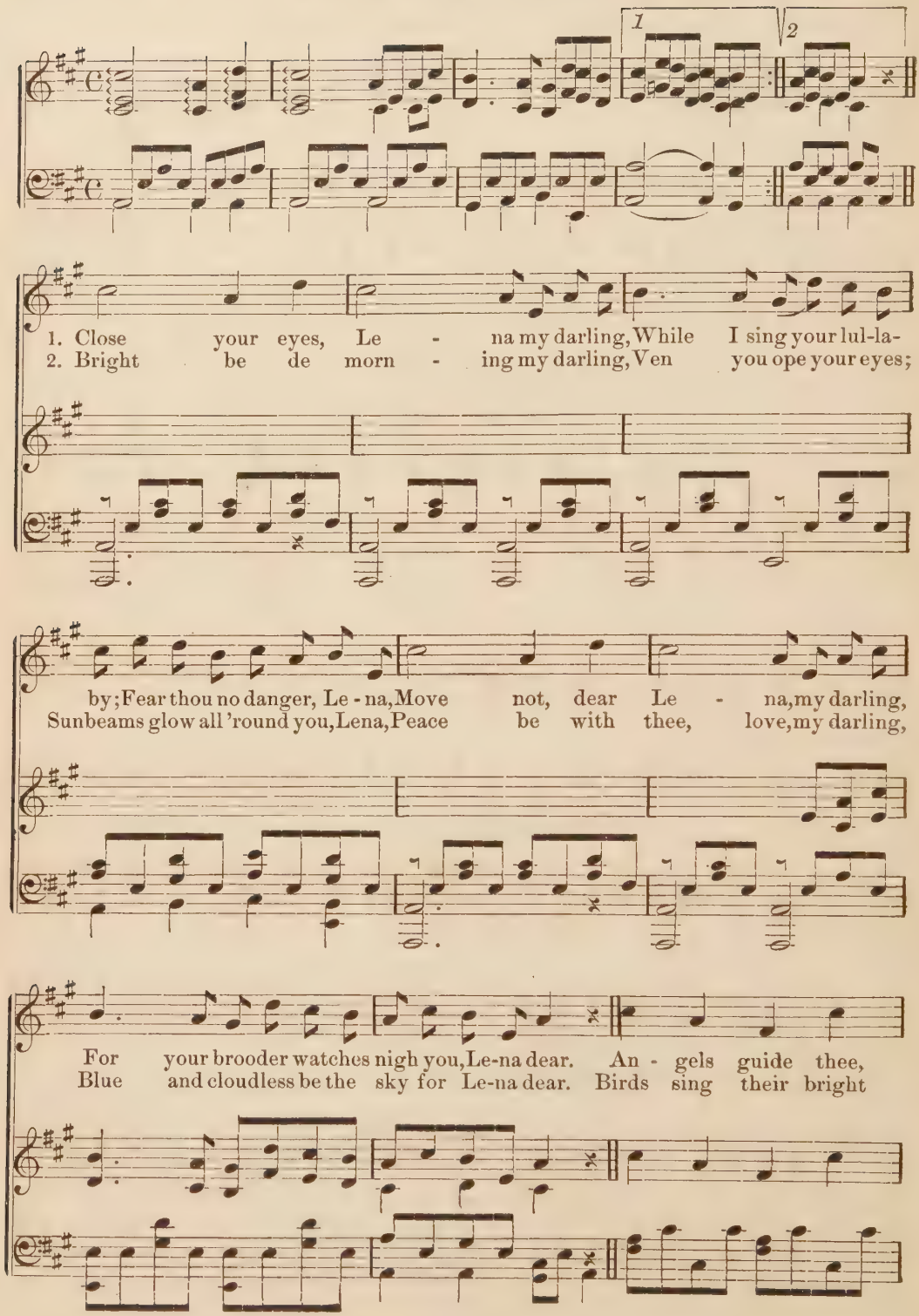


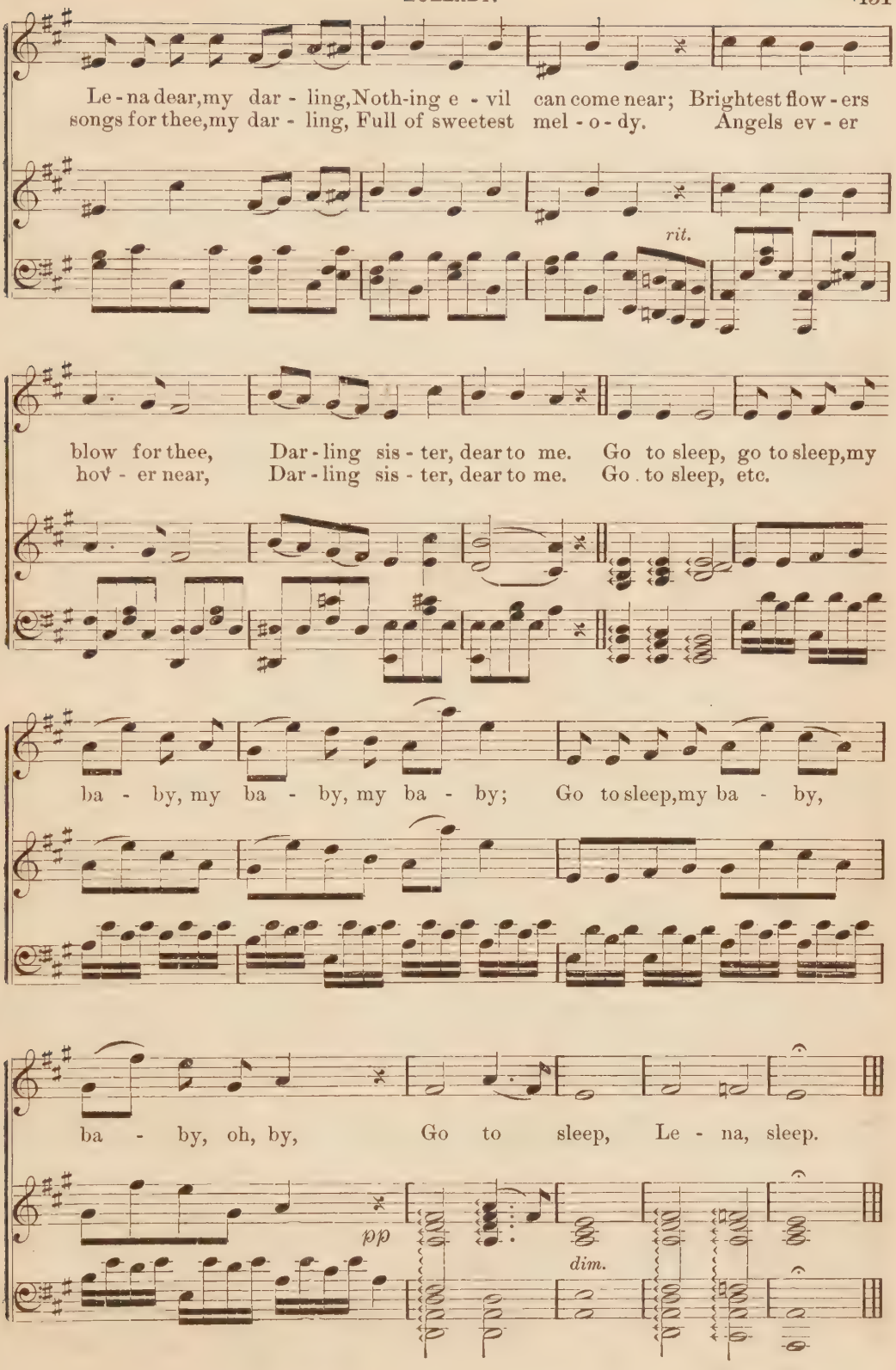
THE THREE BUMBLE BEES.



LULLABY.

AS SUNG IN "FRITZ." EMMET.



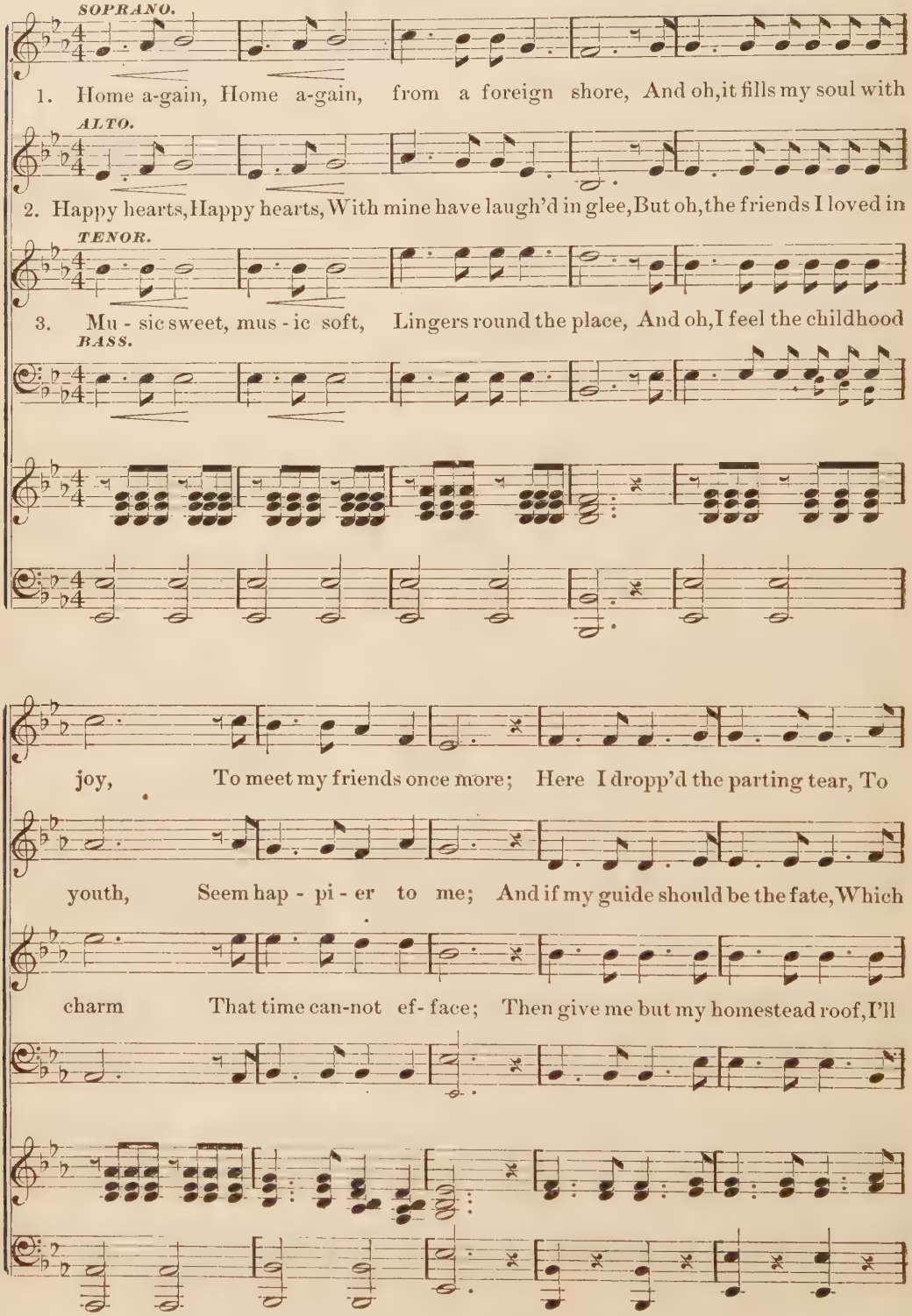

Le - na dear, my dar - ling, Noth-ing e - vil can come near; Brightest flow - ers
songs for thee, my dar - ling, Full of sweetest mel - o - dy. Angels ev - er
rit.
blow for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me. Go to sleep, go to sleep, my
hov - er near, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me. Go to sleep, etc.
ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by; Go to sleep, my ba - by,
ba - by, oh, by, Go to sleep, Le - na, sleep.
pp
dim.

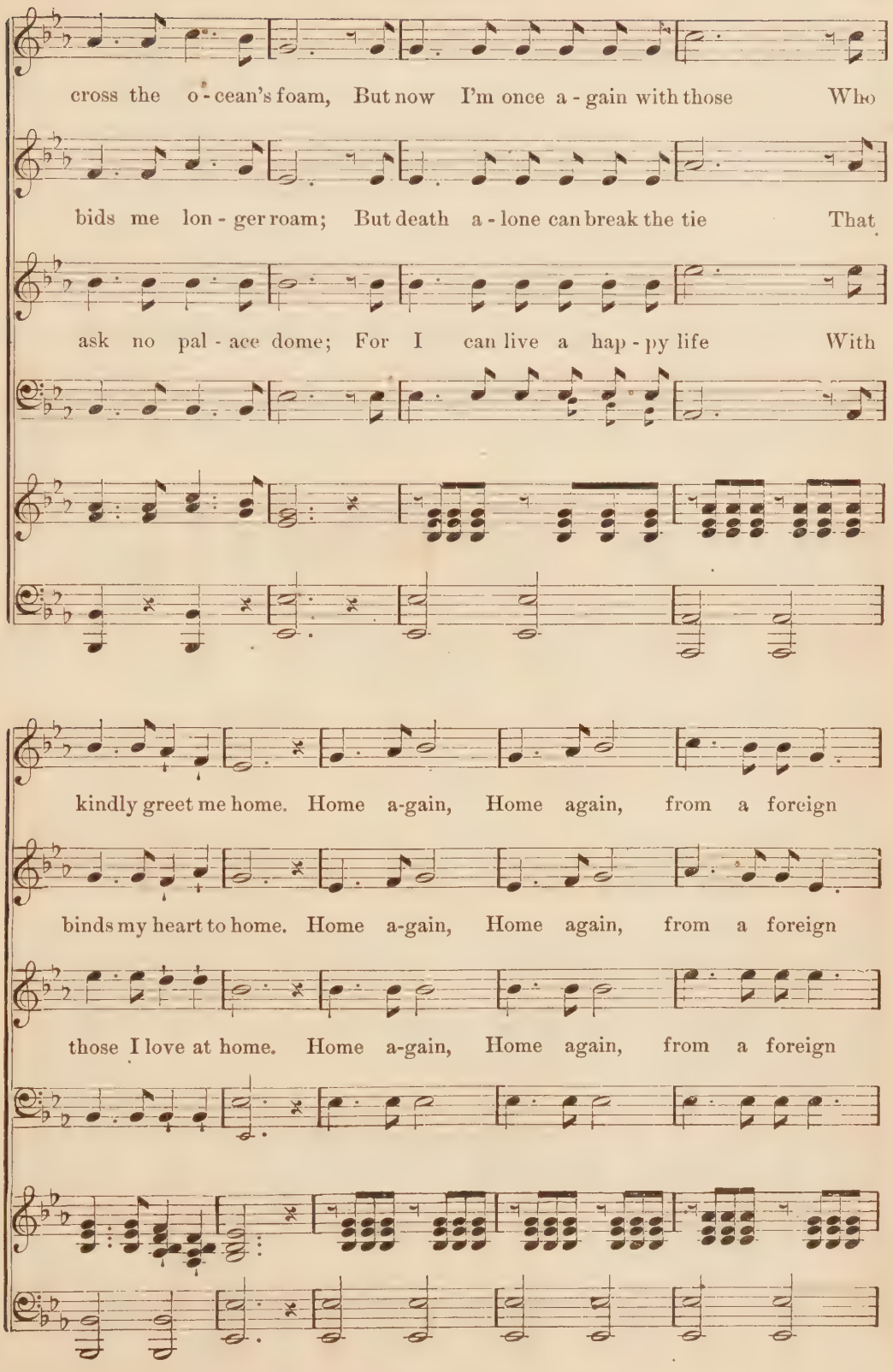
HOME AGAIN.

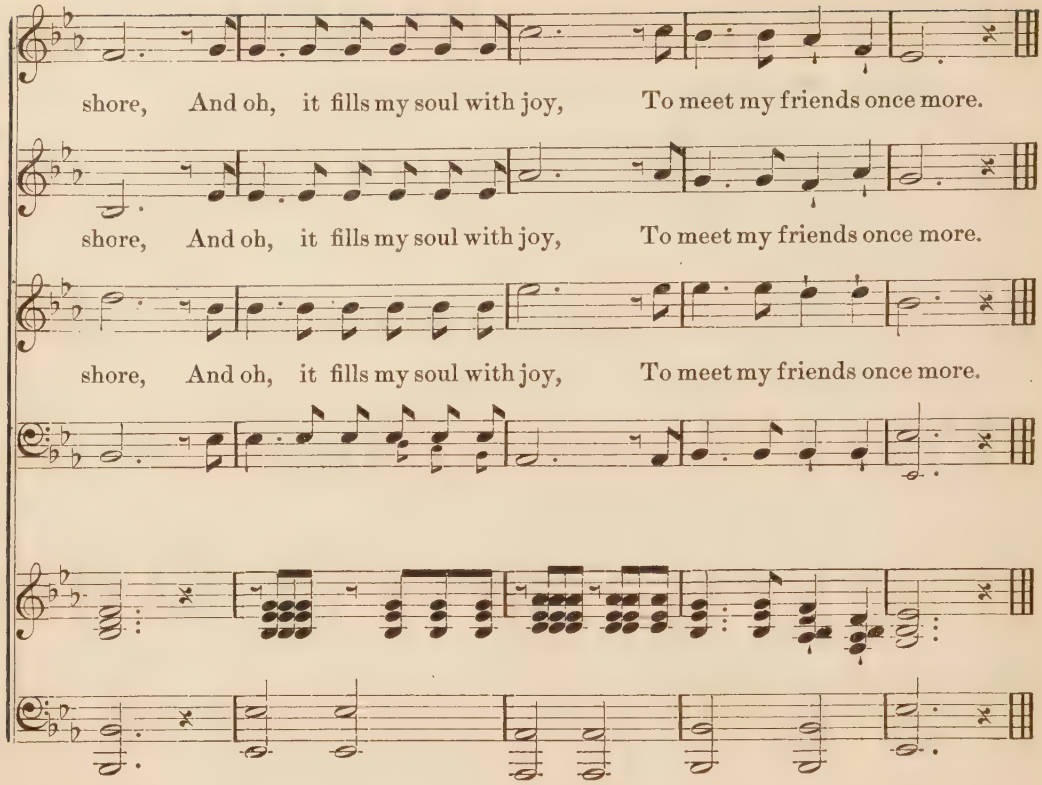
QUARTET.

PIKE.

NOTE. — This can be used as a Duet by singing the two upper lines.

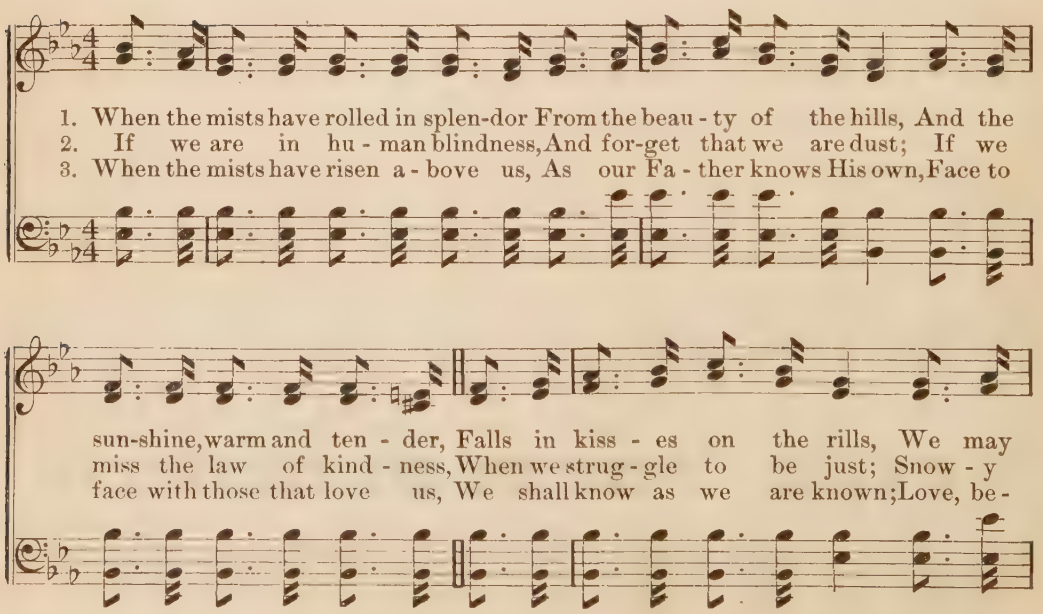


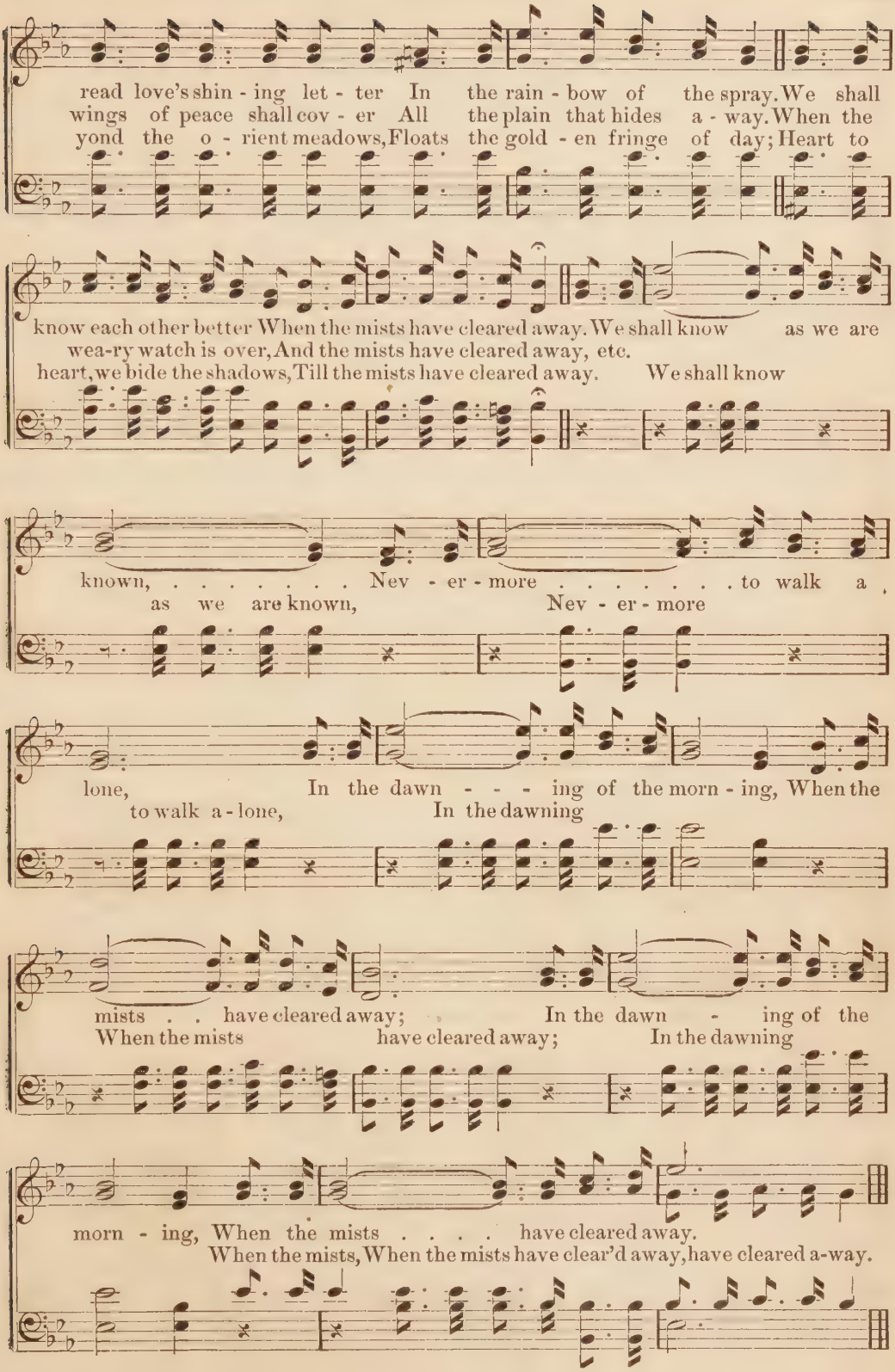

cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those Who
bids me lon - ger roam; But death a - lone can break the tie That
ask no pal - ace dome; For I can live a hap - py life With
kindly greet me home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign
binds my heart to home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign
those I love at home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign



WE SHALL KNOW.

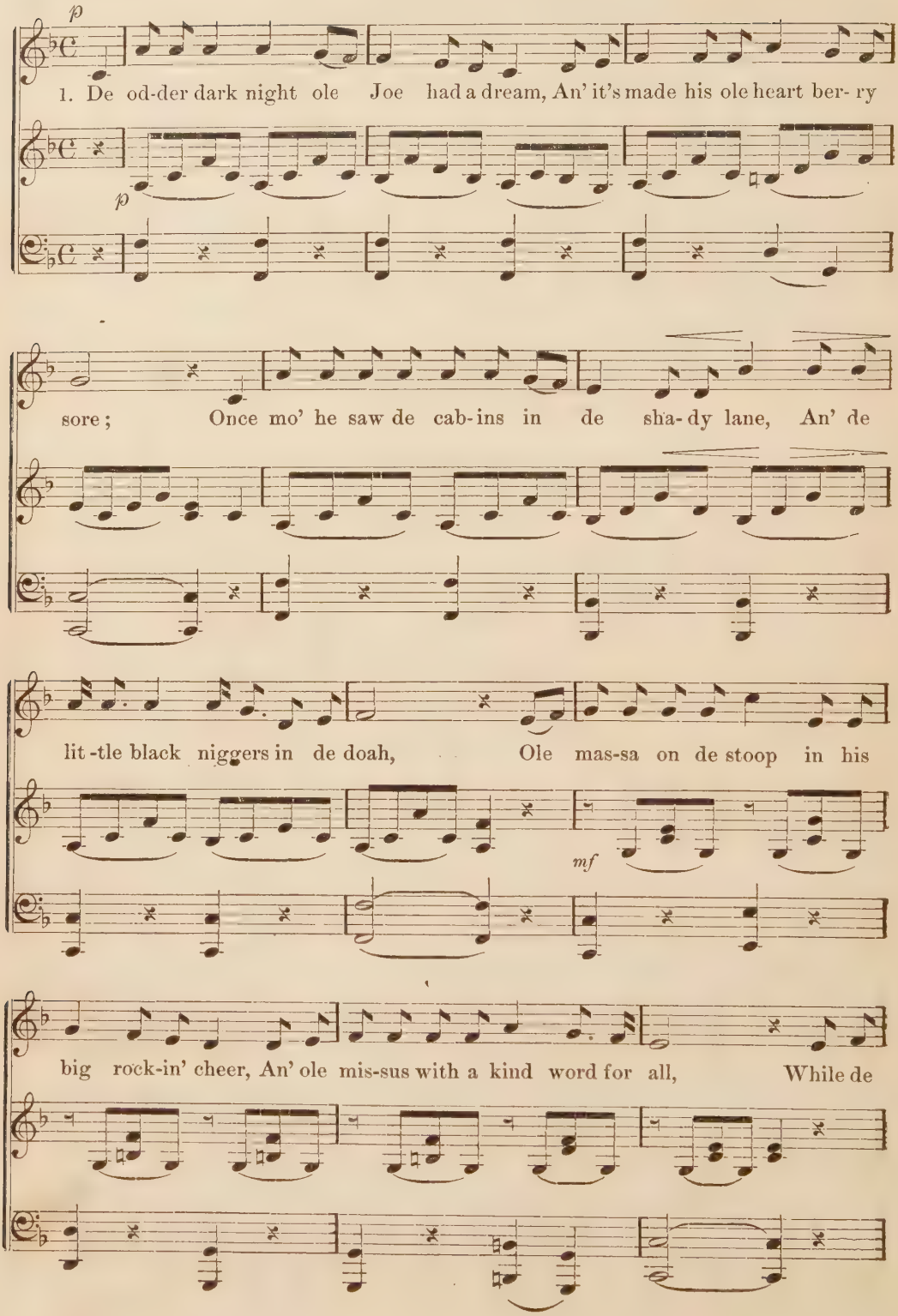
HERBERT. ANDERSON. By per.

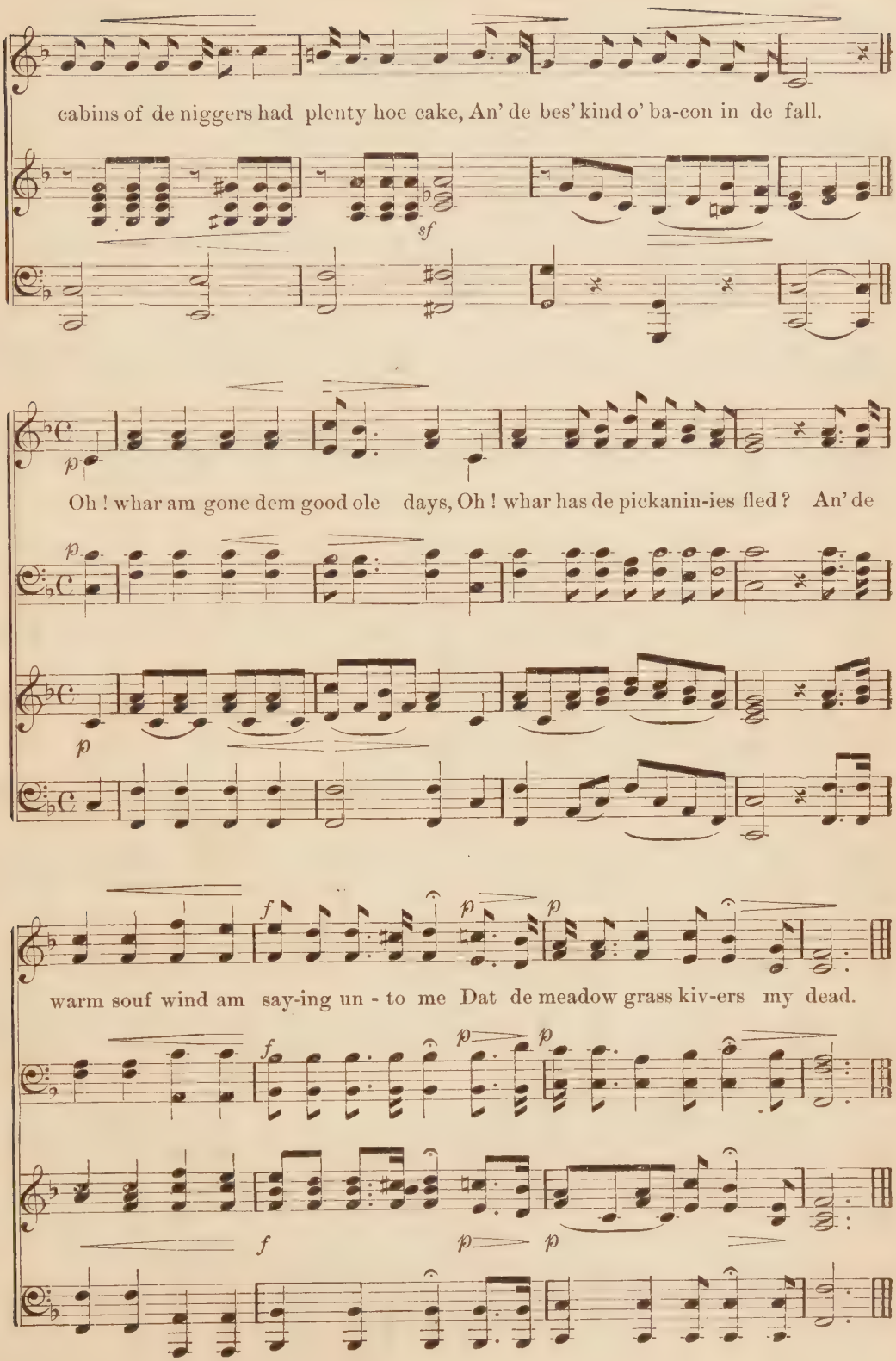


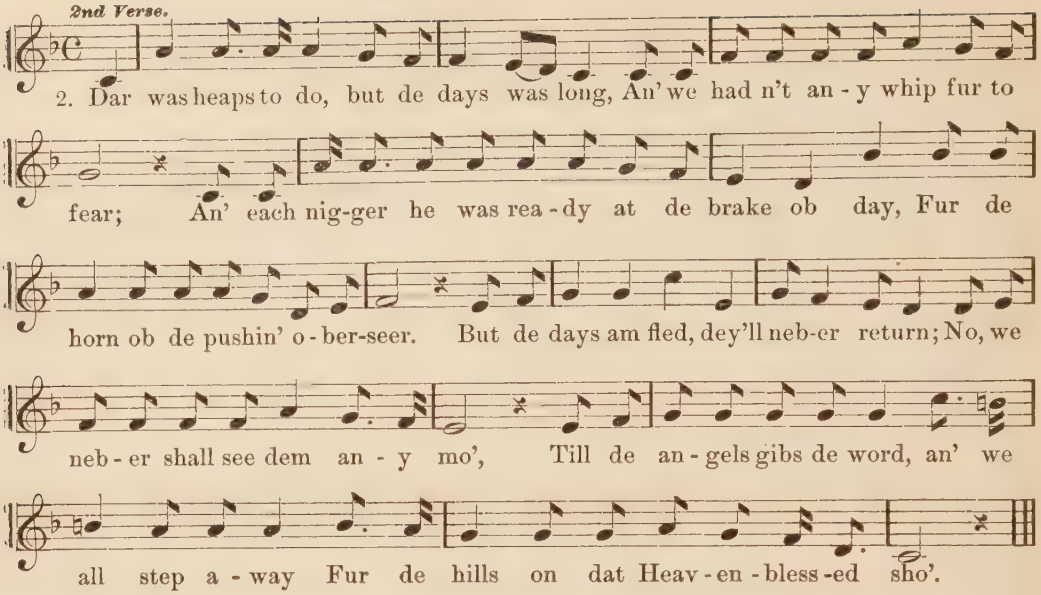

read love's shin - ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray. We shall
wings of peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides a - way. When the
yond the o - rient meadows, Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to
know each other better When the mists have cleared away. We shall know as we are
wea-ry watch is over, And the mists have cleared away, etc.
heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away. We shall know
known, ... Nev - er - more . . . . . to walk a
as we are known, Nev - er - more
lone, In the dawn - - - ing of the morn - ing, When the
to walk a - lone, In the dawning
mists . . have cleared away; In the dawn - ing of the
When the mists have cleared away; In the dawning
morn - ing, When the mists . . . . have cleared away.
When the mists, When the mists have clear'd away, have cleared a-way.

OLD JOE'S DREAM.

GARDNER. ALIXA. By per.

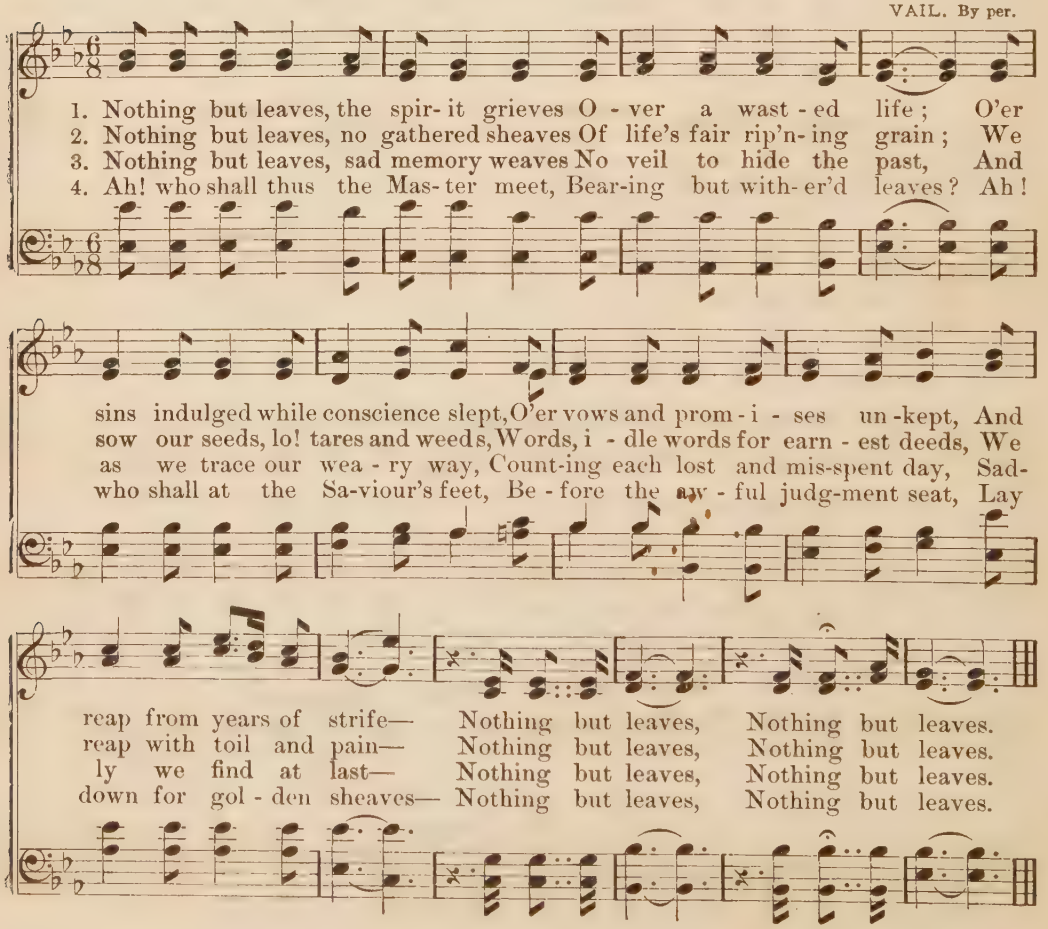



cabins of de niggers had plenty hoe cake, An' de bes' kind o' ba-con in de fall.
sf
p
Oh! whar am gone dem good ole days, Oh! whar has de pickanin-ies fled? An' de
p
p
f
p
p
warm souf wind am say-ing un - to me Dat de meadow grass kiv-ers my dead.
f
p
p
f
p
p



NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

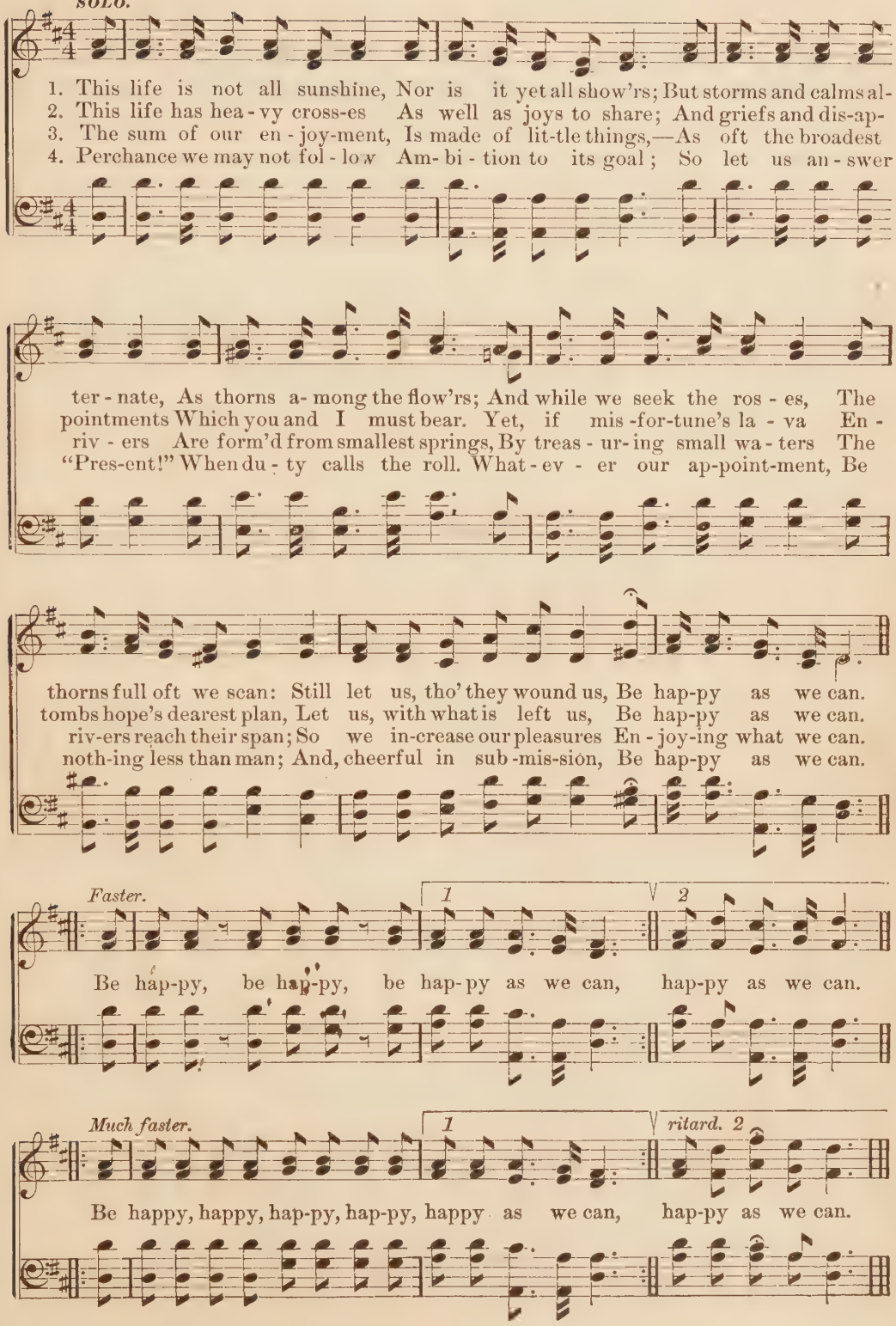
VAIL. By per.



BE HAPPY.

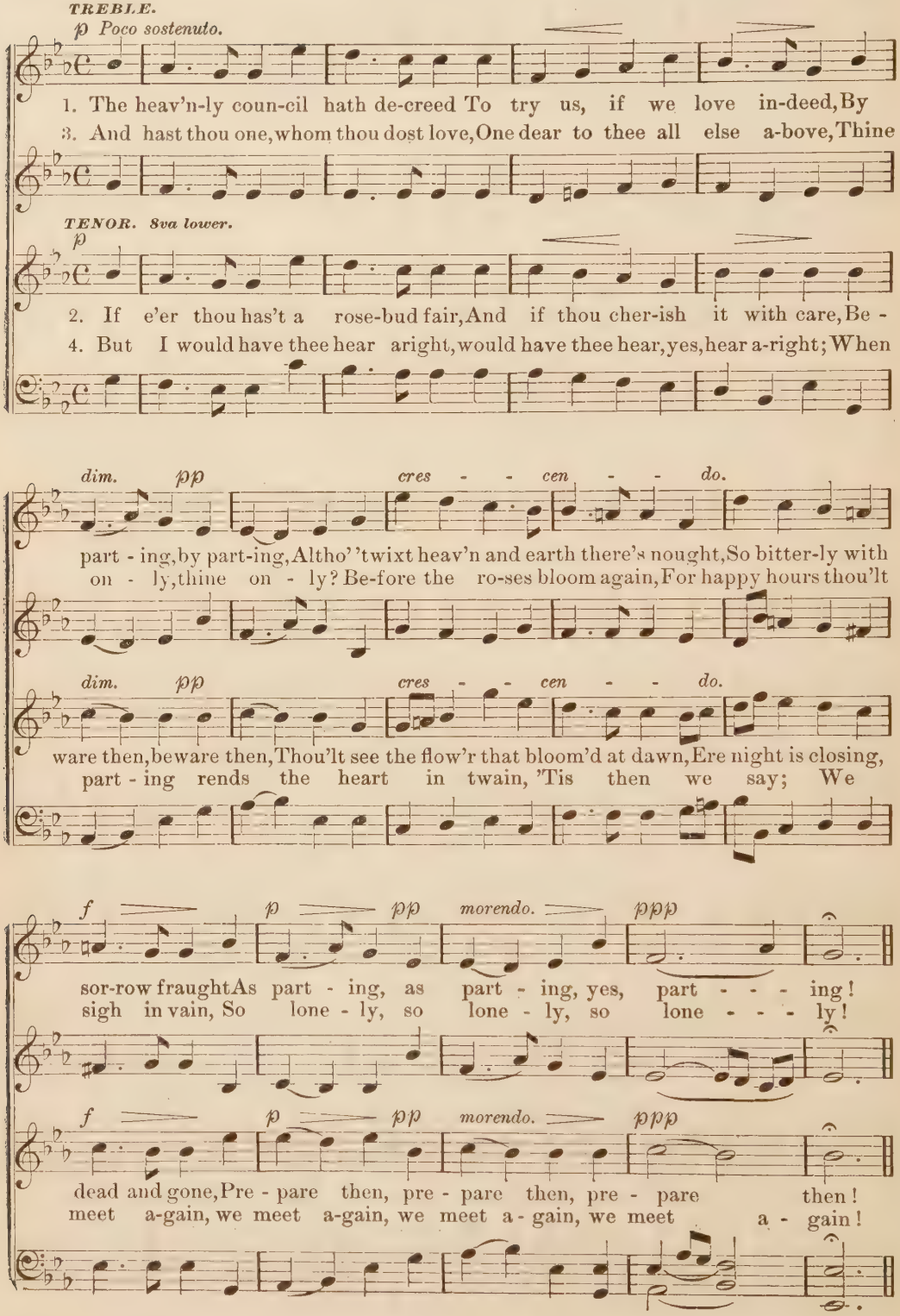
Moderato.
SOLO.

KIRKPATRICK. By per.



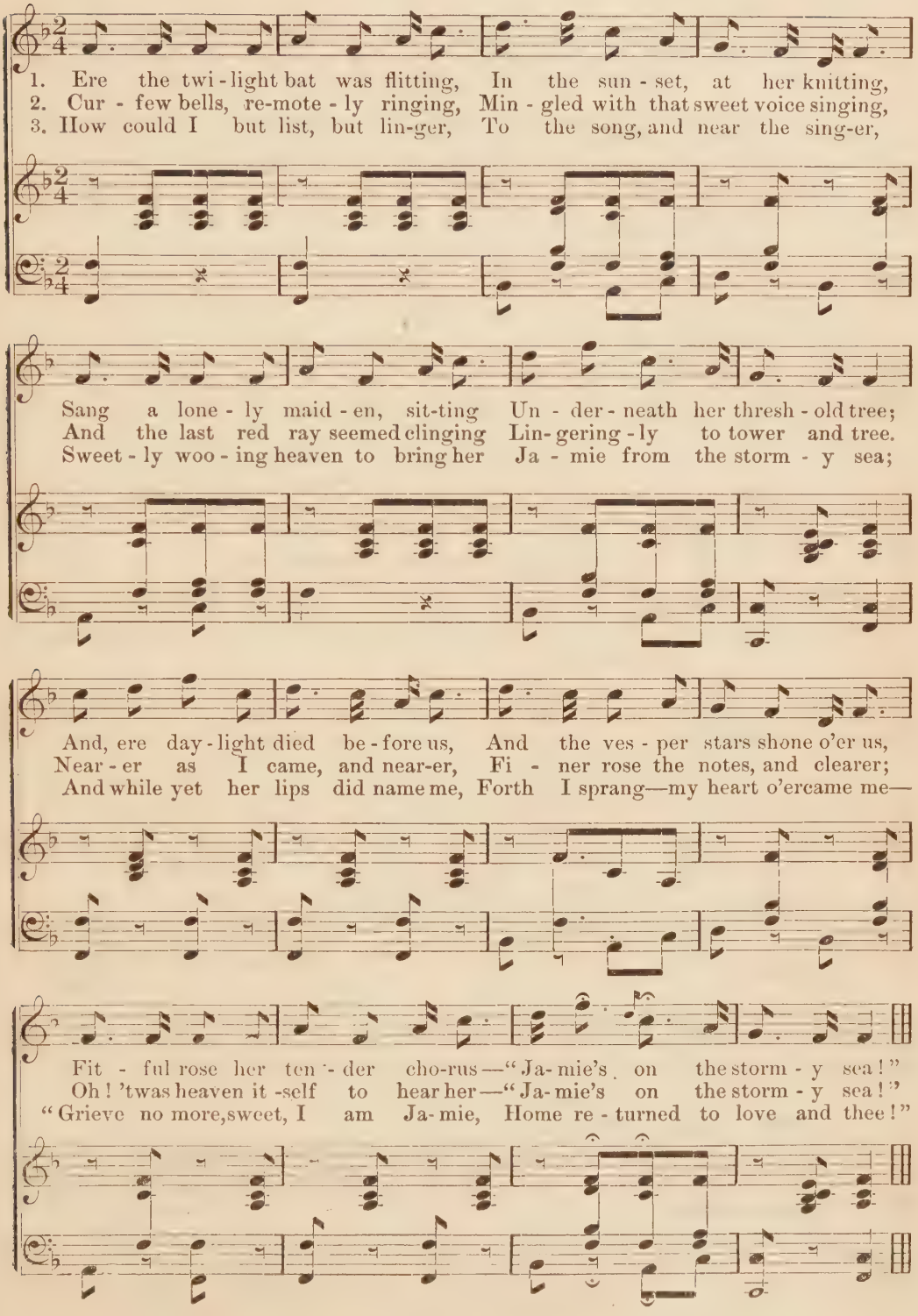
PARTING AND MEETING.

MACFARREN. MENDELSSOHN. ARRANGED BY LESLIE.



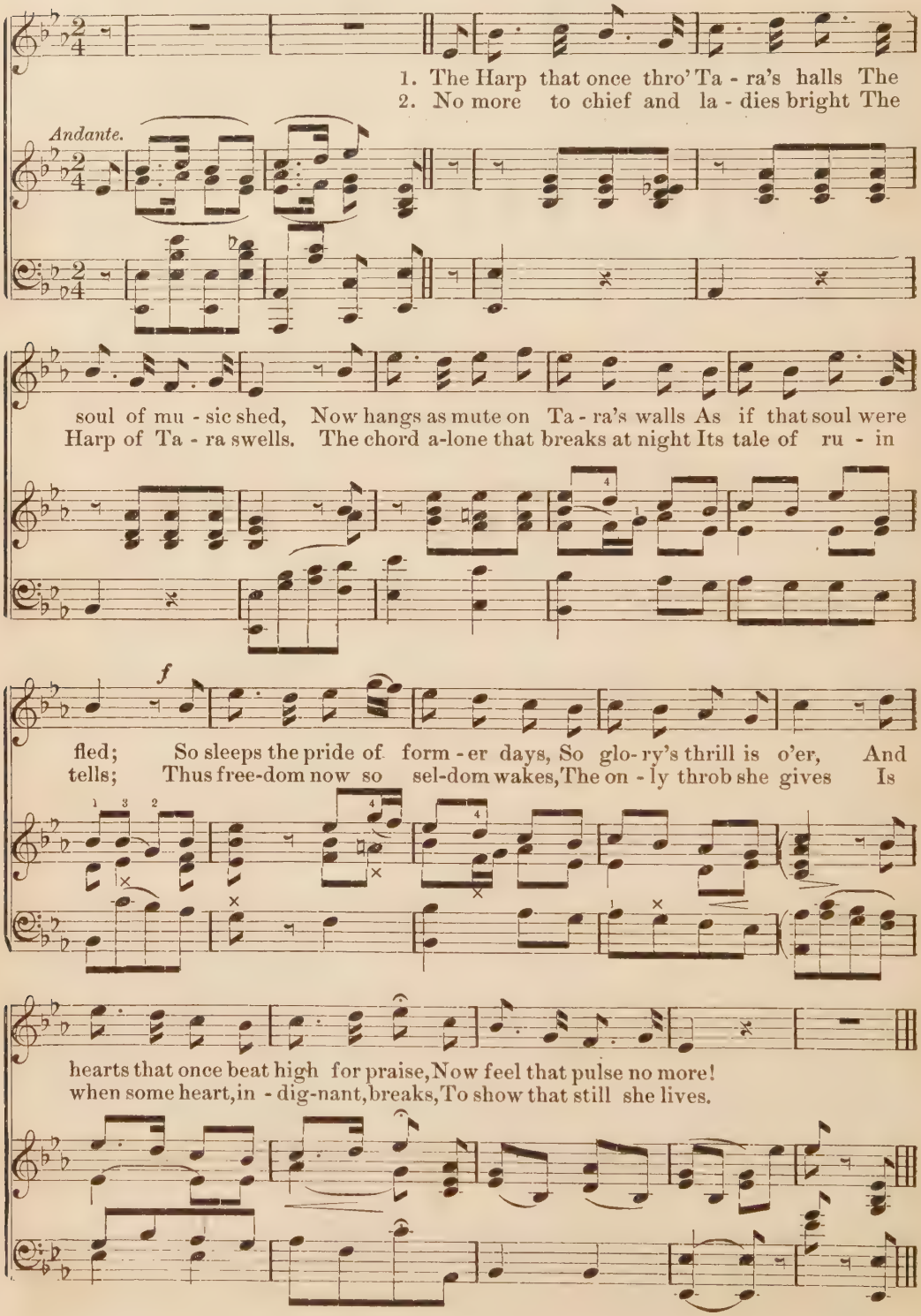
JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.

COVERT.



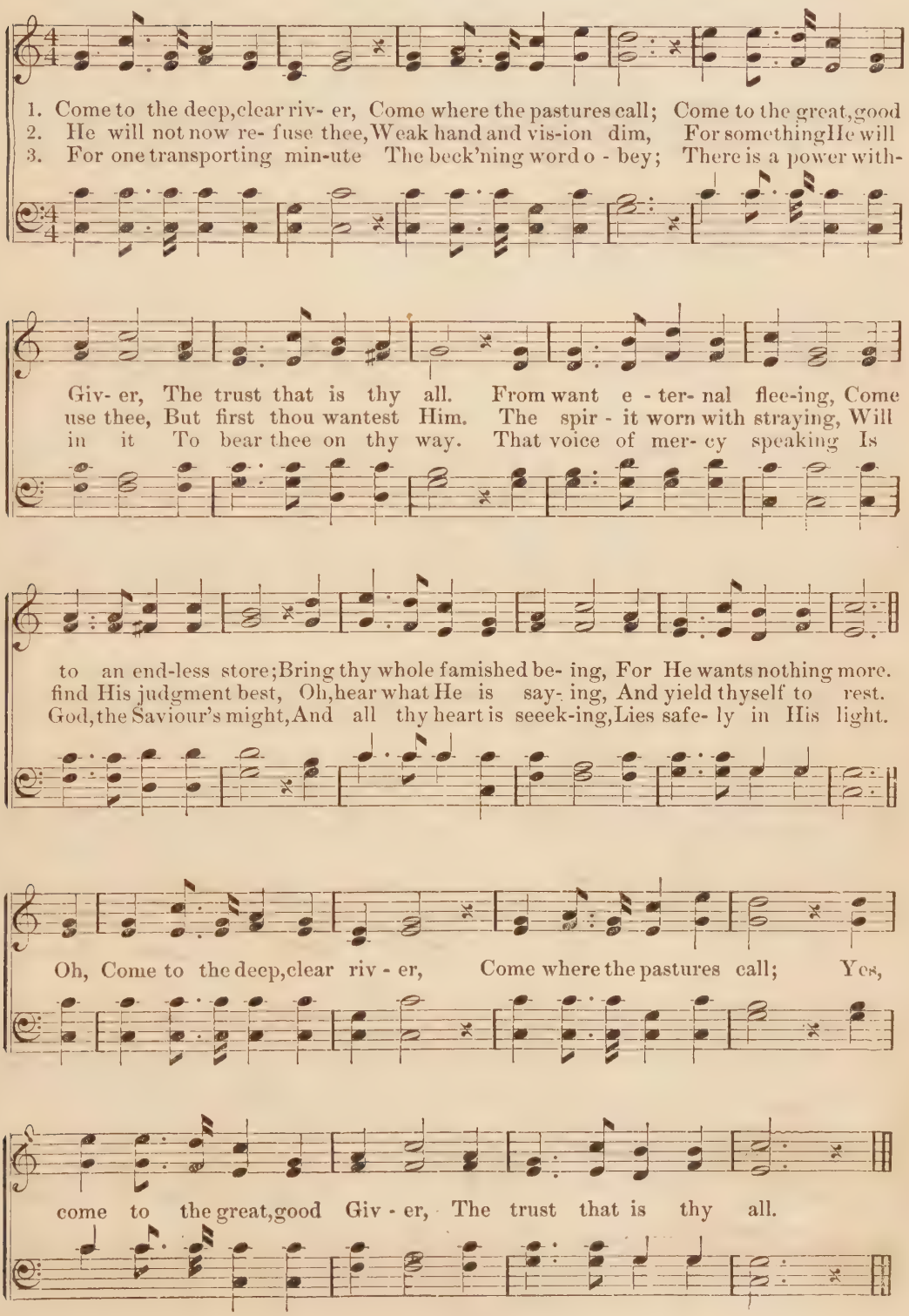
THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

MOORE.



COME TO THE DEEP, CLEAR RIVER.

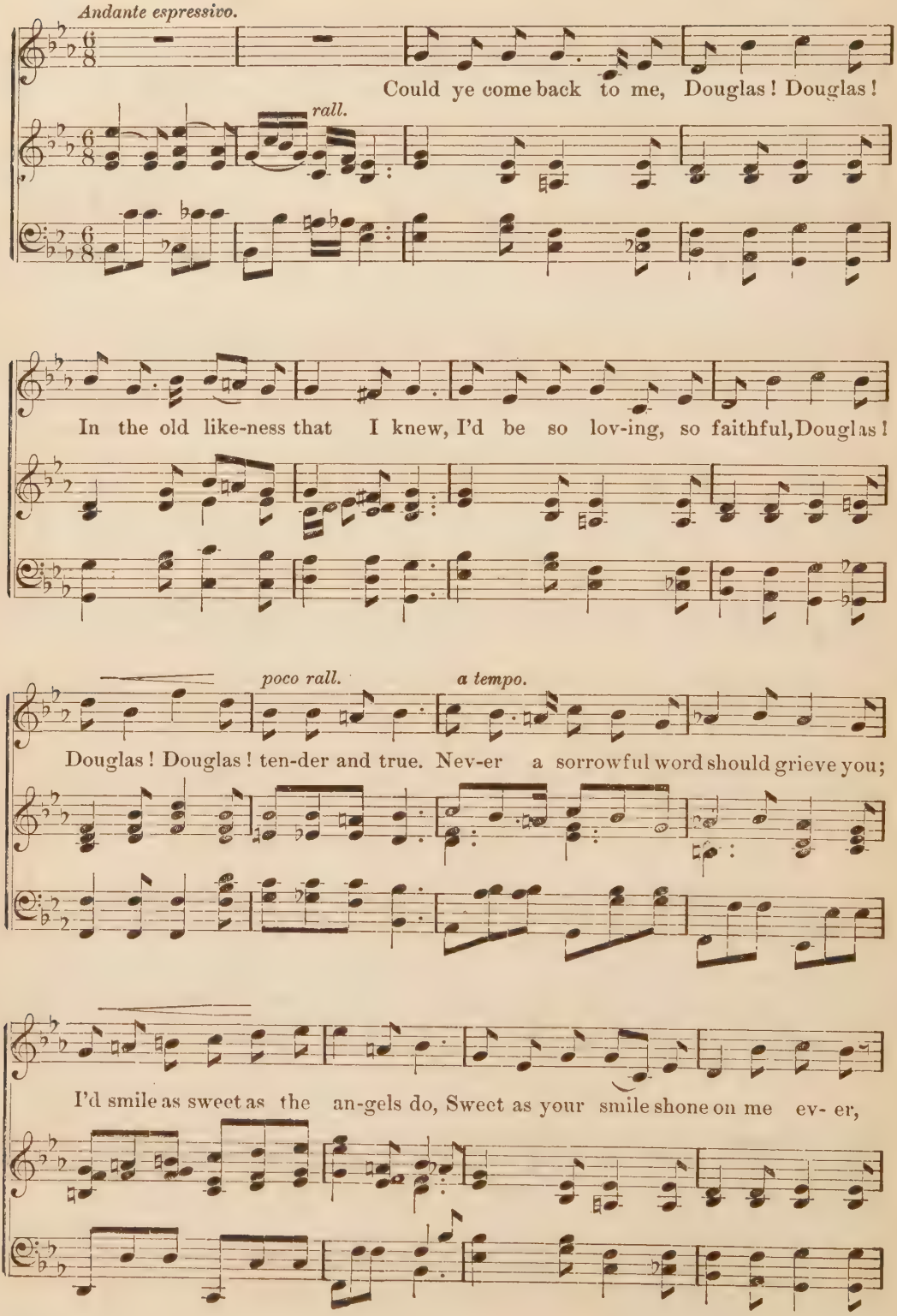
WARING. KIEFFER.

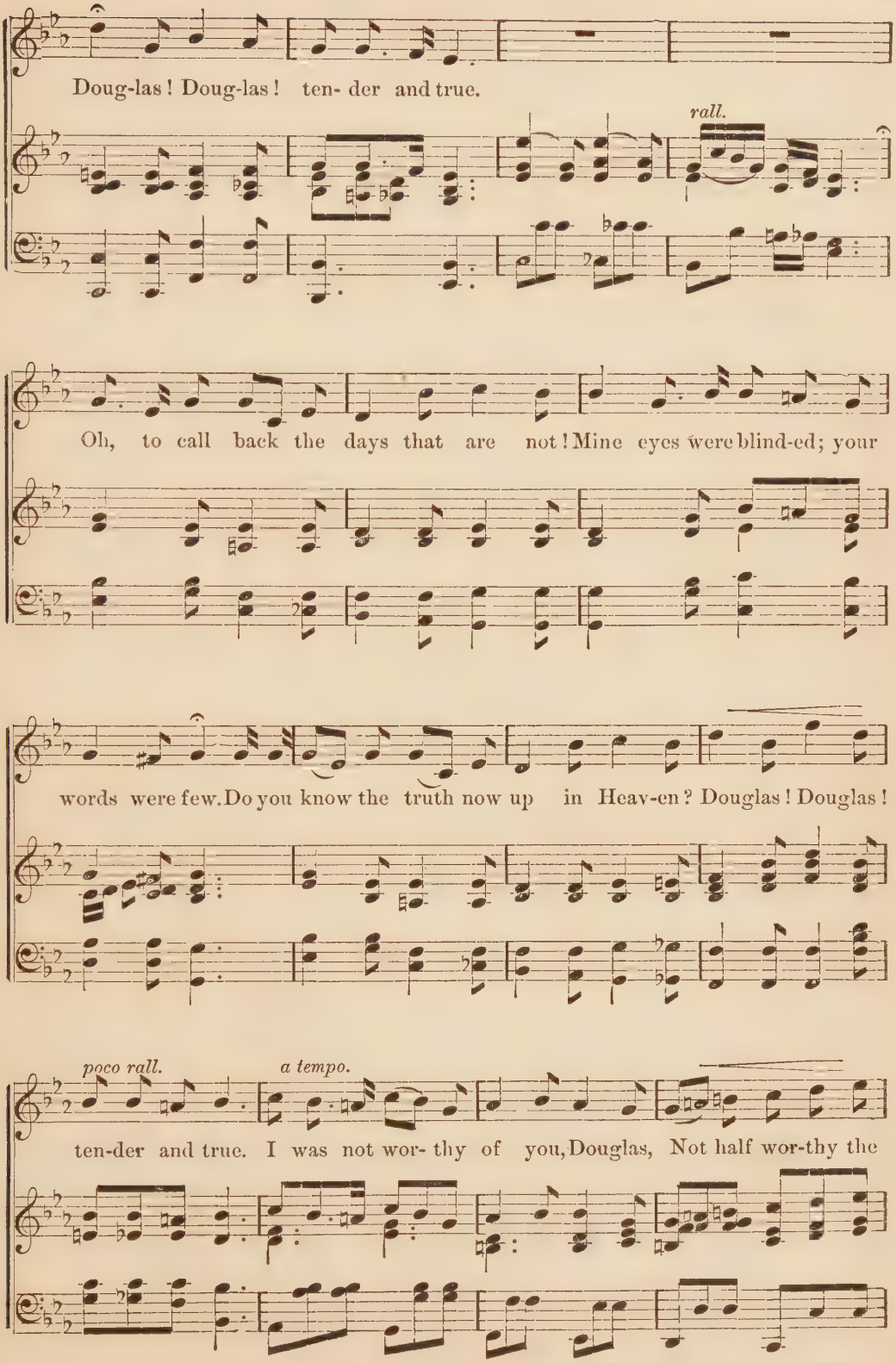


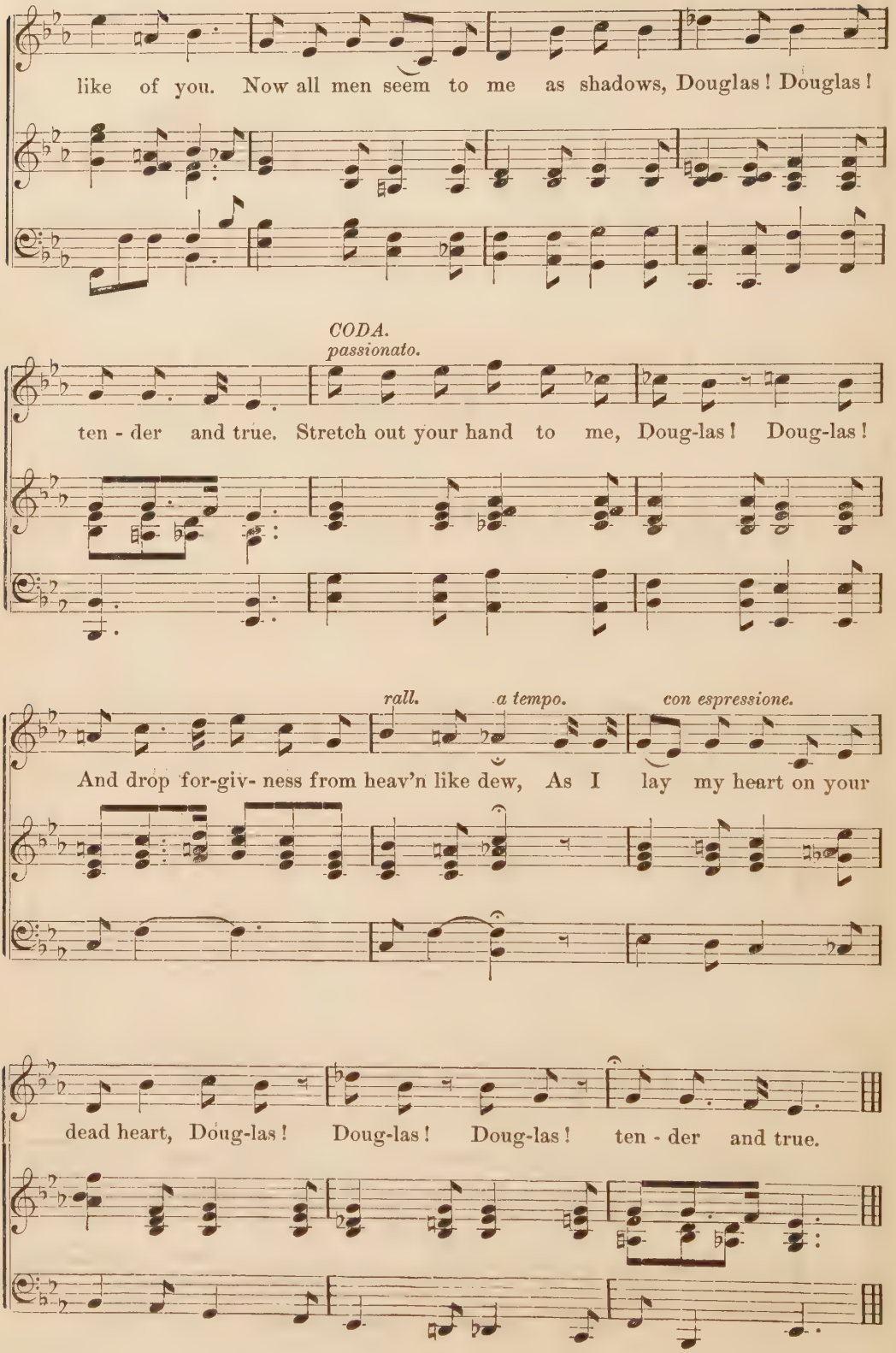
TENDER AND TRUE.

MULOCH. MARSTON.

Andante espressivo.

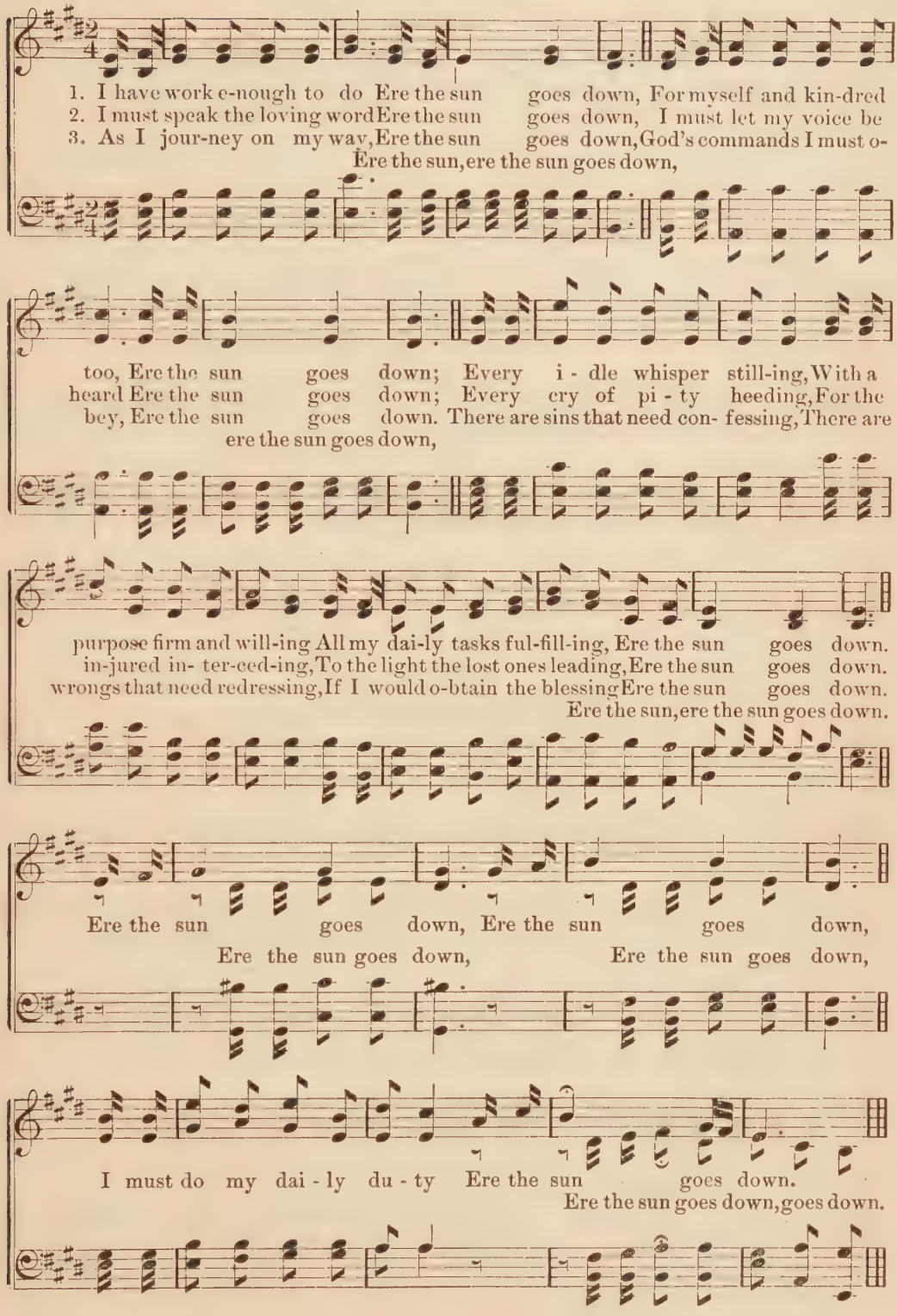



Doug-las! Doug-las! ten- der and true.
rall.
Oh, to call back the days that are not! Mine eyes were blind-ed; your
words were few. Do you know the truth now up in Heav-en? Douglas! Douglas!
poco rall.
a tempo.
ten-der and true. I was not wor- thy of you, Douglas, Not half wor-thy the


like of you. Now all men seem to me as shadows, Douglas! Douglas!
CODA.
passionato.
ten - der and true. Stretch out your hand to me, Doug-las! Doug-las!
rall.
a tempo.
con espressione.
And drop for-giv- ness from heav'n like dew, As I lay my heart on your
dead heart, Doug-las! Doug-las! Doug-las! ten - der and true.

ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

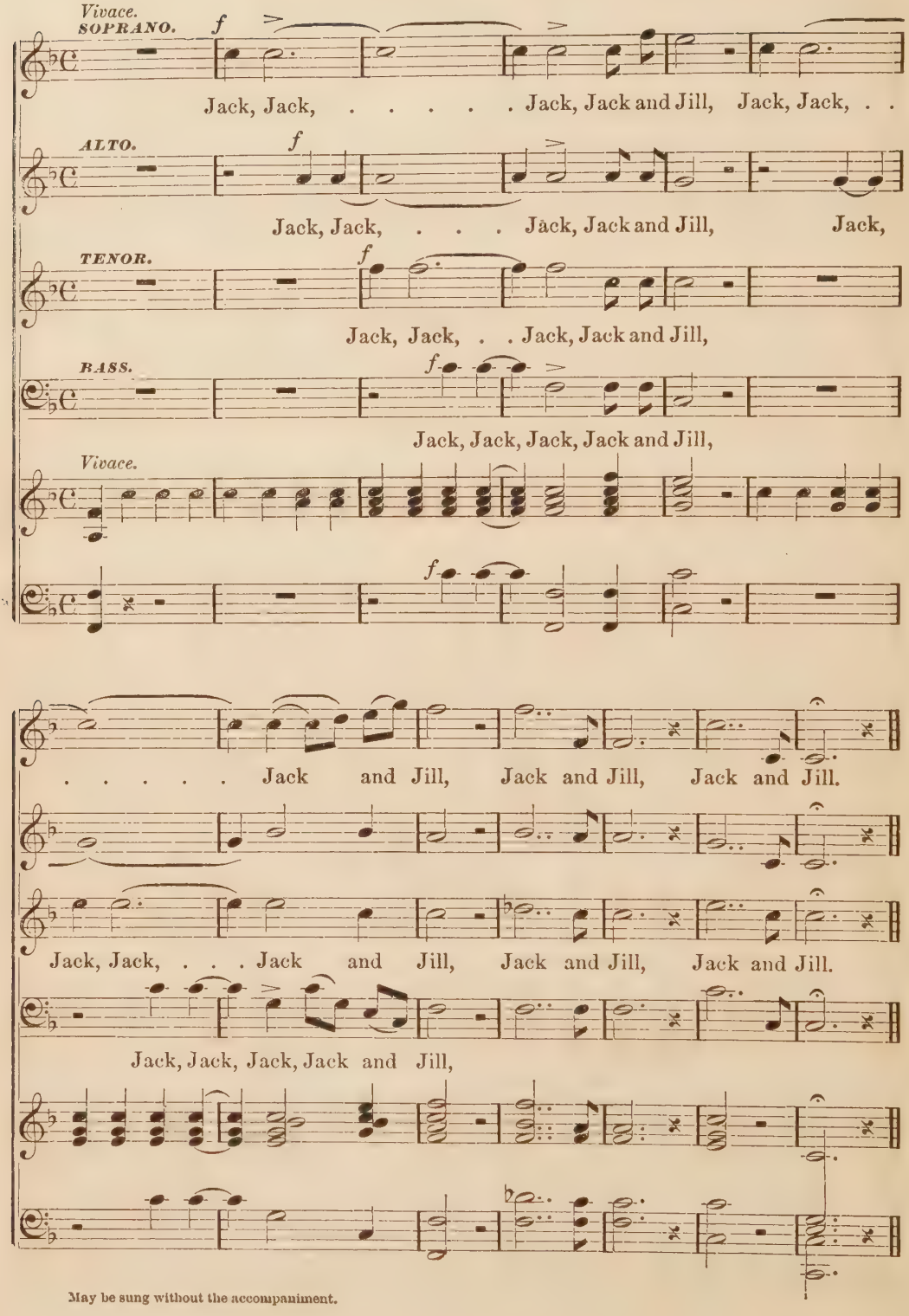
POLLARD. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



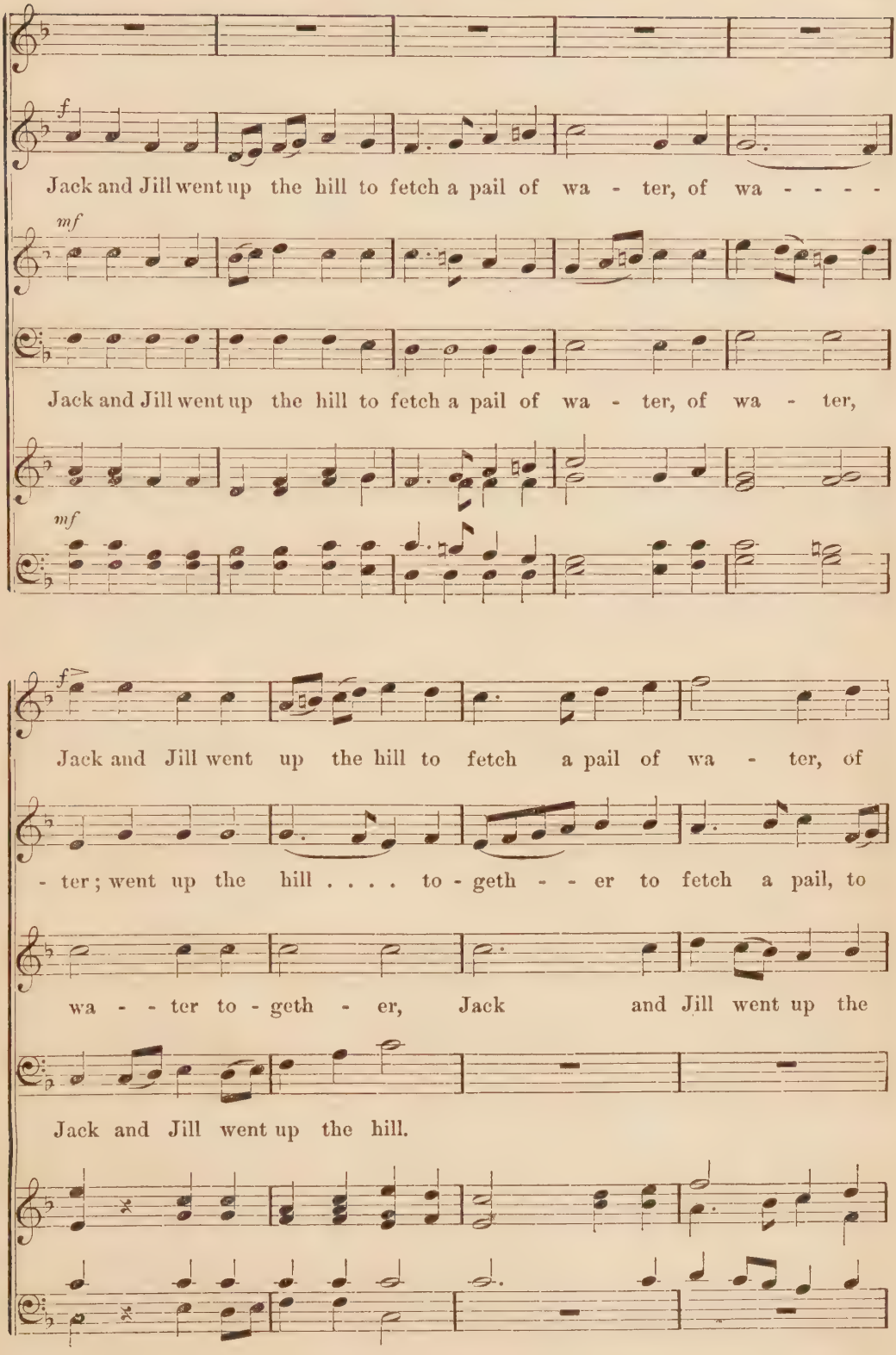
JACK AND JILL.

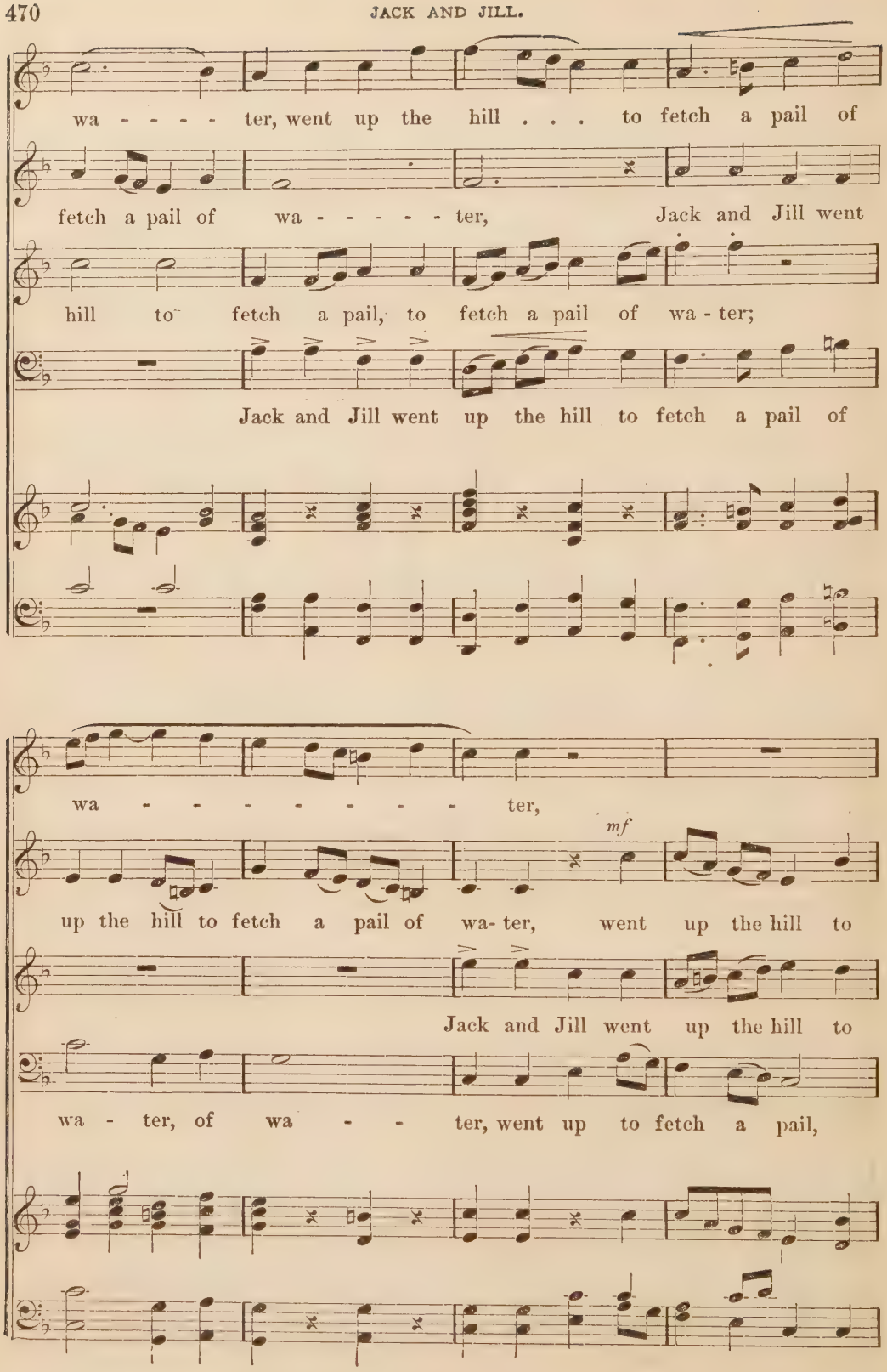
(NURSERY RHYME.)

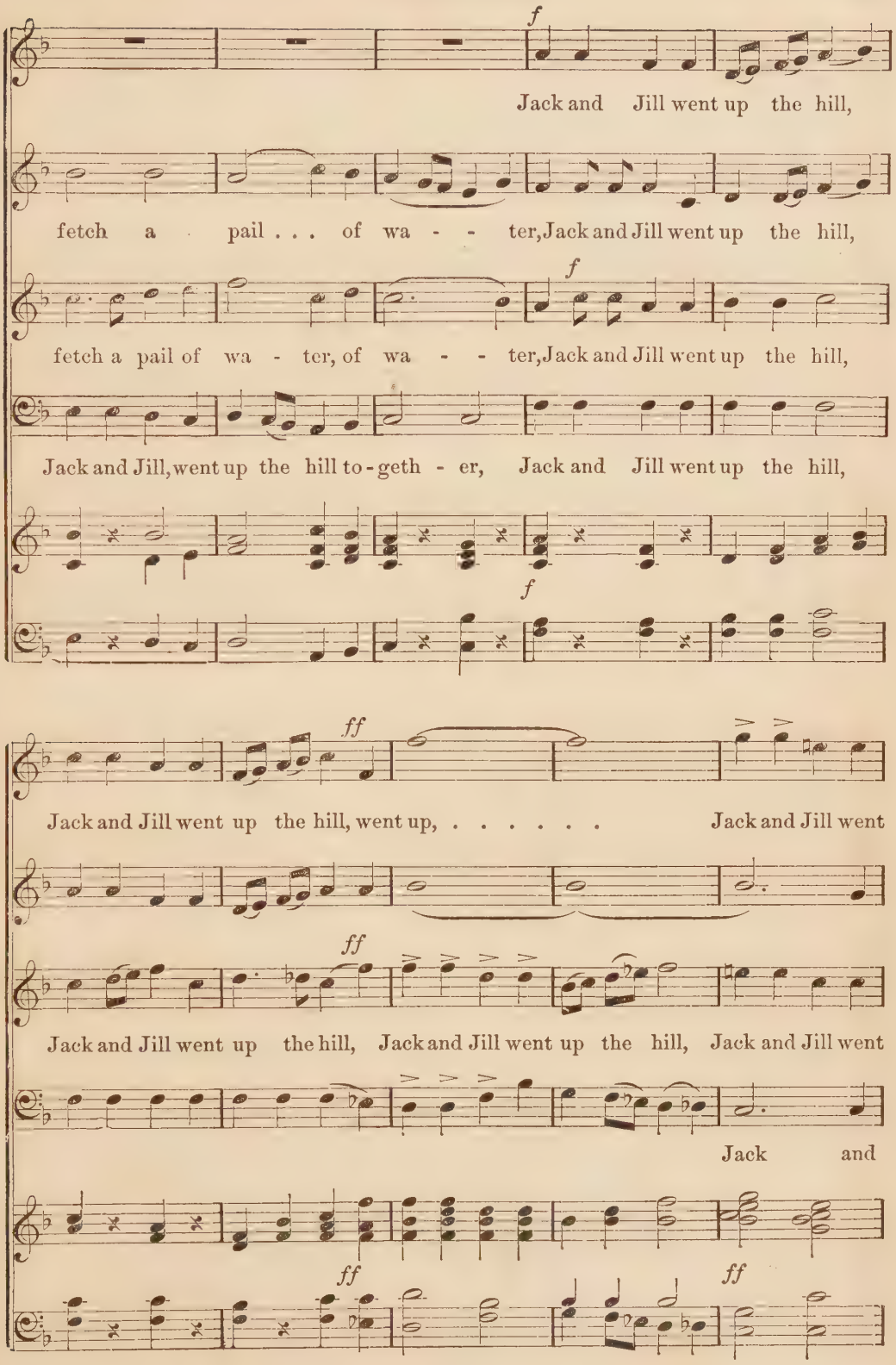
CALDICOTT.

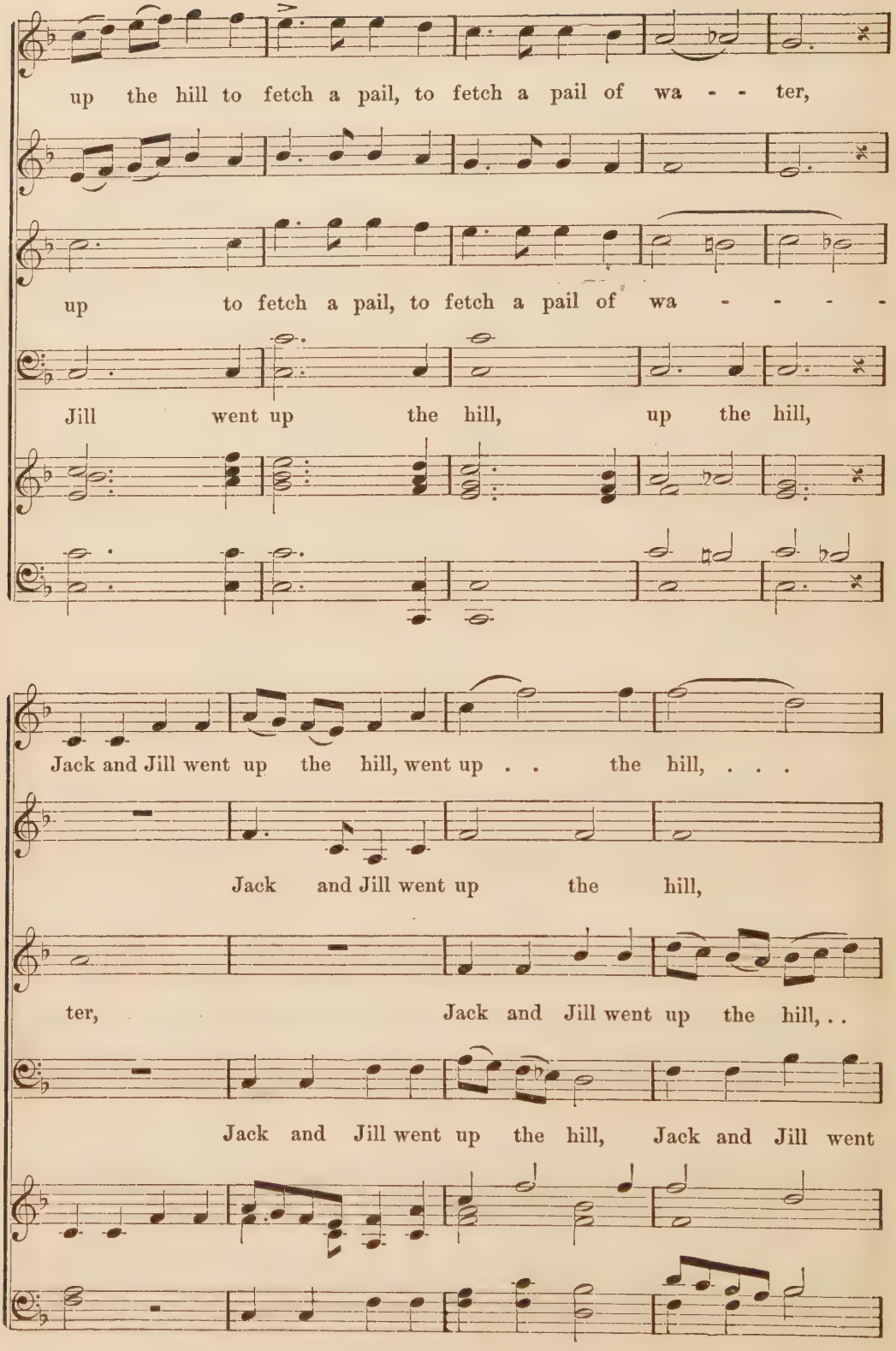


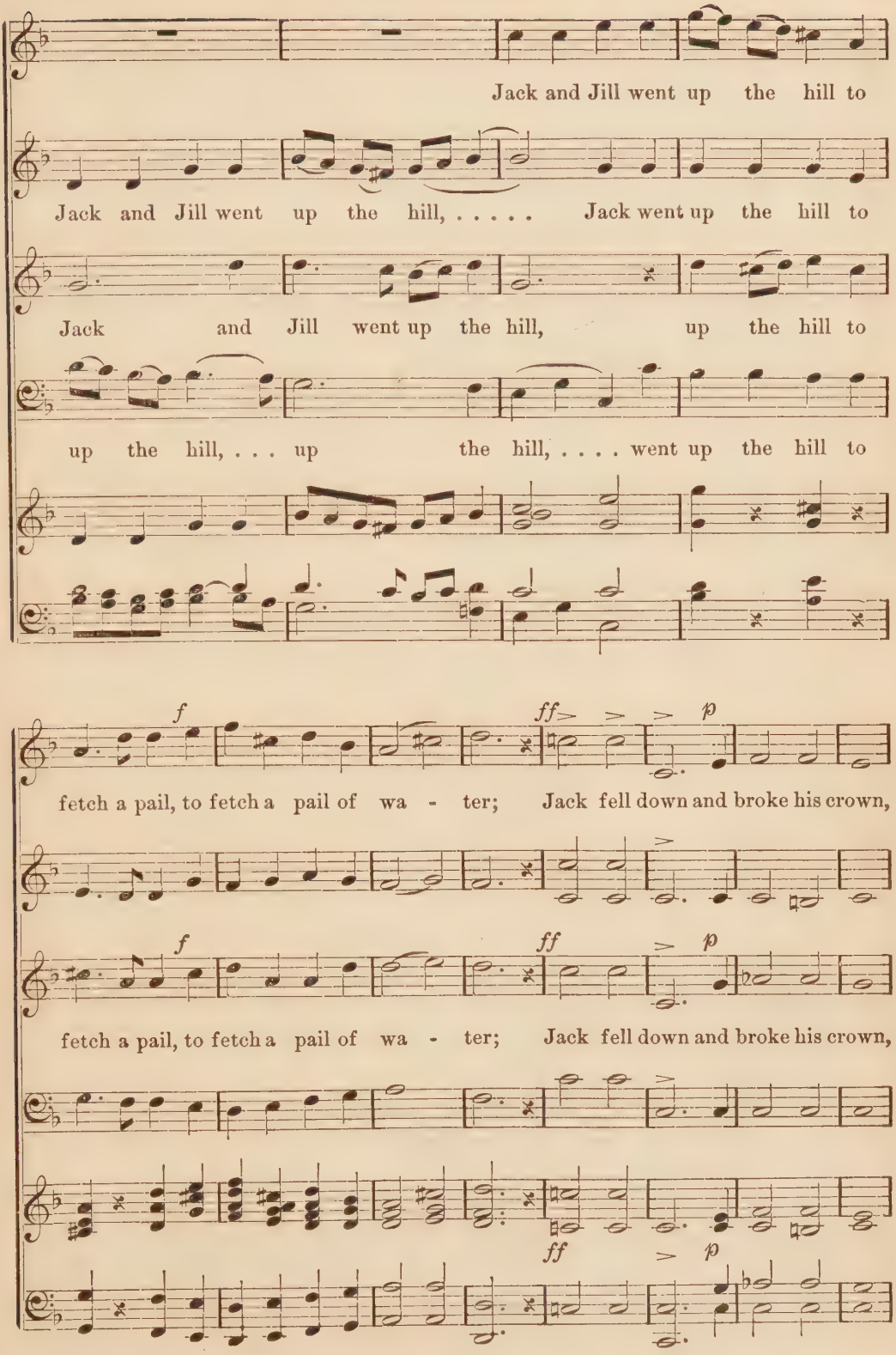
May be sung without the accompaniment.

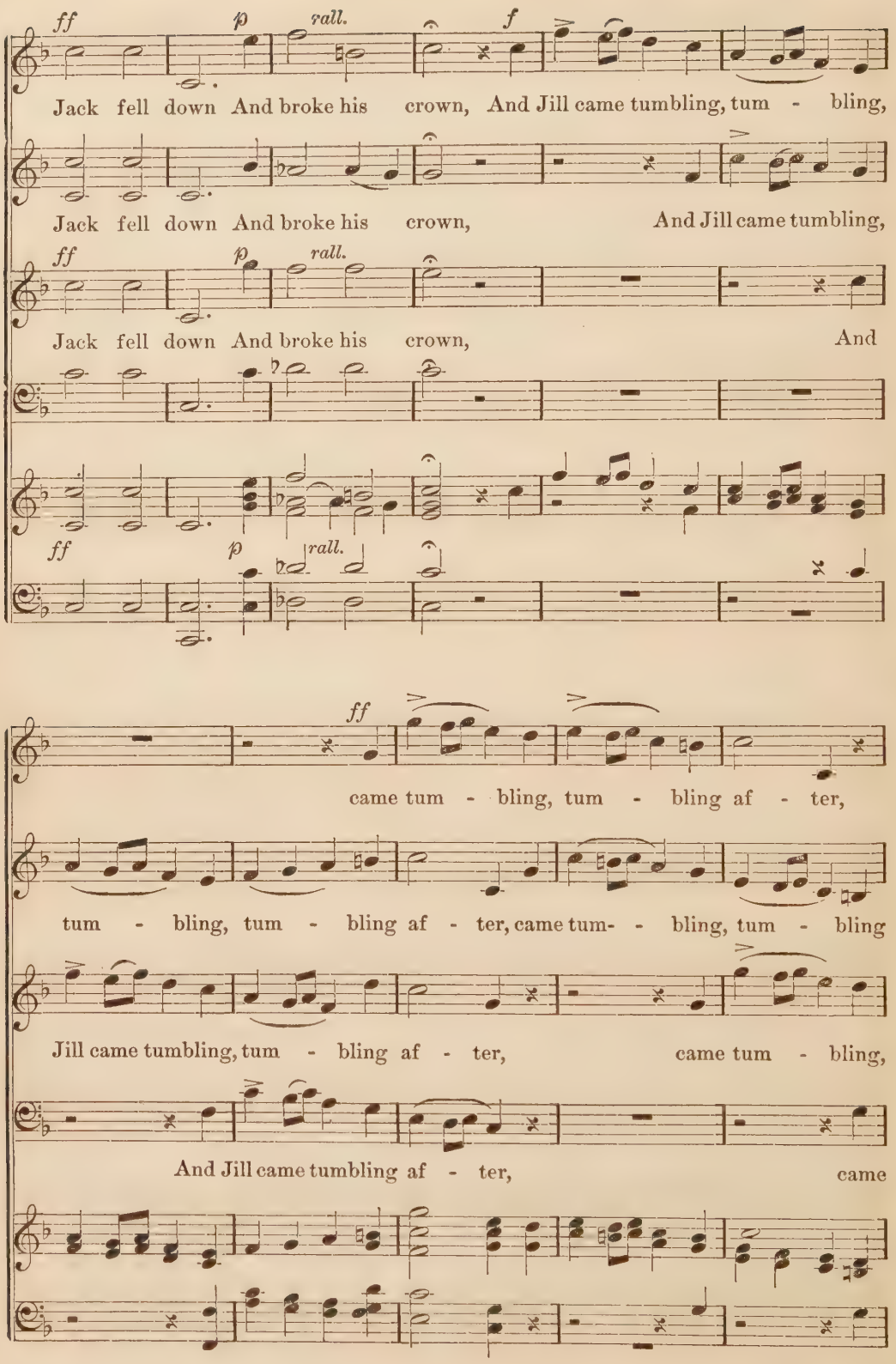

f
Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of wa - ter, of wa - - - -
mf
Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of wa - ter, of wa - ter,
mf
f
Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of wa - ter, of
- ter; went up the hill . . . . to - geth - - er to fetch a pail, to
wa - - ter to - geth - er, Jack and Jill went up the
Jack and Jill went up the hill.

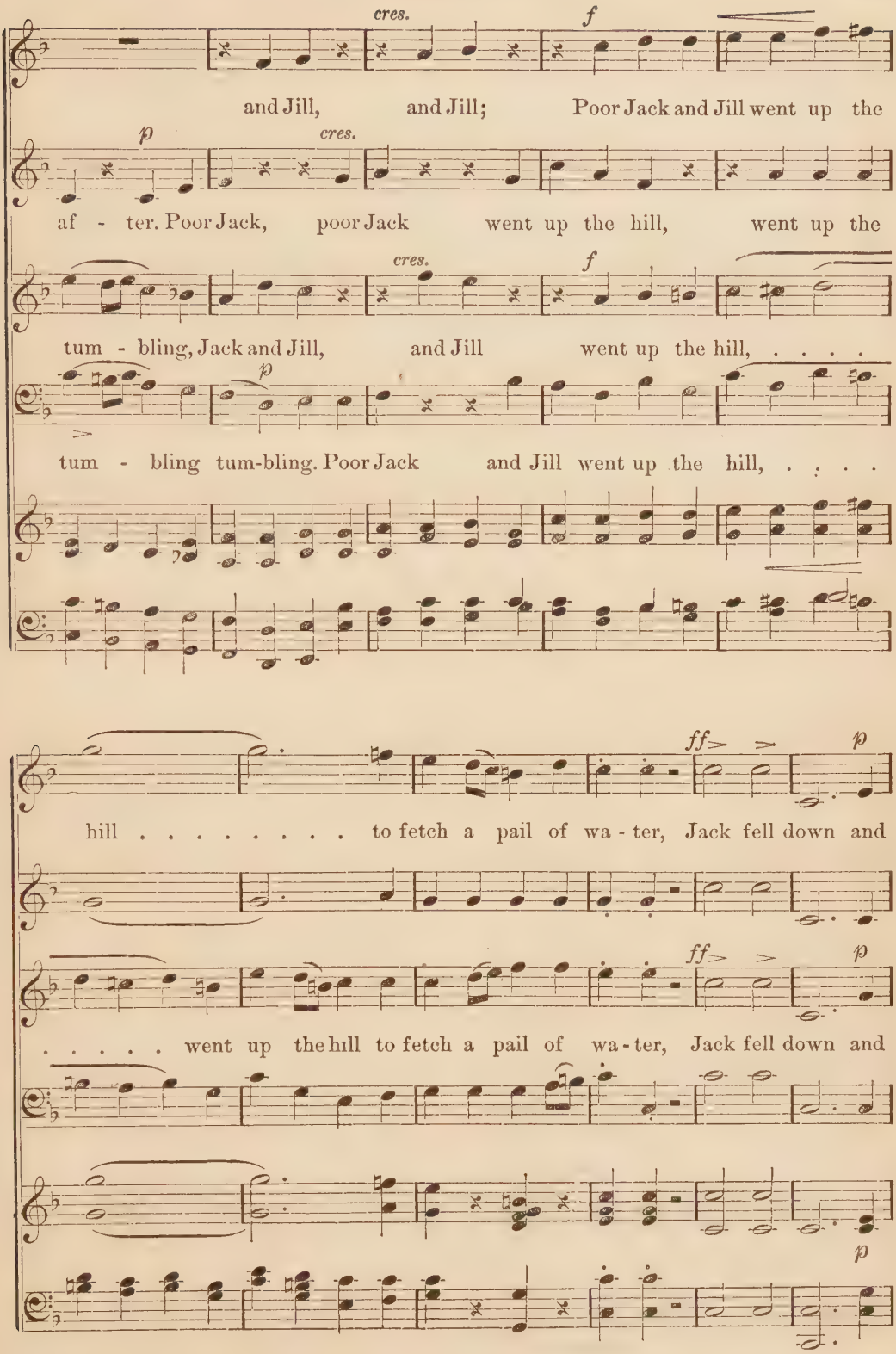

wa - - - - - ter, went up the hill . . . to fetch a pail of
fetch a pail of wa - - - - - - ter, Jack and Jill went
hill to fetch a pail, to fetch a pail of wa - ter;
Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of
wa - - - - - - - - - ter,
mf
up the hill to fetch a pail of wa- ter, went up the hill to
Jack and Jill went up the hill to
wa - ter, of wa - - ter, went up to fetch a pail,

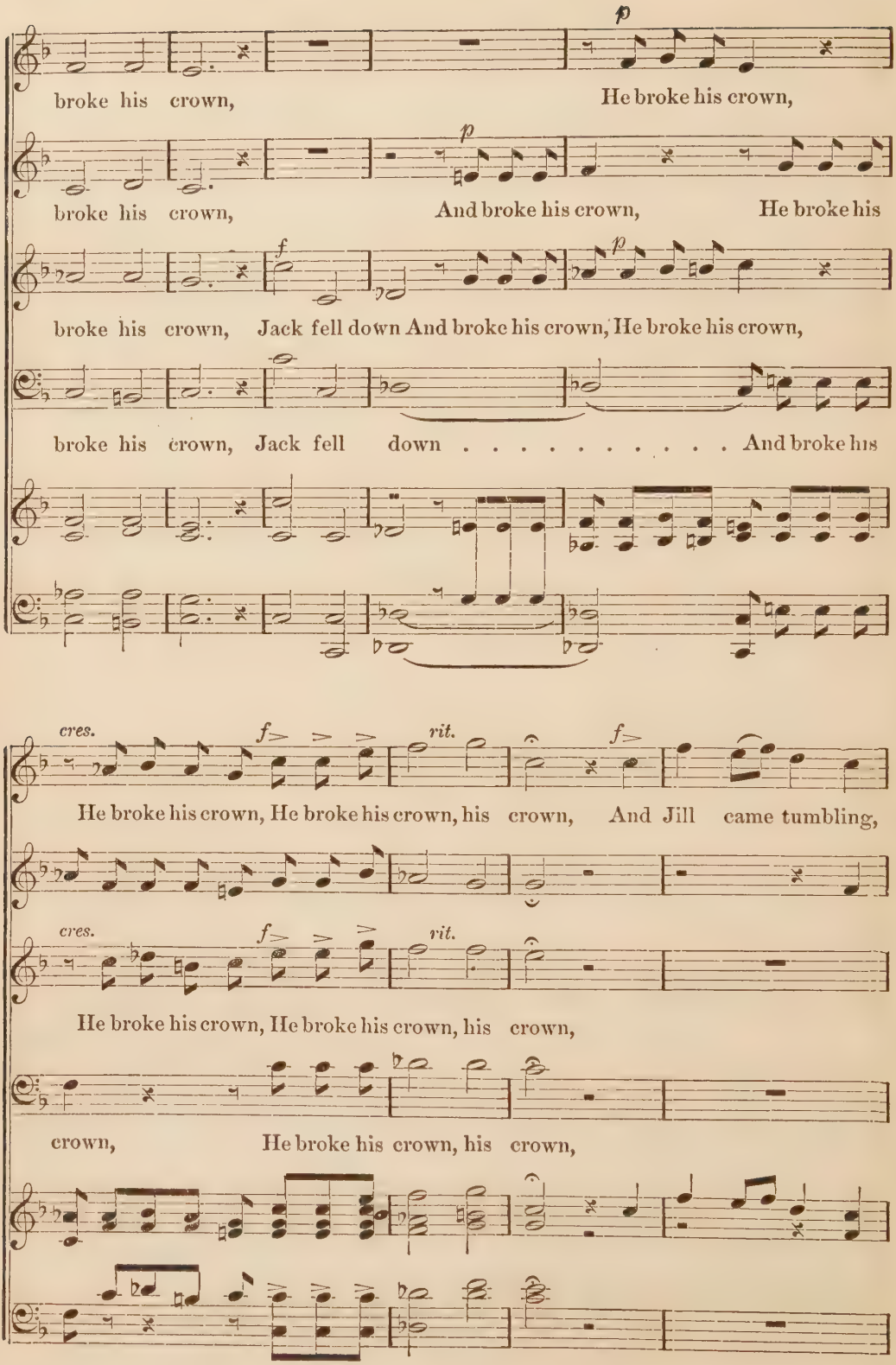

f
Jack and Jill went up the hill,
fetch a pail . . . of wa - - ter, Jack and Jill went up the hill,
f
fetch a pail of wa - ter, of wa - - ter, Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Jack and Jill, went up the hill to-geth - er, Jack and Jill went up the hill,
f
ff
Jack and Jill went up the hill, went up, ... Jack and Jill went
ff
Jack and Jill went up the hill, Jack and Jill went up the hill, Jack and Jill went
Jack and
ff
ff

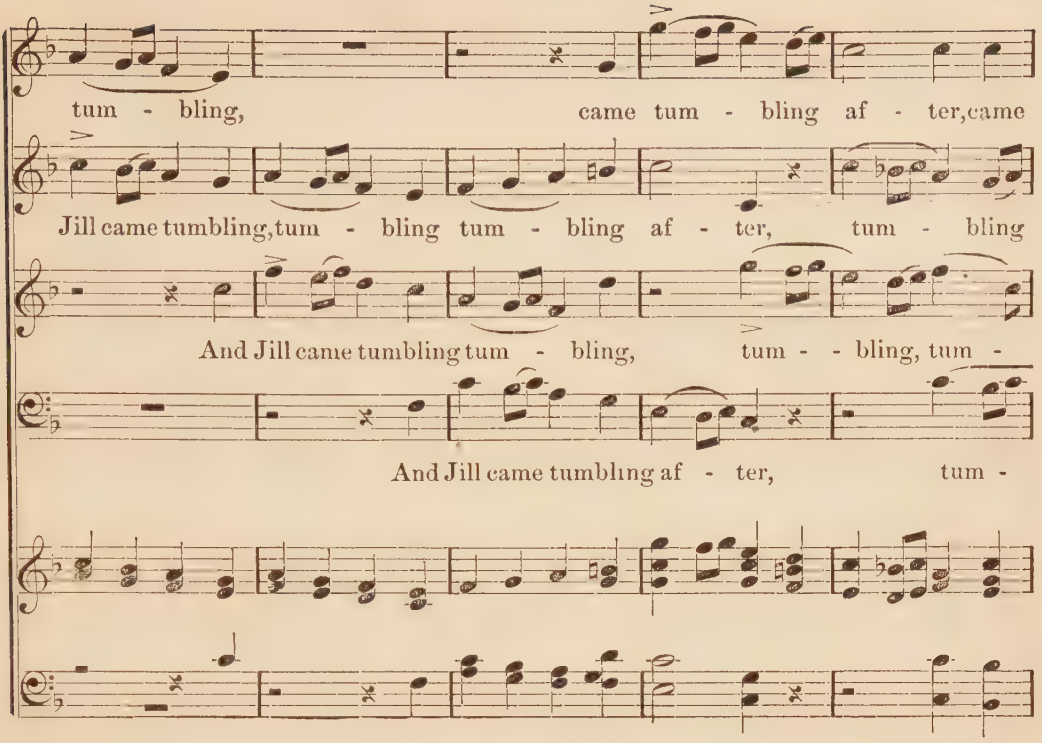

up the hill to fetch a pail, to fetch a pail of wa - - ter,
up to fetch a pail, to fetch a pail of wa - - - -
Jill went up the hill, up the hill,
Jack and Jill went up the hill, went up . . the hill, . . .
Jack and Jill went up the hill,
ter, Jack and Jill went up the hill, . .
Jack and Jill went up the hill, Jack and Jill went

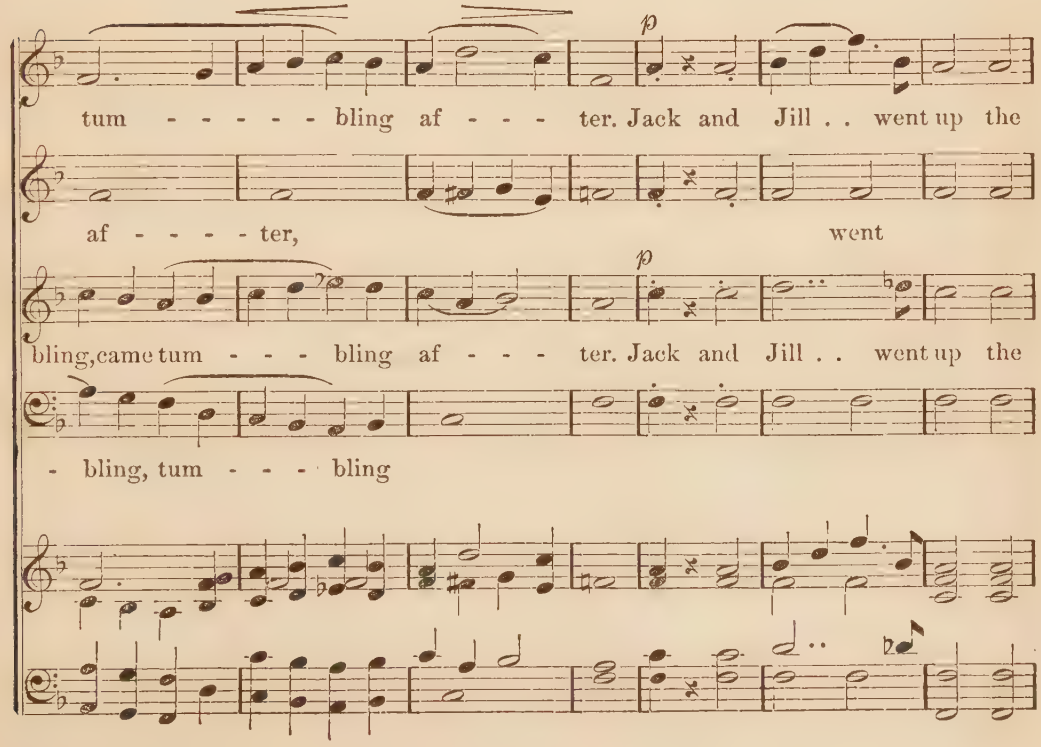

Jack and Jill went up the hill to
Jack and Jill went up the hill, ... Jack went up the hill to
Jack and Jill went up the hill, up the hill to
up the hill, . . . up the hill, ... went up the hill to
f
ff
p
fetch a pail, to fetch a pail of wa - ter; Jack fell down and broke his crown,
f
ff
p
fetch a pail, to fetch a pail of wa - ter; Jack fell down and broke his crown,
ff
p

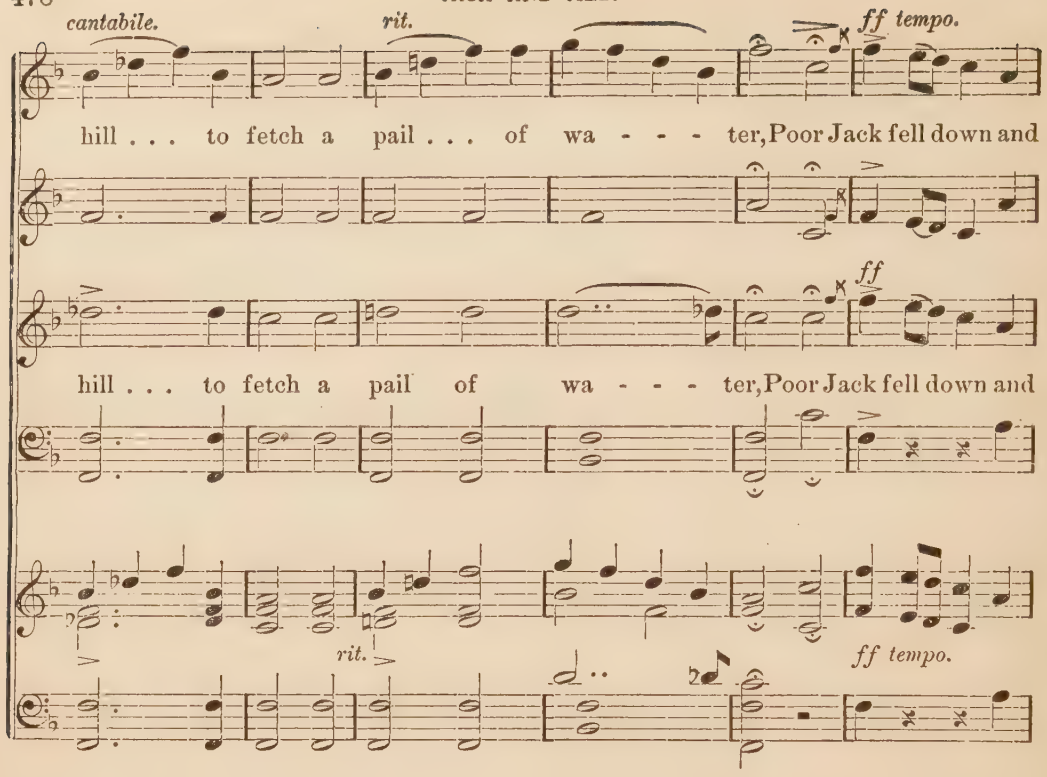

ff
p
rall.
f
Jack fell down And broke his crown, And Jill came tumbling, tum - bling,
Jack fell down And broke his crown, And Jill came tumbling,
Jack fell down And broke his crown, And
came tum - bling, tum - bling af - ter,
tum - bling, tum - bling af - ter, came tum- - bling, tum - bling
Jill came tumbling, tum - bling af - ter, came tum - bling,
And Jill came tumbling af - ter, came

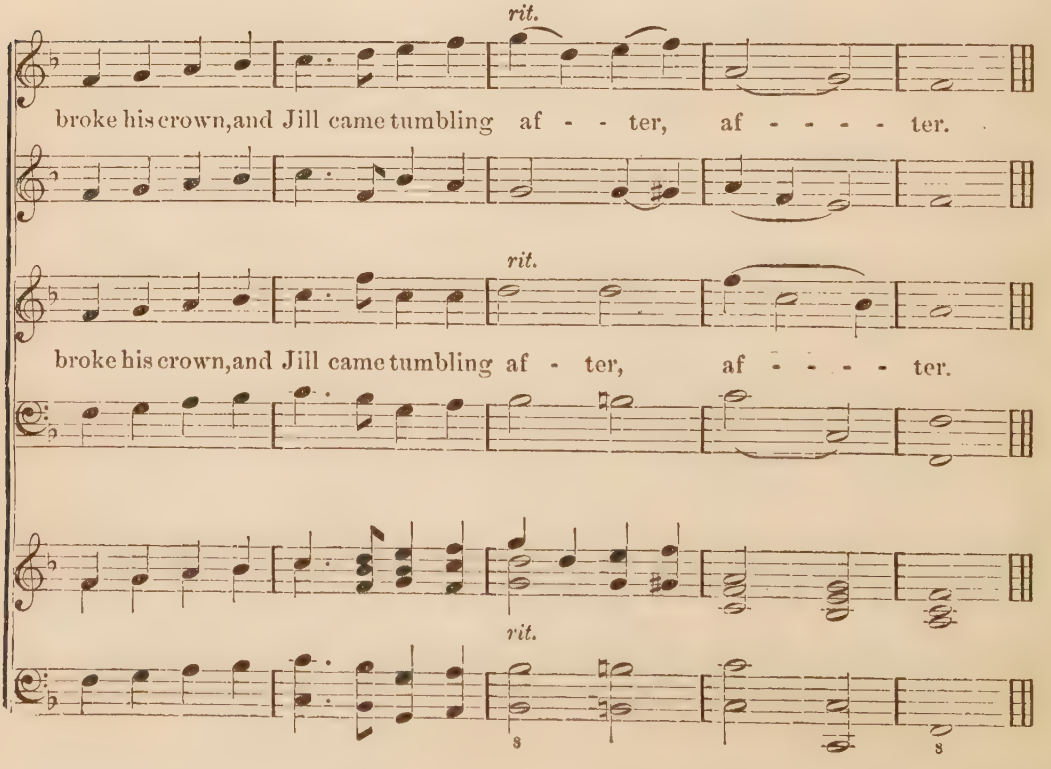

cres.
f
and Jill, and Jill; Poor Jack and Jill went up the
p
cres.
af - ter. Poor Jack, poor Jack went up the hill, went up the
cres.
f
tum - bling, Jack and Jill, and Jill went up the hill, ...
p
tum - bling tum-bling. Poor Jack and Jill went up the hill, ...
ff
p
hill . . . . . to fetch a pail of wa - ter, Jack fell down and
ff
p
. . . . . went up the hill to fetch a pail of wa - ter, Jack fell down and
p


p
broke his crown, He broke his crown,
p
broke his crown, And broke his crown, He broke his
f
p
broke his crown, Jack fell down And broke his crown, He broke his crown,
broke his crown, Jack fell down . . . . . And broke his
cres.
f
rit.
f
He broke his crown, He broke his crown, his crown, And Jill came tumbling,
cres.
f
rit.
He broke his crown, He broke his crown, his crown,
crown, He broke his crown, his crown,


tum - bling, came tum - bling af - ter, came
Jill came tumbling, tum - bling tum - bling af - ter, tum - bling
And Jill came tumbling tum - bling, tum - - bling, tum -
And Jill came tumbling af - ter, tum -

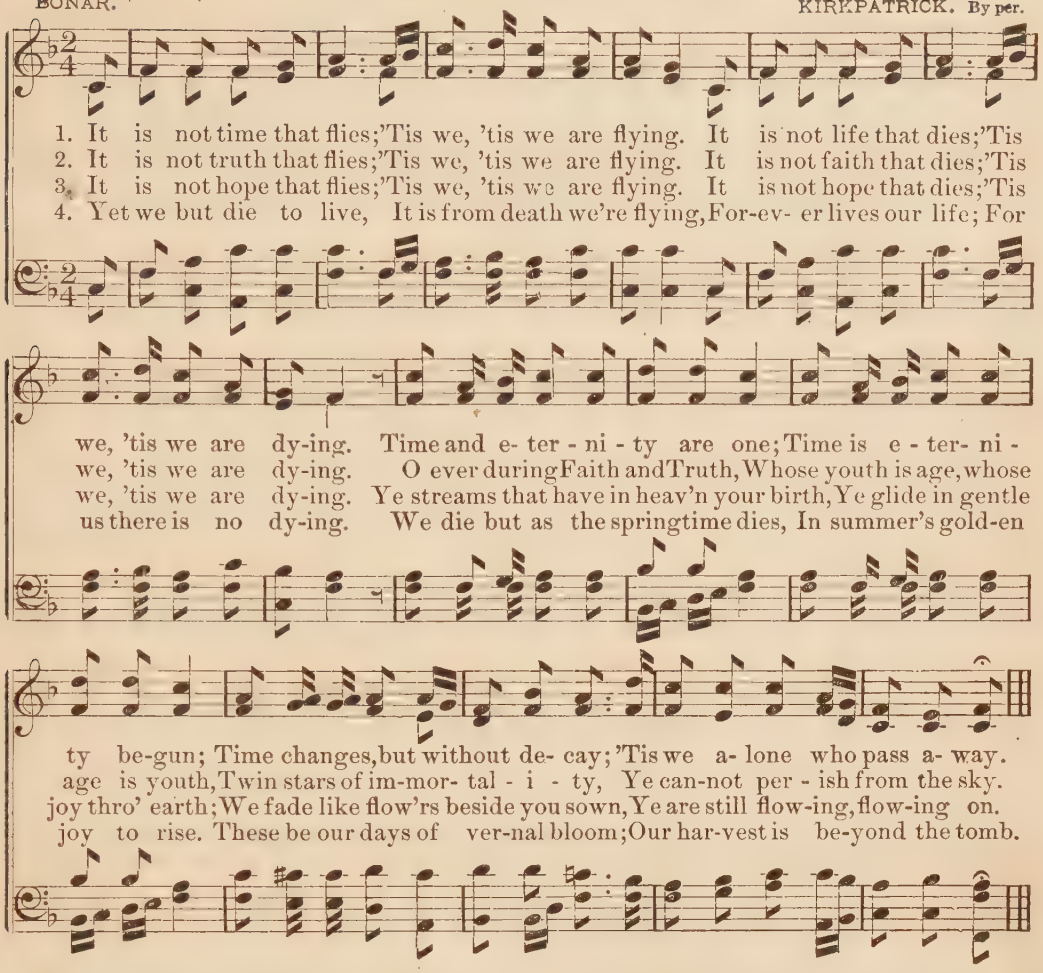

p
tum - - - - - bling af - - - ter. Jack and Jill . . went up the
af - - - - ter, went
p
bling, came tum - - - bling af - - - ter. Jack and Jill . . went up the
- bling, tum - - - bling


cantabile.
rit.
ff tempo.
hill . . . to fetch a pail . . . of wa - - - ter, Poor Jack fell down and
ff
hill . . . to fetch a pail of wa - - - ter, Poor Jack fell down and
rit.
ff tempo.


rit.
broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling af - - ter, af - - - - - ter.
rit.
broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling af - ter, af - - - - ter.
rit.

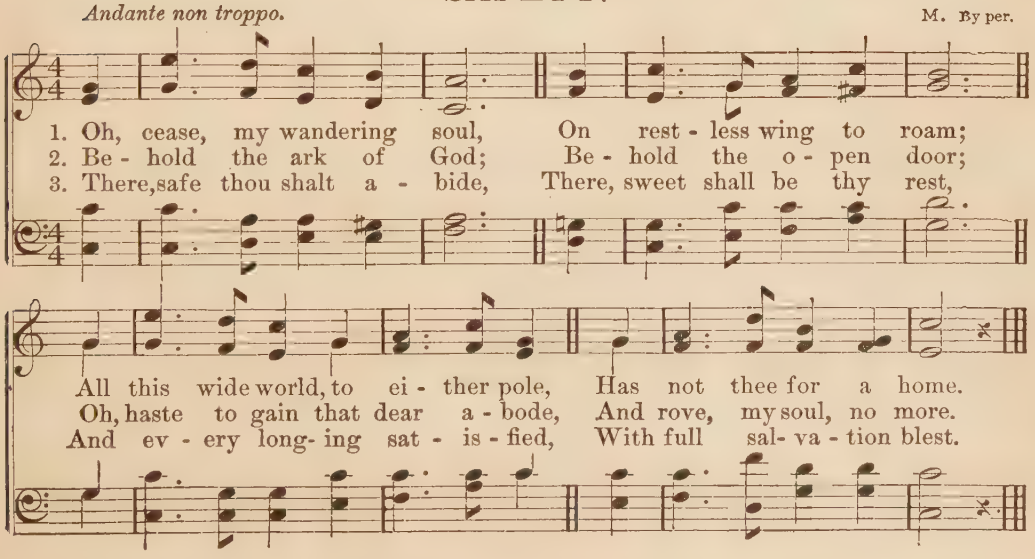
TIME AND ETERNITY.

BONAR. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



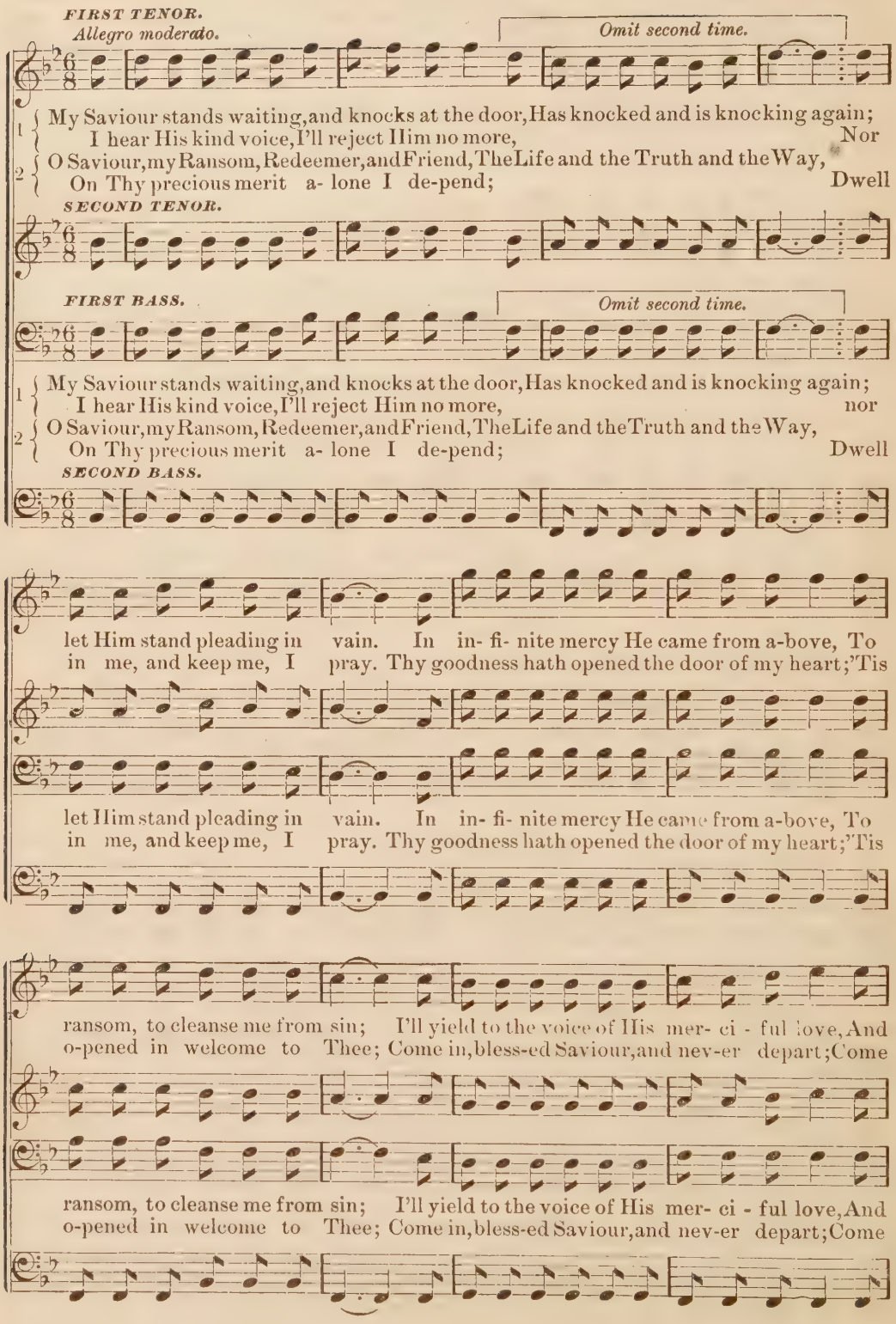
SAFETY.

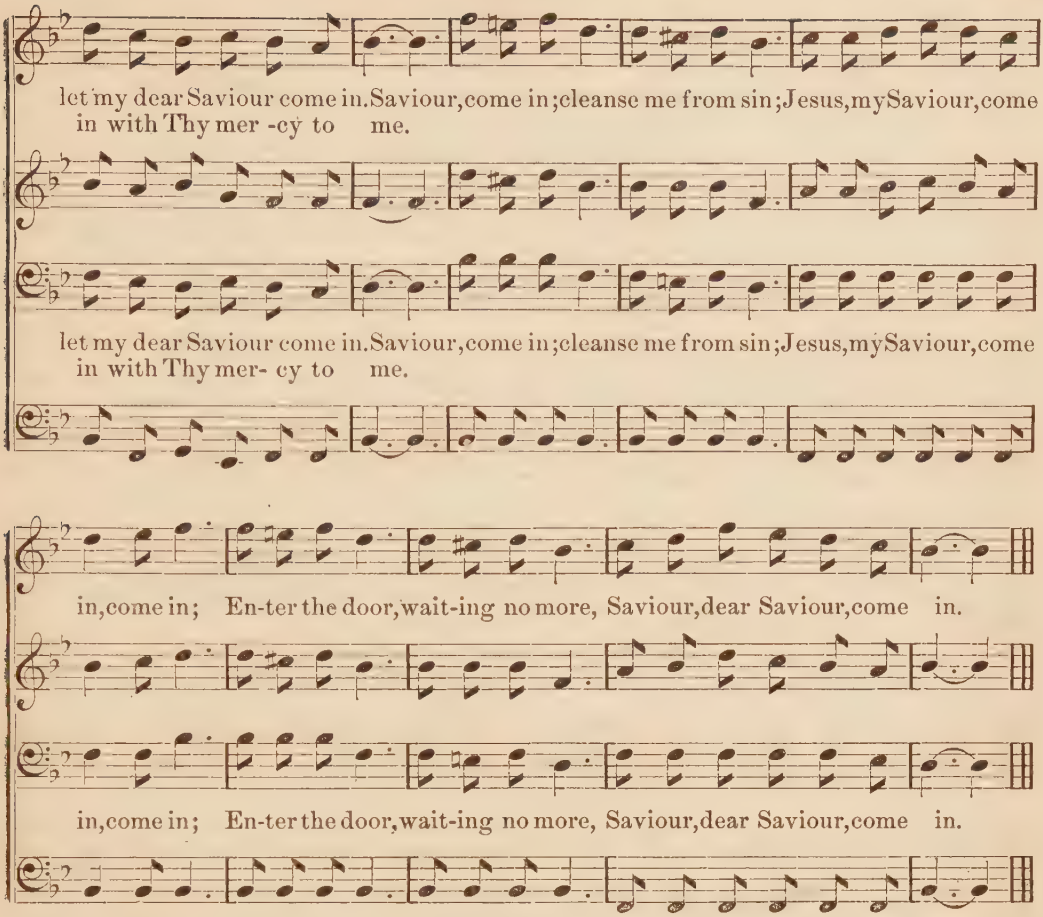
Andante non troppo. M. By per.



AT THE DOOR.

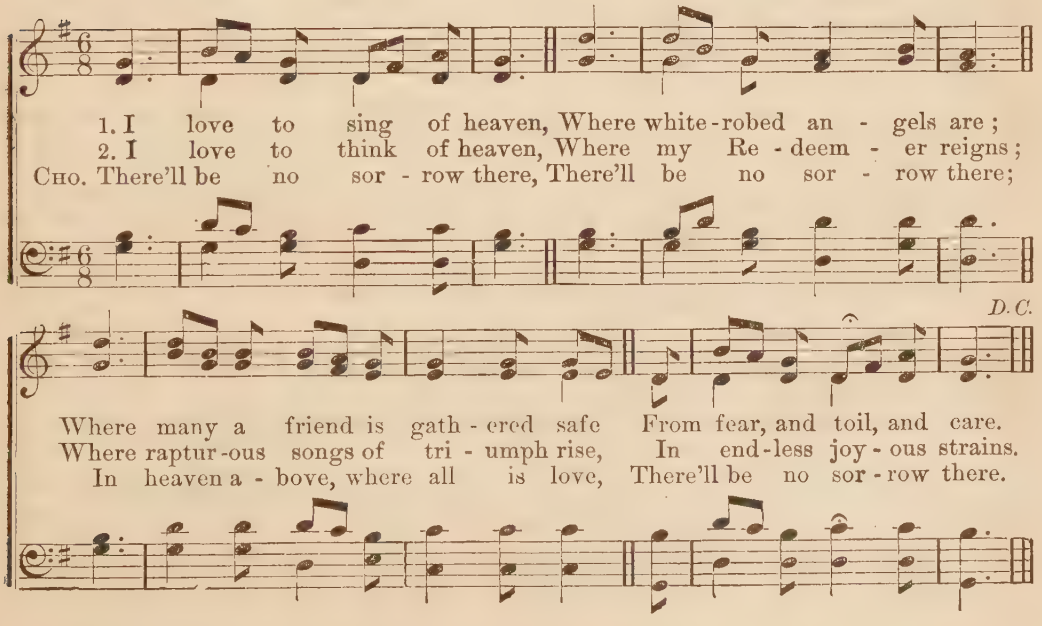
TAYLOR. MALE VOICES. MARSHALL. By per.



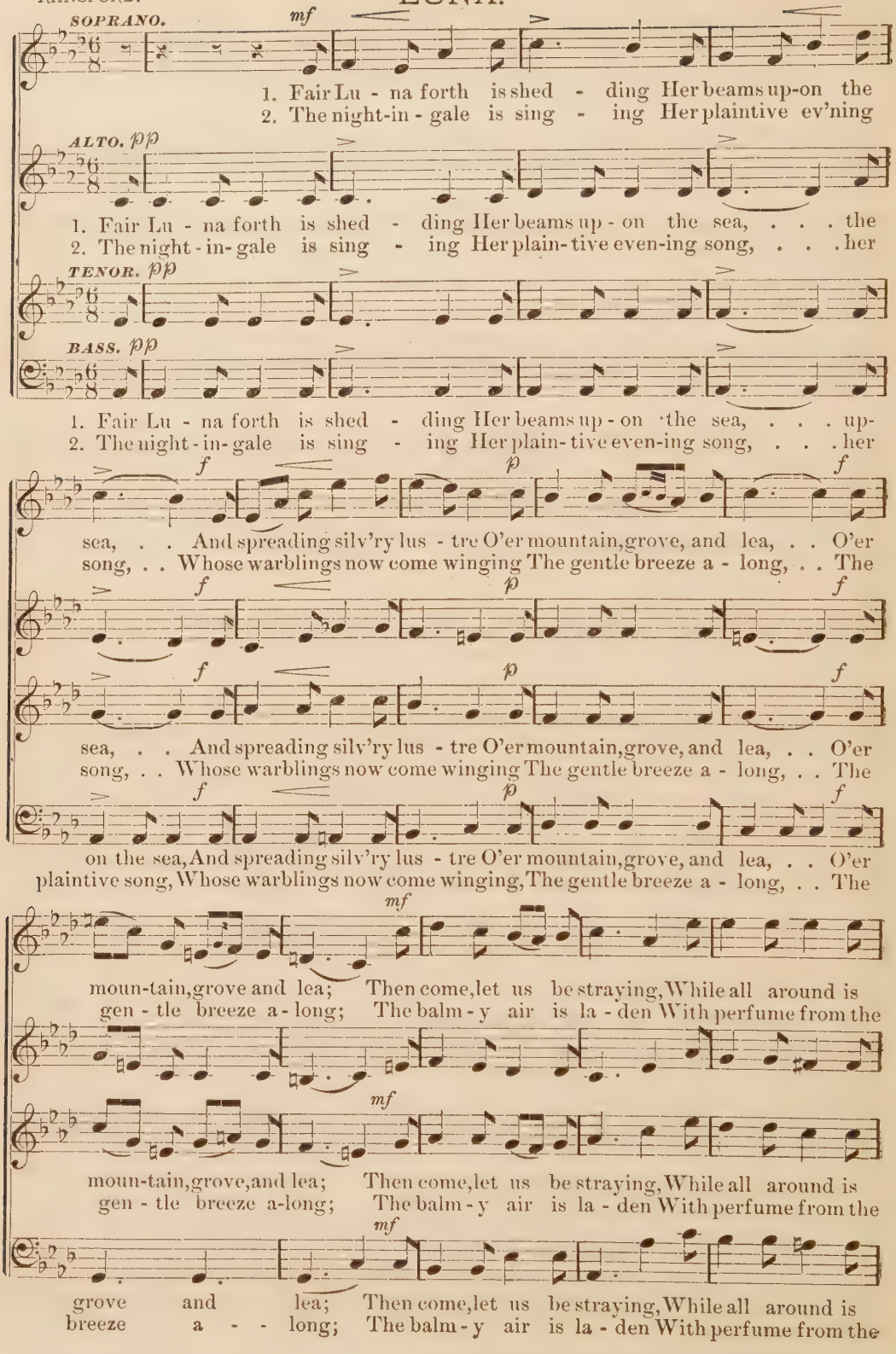


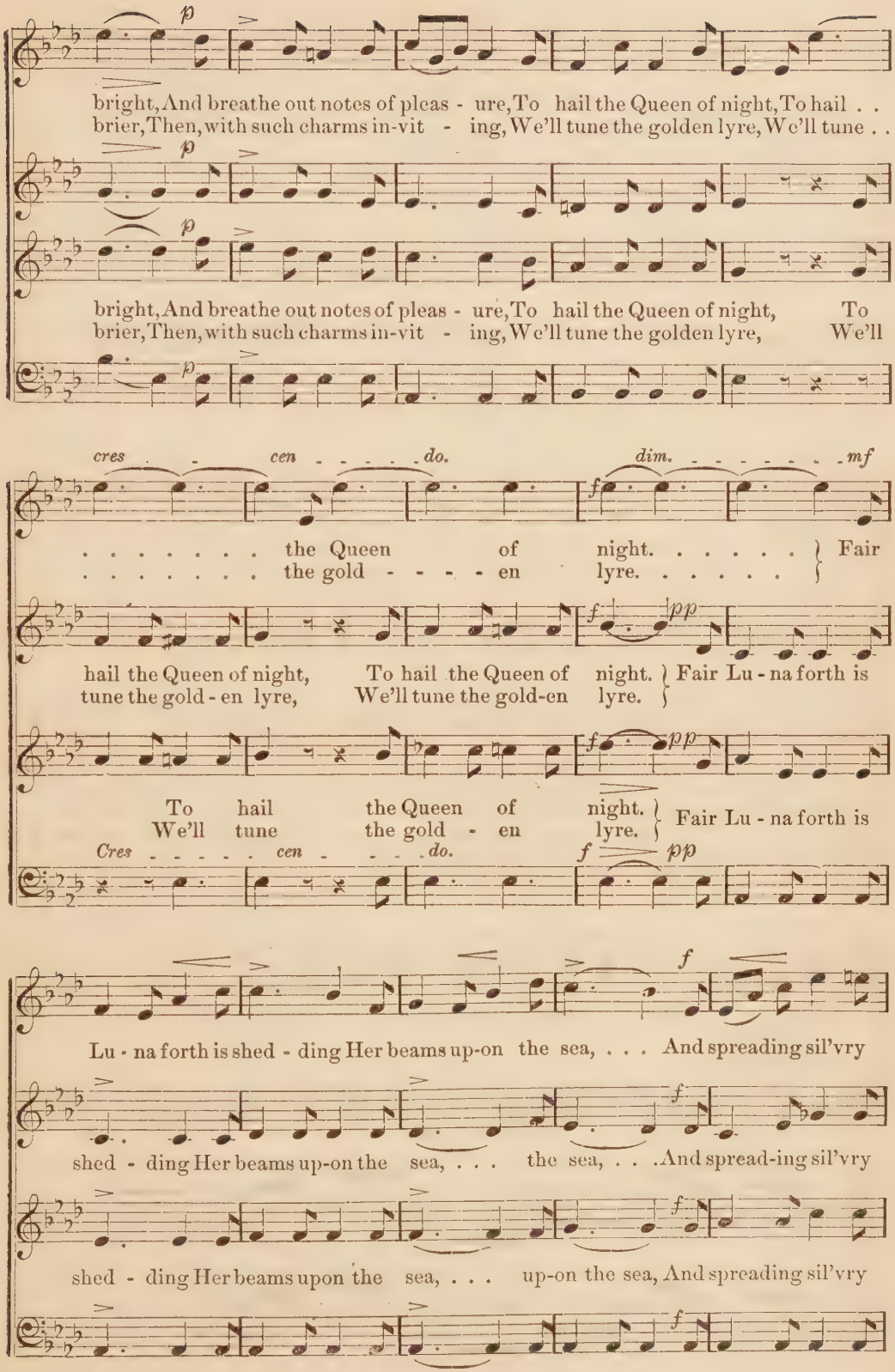
SHALL WE MEET?

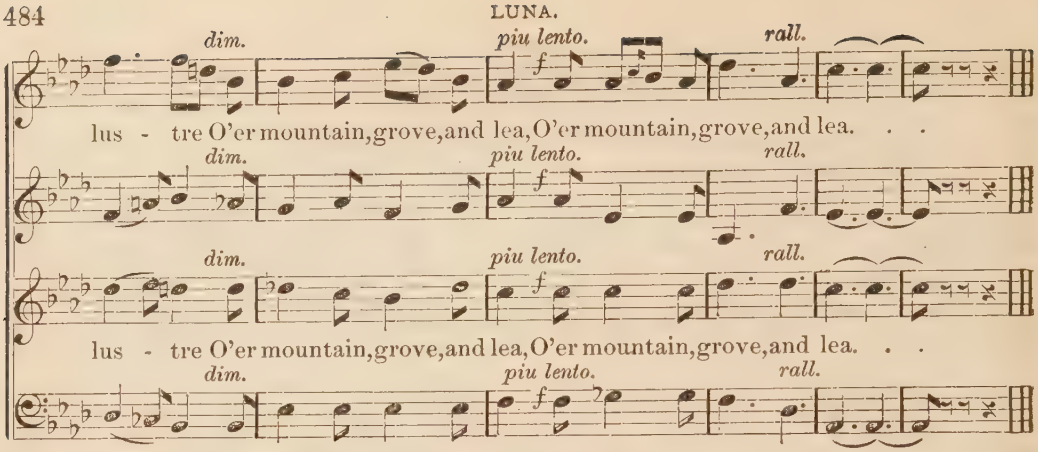
DUNBAR. By per.



RANSFORD. **LUNA.** BARNBY.

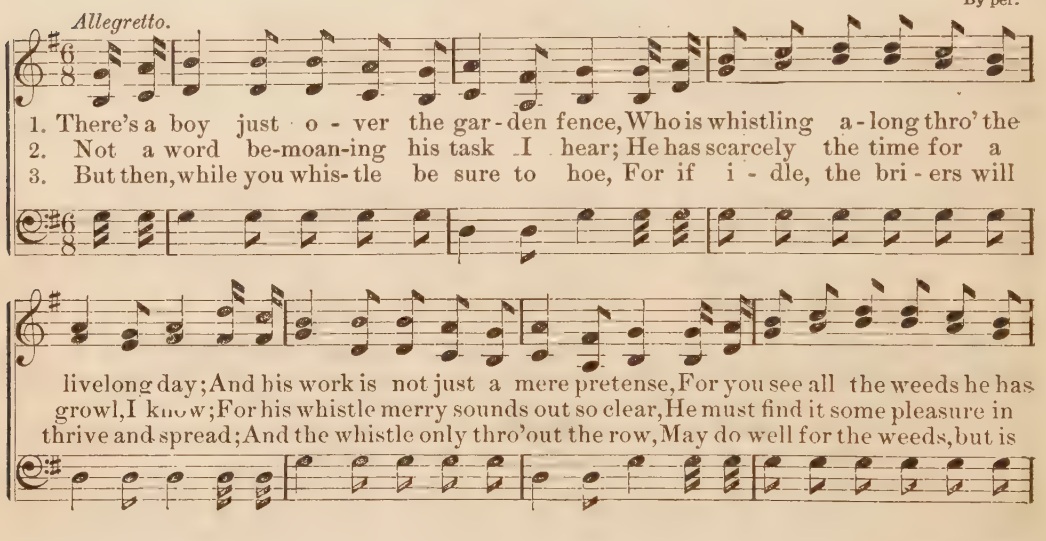


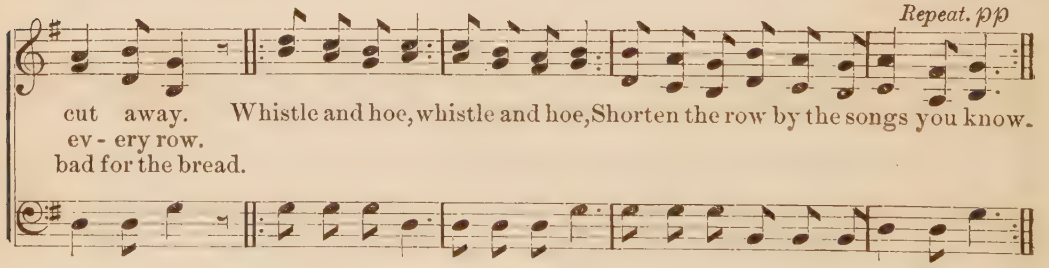

bright, And breathe out notes of pleas - ure, To hail the Queen of night, To hail . .
brier, Then, with such charms in-vit - ing, We'll tune the golden lyre, We'll tune . .
bright, And breathe out notes of pleas - ure, To hail the Queen of night, To
brier, Then, with such charms in-vit - ing, We'll tune the golden lyre, We'll
cres - cen - do.
dim. mf
. . . . . the Queen of night. . . . . Fair
. . . . . the gold - - - - en lyre. . . . . .
hail the Queen of night, To hail the Queen of night. Fair Lu - na forth is
tune the gold - en lyre, We'll tune the gold-en lyre.
To hail the Queen of night.
We'll tune the gold - en lyre. Fair Lu - na forth is
Cres - - - - - cen - - - do.
Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up-on the sea, . . . And spreading sil'vry
shed - ding Her beams up-on the sea, . . . the sea, . . . And spread-ing sil'vry
shed - ding Her beams upon the sea, . . . up-on the sea, And spreading sil'vry

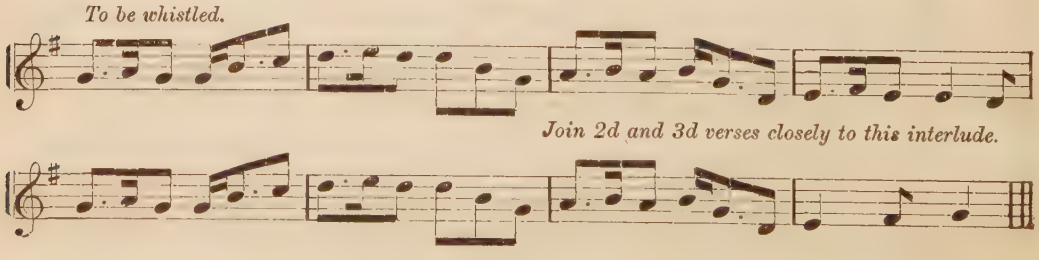


WHISTLE AND HOE.

By per.

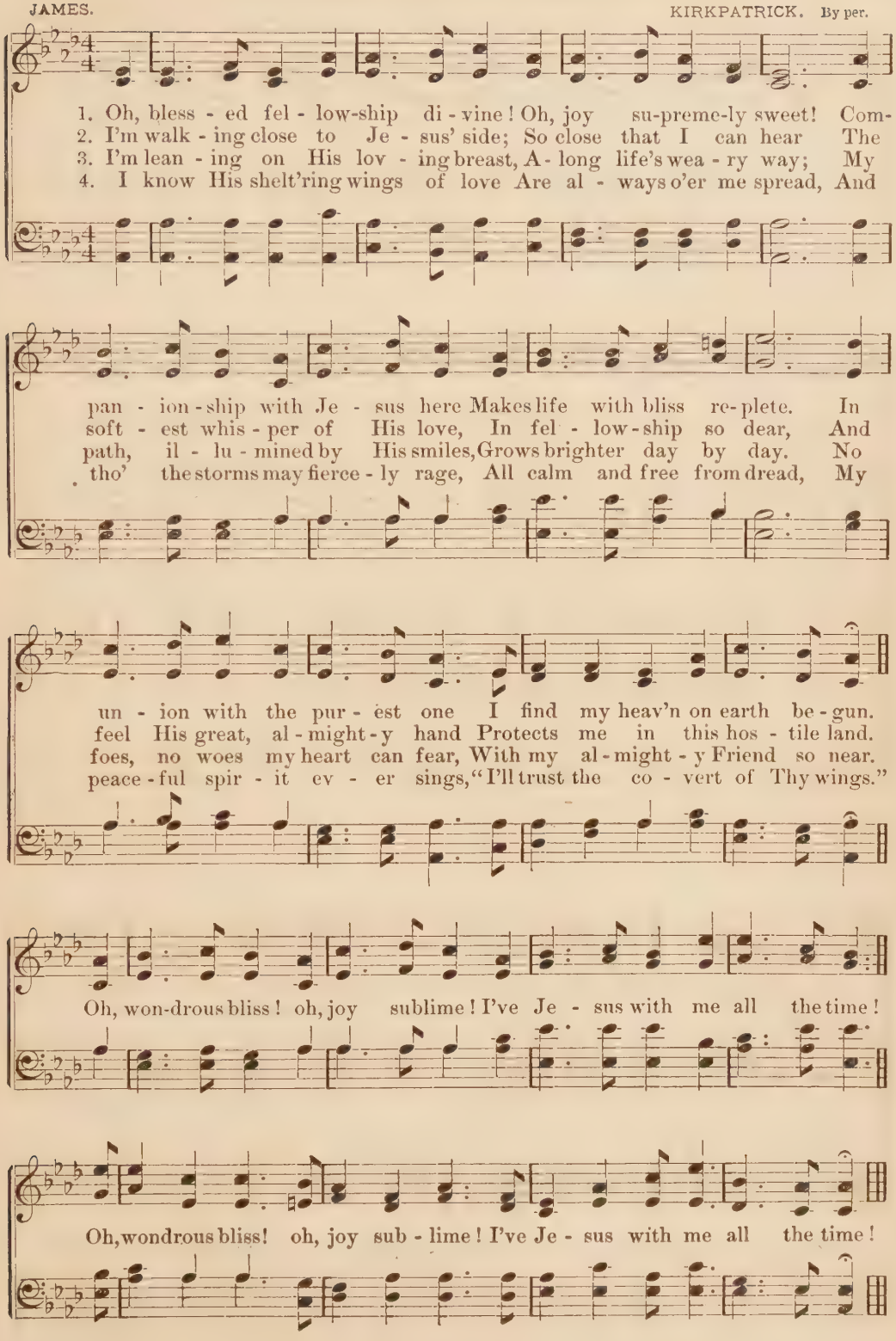






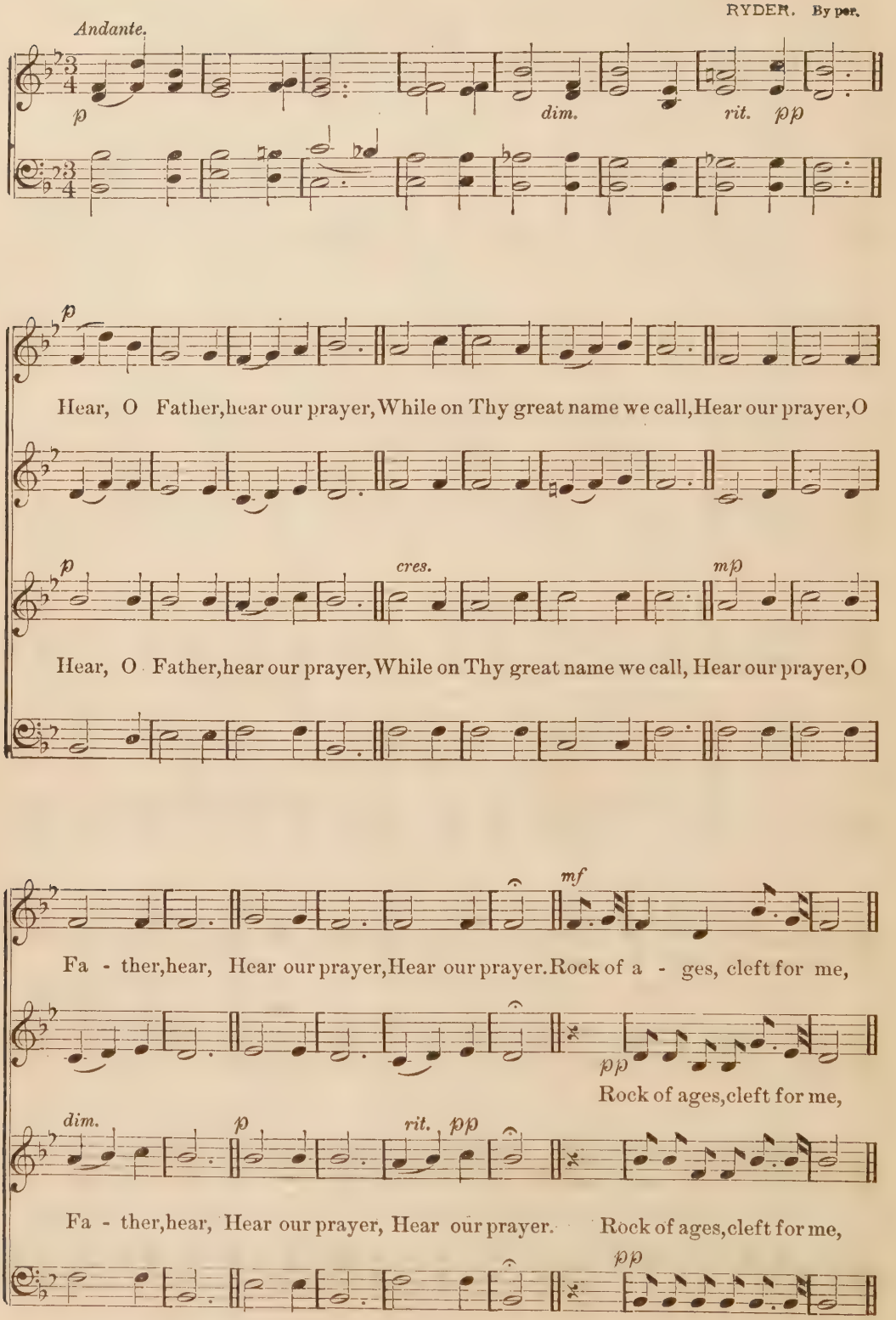
COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

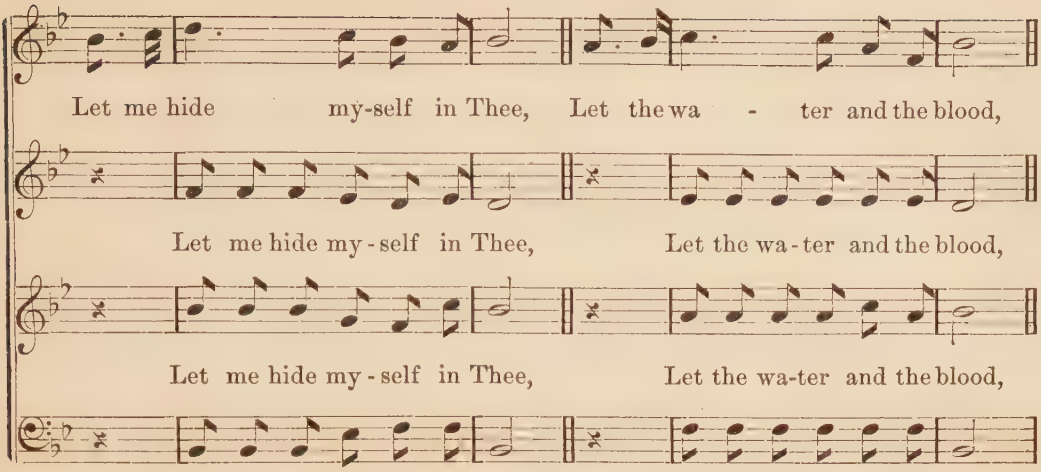
JAMES. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

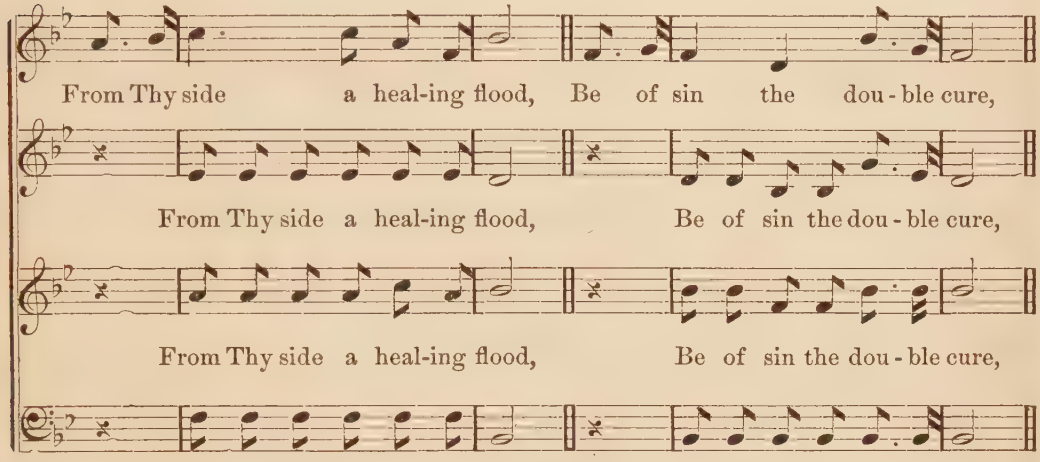


HEAR OUR PRAYER.

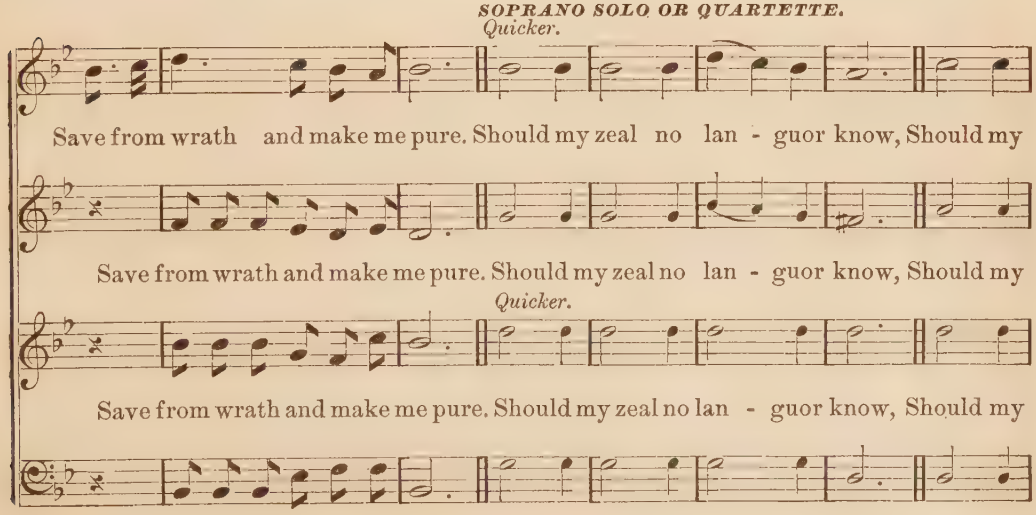
RYDER. By per.

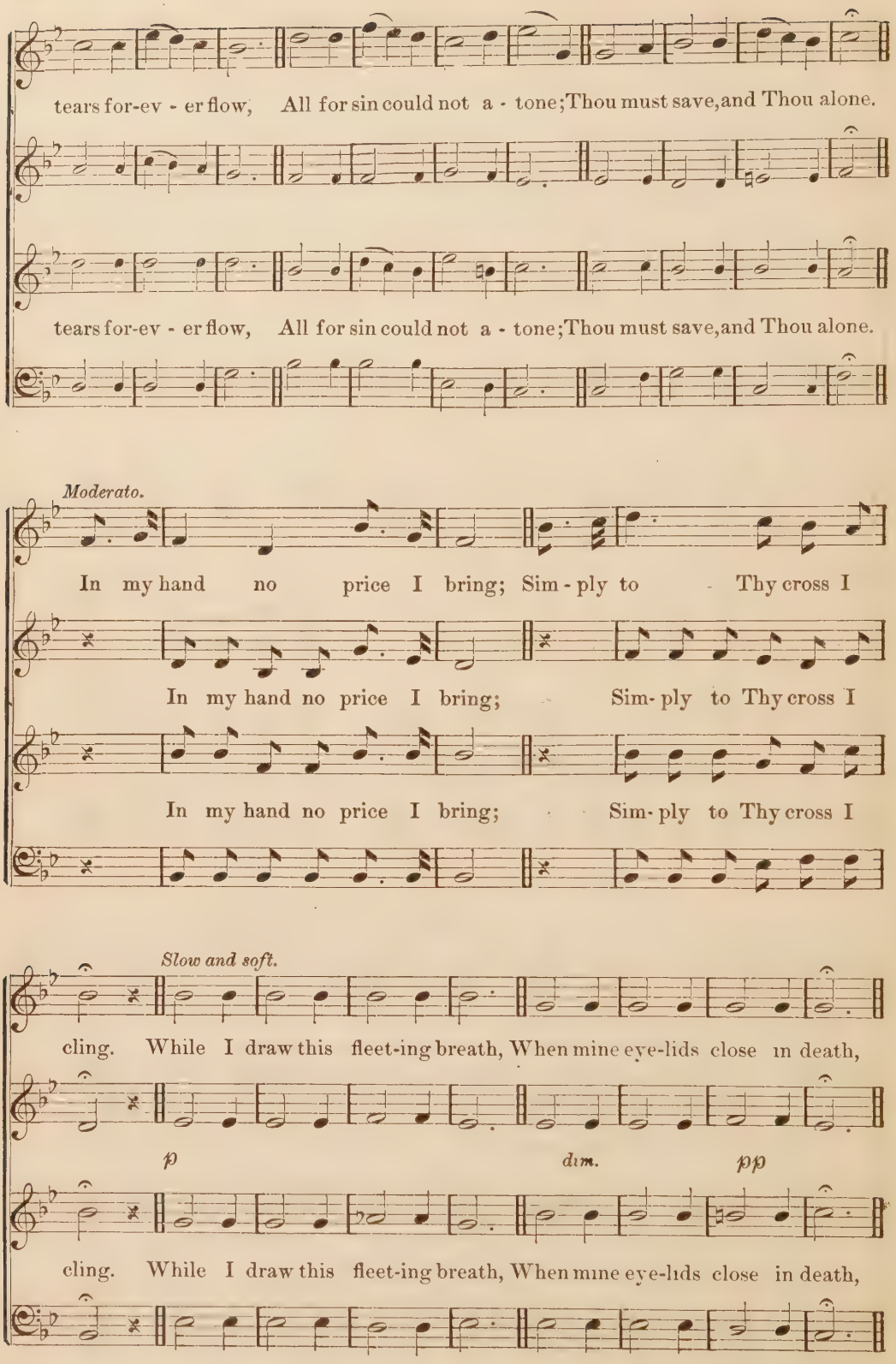


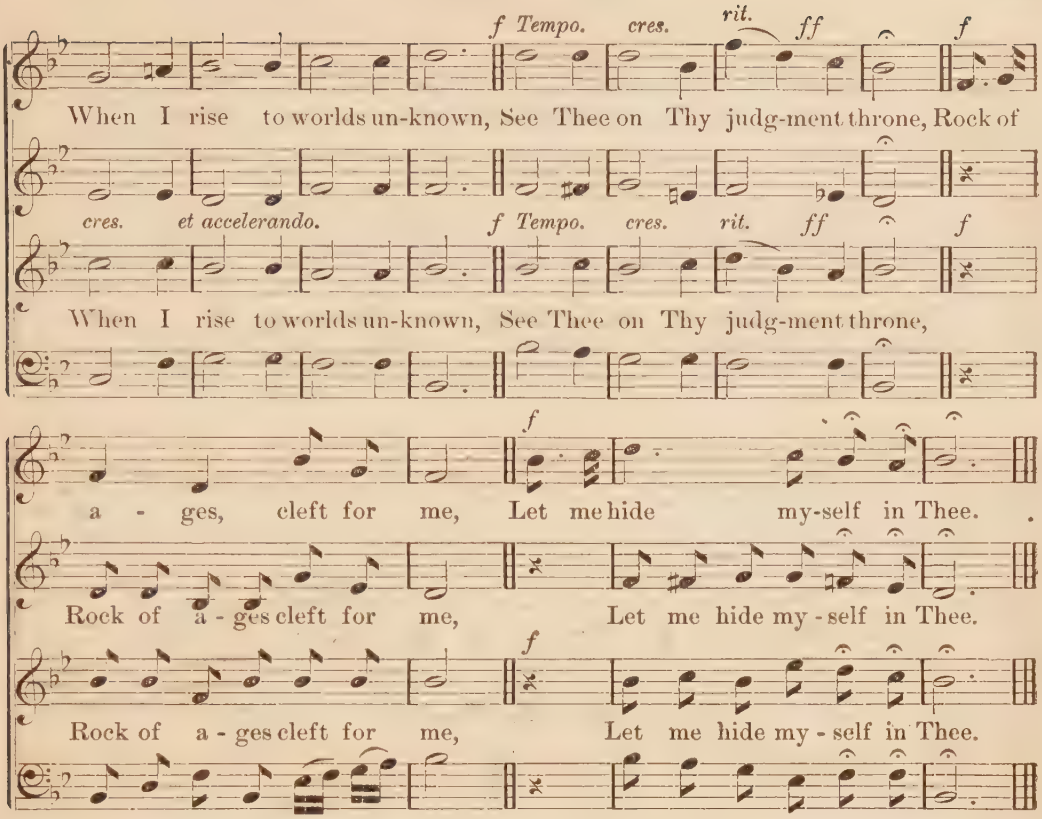




SOPRANO SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

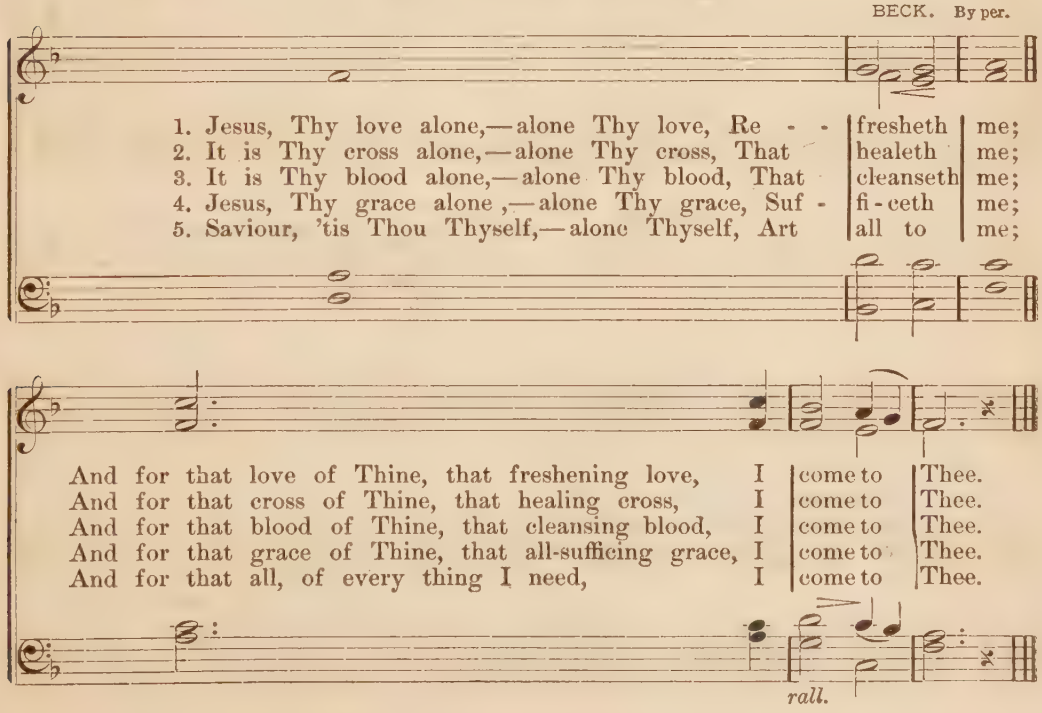



tears for-ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.
tears for-ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.
Moderato.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I
In my hand no price I bring; Sim- ply to Thy cross I
In my hand no price I bring; Sim- ply to Thy cross I
Slow and soft.
cling. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,
p
dim.
pp
cling. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,



I COME TO THEE.

BECK. By per.



JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

LYTE. GILCHRIST. By per.

SOLO.

Je-sus, I . . my cross have tak - en, All to leave and

p

fol- low Thee; Des - ti- tute, de-spised, for - sak- en, Thou from hence, my

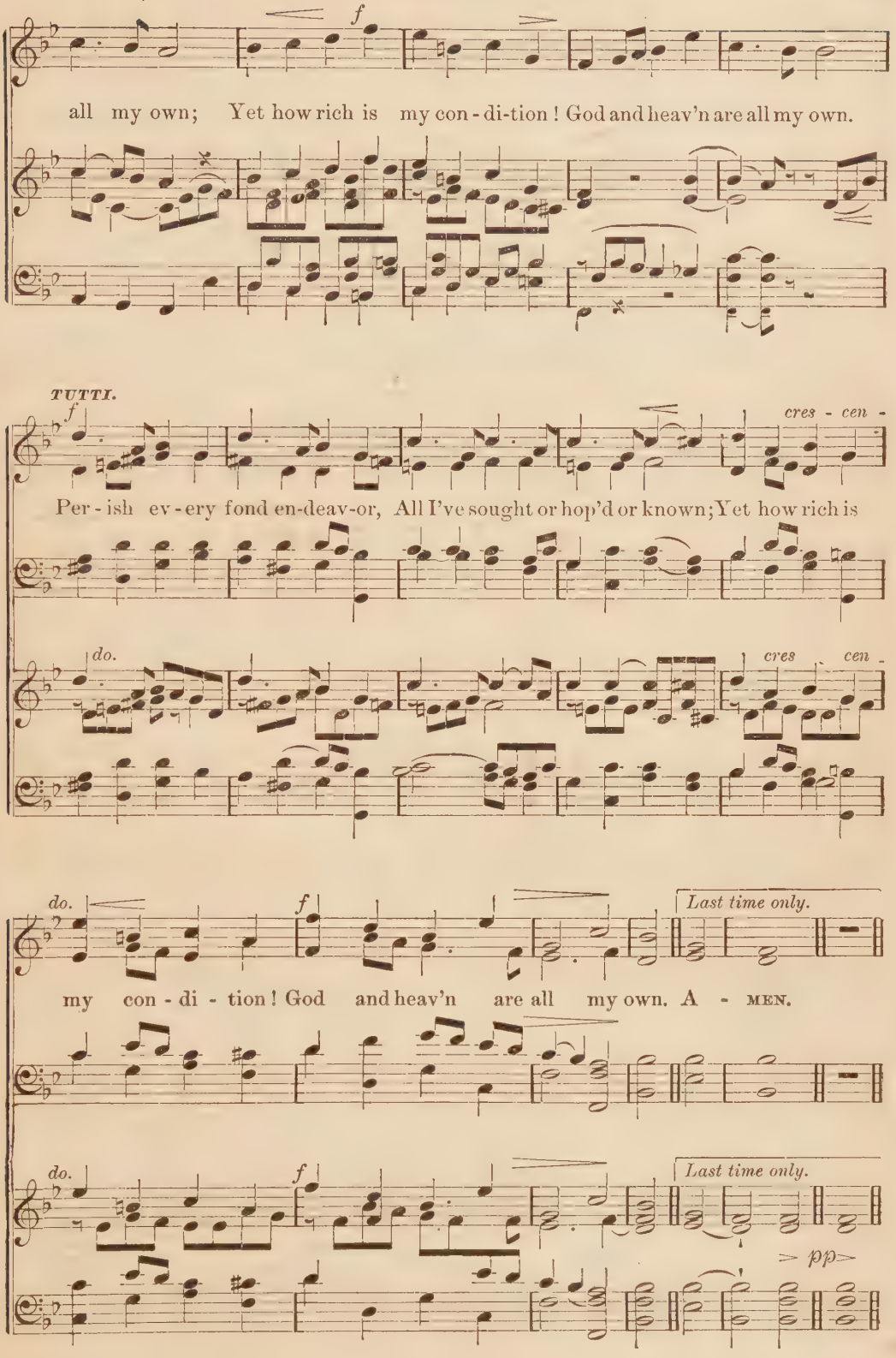
Risoluto.

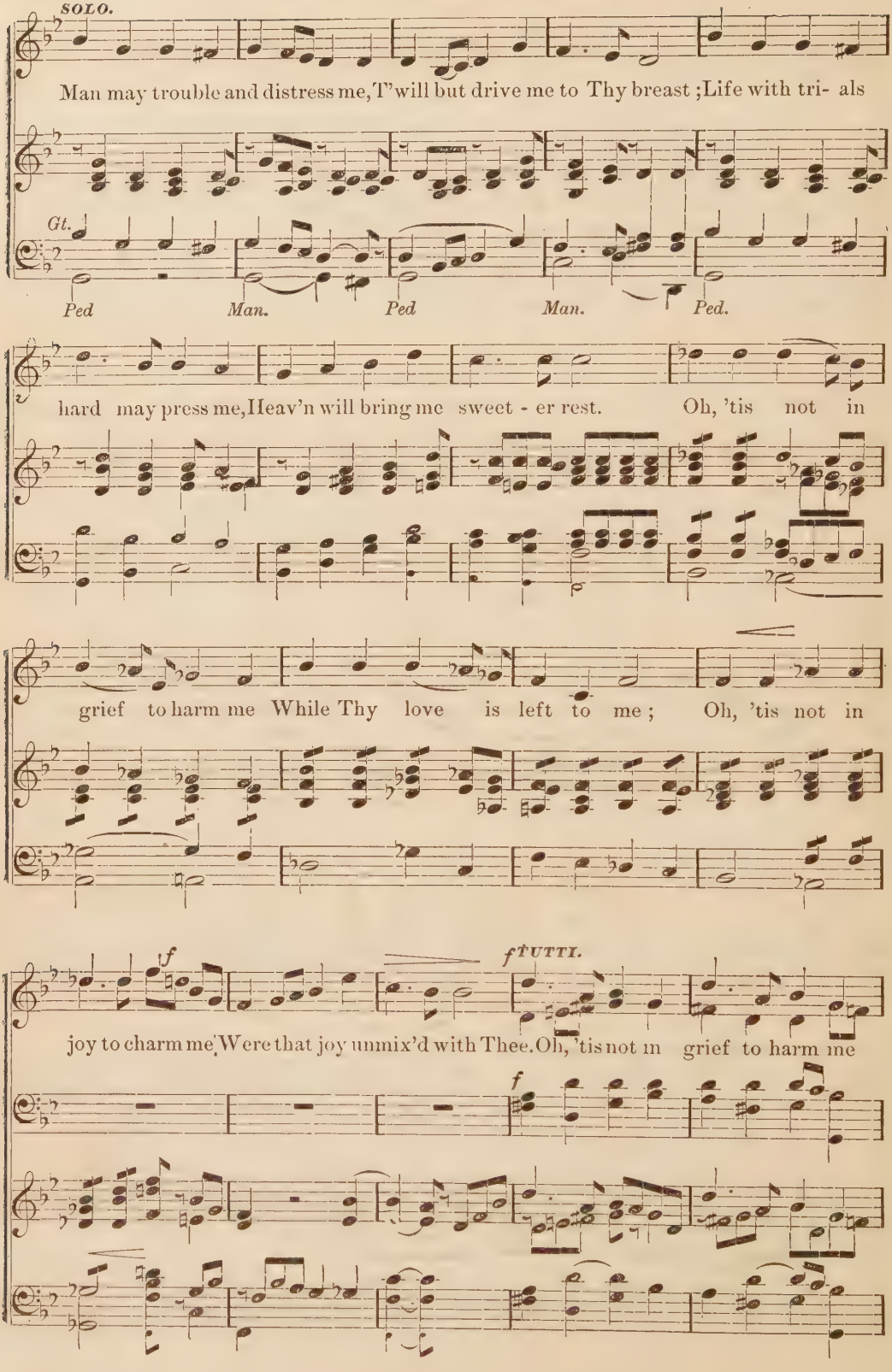
all shall be. Per- ish every fond am- bi-tion,

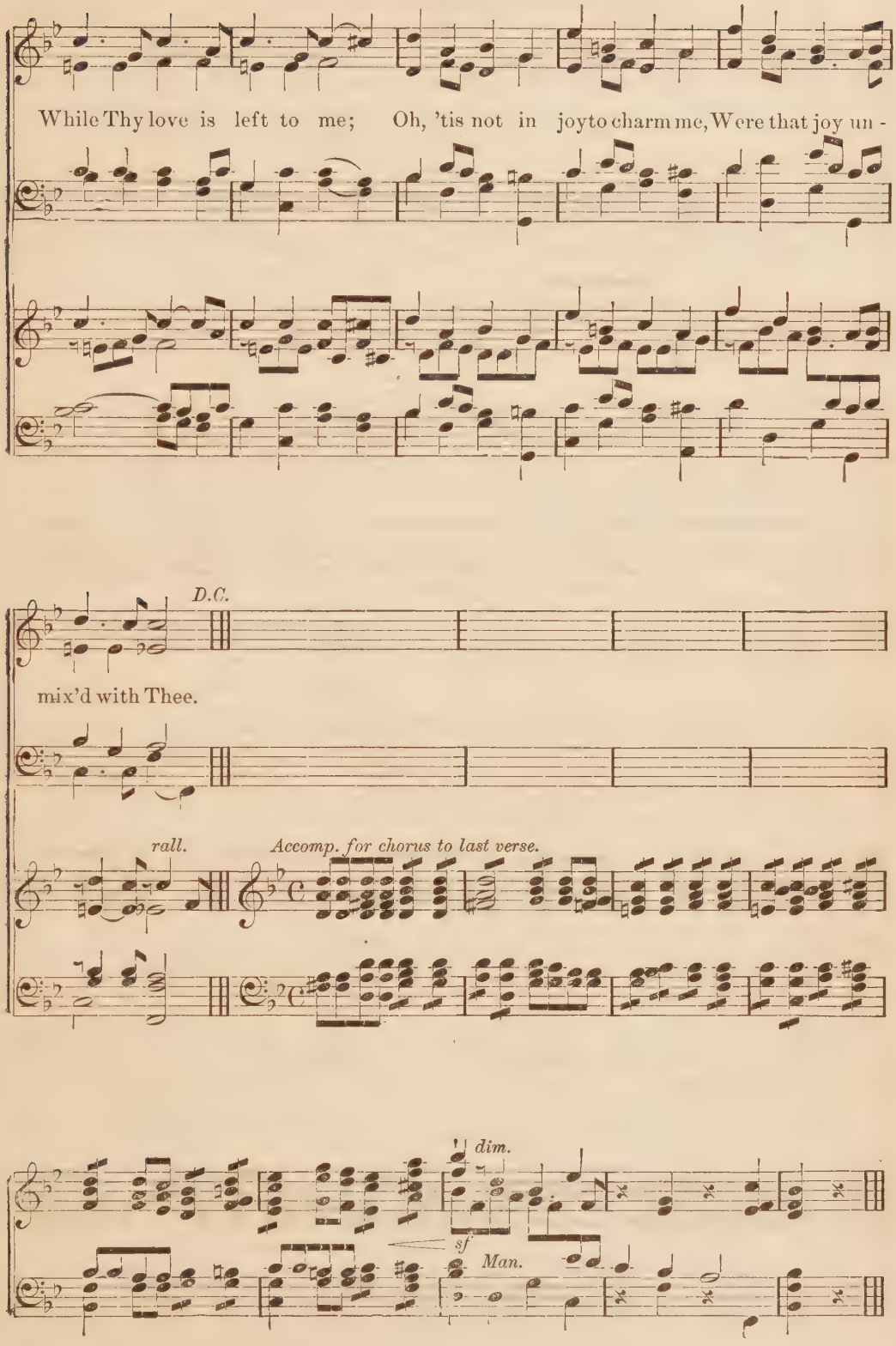
Ped.

appass. *sonore.*

All I've sought or hoped or known; Yet how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are

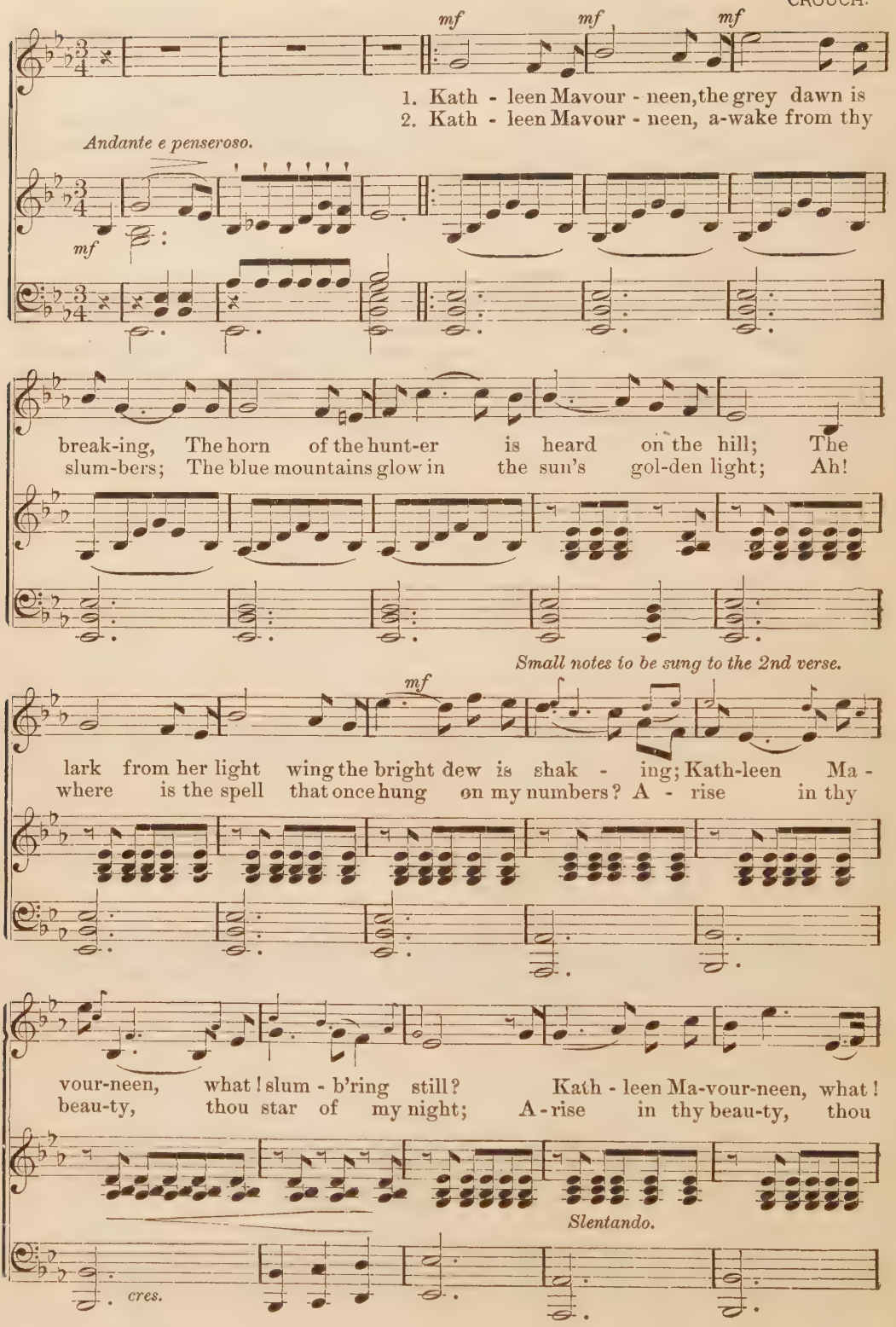

f
all my own; Yet how rich is my con - di-tion ! God and heav'n are all my own.
TUTTI.
f
cres - cen -
Per - ish ev - ery fond en-deav-or, All I've sought or hop'd or known; Yet how rich is
do.
cres cen -
do.
f
Last time only.
my con - di - tion ! God and heav'n are all my own. A - MEN.
do.
f
Last time only.
pp

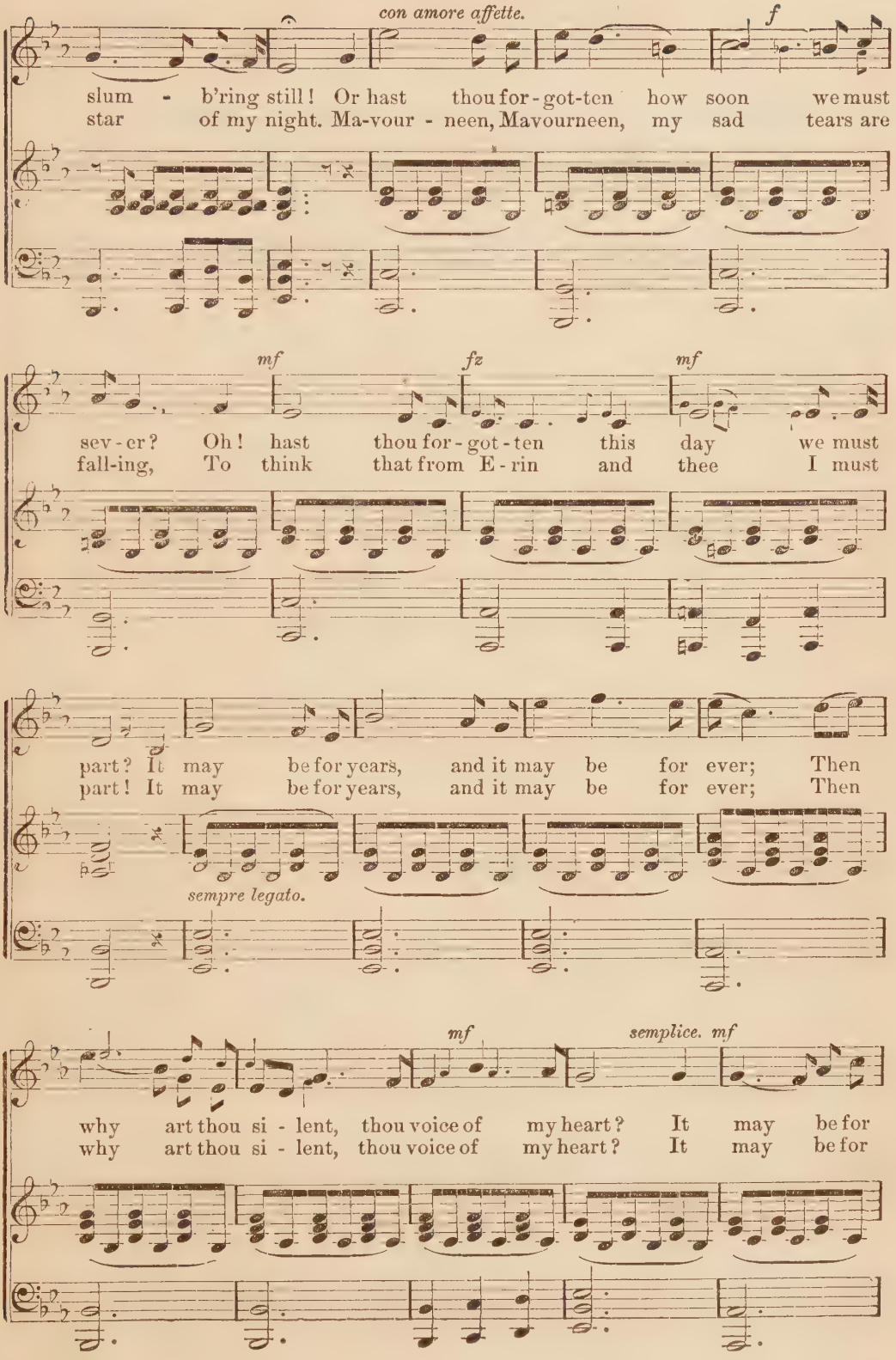

SOLO.
Man may trouble and distress me, T'will but drive me to Thy breast ; Life with tri- als
Gt.
Ped
Man.
Ped
Man.
Ped.
hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest. Oh, 'tis not in
grief to harm me While Thy love is left to me ; Oh, 'tis not in
f
f TUTTI.
joy to charm me, Were that joy unmix'd with Thee. Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me
f

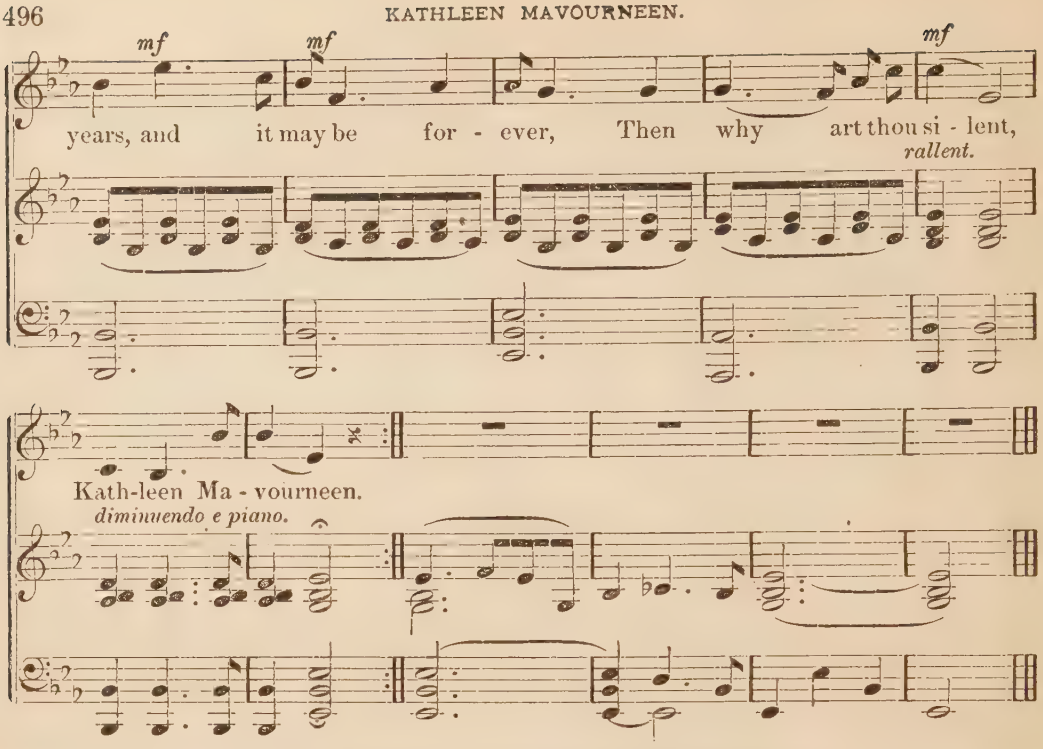

While Thy love is left to me; Oh, 'tis not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un -
D.C.
mix'd with Thee.
rall.
Accomp. for chorus to last verse.
dim.
sf
Man.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

CROUCH.

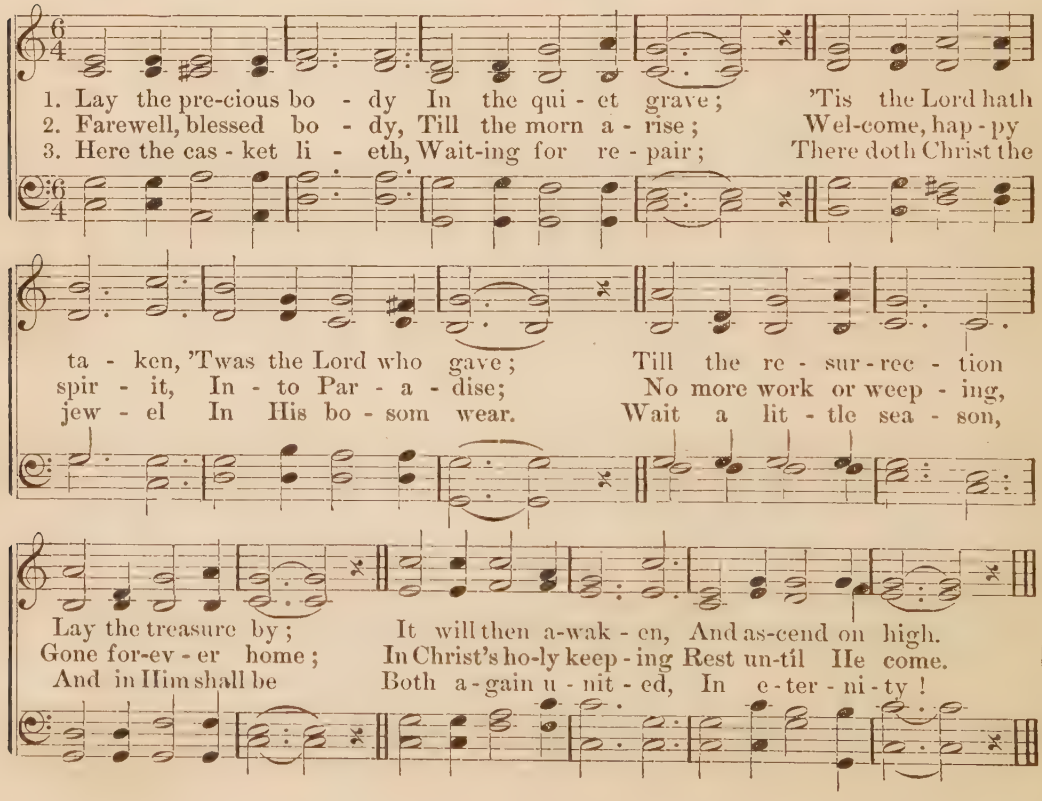



con amore affette.
f
slum - b'ring still! Or hast thou for-got-ten how soon we must
star of my night. Ma-vour - neen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are
mf
fz
mf
sev-er? Oh! hast thou for-got-ten this day we must
fall-ing, To think that from E-rin and thee I must
part? It may be for years, and it may be for ever; Then
part! It may be for years, and it may be for ever; Then
sempre legato.
mf
semplice. mf
why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for
why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for



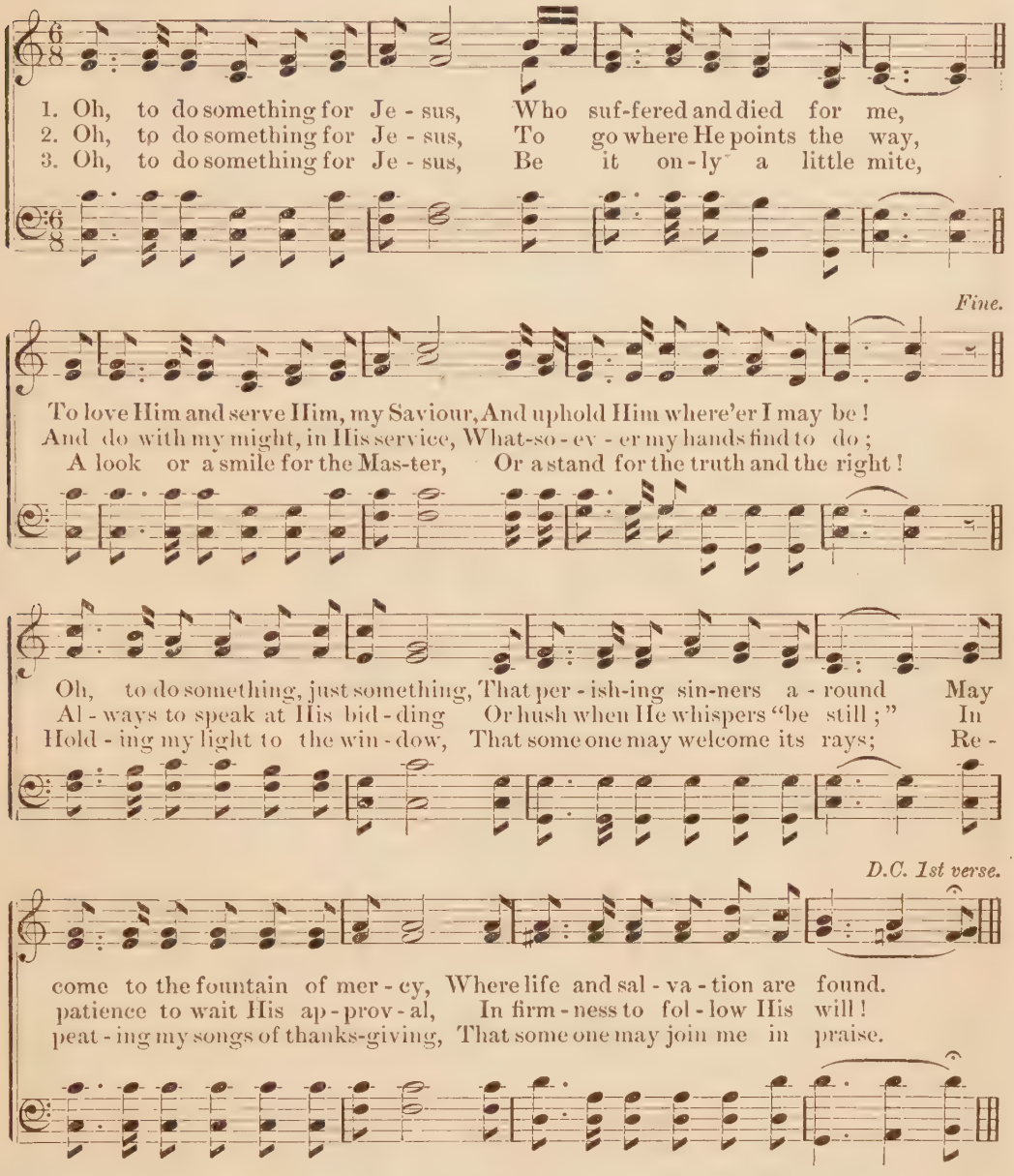
IN THE QUIET GRAVE.

MONSELL. W. F. S. By per.



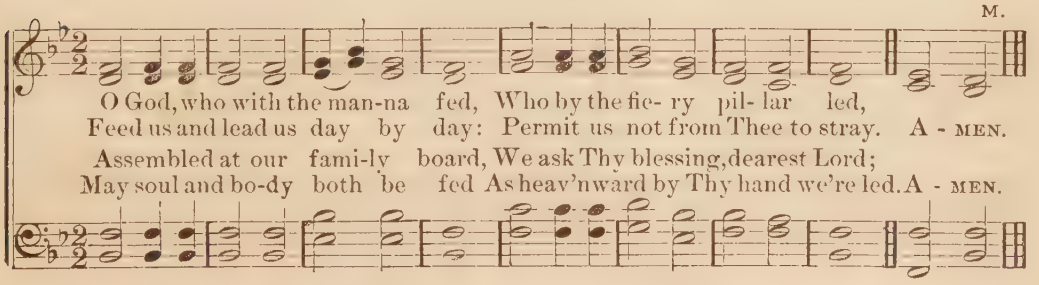
SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

LOVELIGHT. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



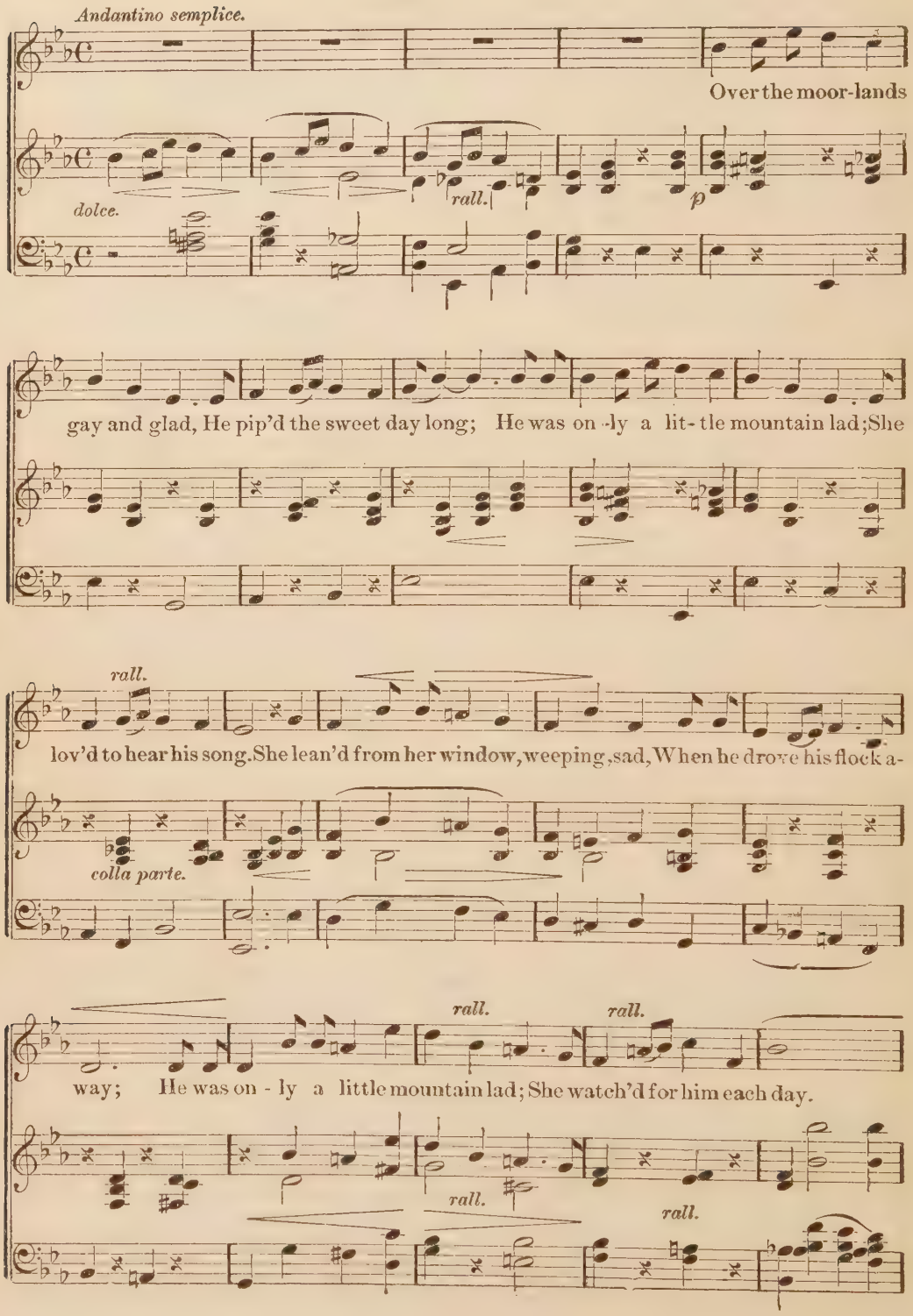
GRACE.

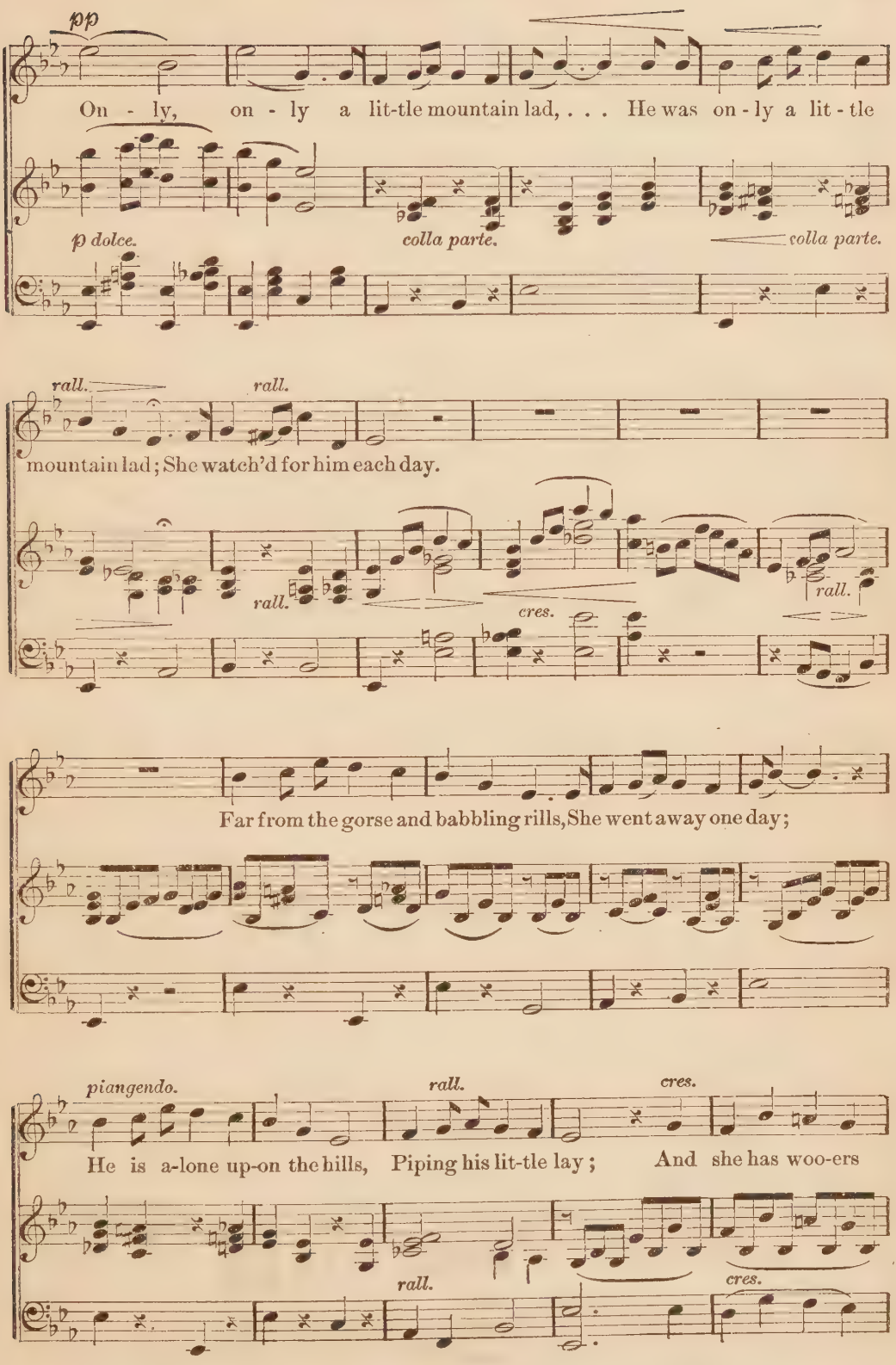
M.

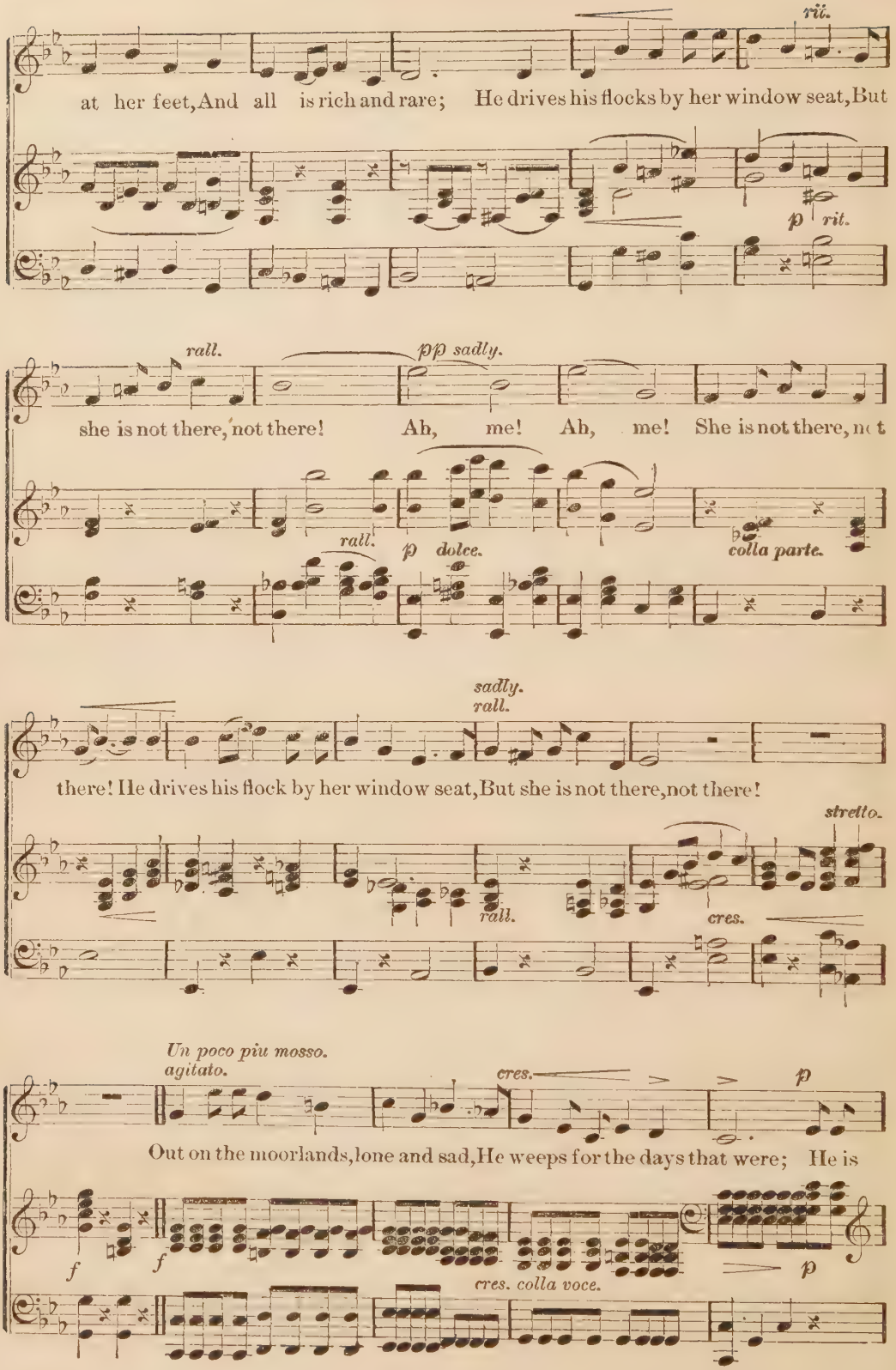


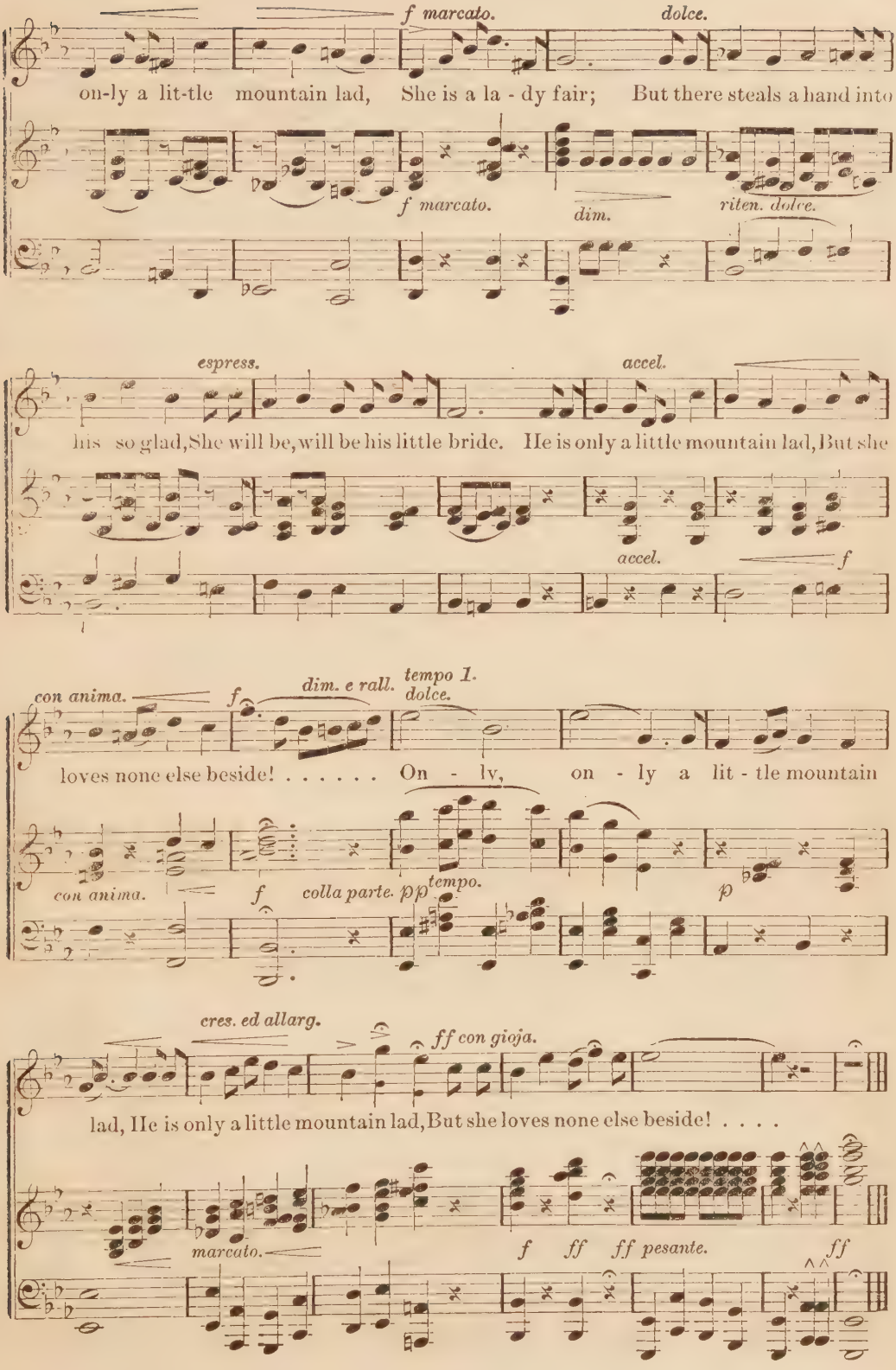
A LITTLE MOUNTAIN LAD.

WEATHERLY. ROECKEL.



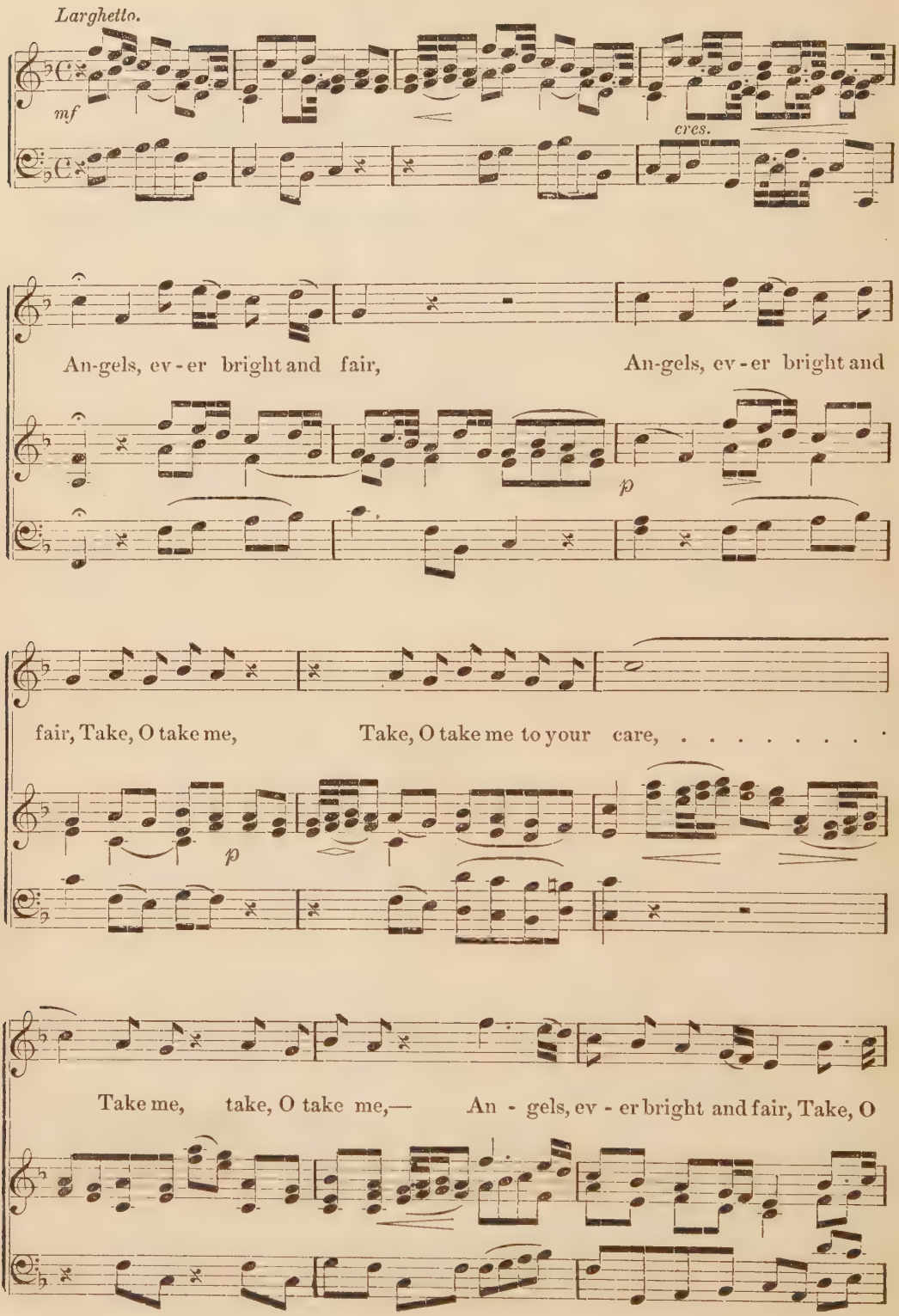

pp
On - ly, on - ly a lit-tle mountain lad, . . . He was on - ly a lit - tle
p dolce.
colla parte.
colla parte.
rall.
rall.
mountain lad; She watch'd for him each day.
rall.
cres.
rall.
Far from the gorse and babbling rills, She went away one day;
piangendo.
rall.
cres.
He is a-lone up-on the hills, Piping his lit-tle lay; And she has woo-ers
rall.
cres.

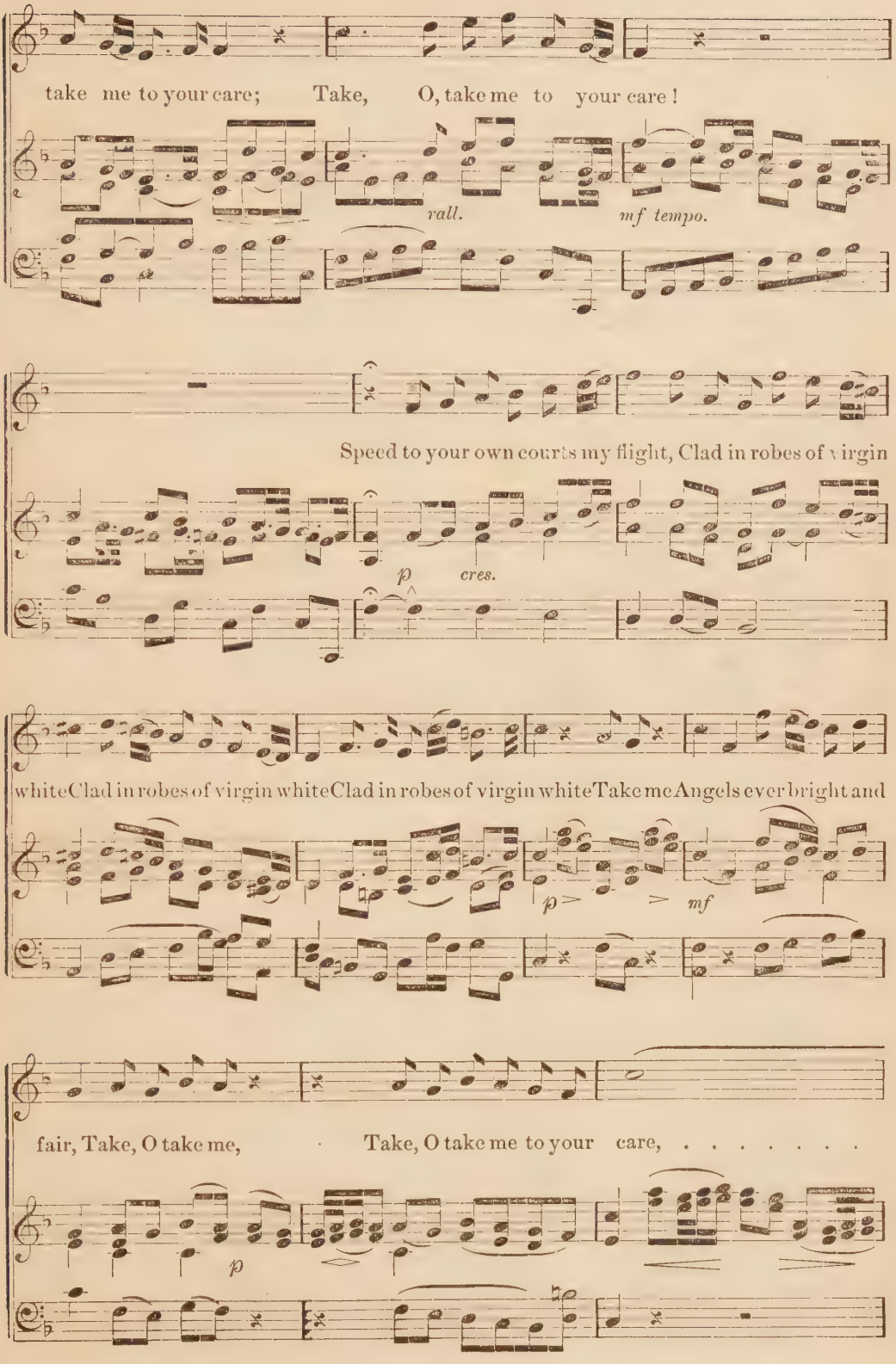

rit.
at her feet, And all is rich and rare; He drives his flocks by her window seat, But
p rit.
rall.
pp sadly.
she is not there, not there! Ah, me! Ah, me! She is not there, not
rall.
p dolce.
colla parte.
sadly.
rall.
there! He drives his flock by her window seat, But she is not there, not there!
stretto.
rall.
cres.
Un poco più mosso.
agitato.
cres.
p
Out on the moorlands, lone and sad, He weeps for the days that were; He is
f
f
p
cres. colla voce.

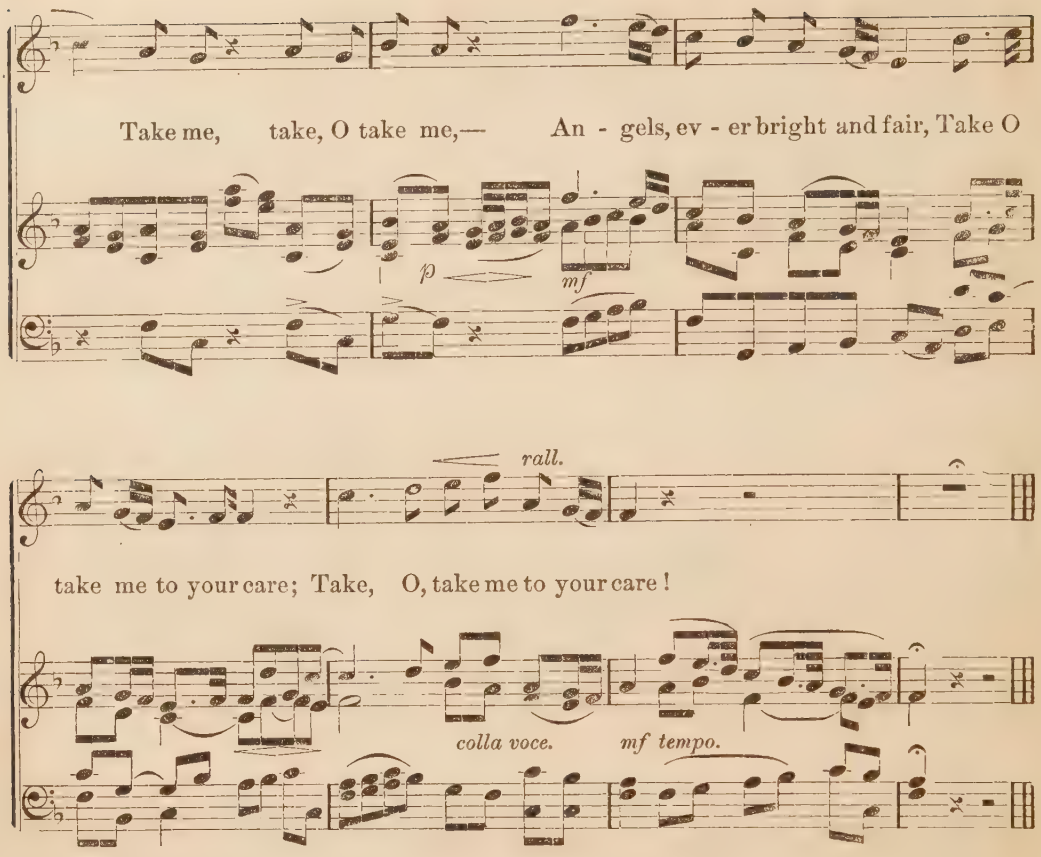

f marcato.
dolce.
on-ly a lit-tle mountain lad, She is a la - dy fair; But there steals a hand into
f marcato.
dim.
riten. dolce.
espress.
accel.
his so glad, She will be, will be his little bride. He is only a little mountain lad, But she
accel.
f
con anima.
f
dim. e rall.
tempo 1.
dolce.
loves none else beside! . . . . . On - ly, on - ly a lit - tle mountain
con anima.
f
colla parte.
pp
tempo.
p
cres. ed allarg.
ff con gioja.
lad, He is only a little mountain lad, But she loves none else beside! . . . .
marcato.
f
ff
ff pesante.
ff

ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR.

HANDEL.

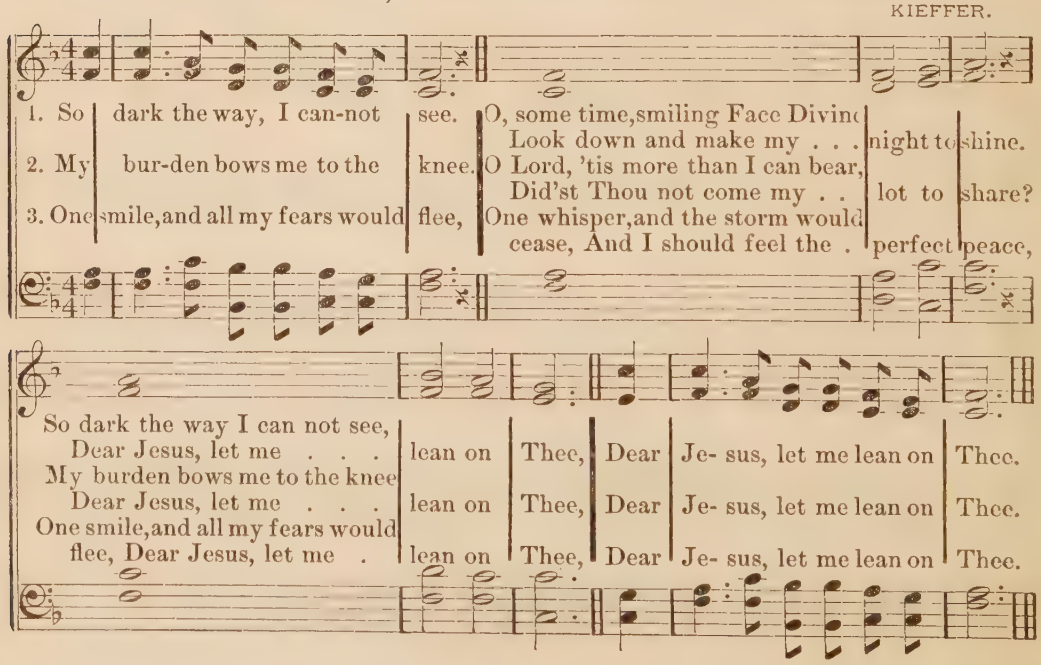



take me to your care; Take, O, take me to your care!
rall.
mf tempo.
Speed to your own courts my flight, Clad in robes of virgin
p
cres.
white Clad in robes of virgin white Clad in robes of virgin white Take me Angels ever bright and
p
mf
fair, Take, O take me,
Take, O take me to your care, ...
p



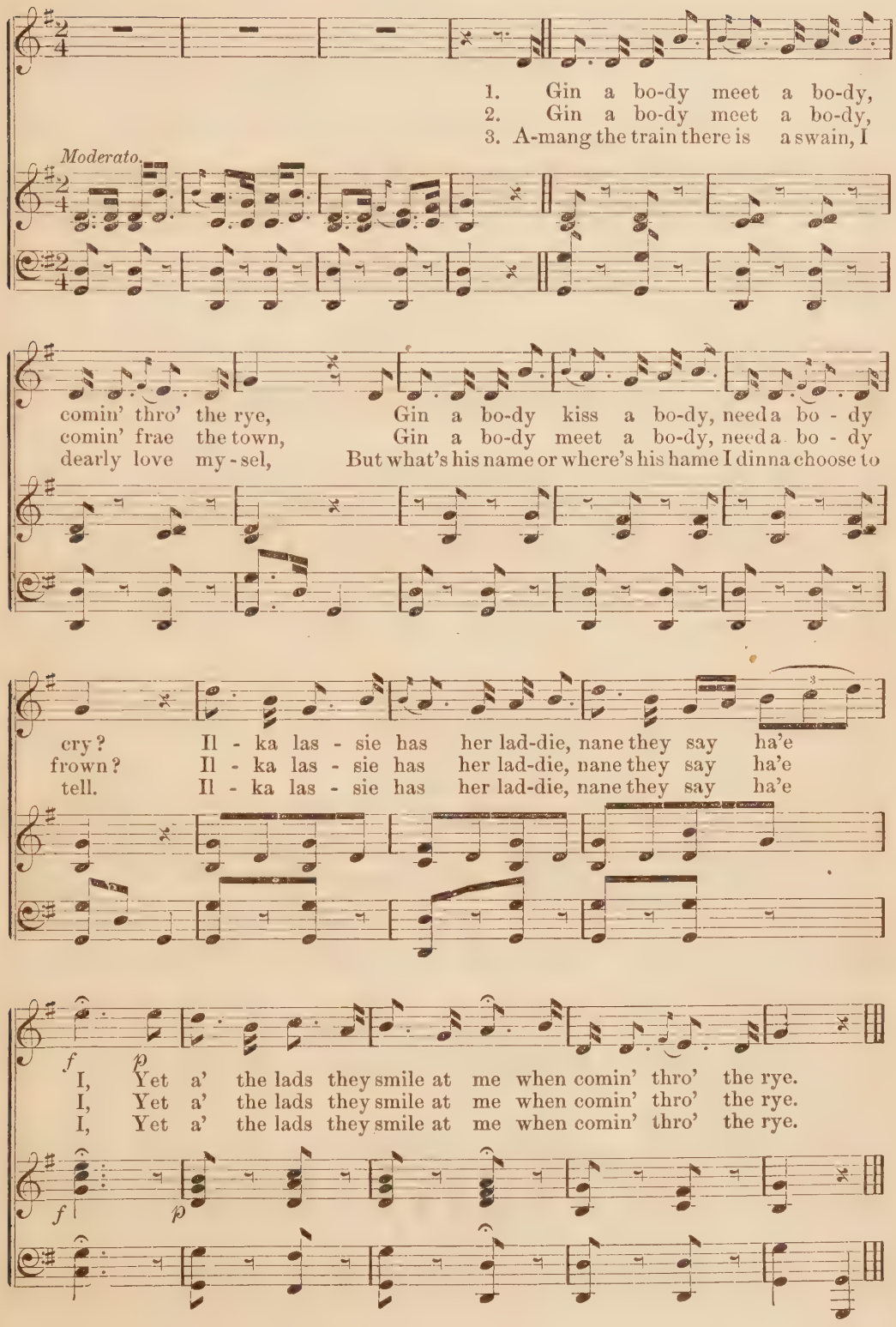
DEAR JESUS, LET ME LEAN ON THEE.

KIEFFER.



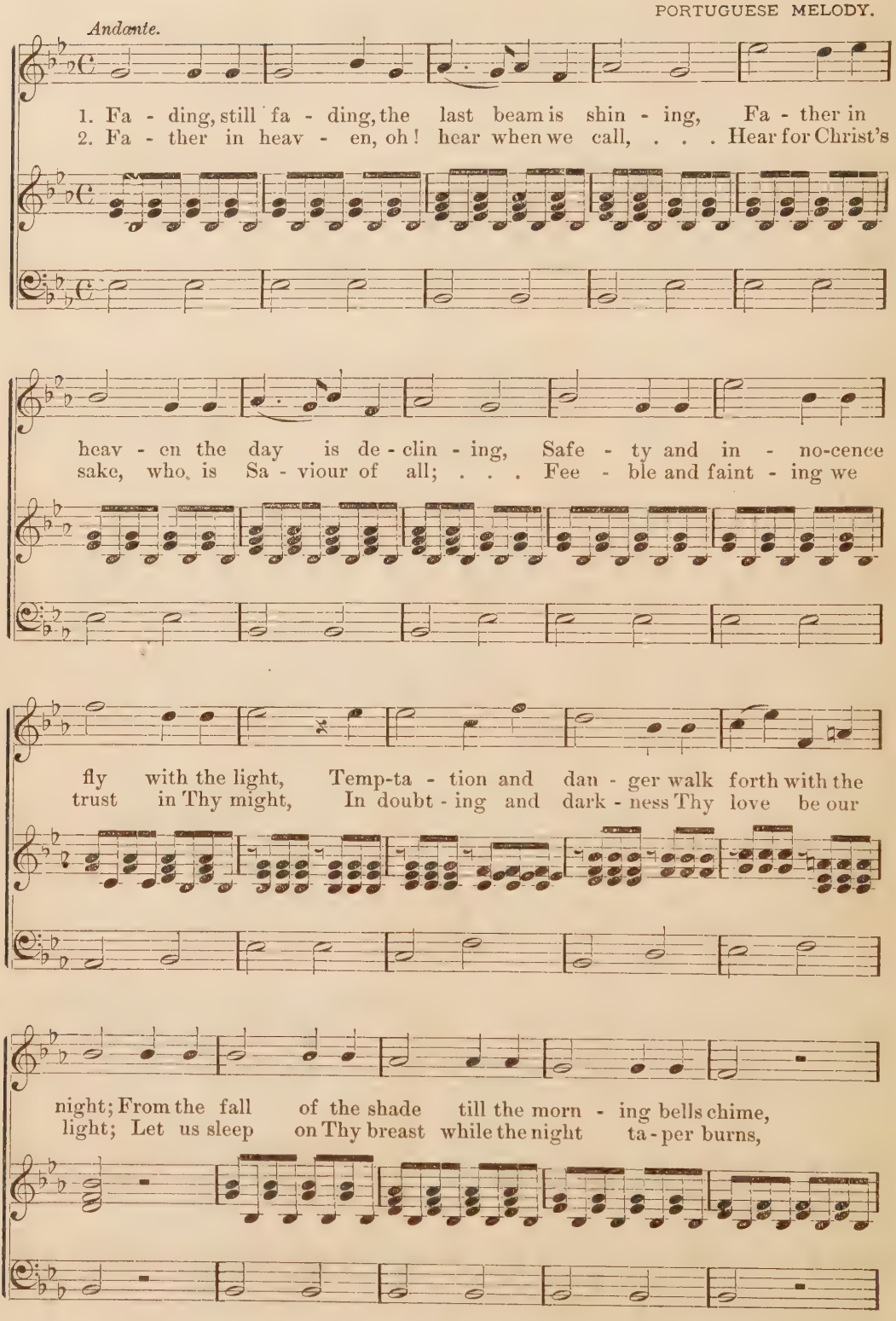
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

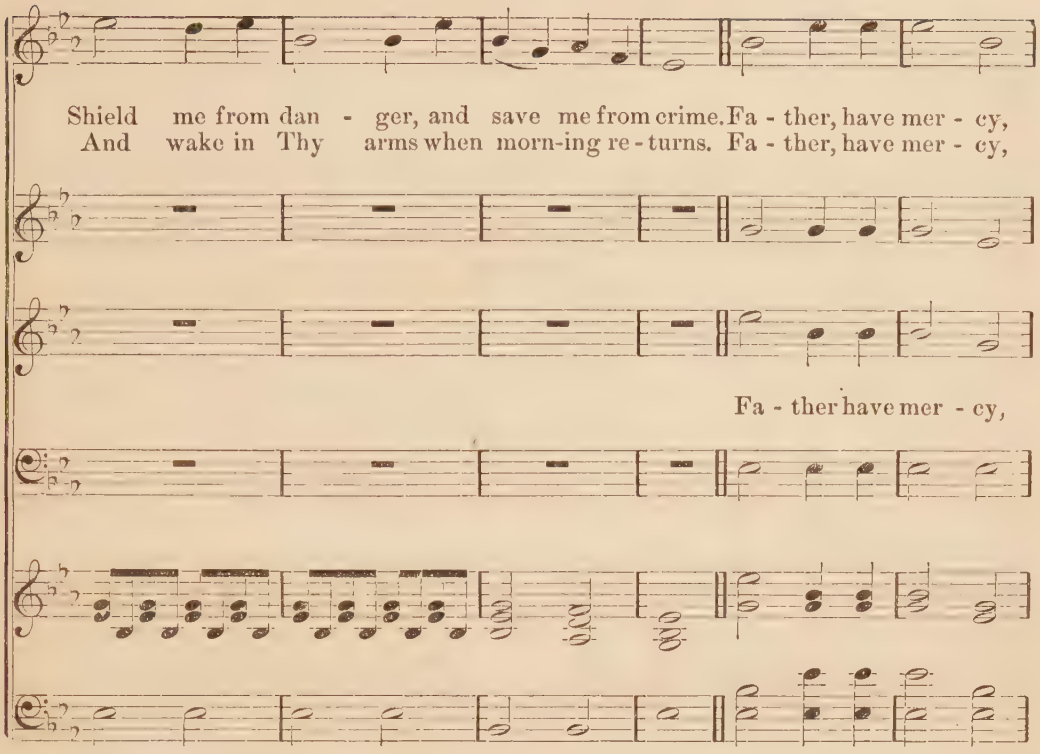
SCOTCH SONG.

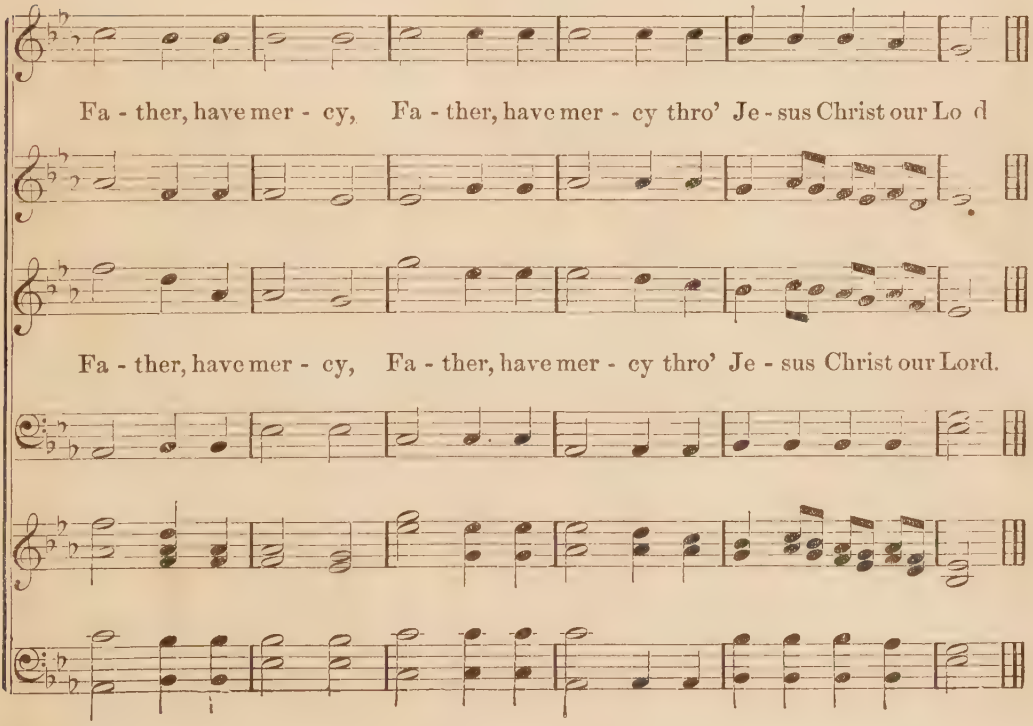


FADING, STILL FADING.

PORTUGUESE MELODY.

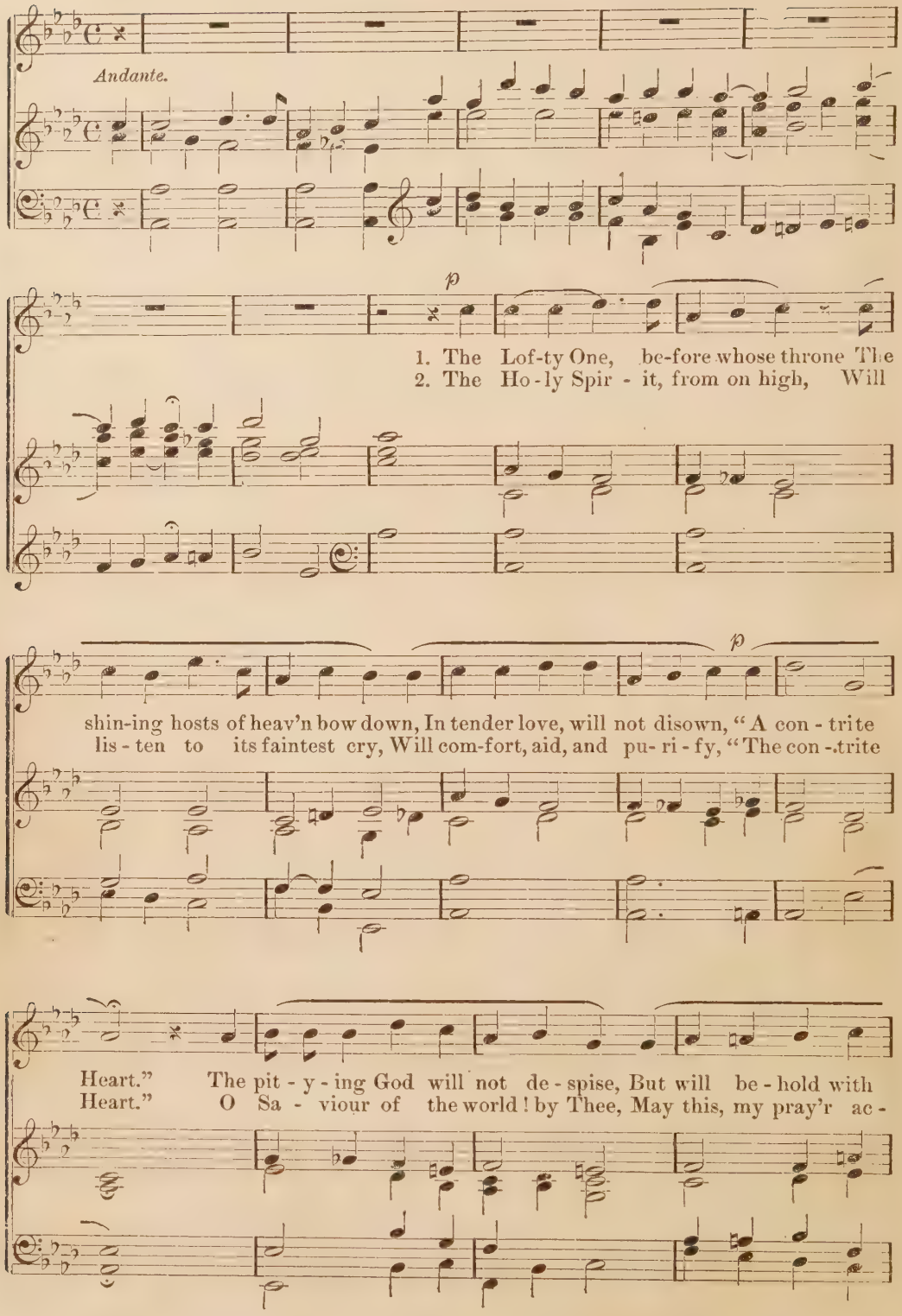


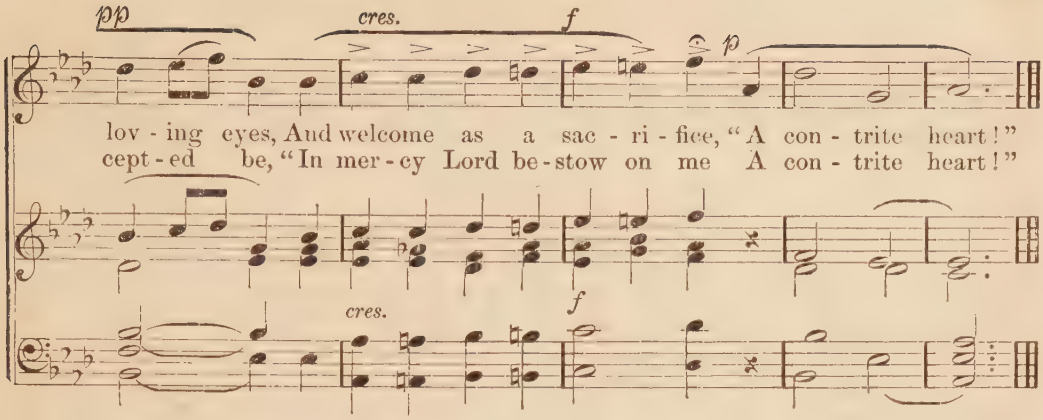

Shield me from dan - ger, and save me from crime. Fa - ther, have mer - cy,
And wake in Thy arms when morn-ing re - turns. Fa - ther, have mer - cy,
Fa - ther have mer - cy,


Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lo d
Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

THE CONTRITE HEART.

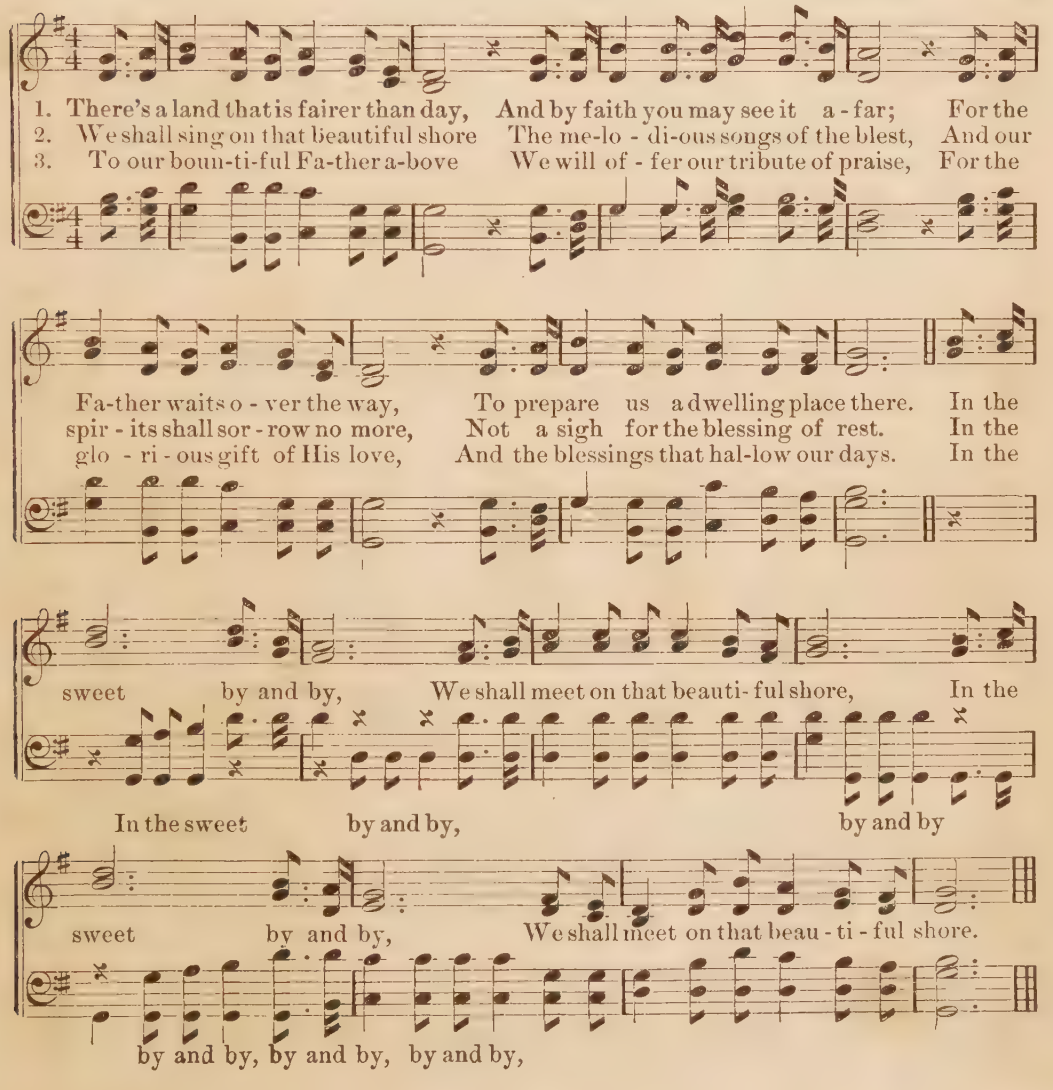
AMBROSE.





SWEET BY-AND-BY.

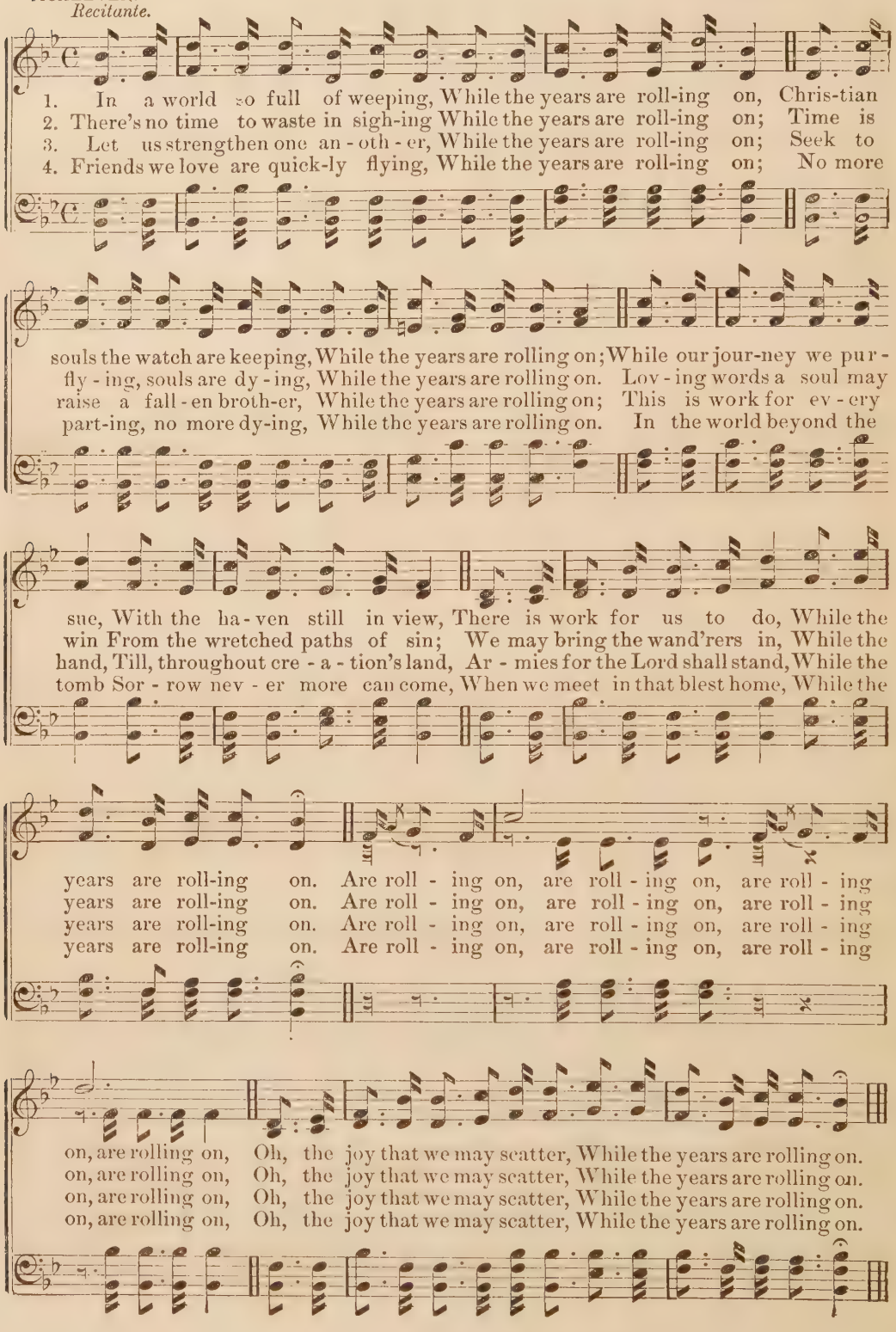
BENNETT. WEBSTER. By per.



WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING ON.

MCKEEVER. SWENEY. By per.

Recitante.



WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE.

CARPENTER. BARKER.

1. Why do summer ros - es fade, If not to show how fleet-ing,
2. Then while summer ros - es last, Oh! let's be friends to - geth - er;
3. But though summer ros - es die, And love gives way to rea - son,

All things bright and fair are made, To bloom a-while as half a-fraid, To
Sum-mer time will soon be past, When autumn leaves around us cast, And
Friendship pass without a sigh, And all on earth pass coldly by, 'Tis

cres.

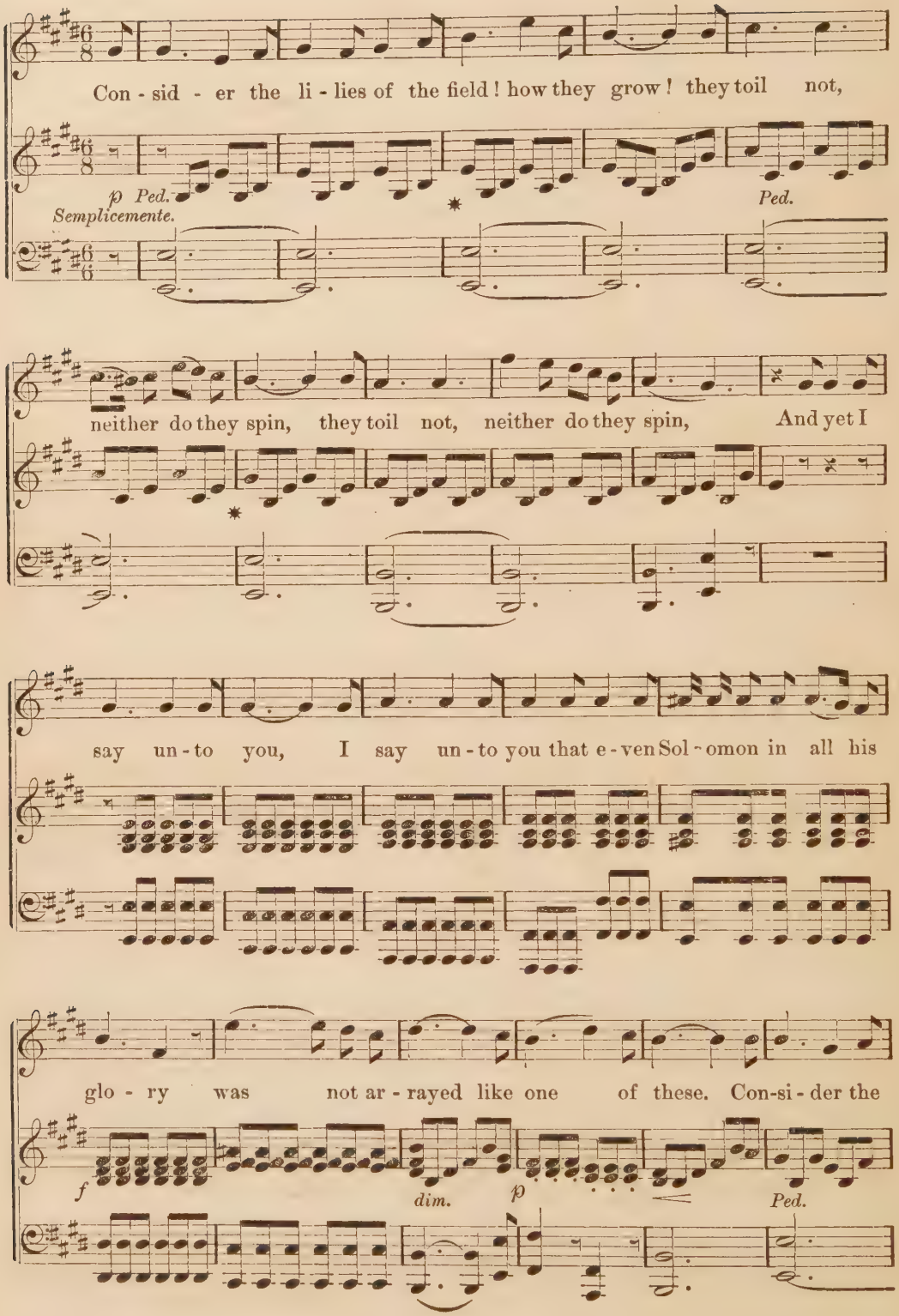
join our summer greeting? Or do they on - ly bloom to tell How brief a sea-son
then comes wintry weather. Surely as the summer's day, Friendship, too, will
but a win-try sea-son, And friendship, love, and ros-es too, The springtime shall a-

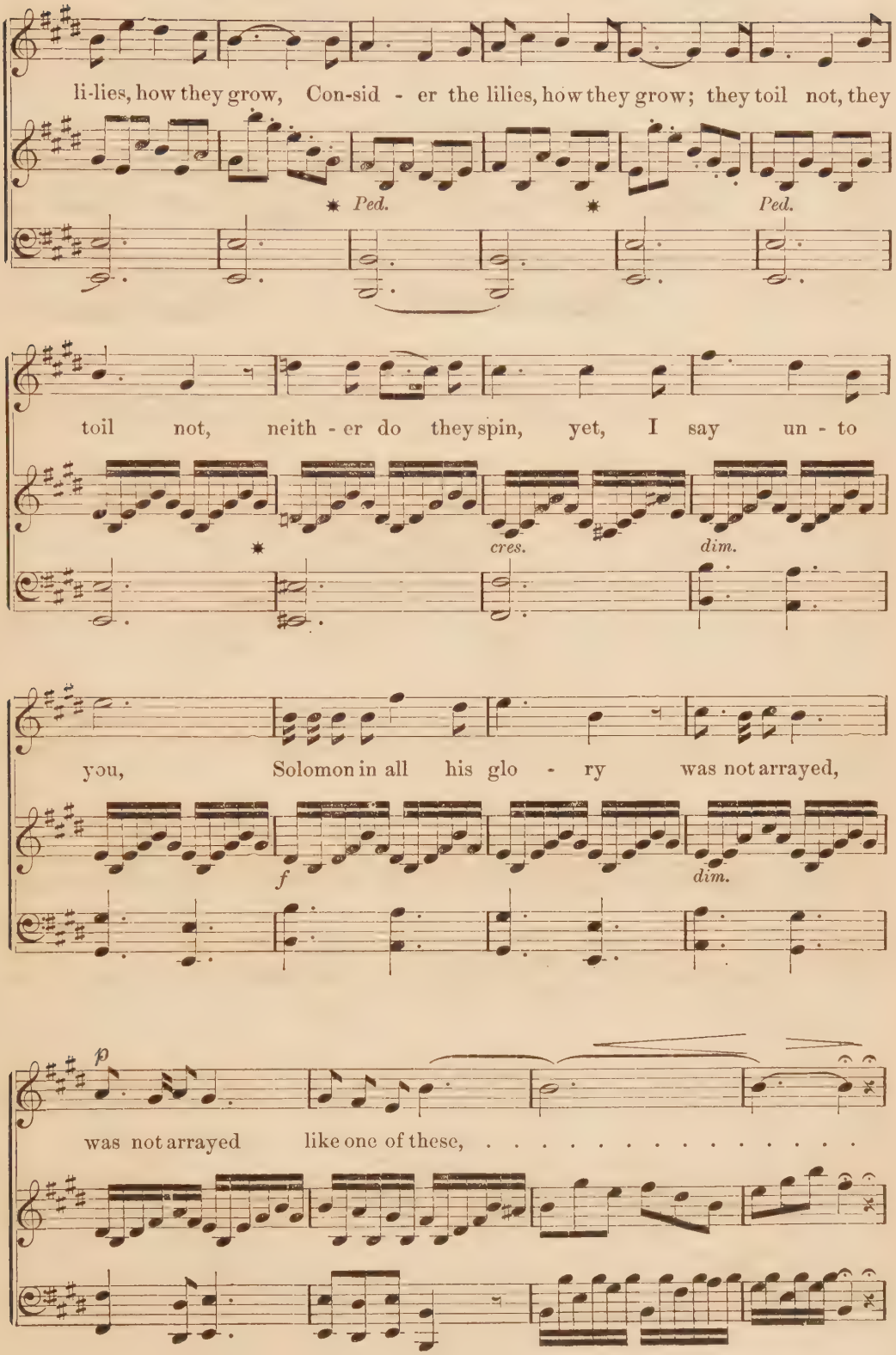
p

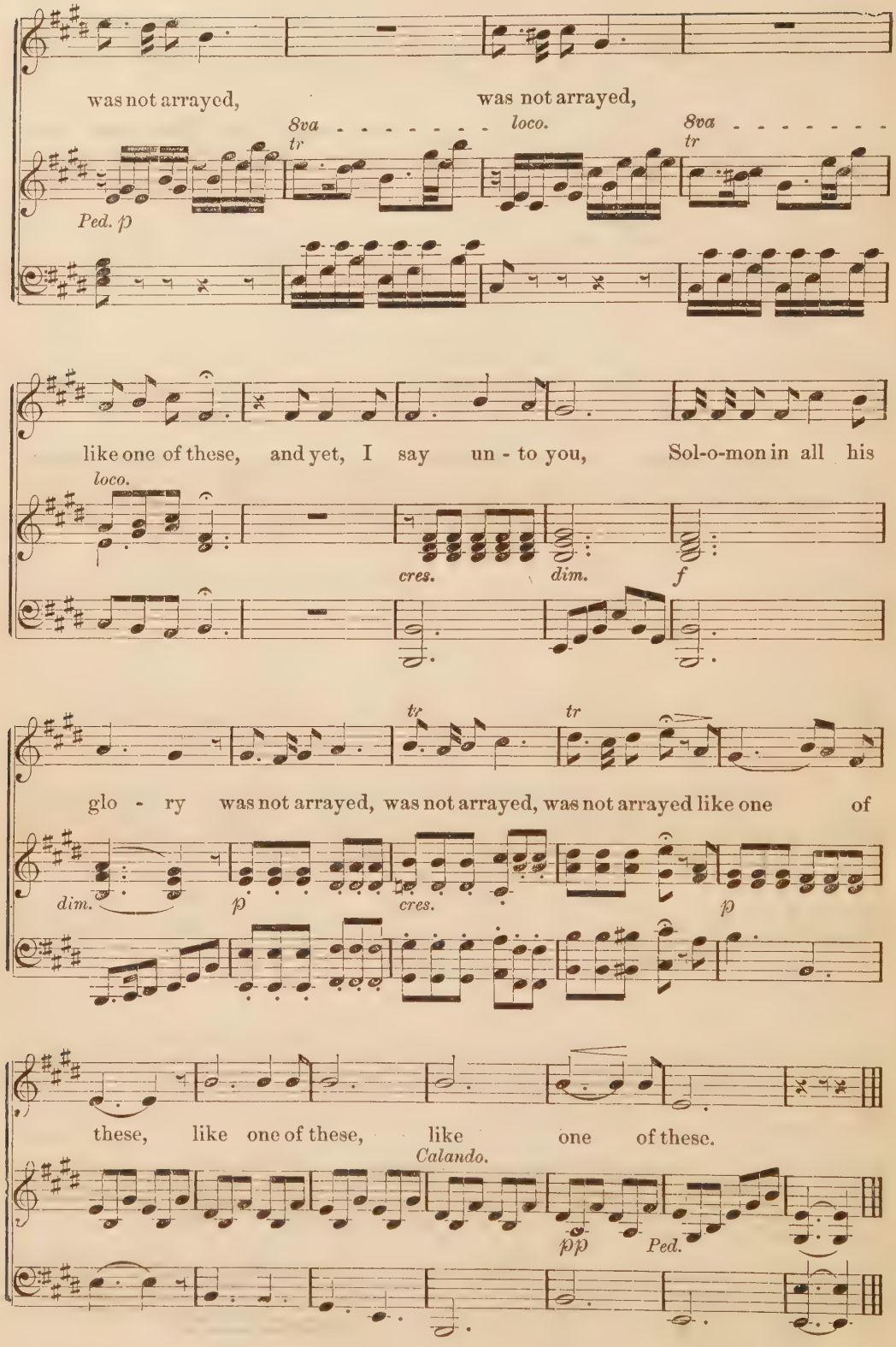
love may dwell, Or do they on - ly bloom to tell How brief a sea-son love may dwell?
pass a-way, Sure - ly as the summer's day, Friendship, too, will pass a-way.
gain renew, And friendship, love, and ros- es too, The springtime shall again renew.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

TOPLIFF.

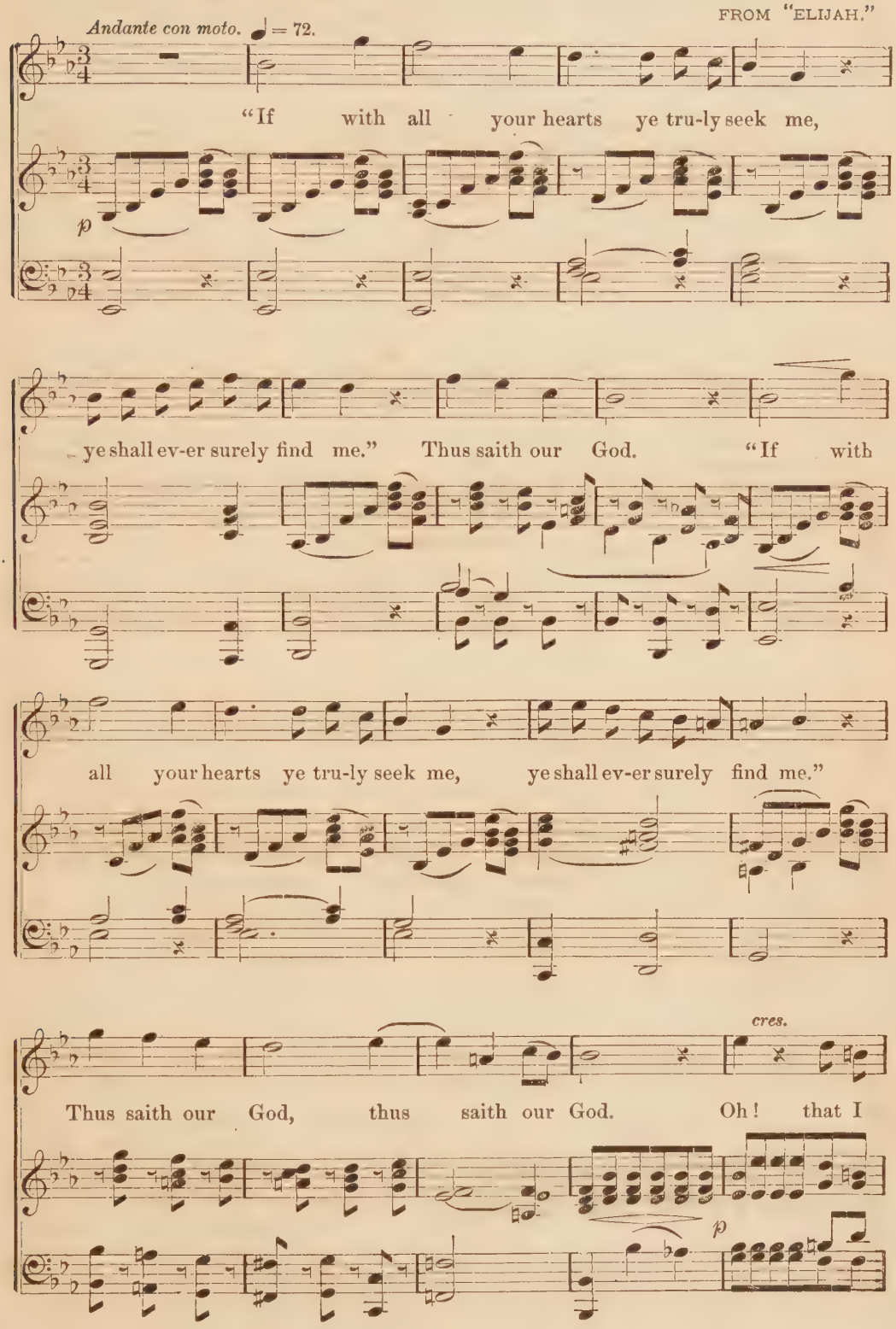


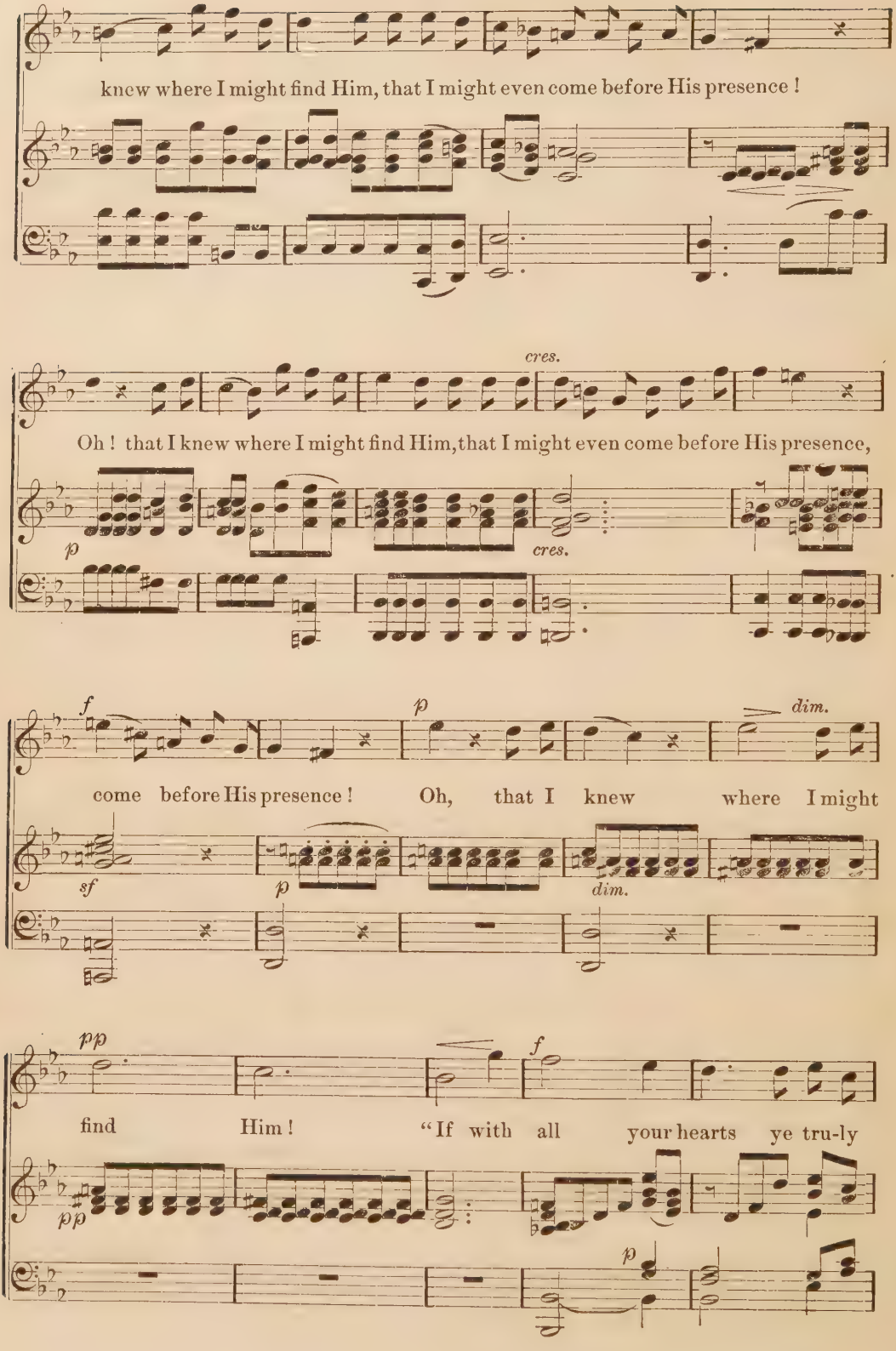

li-lies, how they grow, Con-sid - er the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they
Ped.
Ped.
toil not, neith - er do they spin, yet, I say un - to
cres.
dim.
you, Solomon in all his glo - ry was not arrayed,
f
dim.
p
was not arrayed like one of these, ...

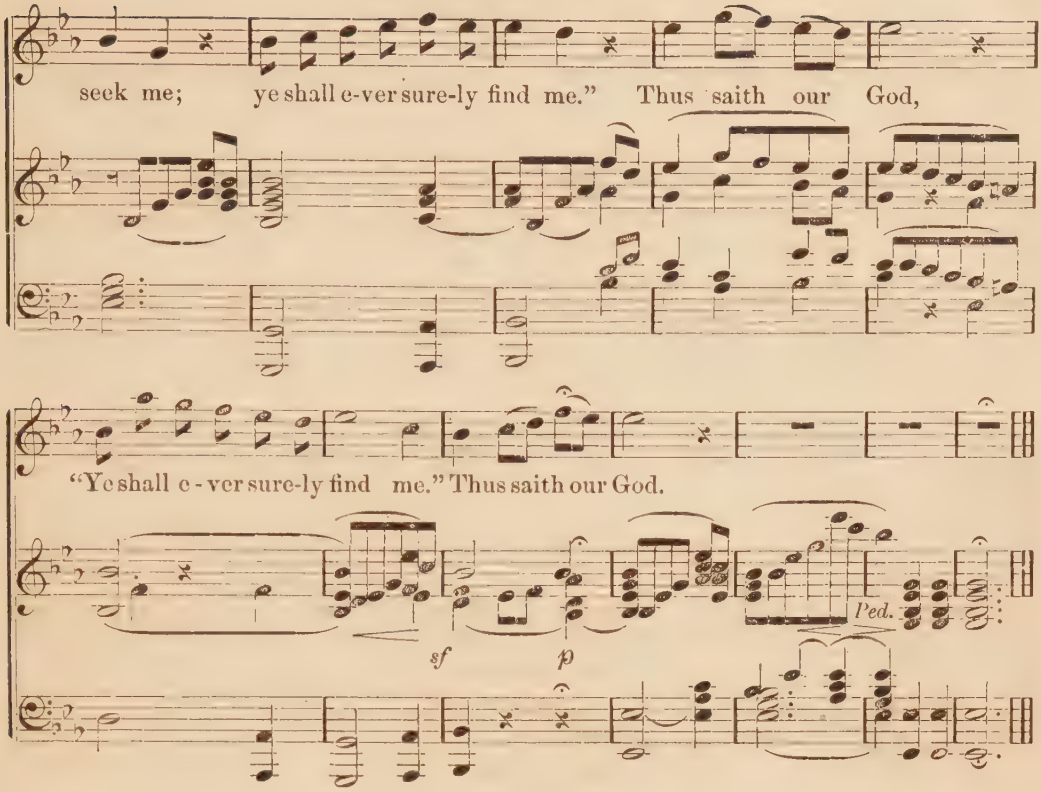

was not arrayed, was not arrayed,
8va
tr
loco.
8va
tr
Ped. p
like one of these, and yet, I say un - to you, Sol-o-mon in all his
loco.
cres.
dim.
f
tr
tr
glo - ry was not arrayed, was not arrayed, was not arrayed like one of
dim.
p
cres.
p
these, like one of these, like one of these.
Calando.
pp
Ped.

IF WITH ALL YOUR HEARTS.

FROM "ELIJAH."

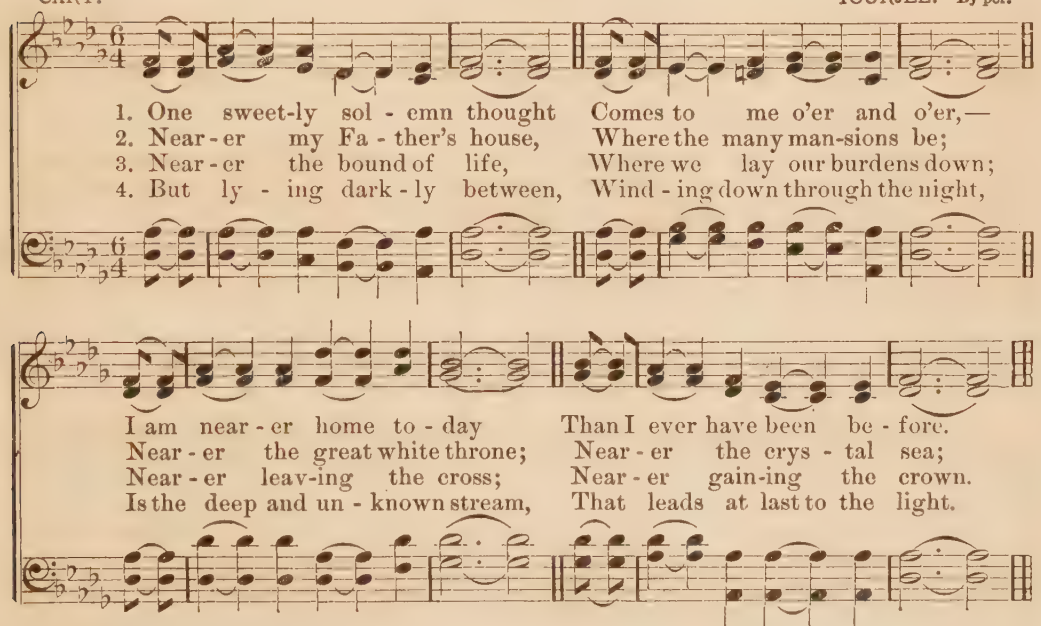



knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence !
cres.
Oh ! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence,
p
cres.
f
p
dim.
come before His presence ! Oh, that I knew where I might
sf
p
dim.
pp
f
find Him ! "If with all your hearts ye tru-ly
pp
p



CARY.

CARY. TOURJÉE. By per.

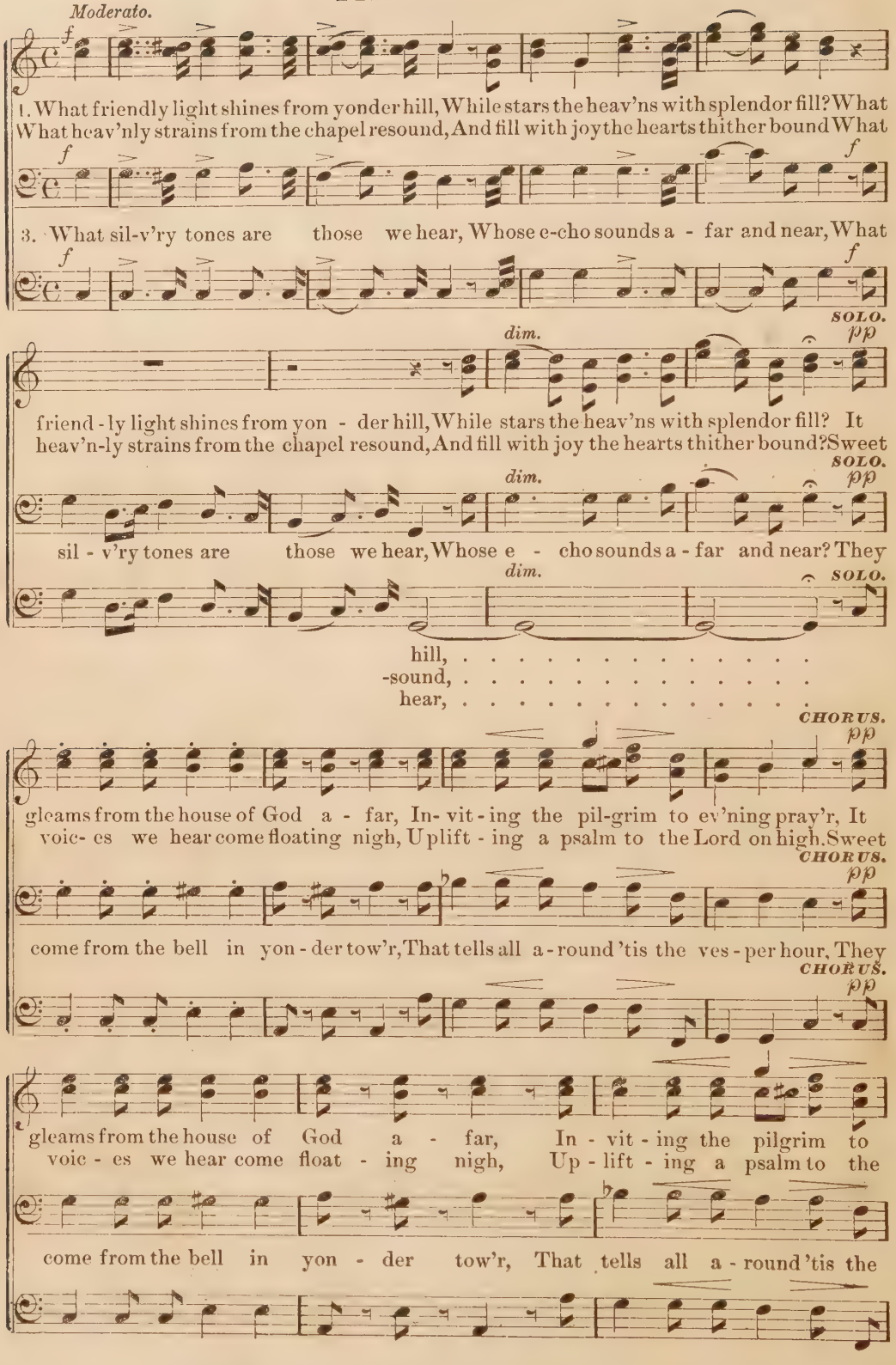


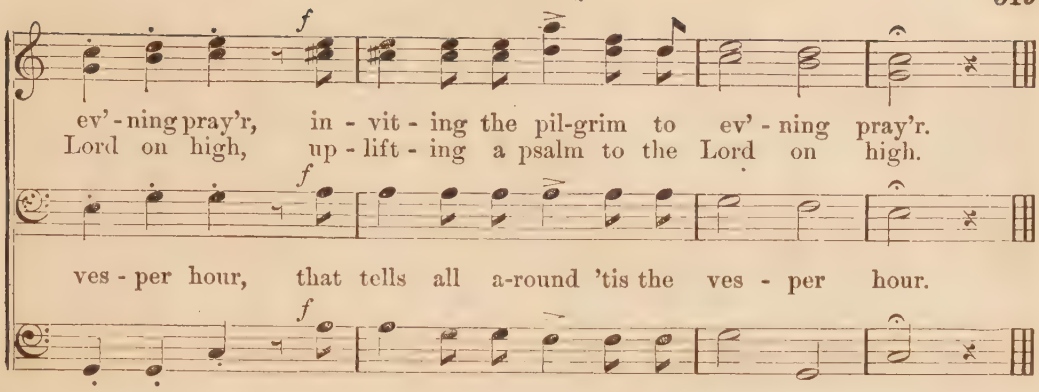
5 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death:

6 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be, I am nearer home —
Nearer now than I think!

THE CHAPEL.

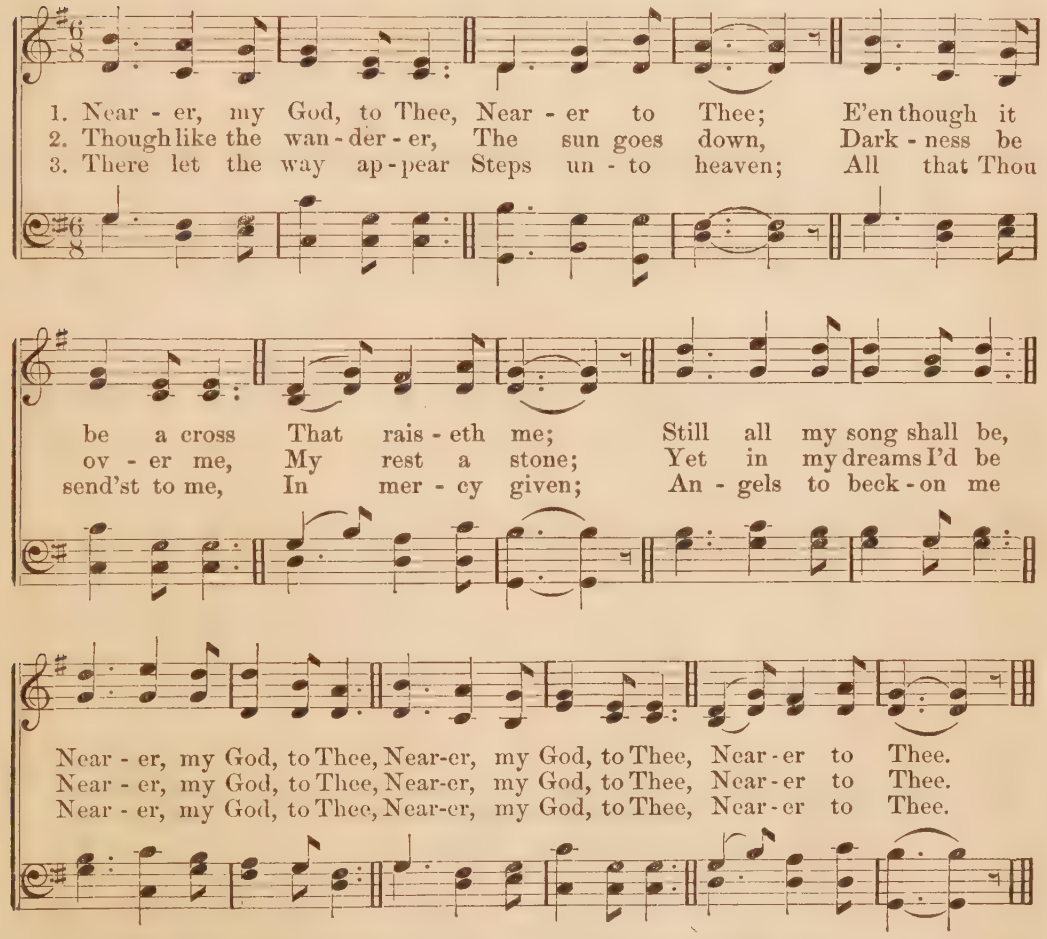
KREUTZER.





NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

ARR. BY MASON. By per.

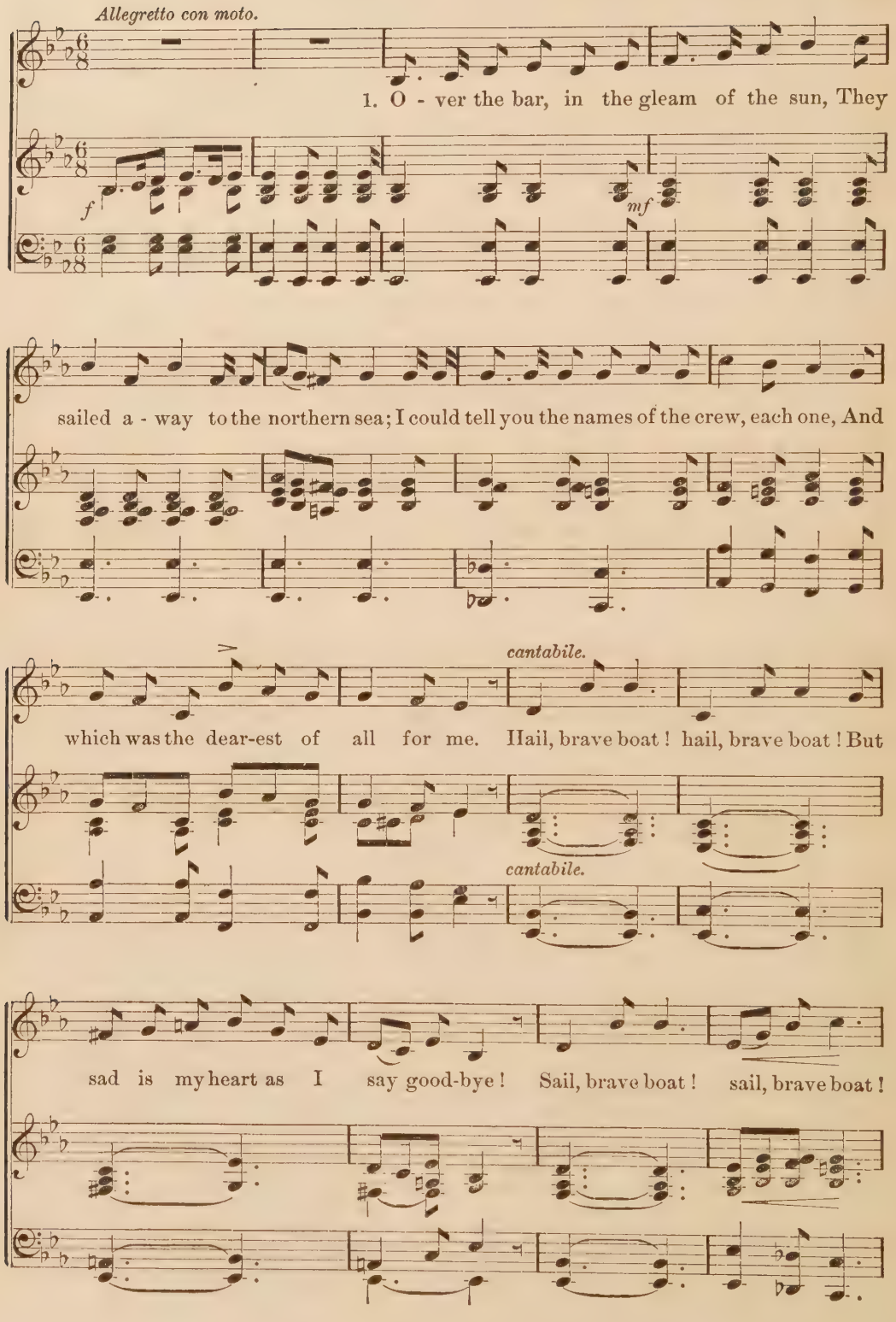


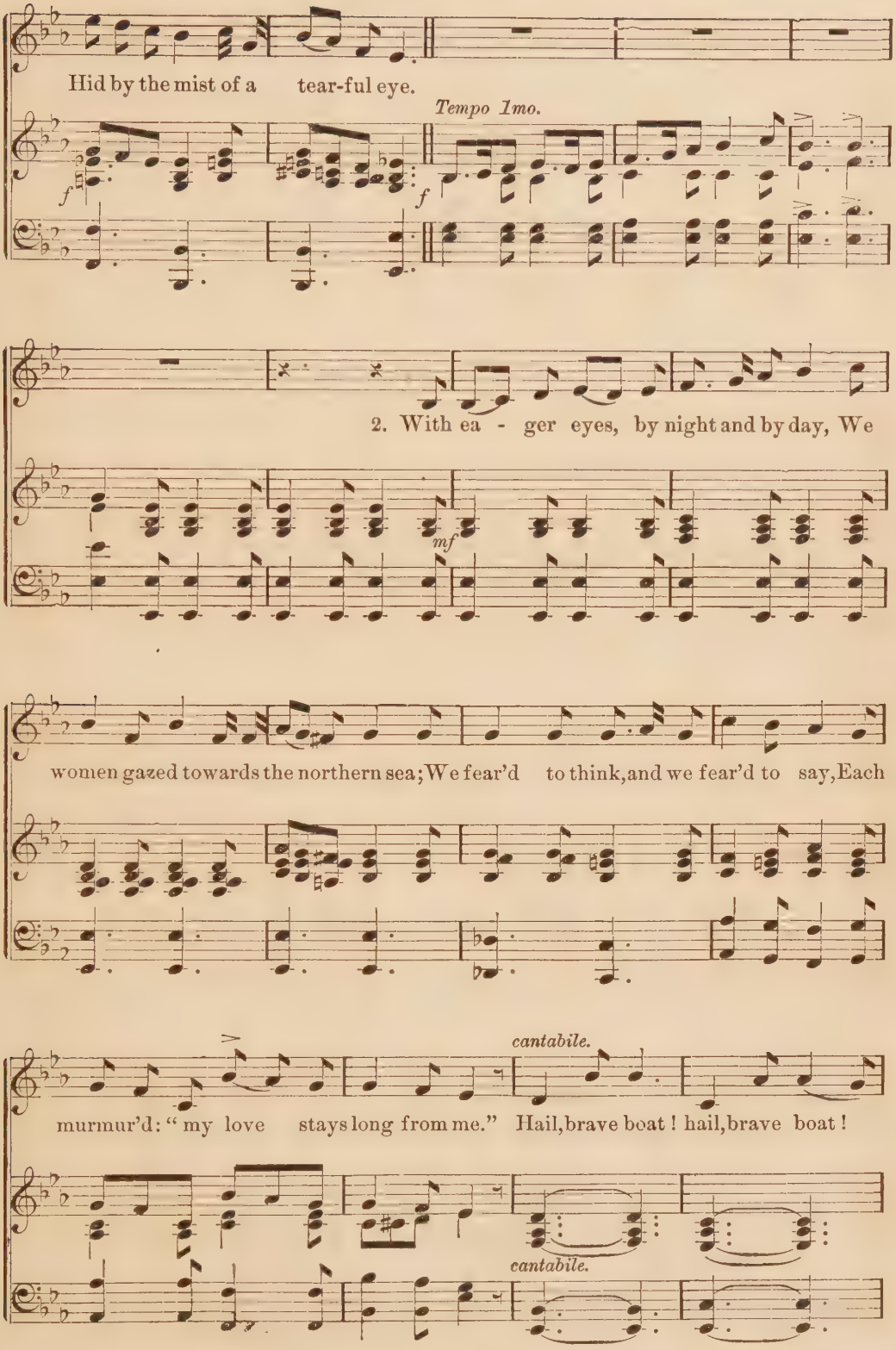
4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

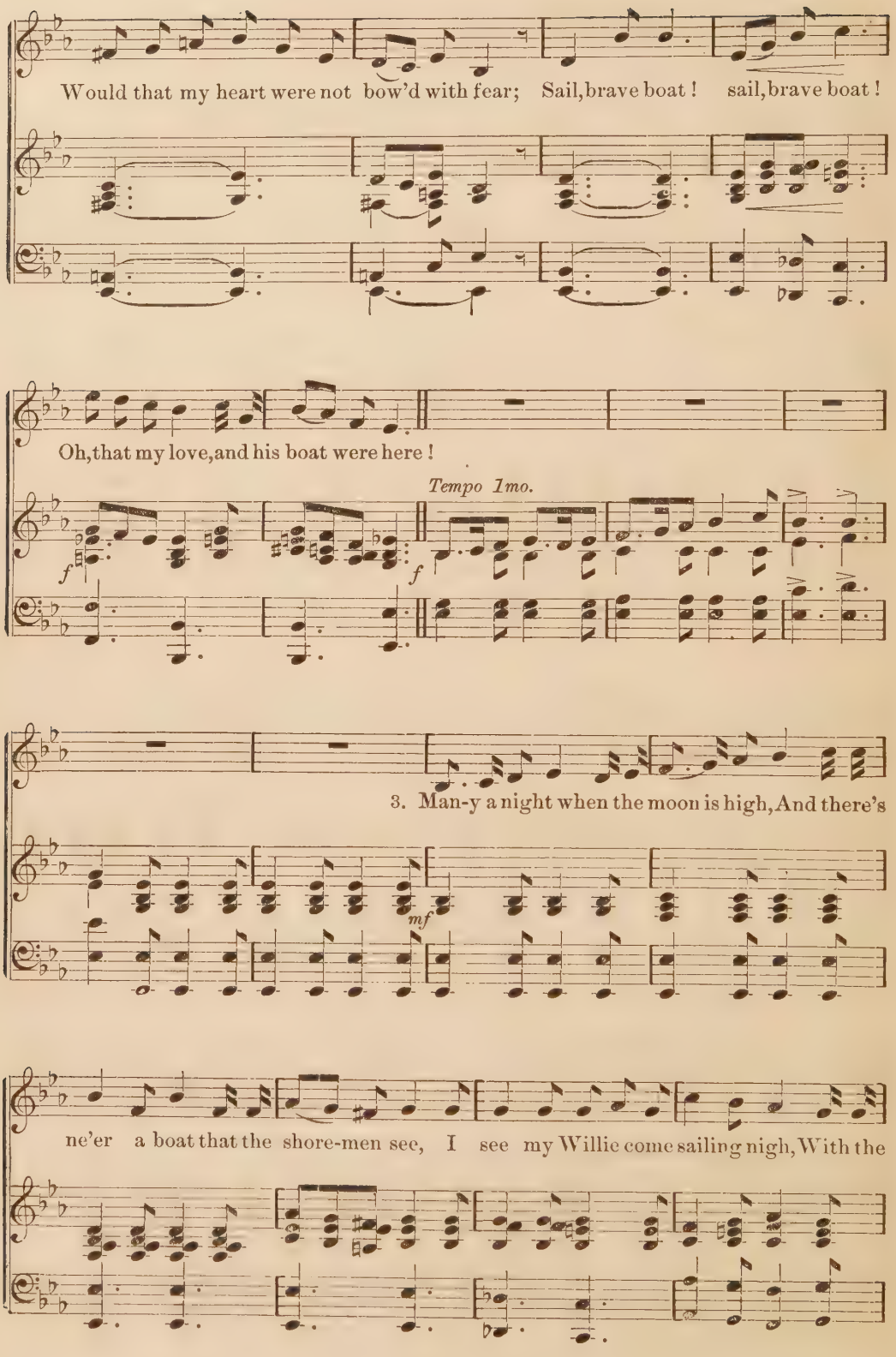
5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

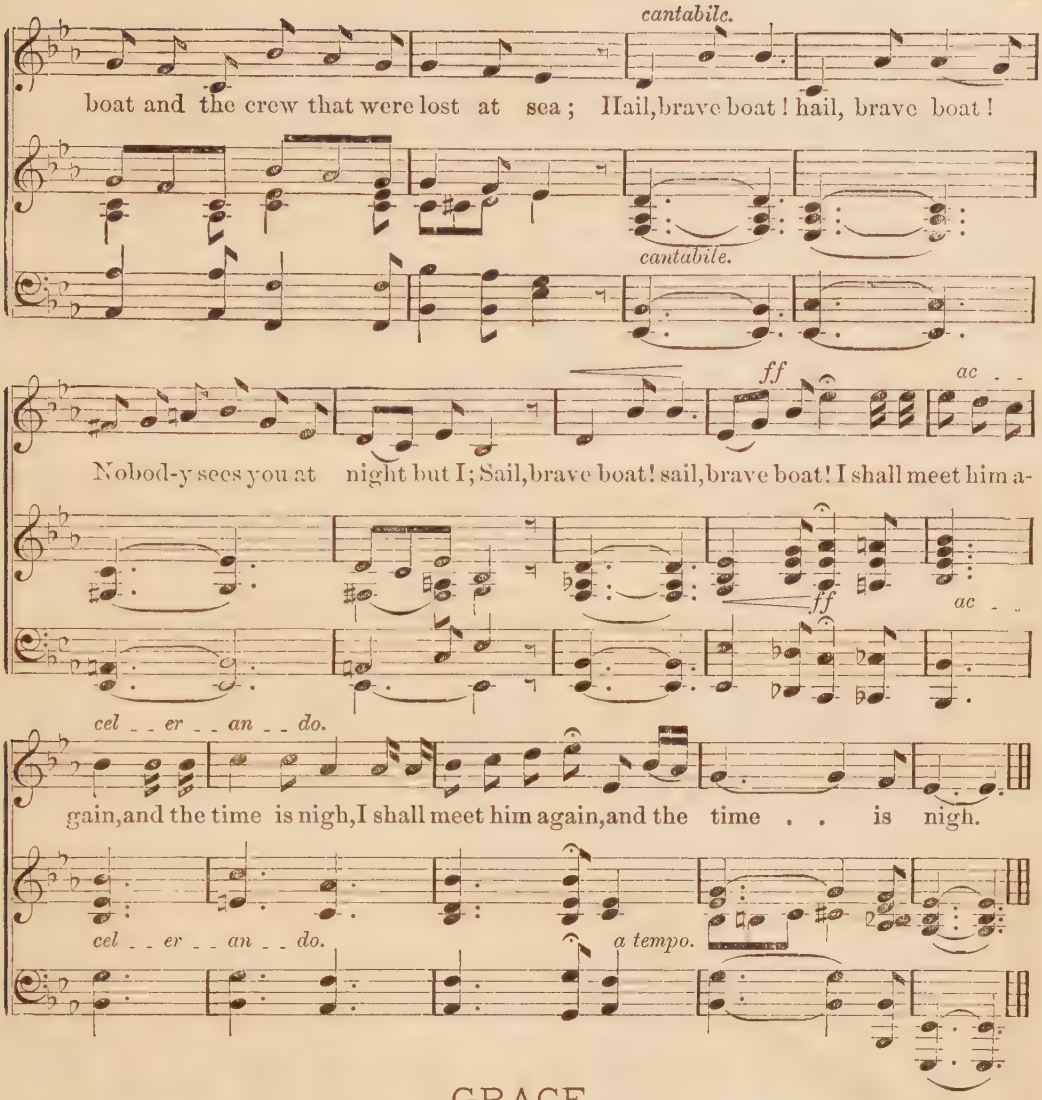
THE LOST BOAT.

STUDLEY. By per.

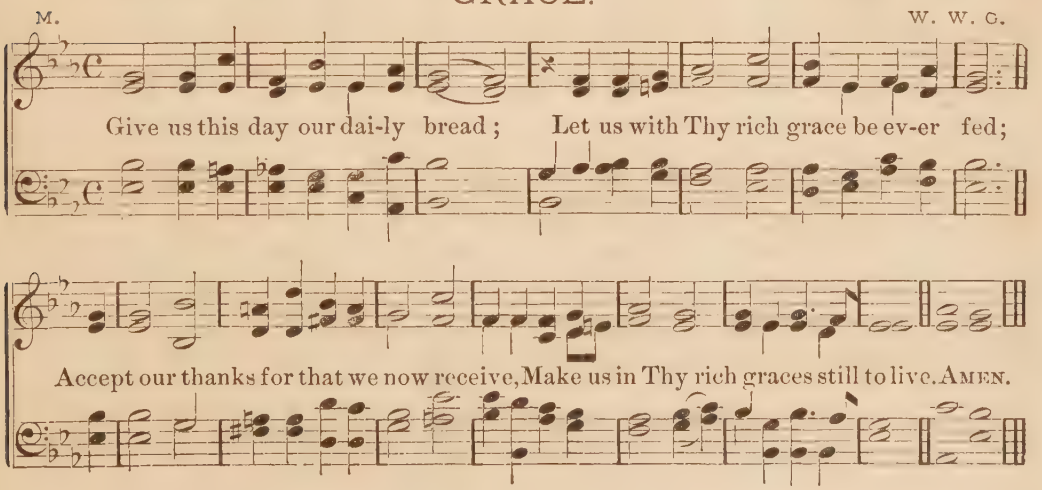



Hid by the mist of a tear-ful eye.
Tempo 1mo.
f
f
2. With ea - ger eyes, by night and by day, We
mf
women gazed towards the northern sea; We fear'd to think, and we fear'd to say, Each
cantabile.
murmur'd: "my love stays long from me." Hail, brave boat! hail, brave boat!
cantabile.


Would that my heart were not bow'd with fear; Sail, brave boat! sail, brave boat!
Oh, that my love, and his boat were here!
Tempo 1mo.
f
f
3. Man-y a night when the moon is high, And there's
mf
ne'er a boat that the shore-men see, I see my Willie come sailing nigh, With the

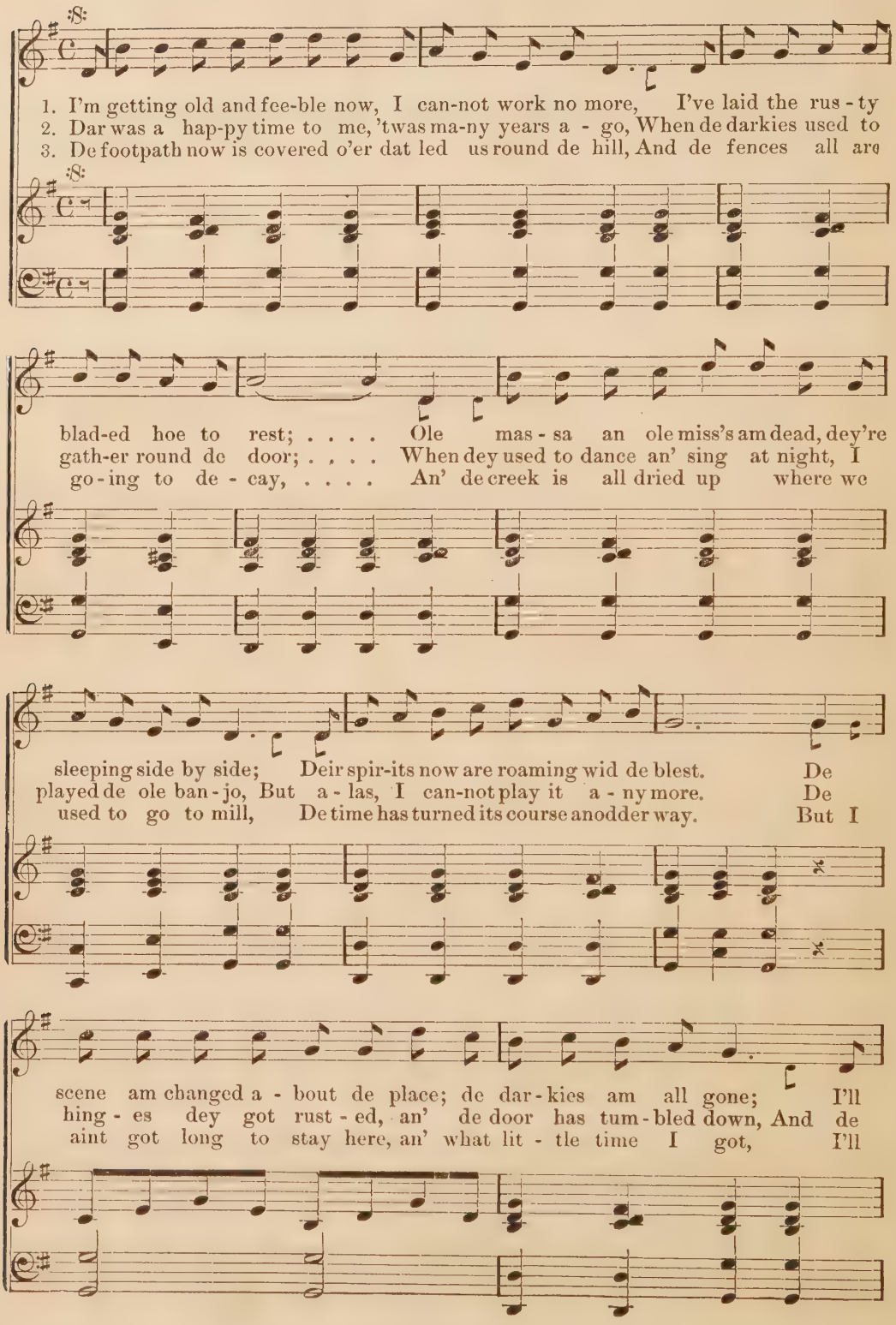

cantabile.
boat and the crew that were lost at sea; Hail, brave boat! hail, brave boat!
cantabile.
ff
ac
Nobod-y sees you at night but I; Sail, brave boat! sail, brave boat! I shall meet him a-
ff
ac
cel - er - an - do.
gain, and the time is nigh, I shall meet him again, and the time . . is nigh.
cel - er - an - do.
a tempo.

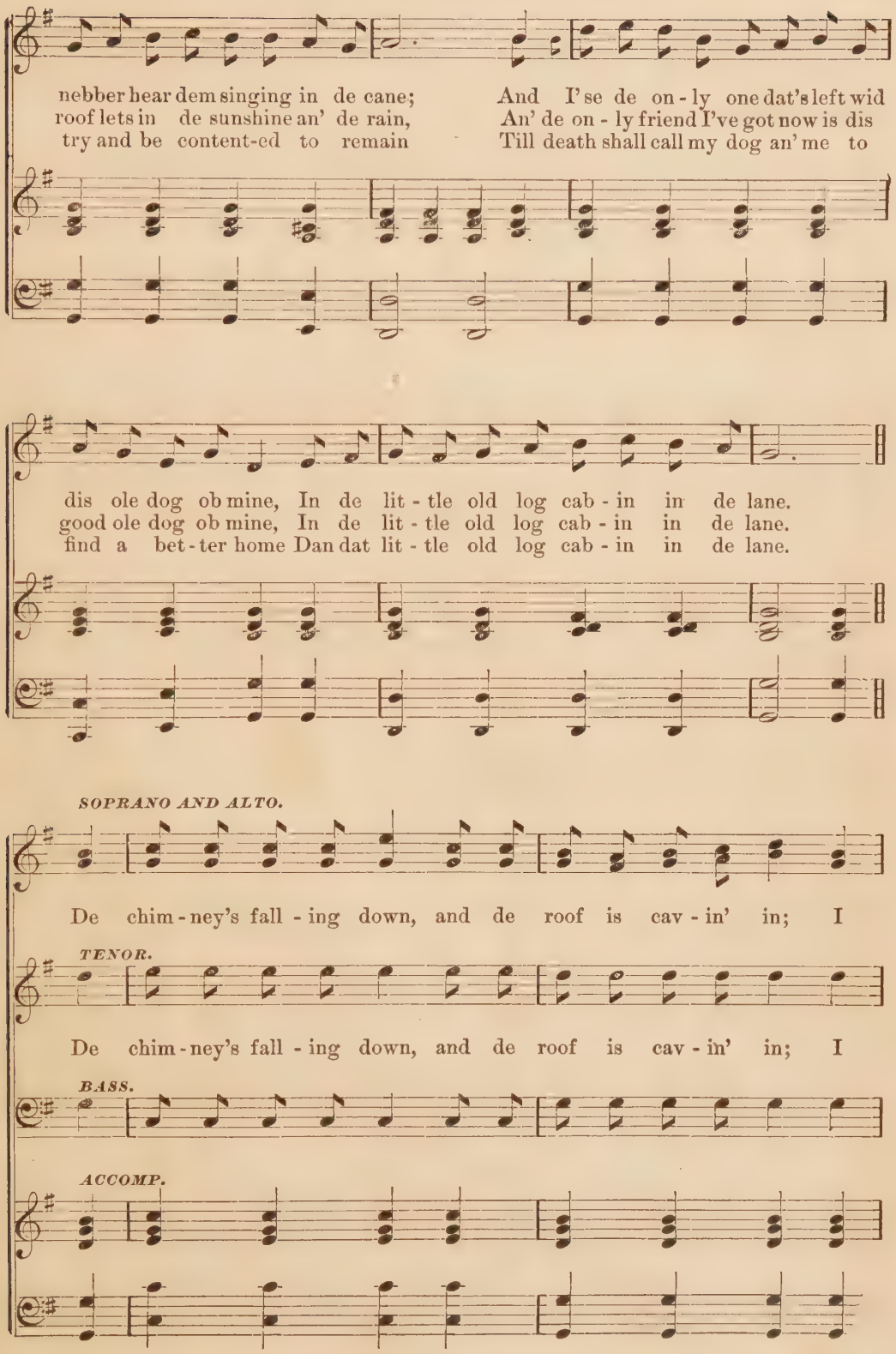
GRACE.

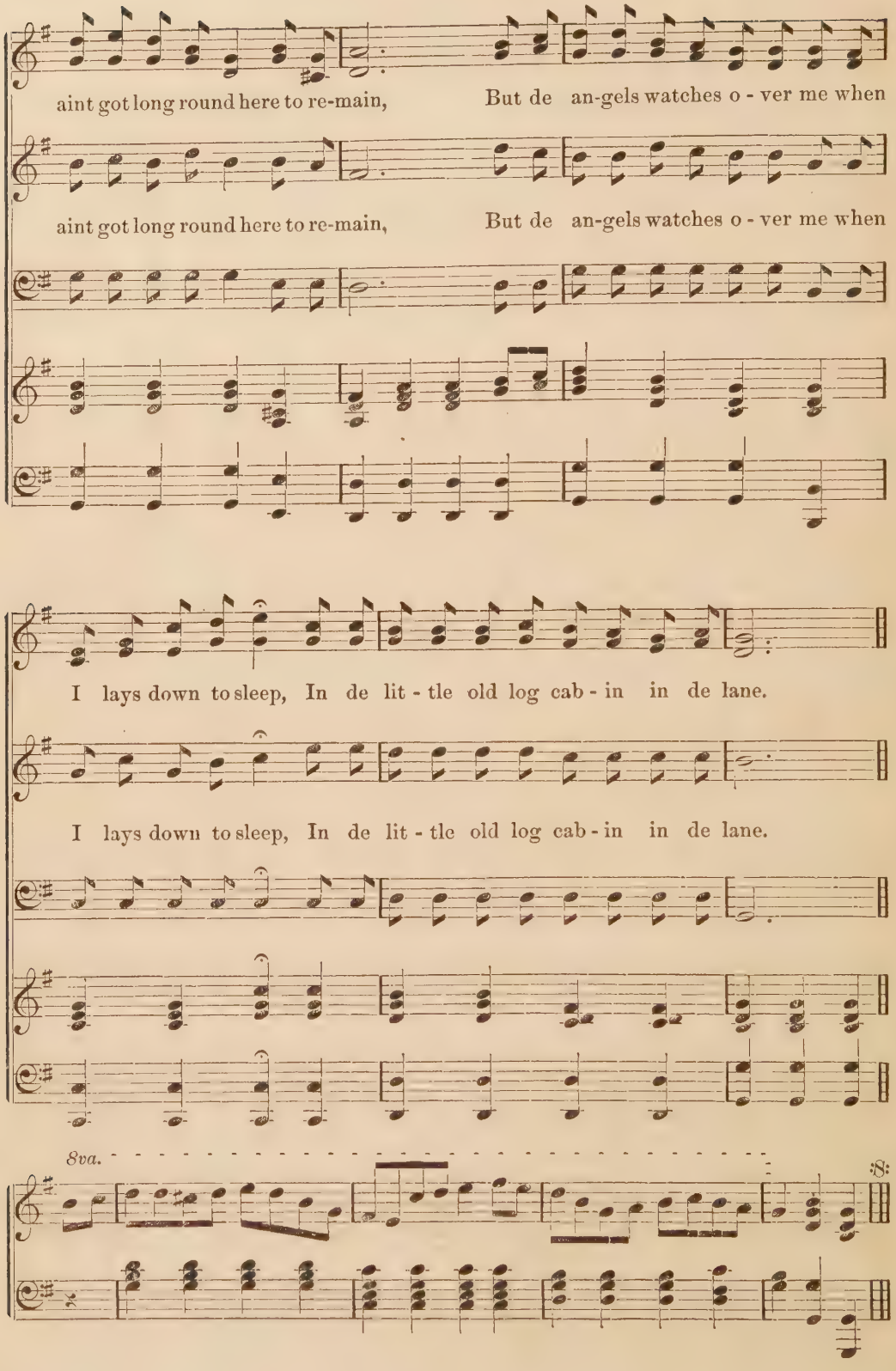

M.
W. W. G.
Give us this day our dai-ly bread; Let us with Thy rich grace be ev-er fed;
Accept our thanks for that we now receive, Make us in Thy rich graces still to live. AMEN.

THE LITTLE OLD CABIN IN THE LANE.

HAYS. By per.

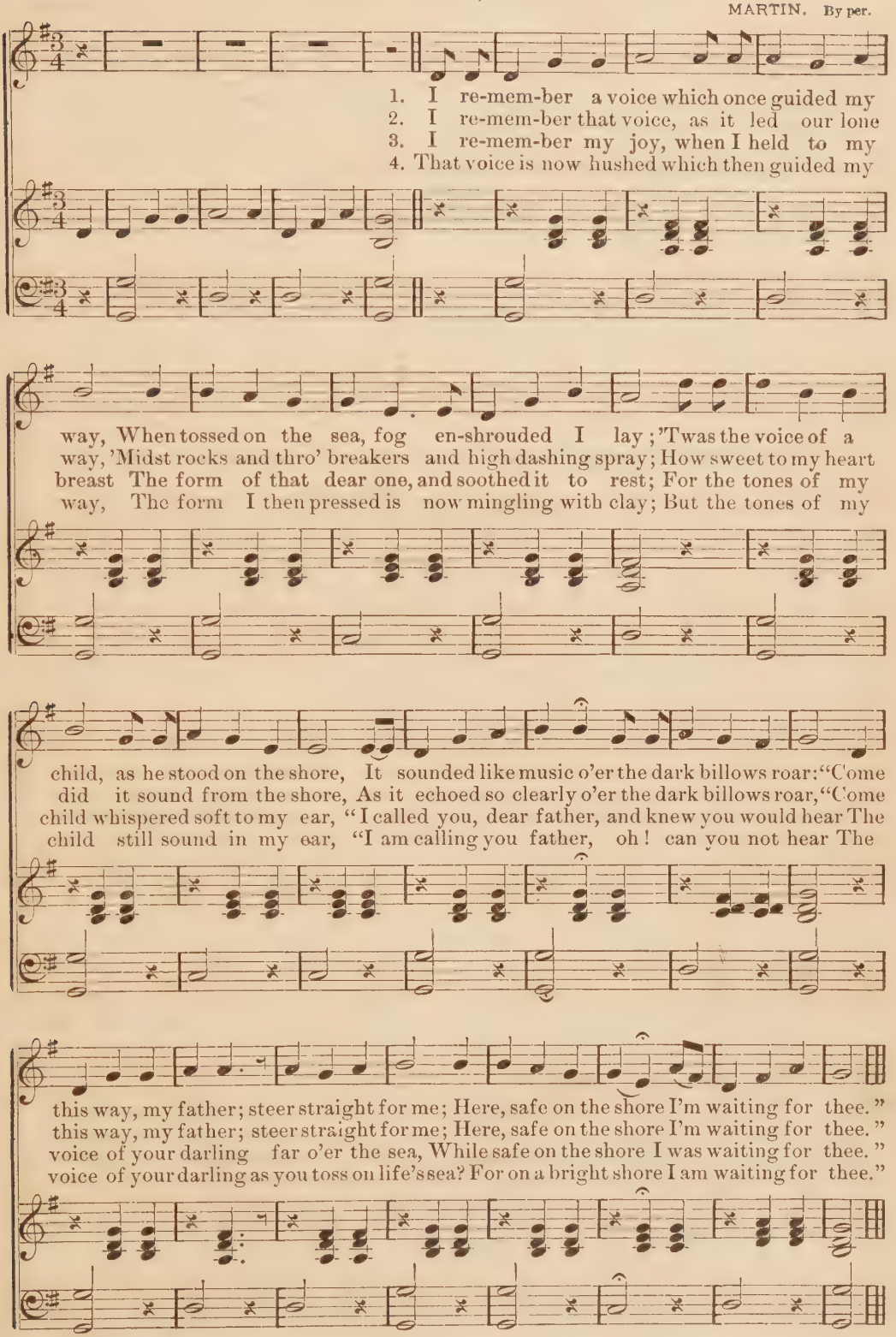



nebber hear dem singing in de cane;
roof lets in de sunshine an' de rain,
try and be content-ed to remain
And I'se de on-ly one dat's left wid
An' de on-ly friend I've got now is dis
Till death shall call my dog an' me to
dis ole dog ob mine, In de lit-tle old log cab-in in de lane.
good ole dog ob mine, In de lit-tle old log cab-in in de lane.
find a bet-ter home Dan dat lit-tle old log cab-in in de lane.
SOPRANO AND ALTO.
De chim-ney's fall-ing down, and de roof is cav-in' in; I
TENOR.
De chim-ney's fall-ing down, and de roof is cav-in' in; I
BASS.
ACCOMP.


aint got long round here to re-main, But de an-gels watches o - ver me when
aint got long round here to re-main, But de an-gels watches o - ver me when
I lays down to sleep, In de lit - tle old log cab - in in de lane.
I lays down to sleep, In de lit - tle old log cab - in in de lane.
8va.
:8:

COME THIS WAY, MY FATHER.

MARTIN. By per.



THE TWO ROSES.

F. R. W. WERNER.

Andante.

mf **FIRST TENOR.** *cres.*

1. On a bank two ros - es fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers,
2. Thou in white art all ar-ray'd, Not a speck to mar thee;
3. Thou art like the blush-ing cheek Which her love dis - clos - es;

mf **SECOND TENOR.** *cres.*

mf **FIRST BASS.** *cres.*

1. On a bank two ro - es fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers,
2. Thou in white art all ar-ray'd, Not a speck to mar thee;
3. Thou art like the blush - ing cheek Which her love dis - clos - es;

mf **SECOND BASS.** *cres.*

p

Sweet to view in fragrance grew; I, then, pen - sive, full of care, Gather'd both the
Thus I find the spot-less mind, Which adorns my love-ly maid; Would she soon may
Nought with her can I com-pare, But of charms if I should speak, Ye'll be jeal - ous

p

p

Sweet to view in fragrance grew; I, then, pen - sive, full of care, Gather'd both the
Thus I find the spot-less mind, Which adorns my love-ly maid; Would she soon may
Nought with her can I com-pare, But of charms if I should speak, Ye'll be jeal - ous

p

mf *cres.* *p*

flow - ers. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
wear thee. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
ros - es. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

mf *cres.* *p*

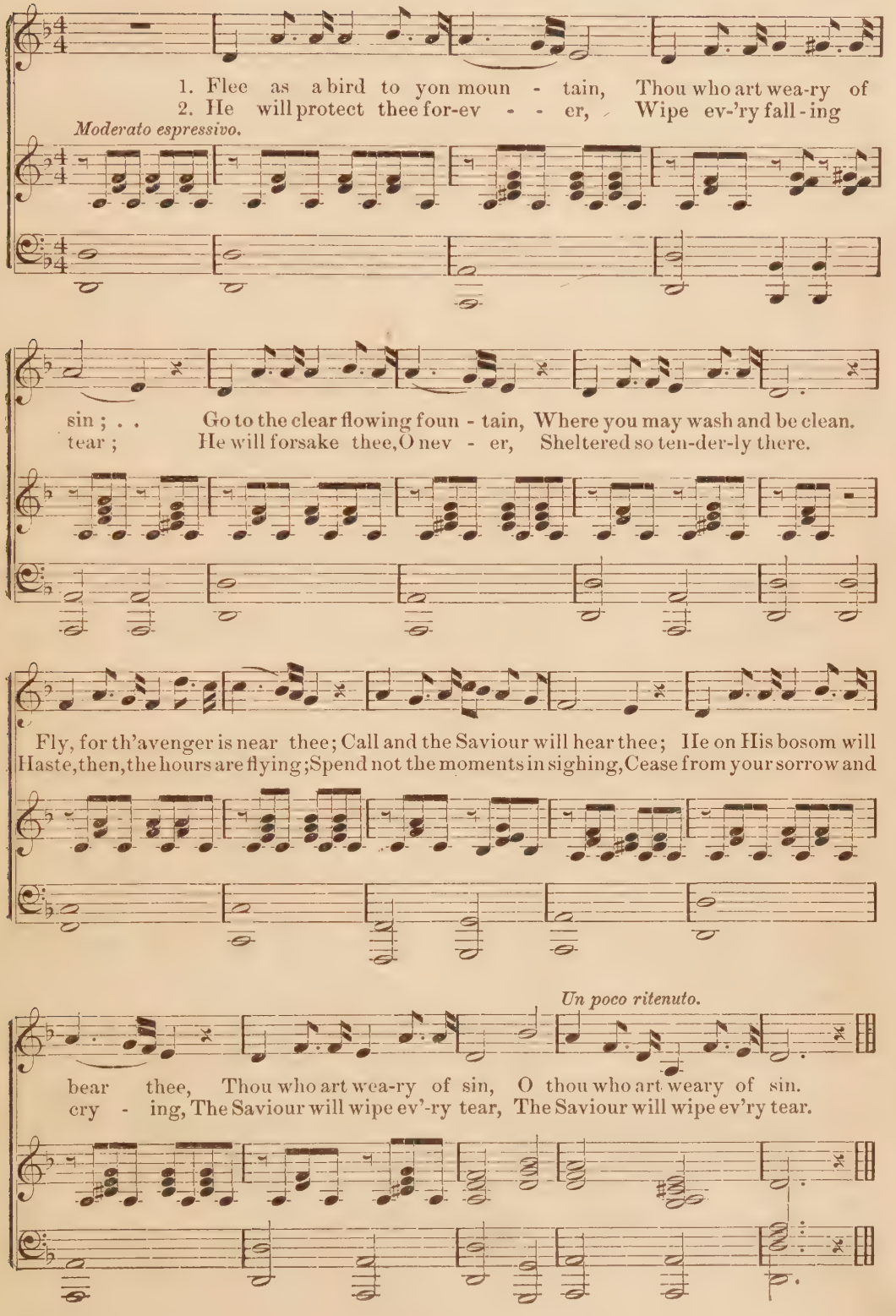
mf *cres.* *p*

flow - ers. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
wear thee. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
ros - es. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

mf *cres.* *p*

FLEE AS A BIRD.

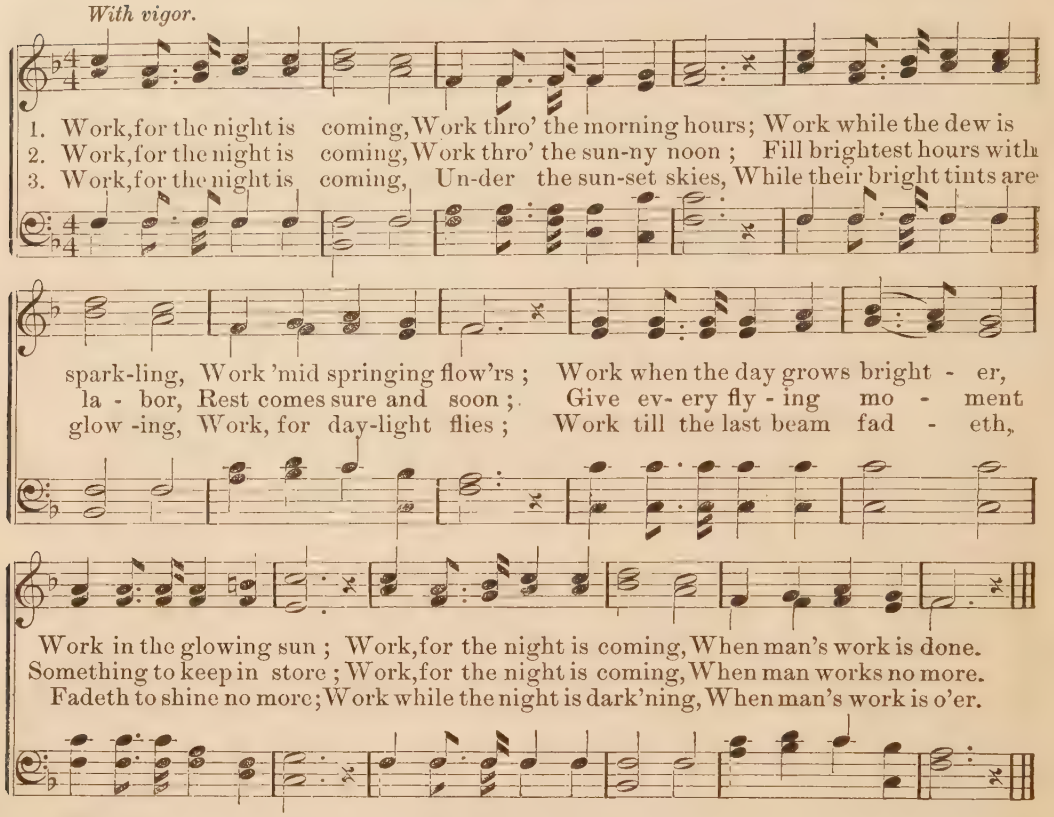
DANA.



WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

MASON. By per.

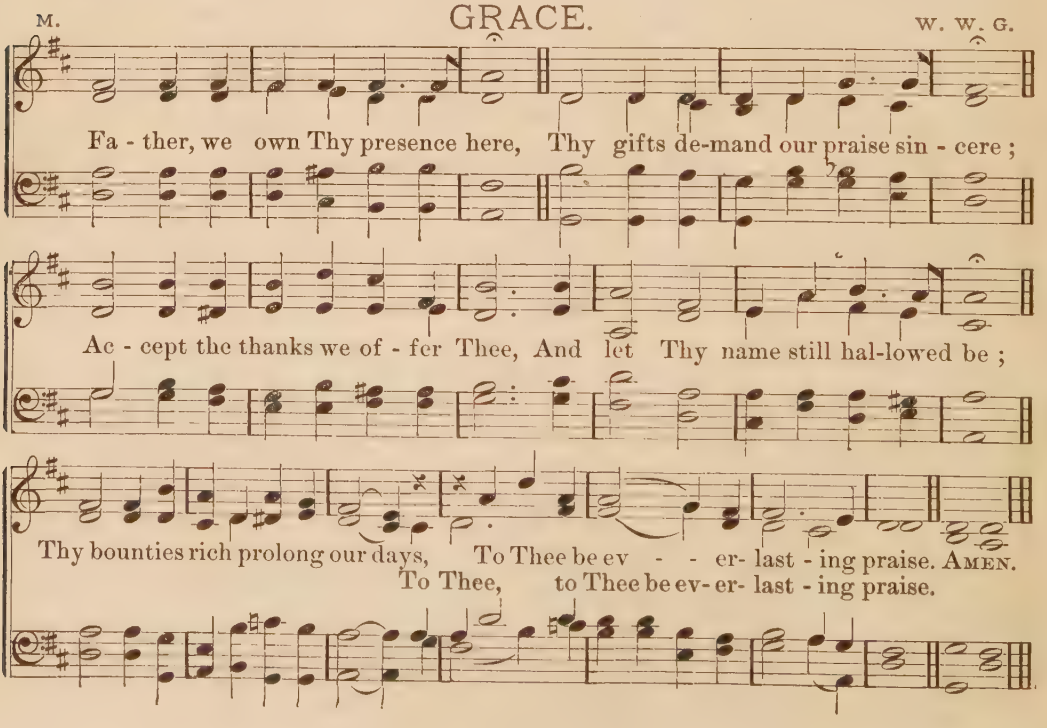
With vigor.



M.

GRACE.

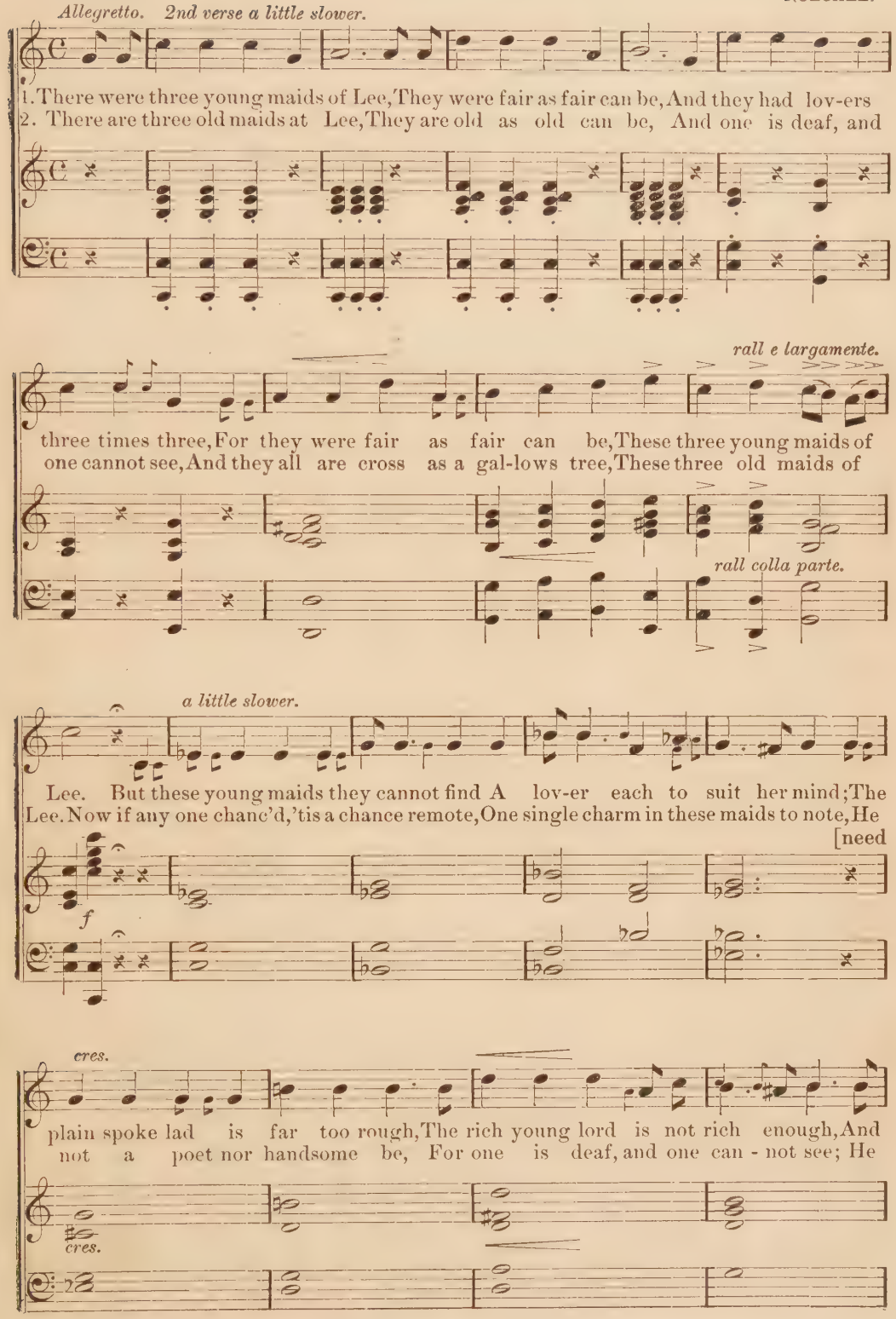
W. W. G.

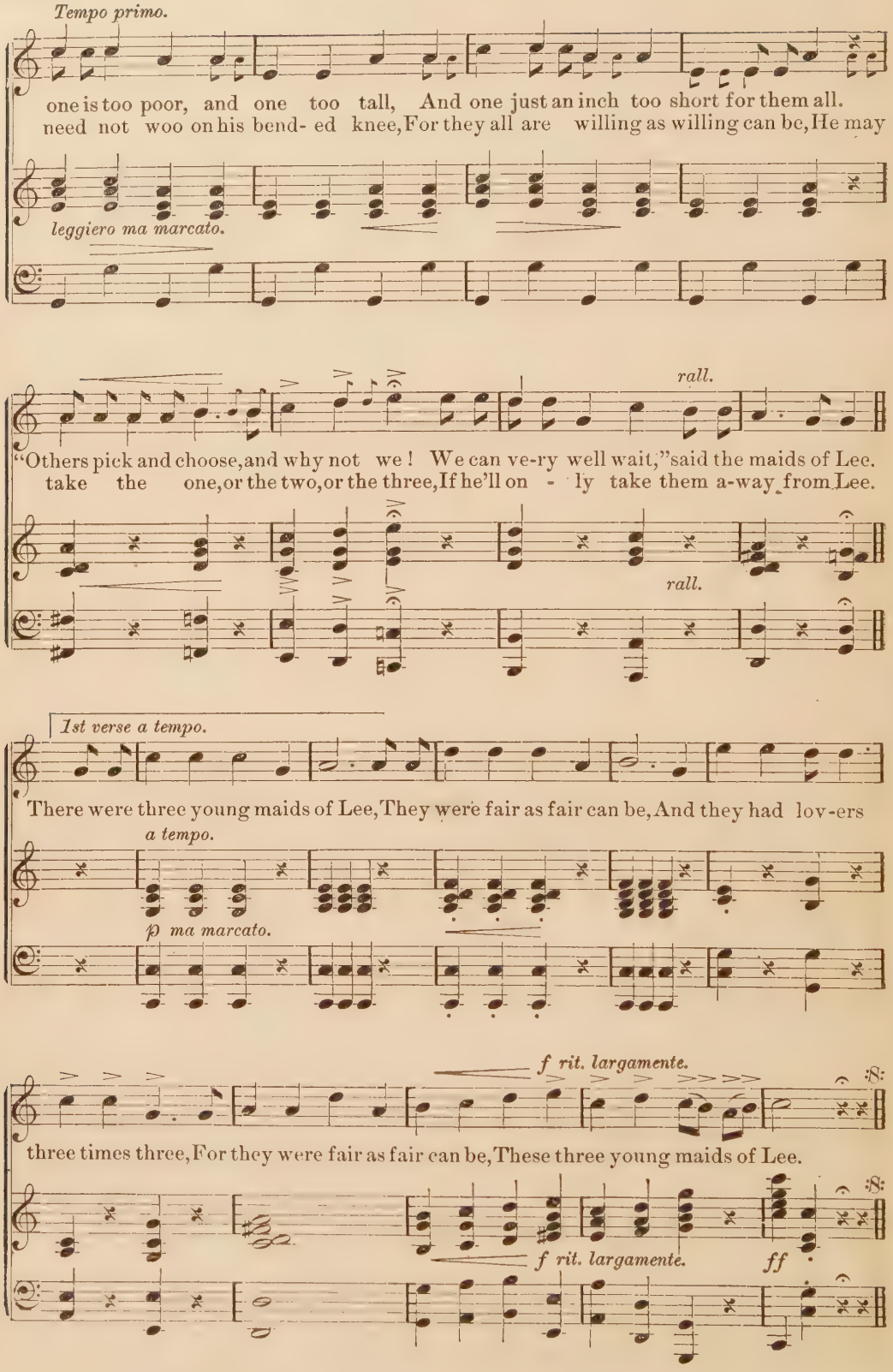


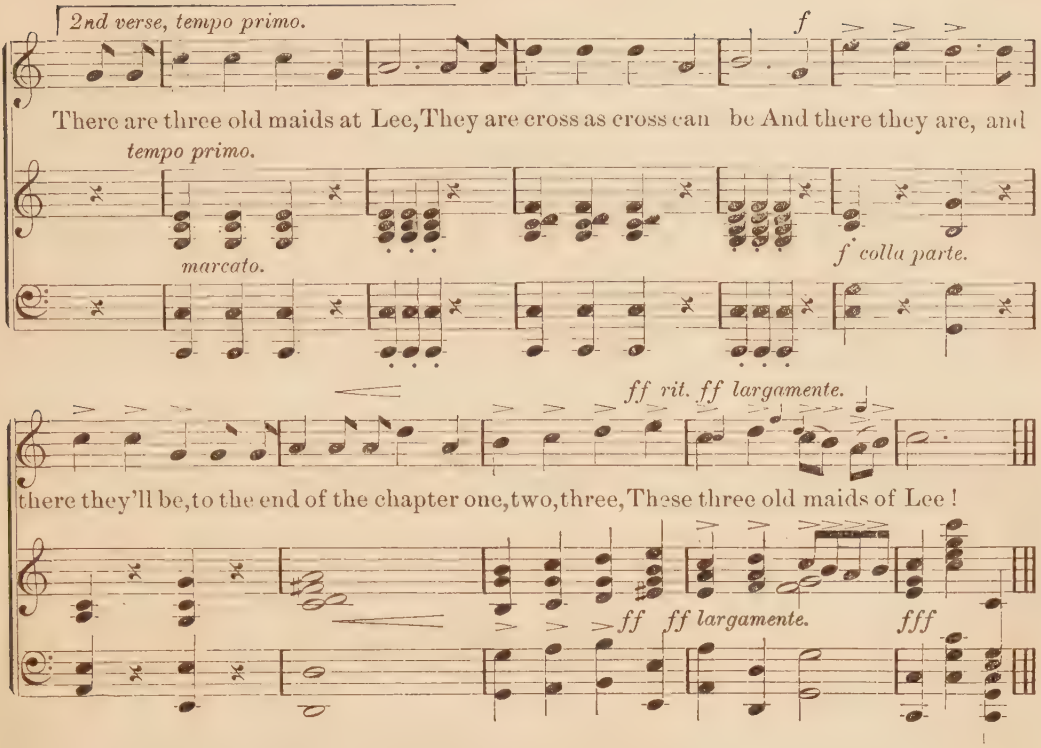
"A BIRD IN HAND."

WEATHERLY. ROECKEL.

Allegretto. 2nd verse a little slower.

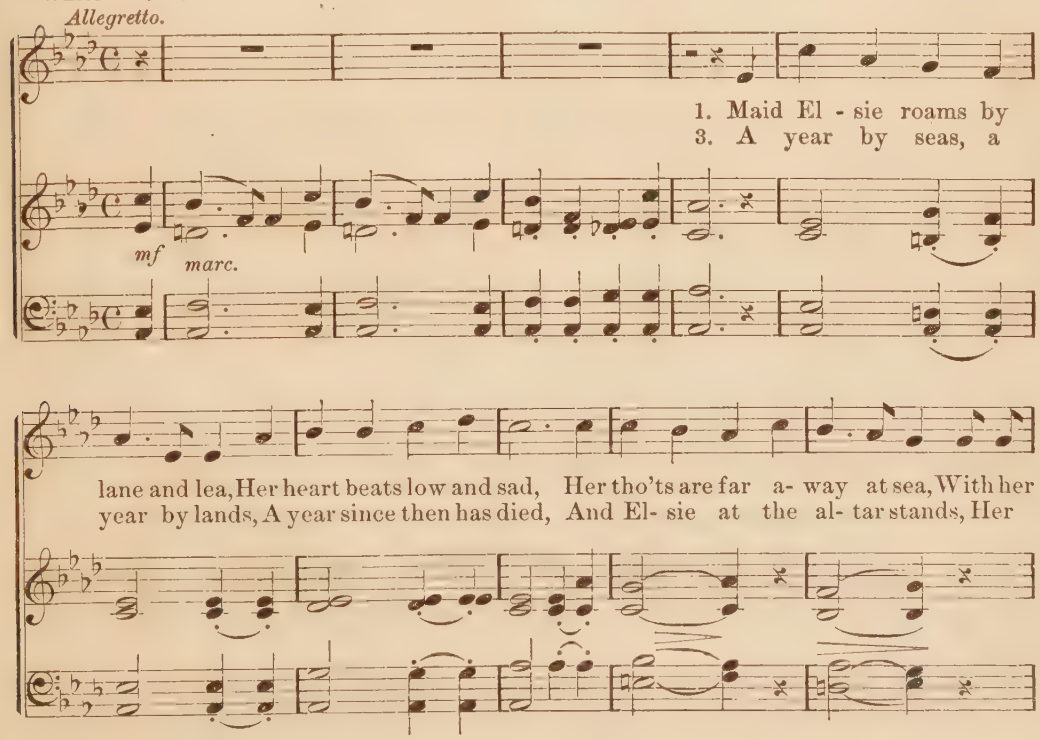



Tempo primo.
one is too poor, and one too tall, And one just an inch too short for them all.
need not woo on his bend- ed knee, For they all are willing as willing can be, He may
leggiero ma marcato.
rall.
"Others pick and choose, and why not we! We can ve-ry well wait," said the maids of Lee.
take the one, or the two, or the three, If he'll on - ly take them a-way from Lee.
rall.
1st verse a tempo.
There were three young maids of Lee, They were fair as fair can be, And they had lov-ers
a tempo.
p ma marcato.
f rit. largamente.
three times three, For they were fair as fair can be, These three young maids of Lee.
f rit. largamente.
ff

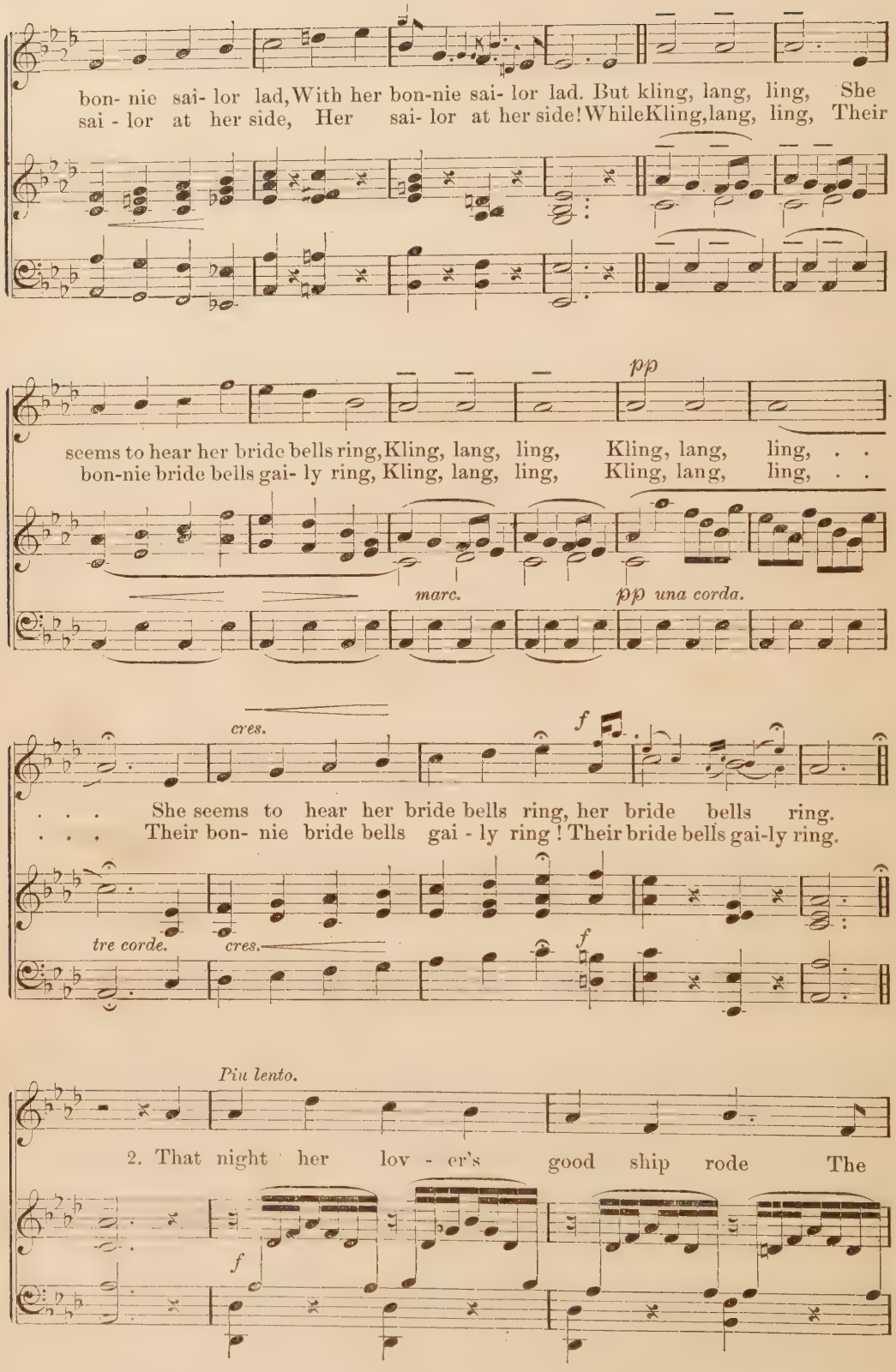


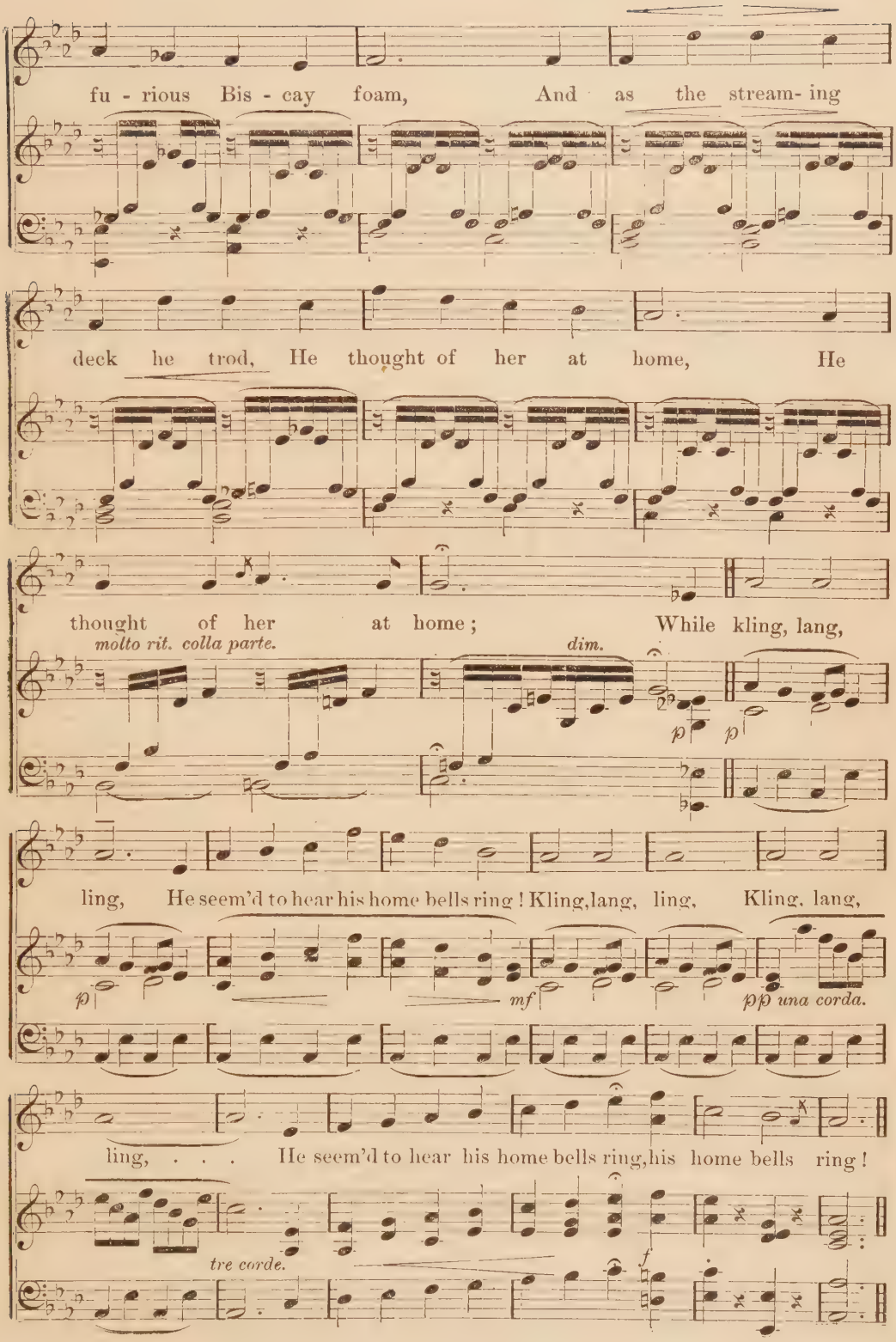
BRIDE BELLS.

WEATHERLY. ROECKEL.



NOTE.— Use introduction for interlude.


bon- nie sai- lor lad, With her bon-nie sai- lor lad. But kling, lang, ling, She
sai - lor at her side, Her sai- lor at her side! While Kling, lang, ling, Their
pp
seems to hear her bride bells ring, Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang, ling, . .
bon-nie bride bells gai- ly ring, Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang, ling, . .
marc.
pp una corda.
cres.
f
. . . She seems to hear her bride bells ring, her bride bells ring.
. . . Their bon- nie bride bells gai - ly ring! Their bride bells gai-ly ring.
tre corde.
cres.
f
Piu lento.
2. That night her lov - er's good ship rode The
f

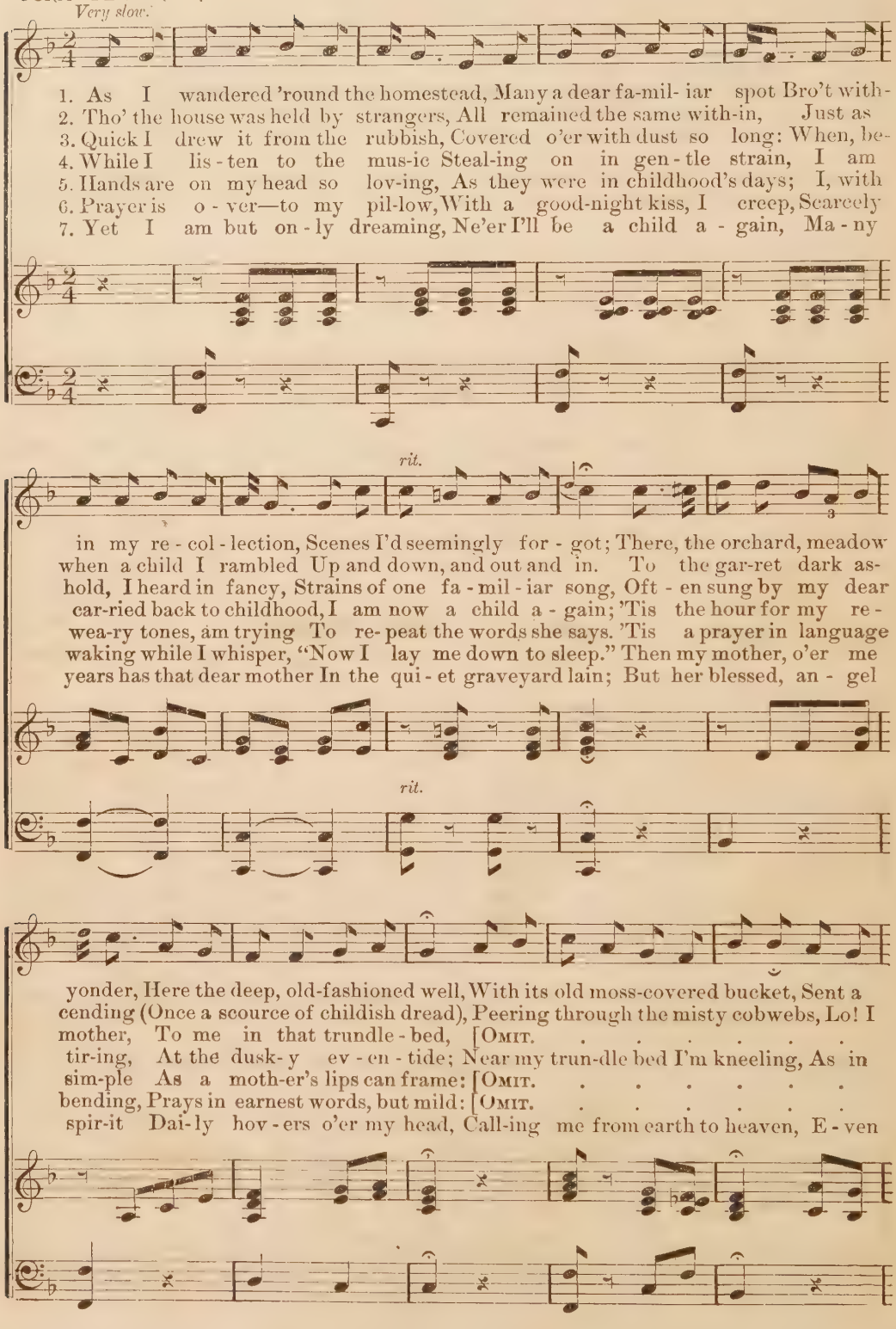

fu - rious Bis - cay foam, And as the stream- ing
deck he trod, He thought of her at home, He
thought of her at home; While kling, lang,
molto rit. colla parte.
dim.
p
p
ling, He seem'd to hear his home bells ring! Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang,
p
mf
pp una corda.
ling, . . . He seem'd to hear his home bells ring, his home bells ring!
tre corde.
f

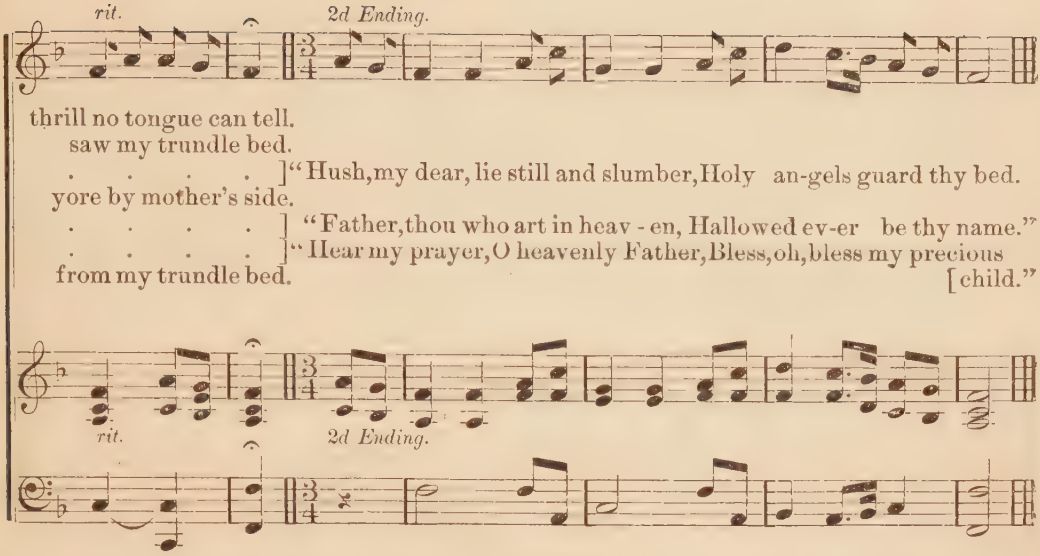
TRUNDLE-BED SONG.

FORM "DEW DROPS."

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

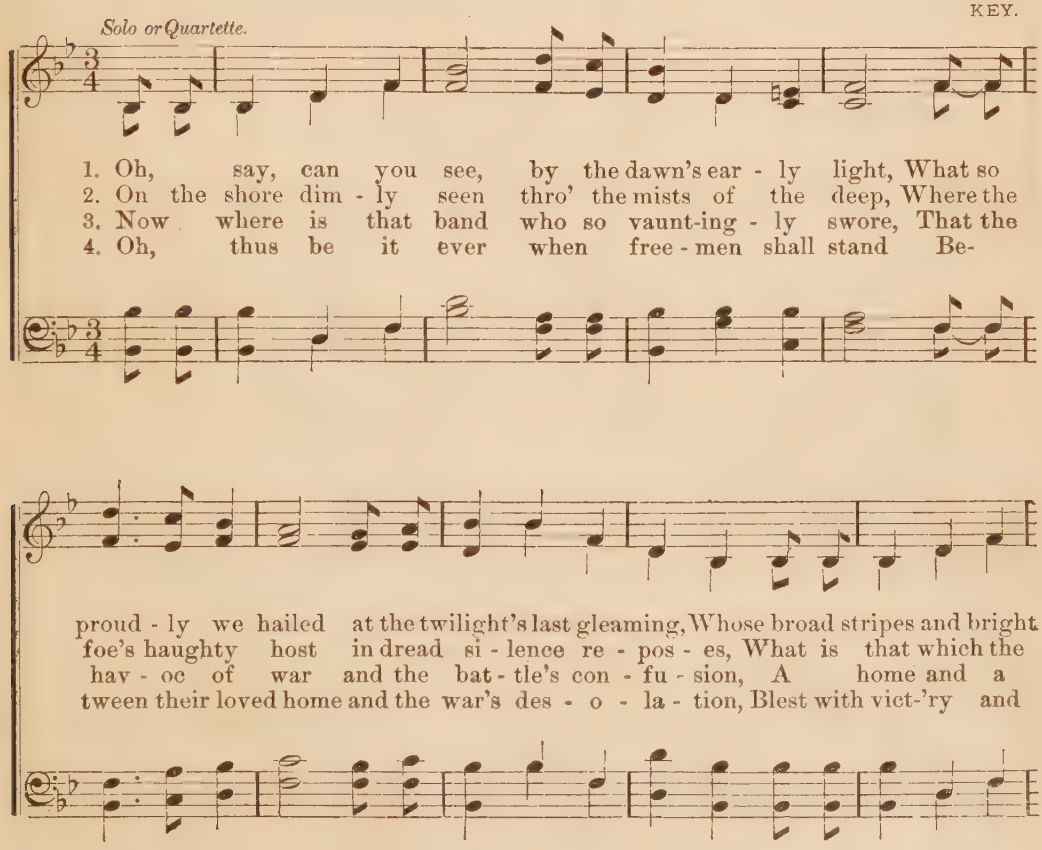
Very slow.

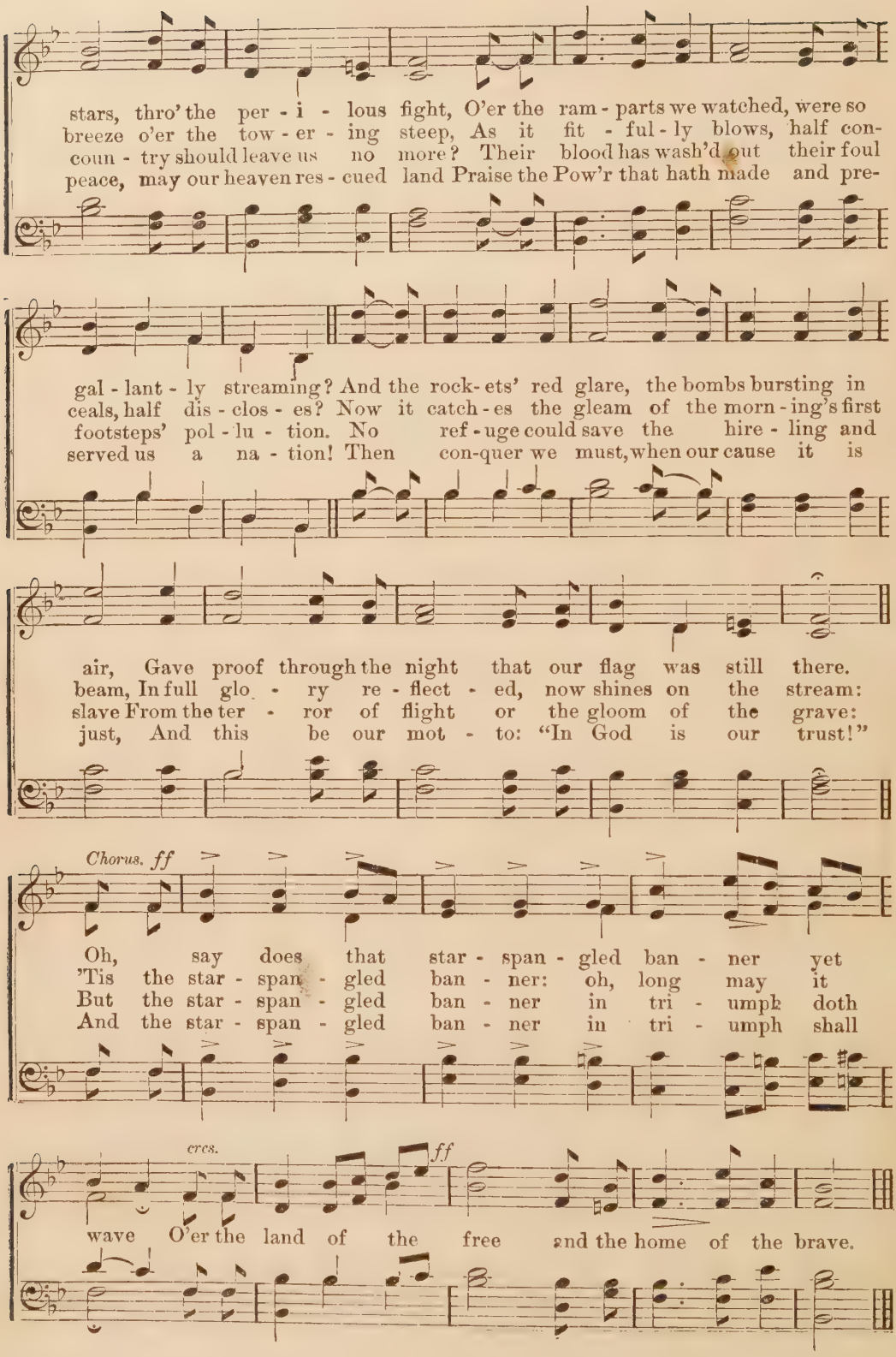




THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

KEY.




stars, thro' the per - i - lous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so
breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-
coun - try should leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul
peace, may our heaven res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-
gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in
ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn - ing's first
footsteps' pol - lu - tion. No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and
served us a na - tion! Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is
air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream:
slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
just, And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"
Chorus. ff
Oh, say does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner: oh, long may it
But the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
ers.
ff
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

FITZBALL. BISHOP.

Andantino espressivo.

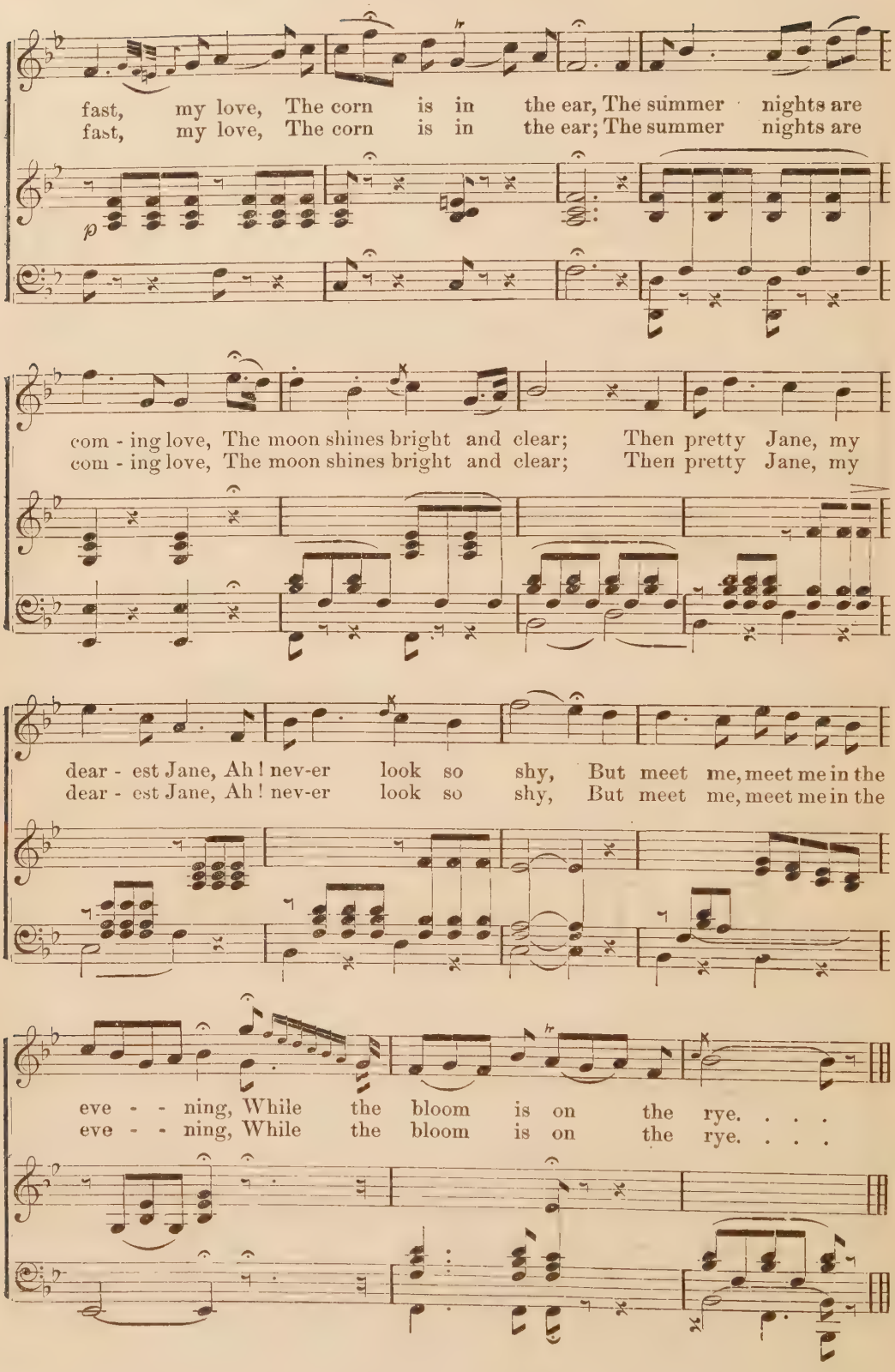
Dolce. *Sosten.*

1. My pret - ty Jane! my pretty Jane! . . . Ah! nev-er, nev-er look so
2. But name the day, the wedding day, . . . And I will buy the

shy, But meet me, meet me in the eve - 'ning, While the
ring. The lads and maids in fav - ors white, And

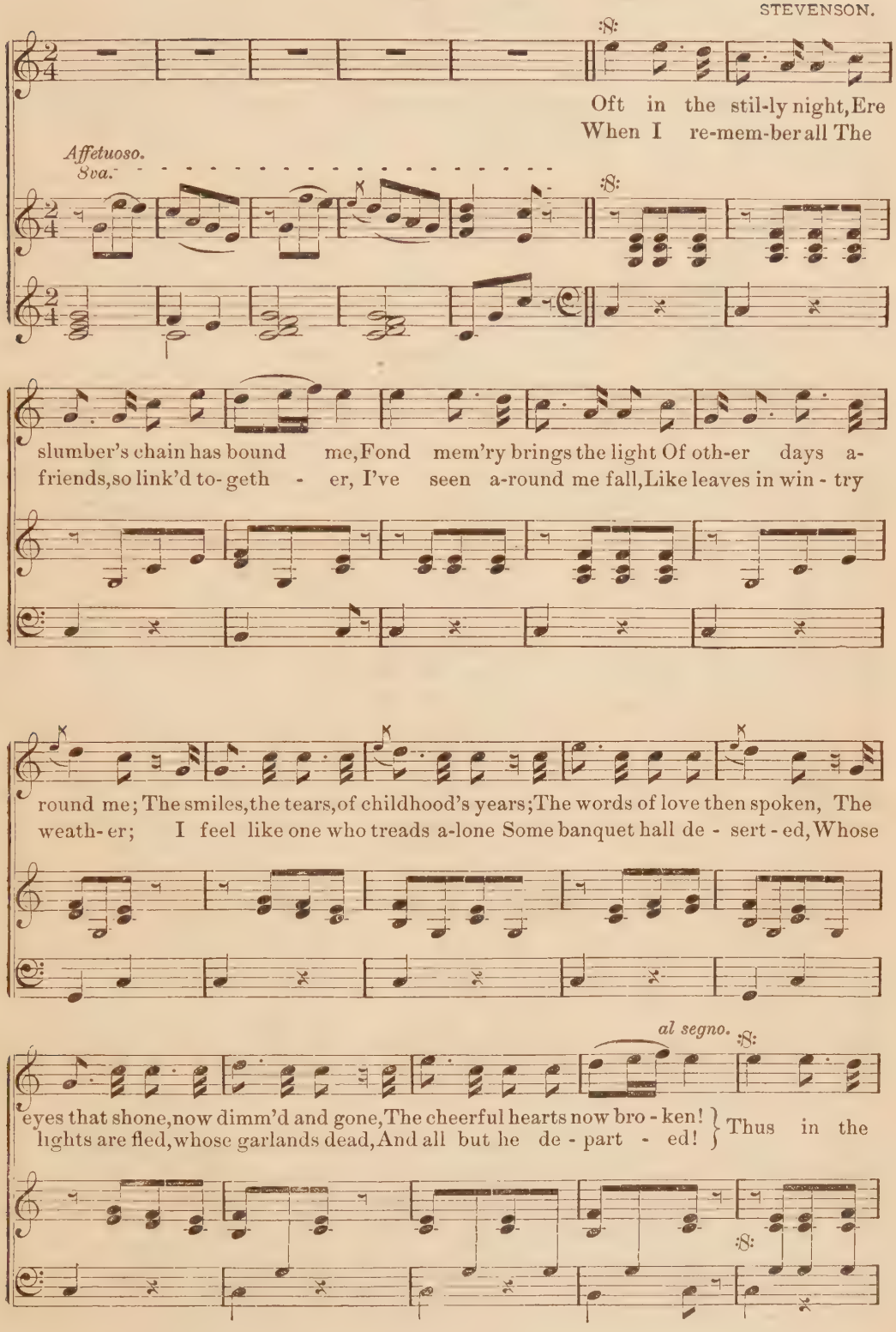
bloom is on the rye. . . . The spring is wan - ing
village bells, the village bell shall ring. . . The spring is wan - ing

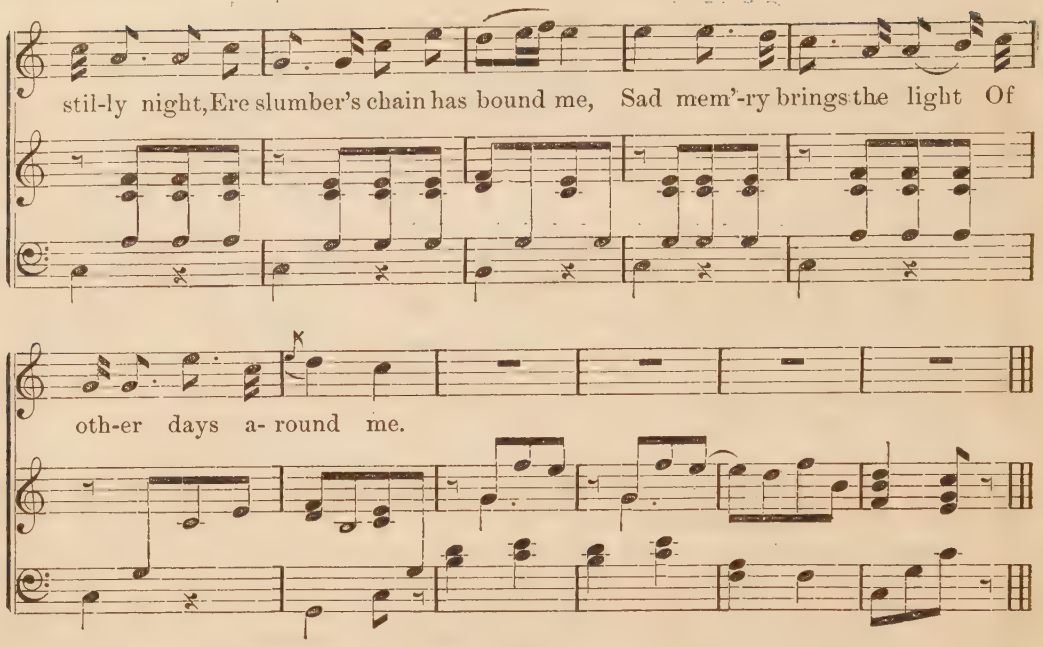
mf


fast, my love, The corn is in the ear, The summer nights are
fast, my love, The corn is in the ear; The summer nights are
p
com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my
com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my
dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the
dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the
eve - - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. . . .
eve - - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. . . .

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

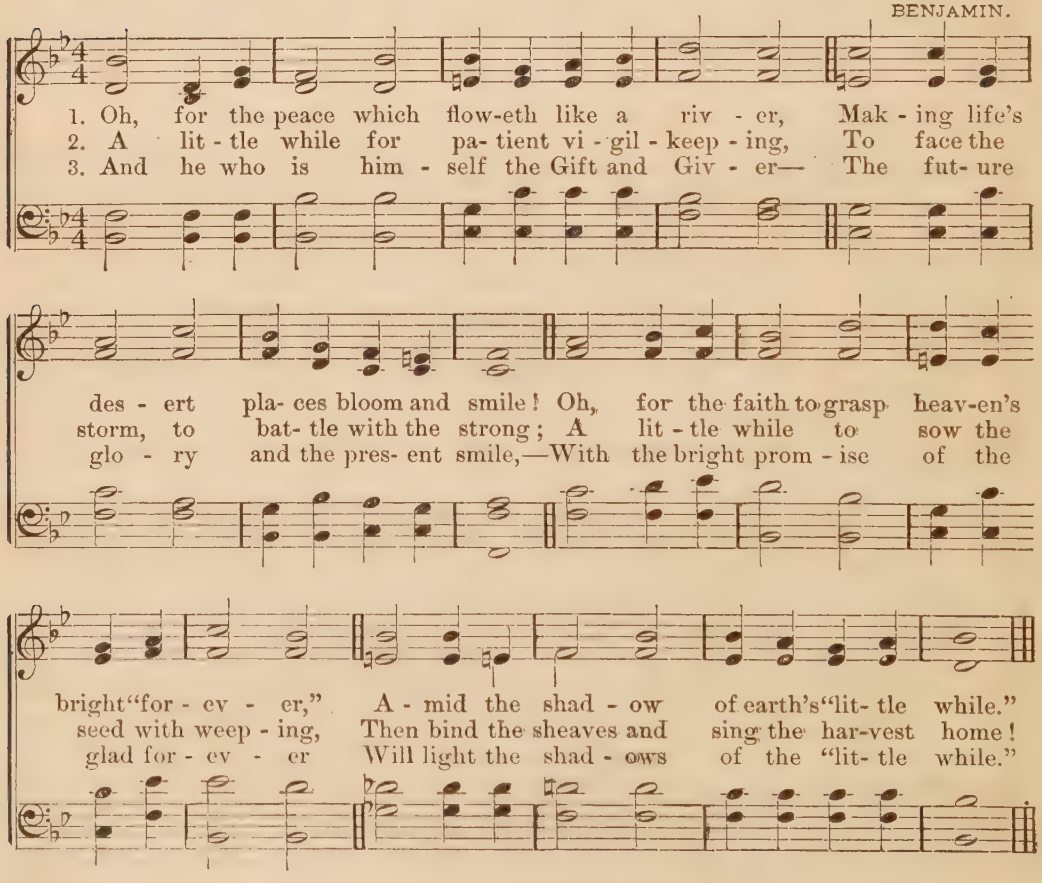
STEVENSON.





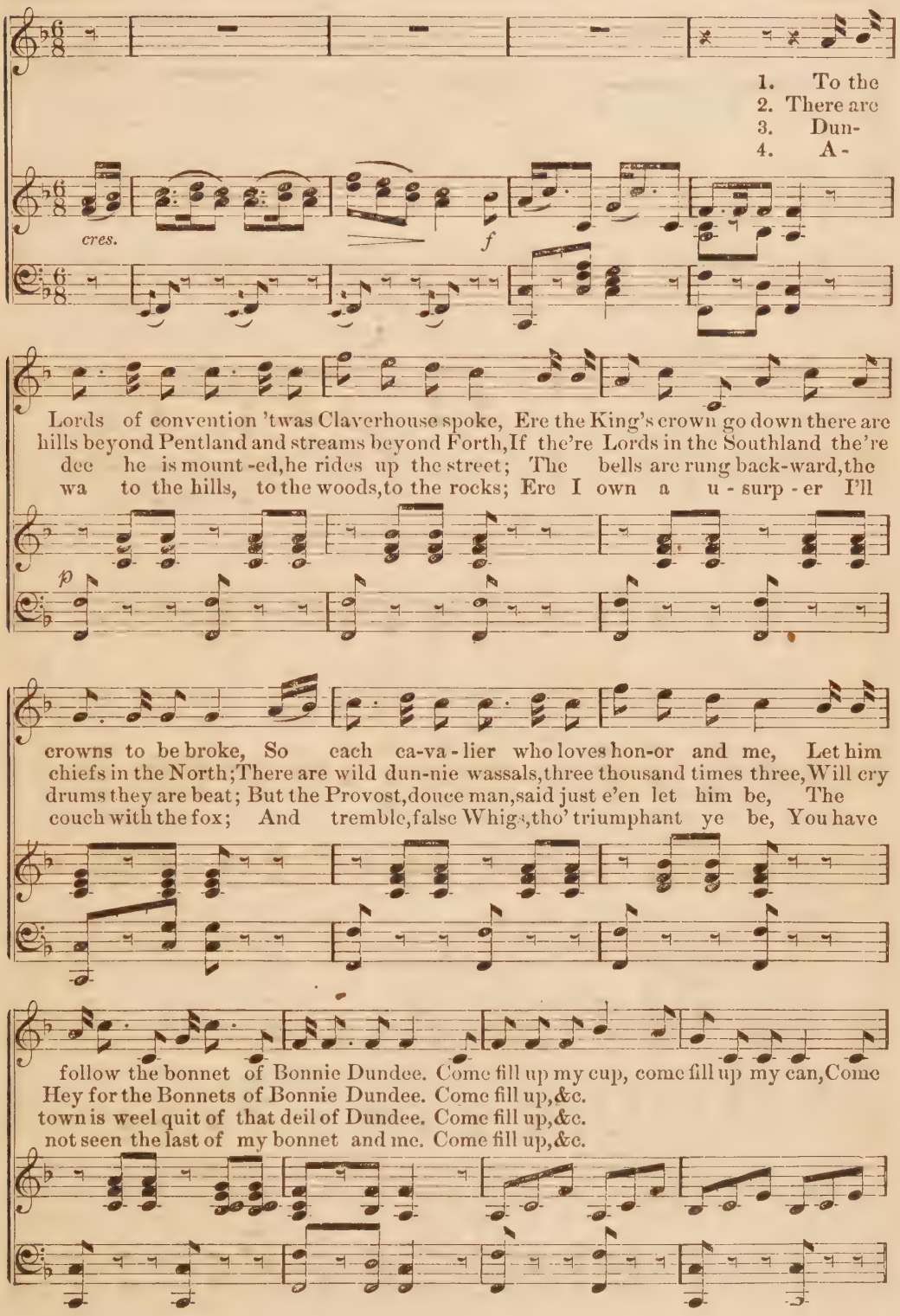
A LITTLE WHILE.

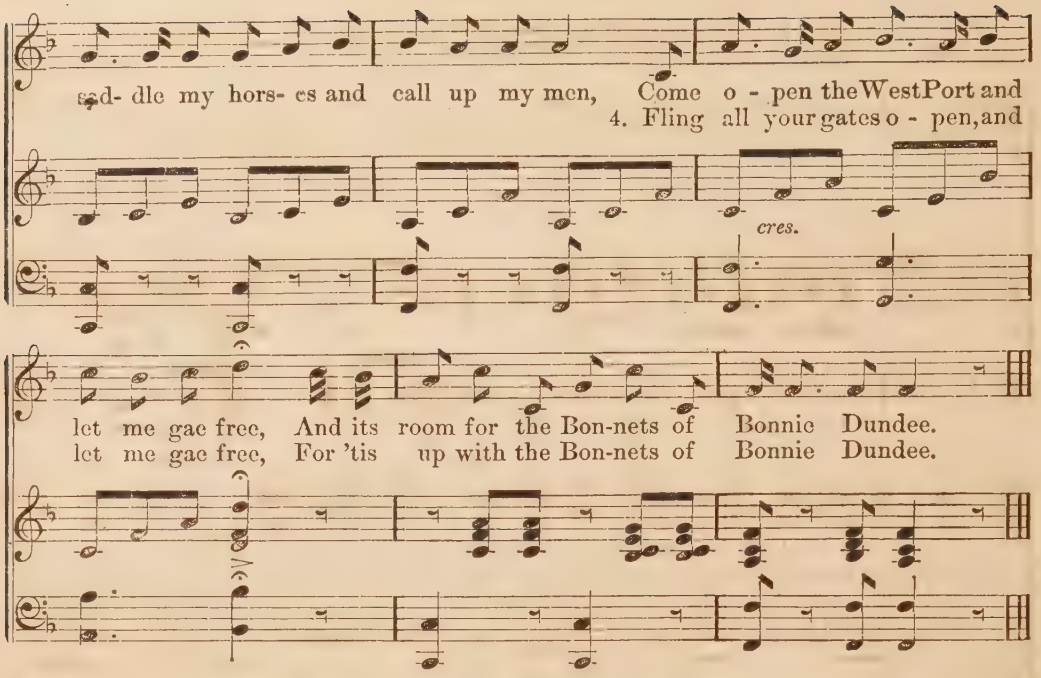
BENJAMIN.



BONNIE DUNDEE.

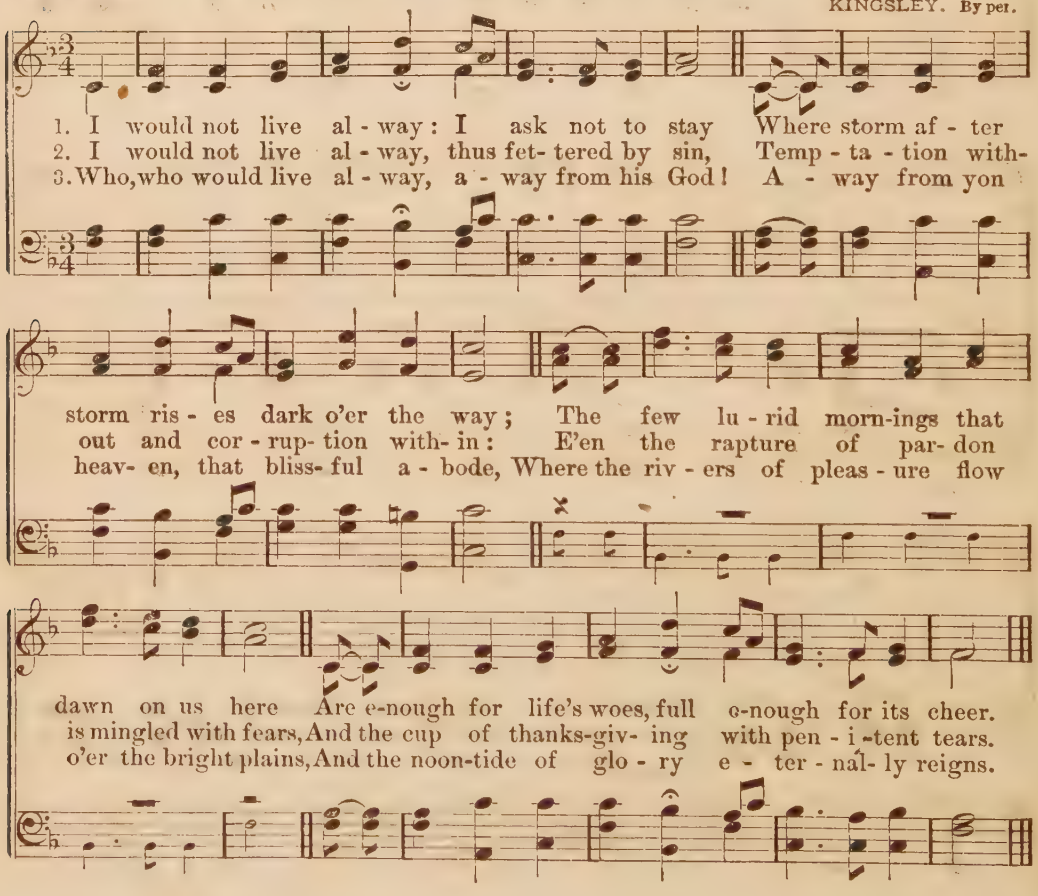
SCOTT. RIMBAULT.





FREDERICK.

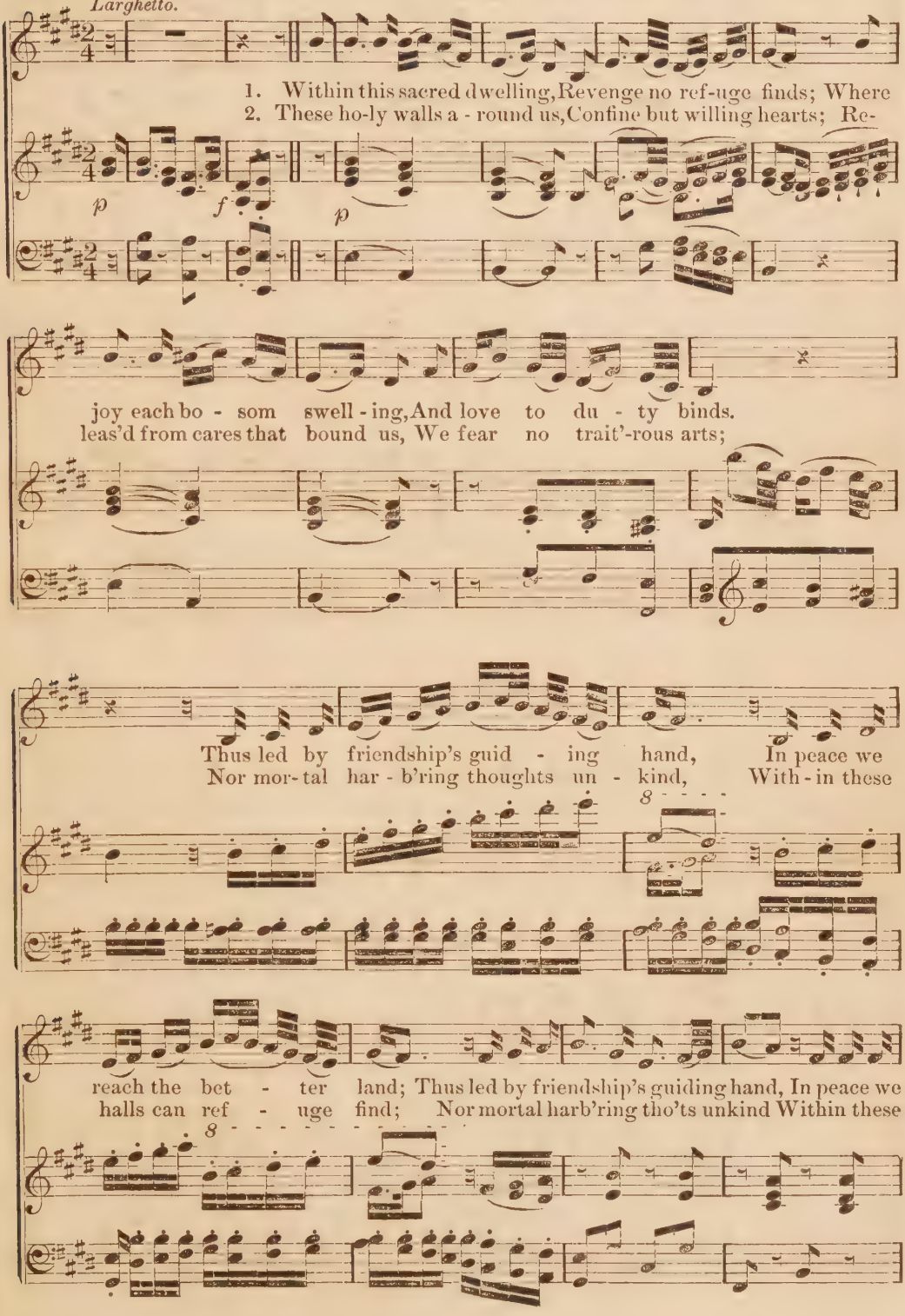
KINGSLEY. By per.

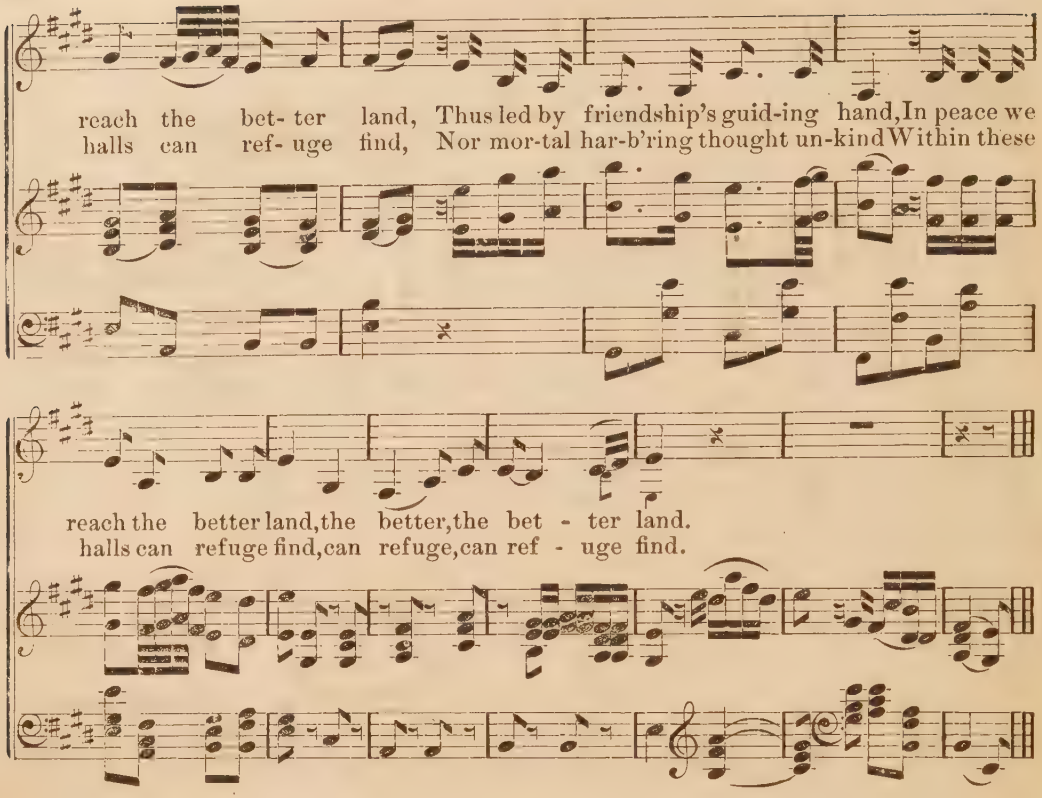


WITHIN THIS SACRED DWELLING.

IL FLAUTO MAGICO. MOZART.

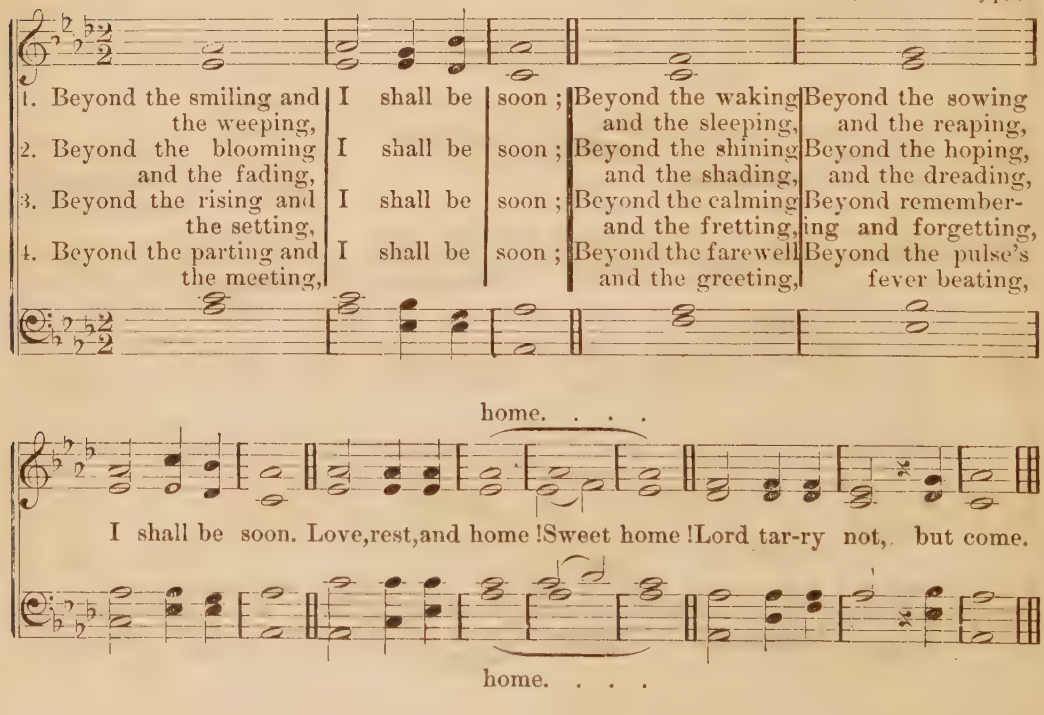
Larghetto.





BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

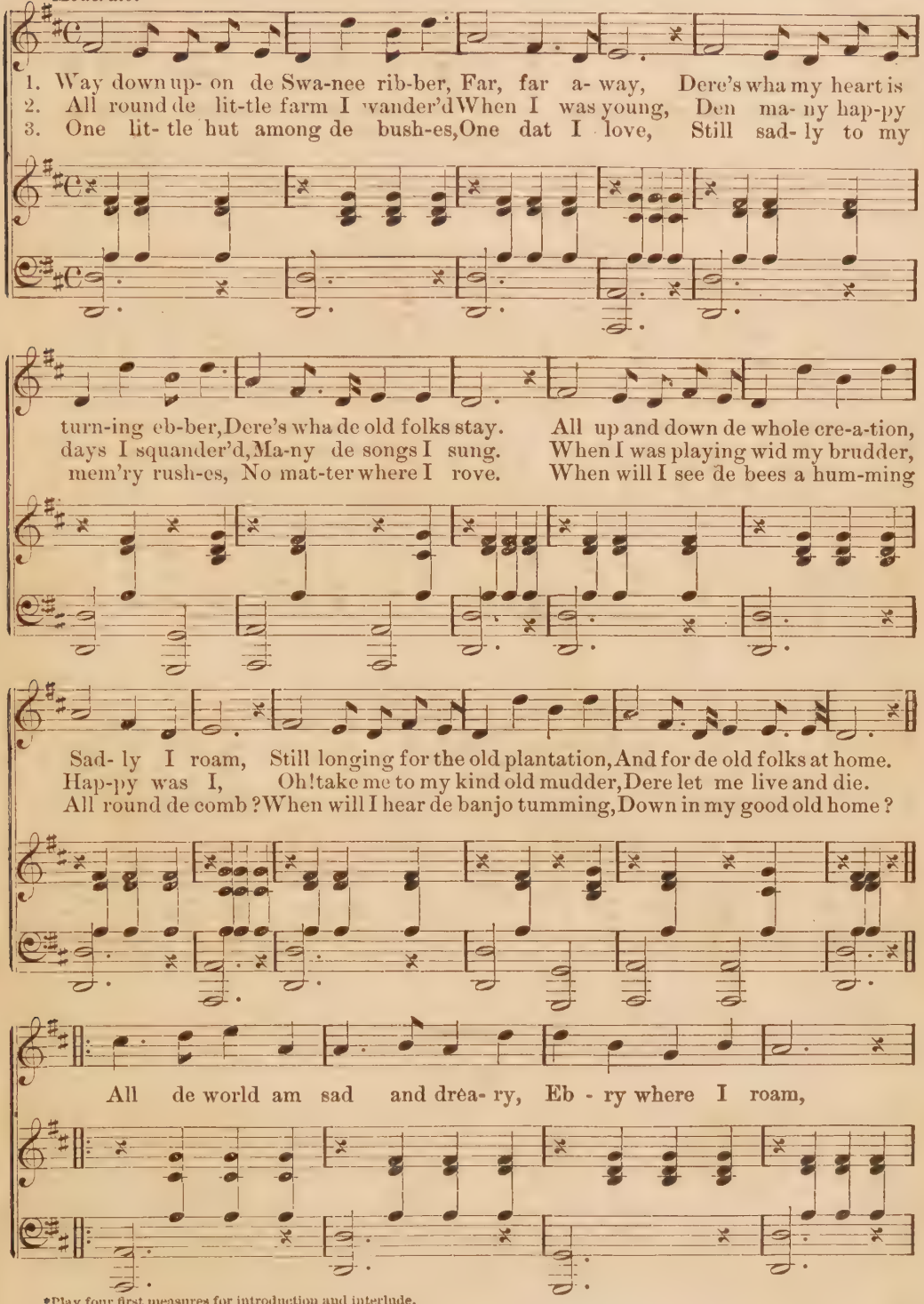
TARBUTTON. By per.



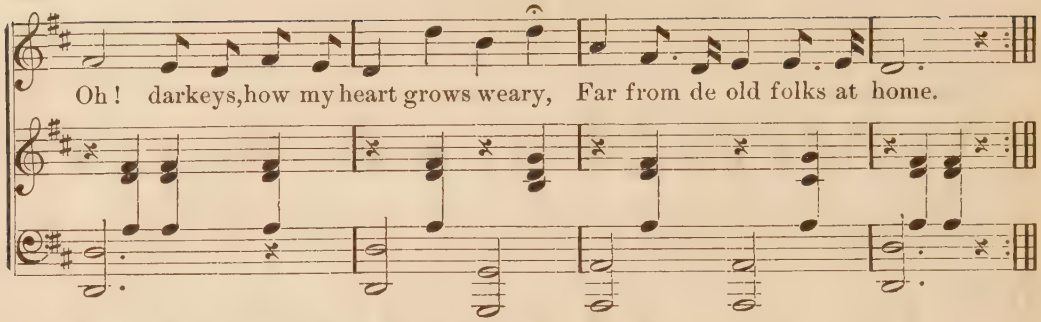
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.*

FOSTER. FOSTER. By per.

Moderato.

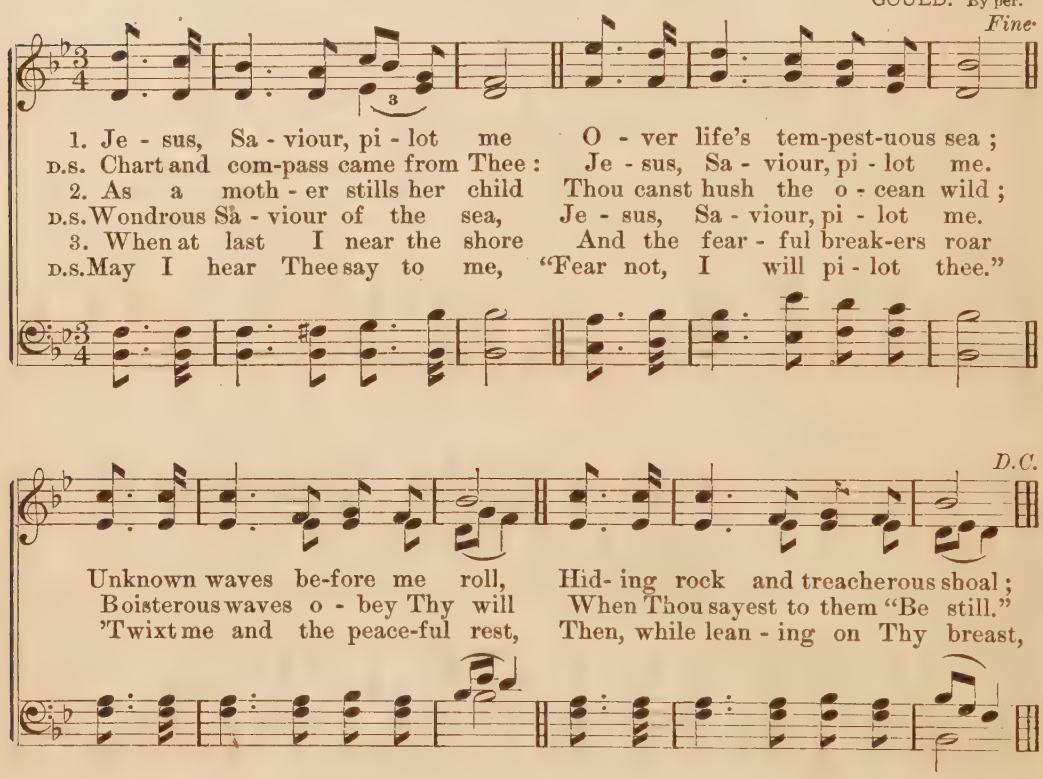


*Play four first measures for introduction and interlude.



SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

GOULD. By per.



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